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# *Pennsylvania* **GAME NEWS**

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L. James Bashline  
Editor

R. Theodore Godshall  
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Mrs. Zelda Ross  
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### COVER PAINTING BY NED SMITH

Not too many of today's younger hunters have even seen a snowshoe rabbit let alone shoot one. They are certainly not the most abundant game species in Pennsylvania, but up in the northeast corner of the state huntable populations still exist. Because of their decreased numbers the season for them must be a short one (December 26 to January 2, 1967, this year). If you do happen to be invited to join in on a snow shoe hunt, by all means don't pass it up. The varying hare would rather leg it out against a haying hound than "hol up," guaranteeing an exciting hunt once a fresh track is struck. For more information about the big white rabbit be sure to read "Gone for the Day" in this issue.

Back Cover Photo by Grant Heilman

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# HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM GN

**EDITORIAL . . .**

## *A Fresh Calendar*

THE year 1966 will soon be a memory. The fresh calendar on the wall reminds me of a brand-new bull's-eye going up on the target range. Will we score some "X's" this year or will we miss the paper completely? Those of us engaged in this fast growing conservation-recreation field hope that some of our shots reach the ten ring. But as target shooters know there's a lot of paper around the magic circle and we are going to need all the help we can get! This brings to mind another event (actually consummated during November) that deserves a bit of thought on the part of serious outdoorsmen coming January. You sportsmen playing the role of voters have helped elect a brand-new governor, and a whole flotilla of new legislators. Just what this is going to mean to conservation in the years to come is purely speculative. GAME NEWS certainly hopes that measures passed during the past few years which dealt with strip mine reclamation and water pollution are merely cornerstones on which to build.

It is to their credit that many office seekers who were successful in their bids for election used as one of their campaign gambits an "interest in conservation" or "my pledge to clean up the water and the air of the Commonwealth" or words somewhat similar. Politics is a deadly serious business and becoming more so each day. I'm inclined to be sympathetic towards candidates who use conservation topics as political fodder, mainly because they really put themselves under the microscope. Much legislative maneuvering, bills pertaining to corporate taxes, amendments to some long forgotten act and other quite important things can transpire without many of us really being aware of it. Legislation which can and does affect the appearance of the landscape, the color or smell of a river or the density of the air around us is difficult to overlook.

With a brand-new calendar staring them in the face, the lawmakers have a big job ahead of them, but there are ways that we can make it easier for them. When an issue that affects your outdoor sport presents itself by all means make your thoughts known to your senator or assemblyman. He's anxious to know what you're thinking—is reelection may depend on it.

A bit of rejoicing is really in order when we talk about conservation legislation—it wasn't many years ago that not too many people were talking about it at all! Many people, yes many very important people are talking and doing something about conservation matters today. Let's keep the interest aroused!—*L. James Bashline*







RIPPER



# Moos-Hanne Kawa

By Albert G. Shimmel

THE rain ceased at dawn. The clean washed foliage had long since lost the yellow tint of growth and assumed the dark green of maturity. Single drops still pattered to the forest floor. The earth steamed with the pungency of life. Summer was at high tide. In the valley, the Moos-Hanne was a dark ribbon, winding among the rocks and trees.

Later, the sun, sinking toward Buckleberry Ridge, penetrated the overhang and warmed the rocks and dry sand to an almost unbearable degree. The huge hulk that was Kawa, the bear, lay at full length, his belly turned to the sun, his deep breathings raising puffs of sand dust in front of his nostrils. He stirred, prodded by the insistent aching of his left shoulder. Years before, a bullet had cut deep enough to score the bone. He rumbled deep in his chest, then rolled over on his belly to give the meat an opportunity to bake away the rheumatic ache.

Occasionally his stomach rumbled from emptiness but he was not particularly hungry. Along the Moos-Hanne, chokeberries hung in ripened lusters and in the upper swamps, blueberries were still to be found in satisfying quantities. Just below the swamps at the edge of the lake, a thicket of wild plums was beginning to ripen. Brash young woodchucks had not learned wariness and every log and stump had a mouse or a chipmunk for a tenant. It was the season of plenty.

The sun disappeared but the rocks and sand still held the heat. He shook himself vigorously, the very movement a luxury. His shoulder was much eased. He stood quietly for a few minutes, loathe to leave the dry warmth for the soggy trail that led to the swamps.

A heap of dry leaves had been wind-whipped against the wall of the overhang the previous autumn. Crickets living under the leaves sought the dry sand as a repository for their eggs. Except for bees and ants, crickets were his favorite delicacy. He could trap a cricket with an agile forepaw, then pick it from the ground with his long pink tongue and flexible lips. He squinted his short-sighted eyes as he watched the edge of the debris.

A white-footed mouse, foraging under the leaves, followed a particularly plump cricket into the open. With amazing speed the black paw shot forward, squeezing the life from both cricket and mouse. Raising his paw slowly, Kawa ate them with satisfaction.



**STANDING ASTRIDE THE TRUNK, he stripped the chokecherry of its clusters of astringent fruit. After he had eaten several quarts, he moved away, allowing the tree to slowly assume its upright position.**

His appetite awakened by these morsels, he moved into the open, shook himself again until the fur rippled along his sides, then turned his head toward the trail that led down the point toward the swamp.

In the vigor of his prime he had held the entire valley of the Moos-Hanne and even extended his range over the escarpment to the hill farms of the bald eagle. Few interlopers cared to challenge his property rights and those that were so minded found in Kawa an enemy to test their mettle.

Two years before, at twilight, in the height of spring, he came on such a one. A stranger from the Beech Creek Valley, driven by the season's restlessness, crossed the dividing range and came into the Rock Run Flat. This territory was of little worth and seldom visited by Kawa. But when the season's fret is strong, the male bear wanders far. And so they met, not quite by accident, nor yet design, but meet they must, to test their fitness and their strength.

The idyllic night of spring vibrated with the sounds of combat. The stranger, taller than Kawa at the shoulder, balanced with agility what he lacked in bulk. By growls, roars and

**REARING FULL HEIGHT, he raked the bark, but his actions were of habit more than enthusiasm.**



thud of blows the valley knew a battle of the giants raged. When silence came again, the stranger fled away to come no more.

Kawa did not escape unscathed. He reared against the marker tree that stood beside the trail and raked with his claws until the wood shored white. Then as he scored it with his tusks, the wood was faintly stained with blood that welled from deep scratches on his muzzle and dripped from one ear, torn half away. Agitated, he reared and raked the wood; then satisfied, he wandered on.

Two nights went by and then, a dozen miles above, he met another of his kind, a bear of slighter build, with whom he did not fight. They walked the flower-scented gloom until the first of spring burned low, and summer came. Then each one went a separate way.

### **Irresistible Delicacies**

The first restriction of his range occurred one night when he had crossed the ridge and found, far down toward the creek, a bee yard near a farm. Honey, bees and grubs were irresistible delicacies. He was busy breaking up a hive when suddenly a light shored all around. He whirled and ran toward the ridge, his speed accelerated by a shotgun blast. Even though the range was long, some pellets cut his hide. The memory of the fright haunted him and so he avoided the valley as a plague.

A year later, while visiting an orchard that lay close to the crest, he almost lost his life. Impatience overpowered caution. It was barely twilight when he left the woods and walked boldly toward the sweet apple tree that grew some distance from the safety of the timber. He had become familiar with the orchard and although the scent of man was everywhere, he had come to accept it as the natural odor of the place.

He had barely entered the orchard when a searing fire tore at his shoulder.



r. A moment later came a rifle's sharp report. He bawled once, snapped the offending hurt and hurtled toward the woods. Two more shots rang out but in the fading light they missed their mark.

For a fortnight, Kawa hid in the deep swamps of Moos-Hanne. What little food he ate was supplied by the abundant acorn mast that littered the ground. He lay long hours with his shoulder alternately exposed to the sun and the damp acid sphagnum. His fur matted over the exposed wound to aid the healing; rest completed it. He fattened well and late November found him snugly denned under a windfall in the heart of a hemlock thicket. When he awoke again the following spring, he did not venture beyond the crest.

A white oak stood beside the trail. The ground around the trunk was littered with the flakes of outer bark while the smoothness of the blazes reached some eight feet above the ground. The deep furrowings of years' use scored the inner bark almost to the roots. Kawa paused for a moment, gazed about the base of the tree; when rearing full height, he raked the bark, but his actions were of habit more than enthusiasm. Again he reared and brought his tusks across the wood. An observer would have noted that the marks lacked inches of the height achieved in former visits. The years were beginning to take their toll.

### The Cubs Were Tolerated

He dropped on all fours, touched the tree with his nose. He read the scent of others of his kind. They had passed down the trail some time before his arrival. He rubbed shoulder and flank against the bark before moving on. The she bear and three cubs were feeding below. He had sired the cubs the previous summer and now he tolerated them as tribal members with whom he had no quarrel. He ignored them as personages beneath the notice



**HE LAY FULL LENGTH, his belly turned to the sun, giving the heat an opportunity to bake away the rheumatic ache.**

of a king. The female, made shrewish by the duties imposed by an extra large family, rumbled warnings whenever they chanced to meet.

Tonight he could hear them feeding at the lower end of the chokecherry thicket. Bear etiquette prescribed that he leave them undisturbed. He turned away, choosing a sapling at the other end of the thicket. He reared, bringing his five hundred pounds against its toughness until it bent its branches to the ground. Standing astride the trunk, he stripped the clusters of astringent fruit. The branches were brittle and many of them broke as he pulled them within reach of his mouth. The she bear, hearing the noise of his feeding, grumbled threats that went unheeded. After he had eaten several quarts of the fruit, he moved away, allowing the tree to slowly assume its upright position.

Seeking variety, he padded his way toward the upper lake and swamps. By dawn he had satisfied his hunger with blueberries, a chipmunk that sought to escape when he tore open a stump to feast on the black carpenter ants that nested there, and a catfish that a raccoon had dropped when Kawa had surprised him at the edge of the lake. By the time the sun had

burned away the wisps of fog from the lake, he had found a bed on a high knoll surrounded by a dense thicket.

There came an evening when the air had a sharp bite, the maples flamed red and the clamor of geese settling along the lake warned of bitter days ahead. The berries were gone but in their place, fat tubers of the acrid arum could be had for the digging.

Men came to the swamp and margins of the lake and the sound of gunfire was heard. He avoided contact with these enemies and became truly nocturnal. His exquisite nose led him

hunters irritated him. At times he had difficulty in avoiding them.

Between the arms of the lake the stood a gentle height of land. Behind it lay the swamp. Here Kawa found the thing he sought—a huge old snag of pine, toppled by some wind, so strong it threw the trunk toward the east, raising its fan of roots to make a shield against the winter storm. Under this protecting roof, close against the roots, he hollowed out a deep, dry den that faced toward the south. He lined and made it snug with brush and fallen leaves, shaped to his comfort by turning around and around.

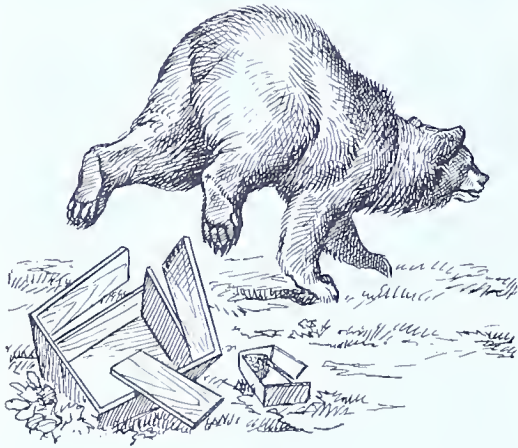
### Unmindful of Storm

Scarcely had he completed his preparations when the skies grew dark. Ice began to form along the shore and edge toward the depths. The ducks and geese were gone and the first flurries of snow whirled among the leafless trees. Kawa lay secure, unmindful of the storm.

At the end of three days the skies cleared and the temperature climbed. The second afternoon the sun shone in at the mouth of the den. Kawa stirred, blinking his eyes against the brightness. With the stirrings came thirst. Although he was aware of the pain in his joints, his need for water was stronger. He crawled into the sunlight. He moved slowly and painfully toward the lake, his massive head swinging from side to side. He was an old bear.

The hunter caught his breath, then blinked his eyes to clear his sight. He swept the rifle up. The cross hairs settled—just where the head and neck joined. The finger on the trigger tightened evenly.

When bluebirds came again . . . another bear came to claim the range . . . and as he slashed the marker trees Old Kawa's marks were out of reach



**HE WAS BUSY** breaking up a hive when suddenly a light shone all around. He whirled and ran, his speed accelerated by a shotgun blast.

to waterfowl that had fallen beyond the hunter's vision or had been crippled and sought sanctuary to die.

### Shoulder Becomes Troublesome

As the nights grew cooler his crippled shoulder became more and more troublesome. To add to his difficulties one of his teeth became so sore that for several days he could scarcely eat. Finally the pain eased, the swelling in his jaw subsided, but the stiffness in his shoulder became worse and spread to his feet and hind quarters. The presence of roving small game



# Land Use for the Wild Goose

By Raymond A. Shaver  
Senior Game Land Engineer  
Pennsylvania Game Commission

*PGC Photos by Bob Parlamen*



**HERE ARE NOTABLE INSTANCES** of successful utilization of land for the wild goose. When such programs are successful, hunters such as these at the Pymatuning Waterfowl Area are the chief beneficiaries.

**A**S A nation, we have engaged in many races during our brief history. These contests have encompassed a wide range of endeavors, from the trials of war to the struggles against disease, privation and drought.

Surely, one of our most spectacular races is the current race for space.

It is realized that the use of this expression connotes fantastic programs of moon landings, probes to Mars and all forms of astro-science.

But I refer, instead, to the very real race for the use of our land space.

Perhaps no period in our history quite parallels this present age in its need for multiple uses of land. Enlightened though we have become during the past 30 years in the wise

use of this resource, there is much evidence that the race for space has become a rout.

The demands of industrial and commercial development vie for the use of the land with the interests of transportation networks, urban sprawl and greenbelt programs.

Despite the advances of agriculture in recent times, with added efficiency and increased productivity, the demand for good cropland continues without abatement.

If the predictions of our economists, our sociologists and our land planners prove true, these many demands of an affluent, progressive America upon the land will continue.

But what, you must be asking, does

all of this have to do with wild waterfowl and specifically with the wild goose.

The answer is the survival of the species and the perpetuation of waterfowl hunting and watching.

We can readily assess the importance to America of the changes in population, in science and industry, and in the use of land and related public policy which have occurred in the last three generations.

We may not understand their importance to waterfowl, or indeed, the importance of waterfowl to us.

All of these changes, all these demands, bear strongly on the number and productivity of waterfowl, be-



**EXCAVATING MACHINERY** now makes it easy and cheap to drain wetlands, bogs, potholes, sloughs, streams and ponds previously used by waterfowl.

cause man and waterfowl have similar needs for land, water, air, food and space.

In our grandfather's time and before, men were far too busy with ax and plow and hammer, except perhaps in heart and mind, to give much heed to the bounty of the land, too busy building homes and towns, farms and industry, to realize that they endangered the homes and lives of the wild creatures with which they shared the land. The realization of the need

to save and share was to come late in your father's day, and in ours.

Following those early days, the halit of our waterfowl, the national wetlands, continued for a time to yield abundant game. There seemed little need to use them for any other purpose, to drain them for farming. Drainage ditching required hard work with pick and shovel or with horse-drawn equipment. It proved easier to break the sod for crops or to clear the land of trees.

The development of excavating machinery at the turn of the century, however, brought great changes.

Wetlands, bogs, potholes, sloughs, streams and ponds previously used almost exclusively by wild creature could now be easily and cheaply drained. Once there were about 12 million acres of wetlands in the United States. By the 1950's, draining had reduced our wetlands to about 82 million acres.

### Restricted Range

The effect of this has been to restrict the range, to alter the historical flight routes, and to limit the potential for waterfowl survival at a time when the need for the type of outdoor recreation supplied by watching and hunting migratory waterfowl has increased even faster than our population. This has been brought about by an increase in leisure time; the greater ease and speed of travel; the desire to escape, for a time, the tensions of modern living; and the means to afford it.

Let us focus down a bit from the national picture to the Pennsylvania scene.

Our Commonwealth cannot boast of an abundance of wetlands. We do not possess the wide dispersion of potholes common to the prairie states, nor do we have the extensive marshlands of many coastal states and provinces.

What we do have is a large population of energetic people who like to hunt, fish and enjoy wildlife in all its



ms, a diverse agriculture, an awakened interest in conservation, a prosperous economy, and a geographic position centered in the important Atlantic waterfowl flyway.

In view of these factors, we have not always been wise in the careful management of the natural waterfowl habitat we do possess. Many of our best areas have been drained, filled in, or have given way to sanitary lands, industrial developments or to waterway expansion.

Our wildlife administrations have not acted in many instances to acquire suitable sites for waterfowl or have not devoted the time and funds to vigorous management programs to enhance waterfowl habitat.

We do have notable instances, however, where fine work has been performed. These accomplishments will be described later.

First though, let's be more specific about our title bird, the wild goose.

We are concerned about the common Canada goose belonging to the family Anatidae, containing ducks, geese and swans, and to the genus *Branta* which numbers eight members, 11 species, in North America. Of these eight species, five are referred to as Canada geese and except for size and appearance look much alike.

### Second in Size

The common Canada goose ranges throughout our region of the country, and is anything but "common." This handsome bird is second in size only to the swans. It has a wingspread between 5 and 6½ feet and ranges in weight from 7 to 11 pounds. On account of its size, numbers and excellent table properties, it has probably been hunted as persistently as any other game bird of this continent.

For sagacity, wariness, strength and alertness, it has no equal among wild birds.

Migration flights of Canada geese assume the well-known V-shaped formation with the leader at the point.

The familiar, resonant honk-honk of these geese in flight, as the leader calls to his flock and receives their response at frequent intervals, will never fail to charm and thrill.

Flying by day or by night, led undoubtedly by old ganders, these flocks make their way on true, straight courses, stopping only as required to rest and feed.

The great flights across Pennsylvania originate principally in the breeding grounds of northern and western Quebec and Ontario, Canada, around the shores of Hudson and James Bays. They winter from the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays south to North Carolina.



**NATIVE FLOCKS** of Canada geese have been established in sanctuaries and attract flight birds from the migrations.

It is from these flights that Pennsylvania derives its breeding populations.

For many decades, the hunters in the states and provinces which are located between the breeding and wintering grounds of Canada geese have had to be content to hunt those birds which elected to stop at local habitats on their flights south in the fall. In recent years it has been found possible to divert and hold large numbers of flight birds during the gunning seasons, by providing sanctuary and

food. Notable successes with such projects have been attained by state and Federal agencies in the Central States and more recently in Pennsylvania.

The logical next step has been to establish native flocks of Canada geese in sanctuaries and regulated shooting areas. These newly-native birds then serve to attract flight birds from the migrations and so enhance the hunting opportunity.

The idea is sound and relatively simple, though the accomplishment is rather complex and time consuming.

Mated pairs are obtained, provided with food and lodging, and thus comprise captive or breeder flocks held within large fenced enclosures and prevented from flying by wing-clipping or pinioning.

The offspring from these breeders then increase in numbers to comprise a native flock, destined to call the sanctuary home. It has been found that the minimum sized sanctuary required for successful establishment of a native flock is two square miles.

Federal migratory waterfowl laws forbid the maintenance of captive flocks of geese to serve as decoys to migrating birds, so that it becomes necessary to remove the breeders or

captives of the newly established flock from within one-half mile of the hunting grounds.

In Pennsylvania, these practices have been developed at the Pymatuning Waterfowl Area in western Crawford County, and at several island groups in the Susquehanna River south of Sunbury.

A new program is now under way for a similar project on a 3,000-acre site known as the Middle Cree Waterfowl Area in upper Lancaster and lower Lebanon Counties.

It is of interest to note at this point that a native population of more than 6,000 birds has been established at Pymatuning, by these practices.

Specific requirements for food, habitat and protection must be met, programs such as these are to be successful.

Water areas must be provided, and equipped with water level control structures.

A program of predator regulation must be established and maintained.

And the manipulation of habitat and range must be closely controlled.

These processes apply to three basic types of habitat required by Canada geese.

The first of these is:

#### **Nesting Habitat**

Wild geese prefer slightly elevated nesting sites which, under our management, consist of small island mounds, hummocks, the tops of muskrat houses, stumps, wooden platforms built near or above the water, wooden tubs, large tires, etc., and all provide with hay or straw as nesting material. Geese show a distinct preference for sites very near the water, although observations have been made in the wild, of nests on haystacks, cliffs, and in the abandoned nests of ospreys and herons. Indications are that the choice of a nesting site is dependent upon the presence of an open view on all sides.

The development of small island

**THE MINIMUM SIZE** sanctuary required for successful establishment of a native flock of Canada geese is two square miles.





ound the periphery of the water  
ea, and the mowing of shorelines to  
event shrubby growth, serve to aid  
the increase of nesting density.  
esting occurs in our area during  
ril and May. Canada geese gen-  
ally mate for life in their second to  
urth year. If either member of a pair  
killed, the other usually remates.

The usual clutch is five eggs, but  
o to 9 may be found. Incubation  
kes about 25 days.

Canada geese are highly gregarious  
om late summer through winter, but  
esting adults will not tolerate crowd-  
g. In the wild, some of the best  
anadian range contains an average  
only 5 or 6 nests per square mile,  
rely reaching the "crowded" total  
20 nests.

Once the goslings have hatched,  
e inborn sociability of geese re-  
serts itself, and family groups gather  
small flocks and move to green  
astures.

Under local management, this brings  
to the second of three habitat types:

#### **Food Habitat**

Goslings feed almost entirely on  
een foliage. This grazing is pre-  
rred near the water. Range of this  
ature is provided by clearing shore  
eas and seeding to clovers and  
asses, which are then mowed often  
keep the growth tender and suc-  
ulent.

Ryegrass and oats are also used ex-  
nsively for brood pasture and should  
e included in a management pro-  
ram where the number of young  
oduced will warrant it. Both young  
d mature birds of summer flocks will  
ed extensively on oats for green  
asture, and will later feed on the  
ain as it ripens through the milk  
age to maturity.

Insects supplement this diet of  
ass, tender plants and grain. In the  
ild, the flocks will move several miles  
ownstream, or around lake shores  
om the nesting site, to reach good  
razing areas.



**CORN IS AN ESSENTIAL** food element  
on migration and winter ranges, serving  
to fatten and to maintain energy reserves  
despite severe weather.

One may often see large flocks,  
made up of many broods, attended by  
no more than a half dozen adult geese.  
Now and then other geese will re-  
place these "baby-sitters" so they may  
join adults elsewhere.

When goslings are half-grown, the  
parents lose their flight feathers and  
become grounded for about three  
weeks, until they grow new pinions.  
In Pennsylvania, this occurs from  
about June 28 to July 15. This molt is  
timed so that parents and young be-  
gin to fly at about the same time. For  
a week or so, as new quills harden,  
the birds do not fly far. When full  
flight has been attained, family groups  
in the wild leave the northern feeding  
grounds, join other groups and move  
leisurely to staging areas in Canada,  
part way down their fall migration  
routes. Here, most of the geese feed  
through early September and possibly  
into October before pushing on to  
winter quarters.

Local flocks which have been de-  
veloped on management areas delay  
or cancel such migrations as long as  
food, protection and open water are  
provided.

We thus come to the third type of  
habitat required by Canada geese:



**EXTENSIVE RESEARCH** and banding programs are being carried on in connection with goose management practices to assure the future of waterfowl hunting.

#### **Migration Habitat**

Wild geese prefer expansive, open fields for feeding. Under local controlled management this calls for the clearing of fencerows, small woodlots and patches of shrubby growth to obtain large fields. This provides the clear, unobstructed views and expansive range which are first essentials for inducing geese to accept a feeding area.

The establishment of adjoining strips 100 to 200 feet wide, containing alternating stands of green forage and grain, is also highly essential.

Winter grain in the form of wheat, rye and barley provides excellent fall and spring pasture.

A wintering population of large numbers must have sod pasture to

provide green food throughout the season. Ladino clover, Kentucky 3 fescue, creeping red fescue, orchard grass, blue grass and timothy are all used as pasture. Ladino clover is the best of the clovers for goose pasture although red clover, alsike and alfalfa are also acceptable. All stands must be mowed 3 to 5 times per growing season.

The application of high lime and fertilizer programs assure green pasture and high grain production, essential for intensive goose management.

Corn is likewise an essential food element on migration and winter ranges. It is a prime waterfowl food serving to fatten and to maintain energy reserves despite severe weather.

No place in our nation is this more true than along the Mississippi Flyway and in the upper midwest which annually produces 85 percent of our corn crop.

#### **Management Important**

In the management programs in Pennsylvania, corn plays an important role in attracting and wintering goose populations.

On the Pymatuning area it is provided as scattered rows of standing corn, as residue from mechanical harvesting, or as direct feeding from wagons during the winter and early spring.

Geese demands for corn and green often cause depredations on crops which lead to losses by farmers.

Game biologists and refuge managers have learned some measures which help to alleviate these losses. It has been found at the Horicon Marsh in Wisconsin that 38 inches about as high as the average Canada goose will feed. An effort is made, therefore, to plant refuge corn which will ear out below 38 inches. Dwarf corn varieties are ideal. Nearby farmers may plant varieties which ear out higher than that.

A curious fact of waterfowl management is that if refuge managers find



the food needs of geese, hunting access in adjoining areas will fall off. Not enough food must be provided to hold geese on management areas until nearby crops are harvested, or drastic predations may result.

There are many other facets of land use for the wild goose in Pennsylvania which have not been considered in this brief presentation.

Of similar interest are the techniques used in providing organized hunting on management areas. It is of interest to note that hunter success on managed areas will often increase tenfold.

Of importance also are the continuing research and banding programs being conducted to assure the perpetuation of this vital sport.

I would point out that the provision and preservation of habitat suitable for wildlife is an integral part of an essential program for preserving human standards at a level we all desire.

**WILD GEESSE** prefer slightly elevated nesting sites provided with hay or straw as nesting materials. Indications are that the choice of a nesting site is dependent upon an open view on all sides. The usual clutch is five eggs, but two to nine may be found.



**UNDER FEDERAL waterfowl laws it is necessary to remove breeders from within one-half mile of hunting grounds.**

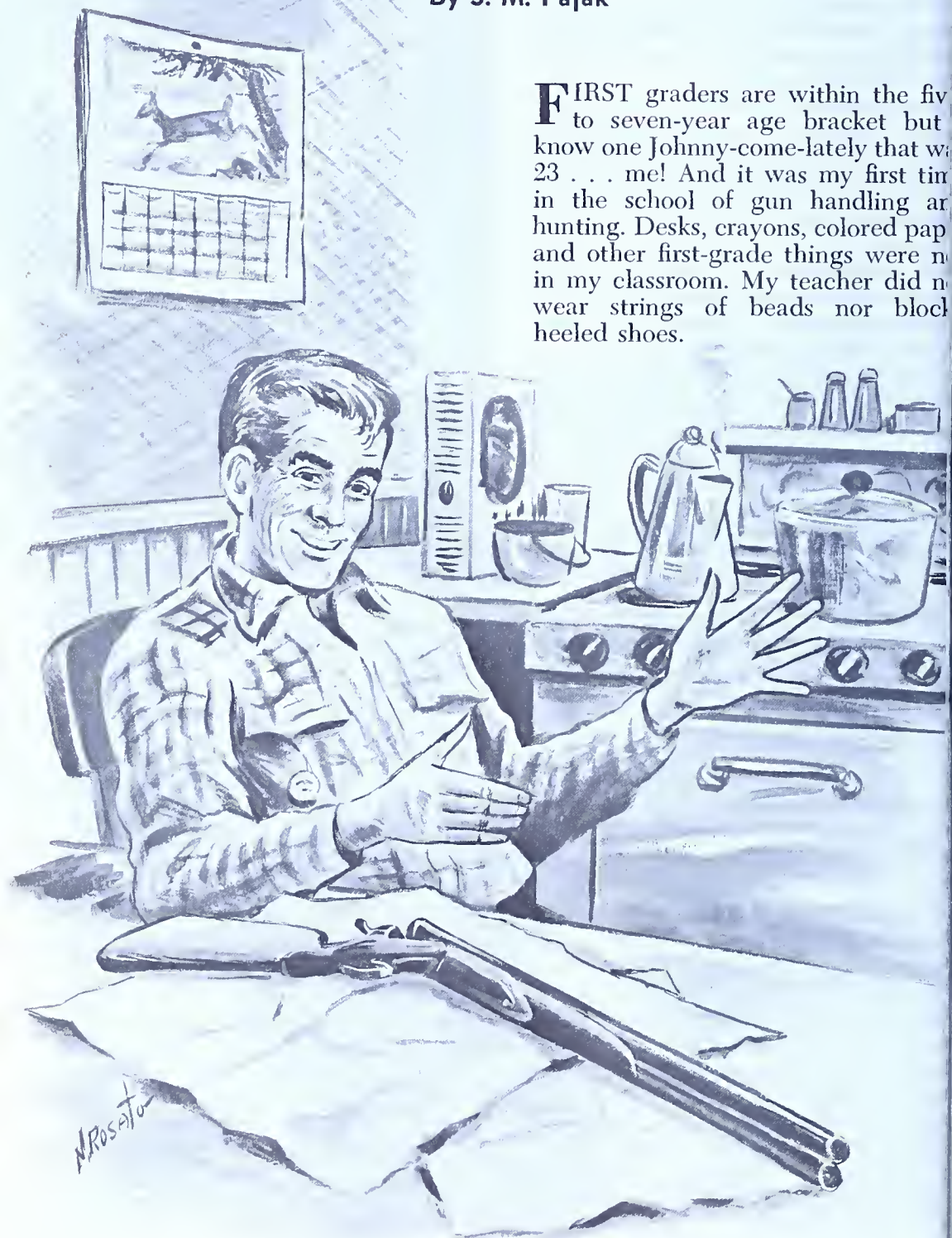
*This is an address presented by Mr. Shaver at the 1966 annual meeting of the North Atlantic Region, American Society of Agricultural Engineers, at University Park, Pa.*



# "There's a First Time for Everything!"

By S. M. Pajak

**F**IRST graders are within the five to seven-year age bracket but know one Johnny-come-lately that was 23 . . . me! And it was my first time in the school of gun handling and hunting. Desks, crayons, colored paper and other first-grade things were not in my classroom. My teacher did not wear strings of beads nor block-heeled shoes.





Instead, I discovered myself one summer evening seven years ago, in my cousin John's kitchen staring at the refrigerator, the stove with a pertly scolding coffee pot on it, the sink and other kitcheny things.

Cousin John was my teacher. He sat down on a chair, crossed his legs, pulled a cigarette from his "makin's," flicked a stray lock of black hair from his forehead and motioned for me to take the seat across from him. I did. Between us was the table and on it lay old newspapers and on the blanket papers rested his shotgun.

"What is it?" he mused, taking a puff of his cigarette.

"A gun," I laughed.

"What kind is it? What make is it? Is it loaded? Where is the safe? Where is the trigger? What do you do with it?" These and many more rapid-fire questions from him quickly wiped the smile off my face. Cousin John wasn't smiling either. In the few agonizing seconds of complete silence between us, I learned my first lesson: To learn to use a gun properly is a deadly serious business.

### A Gigantic Task

In his free time, Cousin John undertook the gigantic task of teaching his youthful relative the basic nomenclature of the shotgun. He was an experienced hunter and knew everything in my opinion! Why, he could take his shotgun apart and put it together again with the agility of a piano maestro.

I had visited Cousin John and his family many times and after the instructions, he would tell us hunting stories. This, no doubt, increased my appetite for the great outdoors. He didn't exactly faint when I mentioned the idea of going hunting but gave me that "I don't know" look. His wife and teen-age son just smiled quizzically. I couldn't imagine why there could have been any doubt.

"What's wrong with my going hunting?" I asked.



**FATHER JUST SAT** and puffed on his pipe. I don't think he quite believed what he was seeing. Mother helped find something in which to pack my lunch.

But there was still so much to learn and the small game season was getting closer. I knew that he would be telling me that school was out so that he could make his plans with the guys. I prepared myself as best as I could for the announcement that was soon to come.

Imagine my surprise when Cousin John called on my day off, almost a week before small game season started, and said, "Well, I guess you won't learn anything about the land or hunting sitting at my kitchen table so if you really want to go out with us, we'll go get your license."

Mom and Dad weren't quite so enthusiastic about my going hunting.

"The woods can be a rough place for a young person like you," Mother moralized. Dad was more abrupt. "Stay home where you belong," he cracked. He was in a bad mood that day anyhow.

I was crushed. I had waited so long to go "just one time" and now that the opportunity was here, it was apparent that it was not going to happen. This was going to be a long day for me.

After a lecture by my parents on

being old enough to know what I was doing, I called Cousin John and told him that I could go. Later in the afternoon I met him in a sport shop and at the counter proceeded to dig out my driver's license. I was extremely nervous and dropped the whole wallet! He filled out his form first and then joked with some bystanders. With a forced smile, I asked for mine.

Everyone in the shop seemed to be staring at me, or at least I thought so, but nothing was said. I paid the fee, picked up my license and grabbed some free pamphlets that explained the game laws.

Before we departed, Cousin John asked me if I had one of those plastic protectors for my license that pins on the back of the hunting jacket.

"I'm getting one now," I innocently lied! If I would have told him that I thought you just carried it in your pocket, I felt sure that my first hunting trip would have ended right there!

Before my two sisters, Mom, Dad and I sat down for supper that eve-

**I HAD NO HUNTING CLOTHES** so I rummaged and found some old things. I started piling one layer of clothes on top of another layer.



ning, Cousin John told me to pack lunch, wear suitable clothes and be ready at 7 a.m. sharp next Tuesday morning **AND DON'T FORGET MY LICENSE!** I fizzled like ginger ale to think that I would be going hunting. I couldn't eat my supper and I felt warm all over . . . like I was getting some kind of fever. Could it be "bunny" fever?

Until now, I had never heard of getting up at 6 a.m. I had worked late the night before and every bone in my body wanted to roll over and go back to sleep but the alarm clock kept ringing; get up! get up! Today is Tuesday!

As I plodded down the steps, the aroma of percolating coffee aroused me and directed my nose to the kitchen. Dad was puffing on his pipe and asked if I wanted a scrambled egg for breakfast. I shook my head no. The brilliant rays of the day's newborn sunshine made darting passes at the steaming curls arising from my cup of coffee which Dad had lovingly shoved under my drooping chin. At last I was beginning to come awake.

My father had the greatest faith in me! I'm sure he thought that I thought I was going to connect with every shot that day. Little did I realize that before half the day was over I was going to be too tired to carry my gun and so hungry that I should have had that scrambled egg for breakfast.

#### **It Would Be Cold**

Mother shuffled into the kitchen, checked the temperature on the outdoor thermometer and said in her knowing way that it was going to be cold and that I had better dress warmly. One half hour elapsed before I fully fathomed what she had said and realized that I had better step out. I certainly didn't want to keep anyone waiting . . . not today, my first time out!

Dad's mill bucket came in handy in which to pack my lunch. Since he had resigned it to the coal cellar shelf o-



retirement, it seemed doomed to keep the rest of its days gathering dust and cobwebs. I woke it up this morning under a blast of hot water and wiped its face with the dishcloth. It creaked sorely at my intrusion. The wall clock was humming toward 40 a.m. and waxed paper was flying in ribbons everywhere. Round loaf bread was sliced in thick slices and stuffed with lunch meat, tomatoes, lettuce, mayonnaise, salt and pepper. The tur sandwiches I made were so huge they had to be wrapped lengthwise! Three hard-boiled eggs, a mountain of fruit, a block of cake, an assortment of pucker-type pickles, a plastic container of sliced peaches, six paper napkins, one large dish towel that would serve as a tablecloth, a spoon, a knife, a salt shaker and a pound bag of salted peanuts composed my lunch, not counting the quart Thermos of coffee!

#### Father Just Sat There

Mother began looking for a large brown bag to put the rest of the food and things in since only the sandwiches fit in the mill bucket. Father just sat and puffed on his pipe. I don't think he quite believed what he was seeing.

Ten minutes before 7 a.m. found me ruggling in sheer panic on our cement floor cellar trying to get dressed. I had no hunting clothes so I rummaged and found some old things. I started piling one layer of clothes on top of another layer and when I was finished I had donned three pairs of pants, three sweaters, one bright red laid flannel shirt (thank you, Dad!), a cap and three pairs of heavy socks. My face was barely visible.

The last problem presented itself when I tried to bend over to put on a pair of tennis shoes which weren't going to fit anyhow. I never thought of proper shoes nor of bending over! Soon I was going to learn about dressing for a hunt.

The corners of our now obsolete



"WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?" he scowled. "We've been waitin' and waitin'. Where did you go?" I sadly confessed that I didn't go anywhere.

coal bin were filled with grocery store boxes and wooden crates which held material memories of our childhood but still too good to throw away. Mother hustled me out of her way and pulled out of hiding my pair of high top, four-buckle, black rubber boots that I had worn way back when. With three pairs of heavy socks on they fit just right although when I walked it sounded as if I were wearing rubber suction cups. Well, at last I was ready to go.

The sun finally finished yawning and the birds were arguing loudly in the barren fruit trees which dotted our yard. The air was as crisp as crinoline. Our house was silent.

As I sat staring out the kitchen window at the surrounding houses and yards, I caught a glimpse of a car coming. My heart fluttered in excitement and the butterflies in my stomach do-si-doed.

"Here comes Cousin John," I squealed.

Mother looked, too, just to make

sure and Father just puffed on his pipe.

I hurriedly picked up my shotgun and shells and took them outside on the porch. In the next few seconds I had my mill bucket, the oversize paper bag and the quart Thermos standing beside me. Another minute and he would round the bend in the ashed road and pull up beside our white gate. With my first hunting license on my back I was prepared to conquer the world. Oh! I was in seventh heaven!

The car door slammed and Cousin John lumbered around the front of his car engrossed in rollin' a cigarette. He opened the gate with one hand and fumbled for his lighter with the other. He took a few steps, saw me standing atop the porch dressed like a field worker and stopped. He didn't say a word.

The trunk lid of the car snapped open at the twist of the key and inside lay an assortment of shotguns and shells. He nestled my gun with the others and placed my shells to one side. My mill bucket and Thermos were flipped onto the floor of the back seat but I told him that I would carry the bag. This decision puzzled him and he asked me what was in it.

"The other half of my lunch!" I cheerily declared.

#### **A Handful of Peanuts**

Hunger pains were jabbing at my stomach as we traveled south toward farmland. We had been on the road almost an hour and still had quite a way to go according to Cousin John's friend in the rear scat who said to wake him up when we got there. I wanted to reach behind me and get a sandwich but decided not to bother anyone so I ate a handful of salty peanuts.

No one was saying much and they busied themselves by checking over the landscape or rearranging the shells that hung on their bright red pocketed vests.

Cigarette smoke nearly nauseated me and the gulped peanuts were jumping in my stomach like a string of broken beads. My warm clothes were heavy and I was becoming terribly warm. My eyelids felt as heavy as two manhole covers.

November mornings can get cold and gray within a few hours of a warm sunrise and as we slowly braked by a deserted field I was quite sure that it was going to rain. A stray wind hadn't made up its mind as to whether or not it was going to blow but as I emerged from the car it sneezed in my face and gave me the jolt I needed to get coordinated for the hunt. The sky became solid gray and felt only inches from the top of my head.

#### **Rabbits . . . Here?**

Why rabbits would pick this spot for their playground was beyond me. All I could see were some hedgerows, wild berry bushes, clumps of trees, mossy rock piles and what looked like some wild clover that tried to make a floral pattern in the dull gold and brown carpet of summer-dried grass. But mine was not to wonder why mine was to get a move on or be left behind!

After stuffing my outer pockets with shells, I heaved my gun and fell in behind the already toc-stepping group that was heading across the field. I should have watched where I was going instead of literally pressing my nose to the back of Cousin John's neck!

Our group came to an abrupt halt at a wooden marker on a gas line and they looked around, apparently sniffing the air in hopes of locating some rabbits. I did the same thing and at the time didn't know why I was doing it. I suppose I wanted them to know that I knew something about hunting. And all they were doing was drinking in the country air!

In whispered tones they had decided to individually go their own way instead of us hunting five abreast



efore I translated what they had been saying and in what direction I was supposed to go, the group was birds and yards away from where I was standing on the gas line. Some angles of briar patches and a few muddled hills blotted out the last remaining specks of their snazzy red vests.

Why did they leave me behind? Was I the "fifth wheel on the wagon"? "No one wants me with them," I ruefully thought.

I was an intruder on their hunt and dumb one at that! Feeling depressed and dejected, I made up my mind that I wanted to go home . . . and stay there.

Suddenly, the area looked ominous. A patch of closely knitted, thorn-encrusted short gray trees of some sort seemed to be straining to get across the nearby gurgling creek. The expiring bushes shuddered to their roots and the carpet of lost clover and summer-dried grass appeared to be rolling itself up for winter storage. The darkened sky came closer to the top of my head. I stood there alone and frightened, for I was convinced that at any moment a long arm was going to lunge out of somewhere, grab me and throw me out!

Hour after hour passed as I sat on the ground by the wooden marker and listened to the roar of an indignantly empty stomach. My head was also absorbing a message of pain and my back ached from holding the gun all morning. It never occurred to me that a gun could be so heavy. I was miserable!

Three long blasts of an automobile horn somewhere behind me brought me out of my meditation and said that everyone was back at the car and that they were probably eating lunch. "Well," I asked myself, "just how do I get back? I don't know the way."

Again the automobile horn thundered for me to get in. What do I do now? I wanted to get in and feed my belly just as much as they wanted to

get ready and go out again. Was I supposed to spread my imaginary wings and fly in?

Taking my shotgun off safe, I let go with three successive shots and patiently sat back down to wait. That was a call for help and brother did I need help! It wasn't too long before Cousin John's friend came scuffling to my rescue.

"What happened to you?" he scowled. "We've been waitin' and waitin'. Where did you go?"



**AFTER STUFFING** my outer pockets with shells, I heaved my gun and fell in behind the group heading across the field. I should have watched where I was going.

"I didn't go anywhere," I sadly confessed. "I sat on the gas line all morning."

Cousin John and his buddies were sitting on the ground by the car smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee as we approached. Again I was questioned.

"Where you been?" he asked softly.

"On the gas line."

"All morning?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Everybody left me and I didn't know how to get back."

"We didn't leave you purposely," he smiled. "We just thought you were with one of the other guys till we got back to the car and found out you didn't go with anyone. We were afraid you wandered off, this being your first time out, and we were getting ready to go and hunt you. That was smart thinking to fire your gun for help."

"I read that in a book," I sheepishly grinned.

"You goin' out again?" he asked.

"Nope! I'm going to just sit here and eat my lunch and drink my coffee," I retaliated. "I'm too tired to move. Enough is enough."

The trip home later in the day included handing out my leftover lunch, taking off my boots and apologizing for my awkward intrusion. I listened as they re-shot their bunnies (I didn't even see any!) but pondered about ever going hunting again.

If Cousin John should ask though I just might go, I mused, and next time I'll do things differently. But was quite sure he wasn't going to ask. He was too quiet on the way home and besides, who wants a three-legged duck like me tagging along?

I slid out of the car at home and gathered my gear, saying my Good byes and Thank You's as reverently as I could because I knew that I had half-ruined their day. As I slowly walked up the steps Cousin John leaned his head out of the window and with an ear-to-ear grin announced

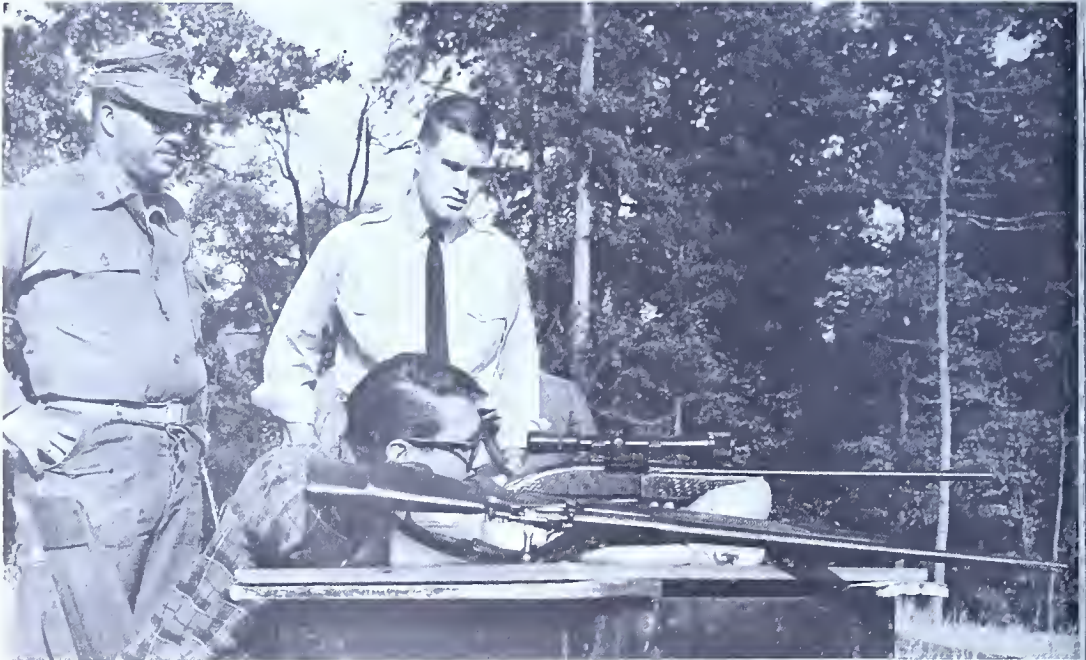
"See you next Tuesday morning Suzie, seven o'clock sharp. Pack a lunch and don't forget your license. Maybe this time we'll take the dogs."

My big day was over and all was well. Once again my heart fluttered in excitement because I knew that I had managed somehow to pass his first test.

And that's not bad for a girl!!

**NEARLY 100 PERSONS** turned out for the first public sighting-in day on the new Craig Range located on State Game Lands No. 203 near Wexford, Allegheny County. Assisting in the program were Marine Reservists from the 104th MP Battalion and members of the Millvale Sportsmen's Club. The shooter above is Regis Waag, of North Hills, Pittsburgh. Looking on are Marine Reserve Sgt. G. T. Norman and District Game Protector R. B. Belding.

*PGC Photo by Fred Serce*







By NED SMITH

*How about a New Year's hunt for snowshoe rabbits? Farther north a migrant sticks out the winter, a red squirrel panics, and a fox has slim picking.*

WHEN a hunter from prime cottontail country packs up his eagles and drives 150 miles to hunt rabbits there must be something pretty special at the end of the trip. And there is . . . when the rabbits are snowshoe rabbits, or varying hares. Though these animals are comparatively scarce and hard to find, their sporting qualities are sufficient to lure a dedicated group of Pennsylvanians from the comfort of their living rooms each year in the dead of winter to try for a daily limit of two.

What hunters like about the snowshoe rabbit is its willingness to run ahead of the hounds for hours on end and rarely hole up. The chases it provides are the answer to a beagler's prayers.

Because it is such a splendid game animal and because its ecology is not nearly understood by the average sportsman, the Editor of GAME NEWS has asked me to devote a portion of this month's column to the elusive white hare, and its place in the hunting picture.

Briefly, the snowshoe rabbit is bigger than the cottontail—four or five

pounds to the latter's two or three. Its ears are proportionately longer, and it has a leggier look. The hind feet, especially, are huge, and in wintertime when they are clothed in long fur they form efficient "snowshoes" from which the animal gets its common name.

During the warmer months its pelage is a rich brown with white underparts, but in late fall the brown hairs are shed and replaced by a completely white coat. Only the black ear tips are retained, and usually some brown hairs on the feet and face. As might be expected, this winter pelage is excellent camouflage against the snow.

The snowshoe is an animal of the northland, Pennsylvania being very nearly the southern limit of its range. Years ago it was common throughout the mountainous half of the state, flourishing in the dense cover of brushy swamps, and thickets of laurel and rhododendron. Timbering off the northern forests was the first step in the snowshoe's decline. Logging encouraged the sprouting of new shrub growth, which provided an abundance of food for the snowshoe, but it also





t the stage for an unprecedented increase in the native whitetailed deer herd. Competing as they did for the same browse—the twig ends of maples, certain oaks, evergreens, and similar trees—the two species were unwittingly engaged in a battle for survival. The deer, increasing tremendously, very nearly ate themselves out of food, and removed most of the dense undergrowth of brush in the process. The snowshoe simply couldn't meet the competition. With most of the food and cover gone it disappeared from much of its original range, and even where still found it exists in limited numbers.

### Competition of Species

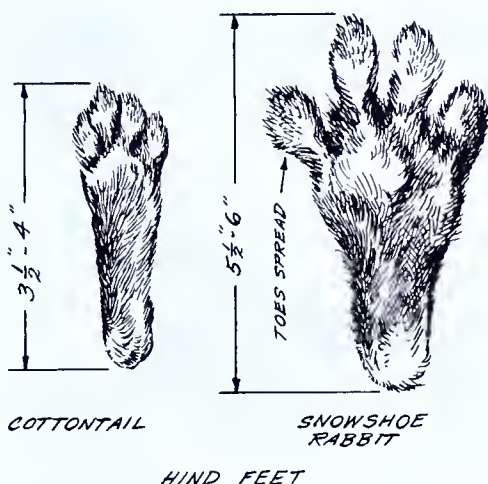
The snowshoe's history in Pennsylvania has a parallel in the ruffed grouse of our northern counties. This grouse, too, has been drastically reduced in numbers by a combination of maturing forests and a huge deer population, robbing it of the cover so essential to its survival.

It is doubtful that the snowshoe will ever again be as abundant as it was in the early 1900's. For one thing, the large population of deer desired by today's hunters makes it impossible to restore optimum conditions over large areas for snowshoe rabbits. And, of course, it is doubtful that we will ever again see the massive logging operations that once leveled the forests of nearly the entire state and gave the white hare unlimited food and cover.

Nevertheless, there is some hope that the snowshoe can be successfully reintroduced into many areas of former abundance, and a huntable population maintained in its present range. Obviously, the deer herd must be kept within reasonable bounds to permit the establishment of new food and cover growth. Beyond that, the Game Commission has experimented with two management tools—habitat improvement and restocking — and found the results somewhat encouraging.

Habitat improvement has consisted chiefly of browse cutting operations—felling trees to bring their edible twigs within reach of game animals and to encourage the growth of shrubs, sprouts, and tree seedlings.

Because tremendous areas of former snowshoe range have been completely devoid of these animals for years, restocking was the only way to reestablish a breeding stock. Beginning in 1959 and continuing until 1963 five thousand hares from New Brunswick were liberated at 83 sites in 22 different counties. Release sites have

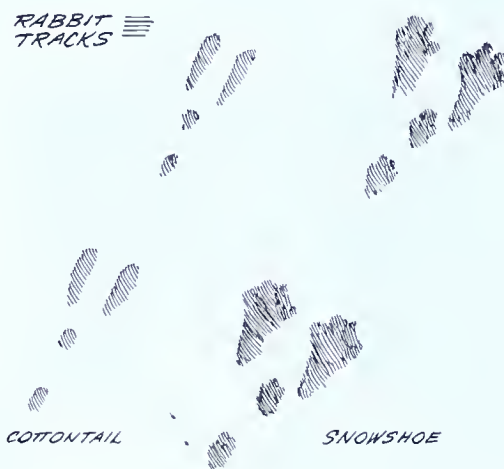


been checked periodically to determine the survival rate.

Two years after their release snowshoes were found on nearly fifty percent of the sites, and although in some of these places their immediate future is uncertain, the Commission's research chief, Harvey Roberts, is encouraged by these early results. He also points to the considerable information derived from this operation that will be useful in setting up future snowshoe restoration projects. For instance, one of the major causes of failure was found to be the limited size of some otherwise suitable areas. Snowshoes apparently require about ten acres of good browse per adult; a cottontail can get along nicely on one acre! It was also learned that the newly clear-cut woodlands did not

constitute good snowshoe habitat. Older browse cuttings were preferable because of the cover provided by well established young vegetation.

One of the limiting factors is, and always will be, the modest reproductive capacity of the snowshoe itself. Unlike the prolific cottontail, the snowshoe averages only about eight young per year and even in excellent habitat mortality can be high. Fortunately, being near the edge of the snowshoe's range, Pennsylvania hares are not greatly influenced by the periodic



cycles of abundance and scarcity that govern hare populations in the North Country. In colder climates they can drop from incredible numbers to near extinction in a year's time.

The snowshoe picture in Pennsylvania is one of *cautious* optimism. As funds are made available the restoration work will be continued, and there is good reason to believe it will succeed. But success in this venture does not mean we will suddenly have lots of snowshoes. Whether they become self-sustaining depends upon a combination of factors—maintenance of favorable food and cover conditions, gunning pressure, predation, weather, disease, etc. At any rate, sportsmen everywhere will be happy to learn that a serious attempt is being made to bring back the runningest rabbit in Pennsylvania.

*January 9* — I saw three red-tailed hawks today. One was keeping his solitary watch from a tall oak tree in a fencerow on the ridge, the other two were perched in trees a hundred yards apart in a weedy bottomland. Pesticide residues in their prey have nearly wiped out certain hawk species in the East; it was good to see a few wintering in our neighborhood.

*January 15*—A quarrelsome flock of evening grosbeaks gathered beneath our wild cherry trees this afternoon to feed on the fallen seeds. It's surprising how easily their heavy bills split those bony shells to get at the kernels.

*January 18* — Some weeks ago Jack fastened another feeder to a tree at our blind along Peter's Mountain. It's a hollow section of a dead chestnut tree with a two-inch hole in the side, which he uses as a birdhouse in summertime and inverts for a feeder in wintertime. When we went to the blind this morning Jack leaned against the hollow log feeder, and was startled to hear something scrambling around inside. It was a red squirrel. Apparently he had been cleaning up the last of the sunflower seeds, and ducked inside to hide when he saw us coming. Sensing he was discovered, he went completely crazy, scrambling and scratching, growling and squealing, afraid to come out and terrified to stay inside. I focused my camera on the entrance hole and when he finally peered out I took his picture. Of course, he disappeared at the click, so I advanced the film and prepared to take another, intending to let him come farther out of the hole this time.

But he didn't merely come out, he shot out! I'm sure I photographed nothing but the hole in the old log; the squirrel was three feet out of the picture when the shutter clicked, and he's probably still running.

*January 20*—Slug has been telling me about the strange bird that's been eating suet at his backyard feeder this

inter. According to his detailed description it sounded like a female Baltimore oriole, but I knew *that* wasn't possible. So I went down this afternoon to see if it was there. After a wait of about an hour it suddenly appeared at the suet—and it was a female Baltimore oriole! Why it isn't in central America by now is a mystery, but I took its picture to prove there's at least one oriole that prefers Millersburg, Pa., as its winter home.

January 25—The red fox I've been seeing from our house has been mousing all over the cornfield behind the woods. His tracks are everywhere. In a dozen or more places he had dug down through eighteen inches of snow to the tangled cornstalks, apparently to get at mice feeding there on the Robbins.

At other places he had pounced on the snow where it was dotted with mouse tracks. The killing of a mouse seldom leaves any clues, but at one spot there was a tuft of wet mouse fur.

Later I saw where he had lain down among some raspberry canes along the run to pull the beggar-ticks from its fur. The snow was packed and

smoothed, and chunks of fox fur were scattered about. A few small gray feathers from some unlucky songbird lay nearby; they had probably been sticking to his muzzle from a previous meal.

A red fox appears so delightfully independent it's hard to imagine him having a hard time of it. But when I looked at the snow-smothered landscape around me I wondered how in the world he survived. That luxuriant red coat must surely have concealed an empty stomach on many an occasion.

EVENING GROSBEEK -  
SPLITTING WILD  
CHERRY PITS



## The Four Seasons . . . ?

How many of us, now that we've reached the age when life is supposed to begin all over again, recall those exciting boyhood days when a dog, a gun and a patch of woods to roam through were all that we asked from a complicated world?

Remember how we used to glance nervously out of the schoolhouse window with that feeling of anxiety, trying to suppress the urge to be out there in pursuit of a scolding squirrel or a drumming grouse, while one ear was tuned to the teacher and her lesson on the law of gravity?

Well, things haven't changed much, at least not in a rural Kentucky town where boys apparently hold hunting in high esteem and let their education take care of itself.

According to a news story, the teacher had asked her students if anyone could name the four seasons. A bright young lad raised his hand and recited rather proudly, "There's a deer season, a squirrel season, quail season, and forget the other one."

The boy isn't necessarily shirking his education. There is much we can learn from nature if we take time and study it.



# Winter Camping Is Fun

By Henry Graham

**M**OST persons think of summer as the only time suitable for camping in the woods or hills. But camping is fun, too, even when deep snow covers the ground and the ponds and creeks are thick with ice.



*Photo by Don Shiner*

**HIKING AND PHOTOGRAPHY** are just as enjoyable on a winter camping trip as they are in the summer.

Vacation periods make good winter camping intervals. Even overnight jaunts are heaps of fun. Winter camping is a fine sport for people of all ages.

How should one dress for cold weather outings? Warmly, preferably in woolen garments, with boots or

heavy shoes covering the feet. Long underwear to keep icy blasts from reaching the skin. It is advisable to take along a change of underwear and socks in case one gets wet.

Food should be nourishing — the kind that sticks to the ribs. Bacon, eggs, canned or powdered milk, bread, sugar, coffee, tea, chocolate, beans, jam and peanut butter are all satisfying and refreshing in the open. The drink, of course, may be ignored if water is used, but something warm in cold weather is much appreciated. That is why I have suggested coffee, tea or chocolate. If desired, some fruit, such as oranges and bananas may be included on the list of food. Bouillon cubes take up little space in the pack and make a fine, nourishing drink.

If a small tent or teepee is available it should be taken because then one can get out of storms. Blankets and quilts should comprise the bedding unless sleeping bags are taken along. These bags are wonderfully convenient and warm on winter outings. If a bed is made up, it should be a big one since several fellows sleeping together will be warmer than if each sleeps alone. Outing flannel pajamas help too.

What to do on winter camping trips? One can ski, fish if the season is open, hike, shoot pictures, study nature (including animal and bird tracks), and just explore. Different members of the party will have ideas on the subject of amusement and recreation. Care should be taken to invite only fellows who are congenial and willing to do their share of the cooking, dishwashing, woodchopping and other tasks.

Considerable firewood will be needed. To obtain fuel, a dead tree may be chopped down or fallen trees



ed. Be sure to take an ax and plenty matches. It is well to remember that even in the wettest weather dry wood may be obtained by chopping deeply into a log to reach the point where moisture has not penetrated. This is a useful trick known to all experienced woodsmen and others who frequent the outdoors. A well-filled waterproof match box is a fine thing to have along. Old, discarded camera film makes good kindling, as does sawdust stacked in kerosene.

Cooking utensils may be confined to kettle and frying pan. Each member of the party will need a plate, knife, fork, spoon and cup. Water for drinking and dishwashing may be obtained from melted snow or a spring.

Before pitching the tent or arranging the bed, the ground should be cleared of snow. Pine boughs, when available, may be utilized as a mattress, the branches being placed on the ground to a depth of two feet or more. They are infinitely softer than the hard ground. A sleeping bag plus an air mattress will, however, provide the most restful slumber.

It isn't necessary to go far from home for winter camping. The shore of a lake, river or brook furnishes an ideal setting. Or one may pitch his tent in a woodland. But wherever one goes, he should make sound, sensible preparations so that his stay will be comfortable and enjoyable. It is well to travel relatively light.



*PGC Photo by Fred Servey*

**FOR ELEVEN YEARS** John E. Huk, of Baden, Pa., has devoted many hours of his time and skill to producing nesting boxes for wood ducks. He has been asked to produce them for sale many times, but refuses. Huk, a sheet metal worker, has shipped free of charge numerous boxes to Wisconsin, Maryland, West Virginia, Utah and Massachusetts. Over 100 of his boxes can be found in Pennsylvania, many of them in the Pymatuning area. He is also a licensed propagator and has raised quail, wild turkeys, wood ducks and pheasants.



# The Hen Pheasant Still Lays the 'Golden Egg'

By Fred E. Hartman





*Editor's Note: Mr. Pheasant Hunter, how many times during a small game season have you said to yourself as a lady pheasant flushes, "Boy, if we could only kill hens, what a lot of good shooting we would have." In the better pheasant country there are a lot of hens and the cockbirds certainly do seem to get scarce as the season progresses. Can we justify shooting hens in Pennsylvania or would it be detrimental to the pheasant populations?*

*Game Commission Biologist Fred Hartman, leader of Pittman-Robertson Project W-64-R, a long-range study of Pennsylvania pheasants and their habitat, takes an objective look at the question.*

**D**ESPITE the great abundance of hen pheasants in many parts of Pennsylvania's farming country, a hunting season harvest of hens would be extremely detrimental to the pheasant population. In fact, after one or two such seasons, hunters would find both hens and cocks as scarce as the proverbial "hen's teeth." The following information, collected as part of the Pennsylvania Game Commission's current pheasant research project, illustrates why hen pheasants must be protected in spite of their seeming overabundance:

Although winter concentrations of hens (few cocks are seen because of their shyness and reduction by hunting) appear to contain an overabundance of birds, as many females as possible are needed to assure adequate reproduction the following spring. Pennsylvania studies of the various mortality factors at work on a population have shown that from 5 to 18 percent of a group of wintering pheasants is killed on highways in the spring. For those hens that have "dodged" the automobile, they next have the farmer and his hay-mowing equipment to contend with. Pheasant nesting studies have shown that not only does hay mowing destroy nests, but it also kills 20 to 40 percent of the hens on nests in this type of cover. Furthermore, hayfields, choice nesting cover, contain the majority of the nests in primary pheasant range.

Let's put these percentages and some additional data to work on a hypothetical wintering group of 100 hens. Assuming an average road kill mortality rate of 10 percent, 90 hens remain to start the nesting season. However, because of early nest failures or disturbance about 90 percent of the surviving females really get serious about nesting. Thus, we now have 81 hens on the nest. Man again enters the picture with his mowing equipment. Hay and grass mowing, may, on the average, kill 30 percent of hens on nests. Now there are only 57 of our original 100 female pheasants alive.

Observations during July and August, in good pheasant range, show that about 70 percent of the hens seen are accompanied by broods. Thus, of

**STUDIES SHOW that 90 percent of the male pheasants of a fall population are bagged by hunters. Think what would happen to pheasants if this many hens were taken.**



the 57 birds that actually nested, only 40 successfully brought off a brood. This would indicate that the more hens available for the breeding season, the greater the number of chicks produced. It should be remembered, however, that adverse weather conditions and poor quality habitat can also have



an adverse effect on chick survival.

Another argument against hen shooting is the one supported by the high percentage of cocks harvested from a population. Pheasant hunter bag checks and winter sex ratio inventories have demonstrated that at least 90 percent of the male pheasants of a fall population are bagged by hunters. Indiscriminate shooting of hens could likewise put an equally large drain on the female population. Proponents of hen shooting may say that hunters will be sporting and selectively shoot only cocks. This may be true the first day or two of the season; however, as the season progresses roosters become less available. Then and for the remainder of the season the hunter will shoot hens because they are the most readily available and he is primarily interested in putting a bird in his game bag. It should be emphasized that hunting pressure in Pennsylvania's pheasant country is extremely heavy—this is reflected in the large part of the cock population killed. The same situation could happen to hens.

Because both males and females of most other game animals are shot, this

**FOR HENS WHICH DODGE** the automobile, life becomes more complicated when they have to contend with the farmer and his mowing equipment.



is not a valid reason to shoot he pheasants. To illustrate this line of reasoning, let's compare pheasant shooting (cocks only) with grouse shooting (cocks and hens).

First, the habitat in which each is found makes the pheasant a much easier target to hit. Pheasant habitat being easier to hunt, also attracts much heavier concentration of hunters than does a grouse covert. Second, when a bird flushes, hunters are able to make a kill twice as frequently of pheasants as they do on grouse. Third, and as was demonstrated in the preceding paragraph, a much greater proportion of the pheasant population (4 percent) is harvested than grouse (2 percent). For pheasants, the 45 percent removal is broken down to 90 percent cocks and practically zero percent hens. (Although some hens are shot illegally, on the whole, this percentage is negligible.) Assuming that hunters remove 20 percent of our total grouse population at the 50 percent male-50 percent female ratio determined by actual study, it is evident that the 10 percent loss of hens has little impact on subsequent reproduction. However, a much greater harvest of the female could result in a lowered population level.

#### Some States Take Hens

Some midwestern and western states with large numbers of hunters and pheasants had hen seasons some years ago. However, after several years the shooting of hens was prohibited because of the resulting drastic decline in the pheasant population. What was worse was that it took a longer time than people had realized for the population to return to normal (at least 10 years in parts of Wisconsin).

Presently, some states do shoot hens. These states can be grouped into two categories: (1) a high pheasant population and very few hunters, and (2) hens are shot on a put-and-take (stocked) basis because the land is not suitable to support a native population of birds.

In some areas of Pennsylvania where pheasants are not established, it may seem that put-and-take shooting of cocks and hens would be feasible. While this may be true, it is important to remember that the Game Commission is currently experimenting with Korean pheasants, Korean x native hybrids, and wild-trapped native pheasants in the areas where the stocking of game-farm birds has not paid off. Until these experimental releases have been fully evaluated, it is necessary to refrain from shooting hens.

If these experimental releases do not produce birds in present non-pheasant habitat, perhaps some hens may eventually be legal targets in these sections. In good pheasant country this bird is and will continue to be THE game species to many hunters. While a few hens could be shot in primary range, it would be necessary to know the pheasant population for each township and from this determine the number of hens that could be safely killed. In one manner or another a limited number of hen permits would be given to randomly selected hunters for specific townships. As can be easily realized, an increased amount of expense and manpower would be needed to census pheasant populations, print permits, handle the distribution of permits, and service the increased enforcement. In the end, the returns in the form of sport from a hen harvest would be far outweighed by the additional expense and labor needed to manage it.



**THE HEN PHEASANT** is still laying the "golden egg" for us. Let's continue to make her nest as comfortable as possible.

From the foregoing, it is demonstrated that the hen pheasant is still laying the "golden egg" for us. Through biologically sound management practices, let's continue to make her nest as comfortable as possible.



## U. N. Conservation Conference Endorsed

A proposed Congressional resolution calling for a United Nations-sponsored international conference on wildlife conservation has been endorsed by U. S. Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall.

He said that most nations are beginning to realize that their wildlife resources are great economic assets because they promote tourism, a leading industry in many countries, and are of great educational, scientific, cultural and recreational value.

Udall said that American biologists have demonstrated a tremendous potential for scientific cropping of wildlife as a source of food, and these practices need nurturing and advancement in the interest of improving the economy, physical well-being and general welfare of the people all over the world since much of the earth's surface is not suited to production of domestic livestock but can support native game animals.

The secretary emphasized the need for migratory bird treaties among nations of Europe, Asia and Africa.





**ONE MONTH'S TRAPPING** has netted young John Critchlow as high as 212 muskrats and 21 raccoons. In one two-week period he once caught 160 muskrats. Here he is in his backyard garage after a season's work.

**AT UNDERWATER** den site, Critchlow prepares Conibear trap (held in left hand). This type trap seems to work best at underwater dens.



**TRAPPER CREATES OWN** muskrat slides by digging away and making imitation slide in likely looking area. Trap is then staked and set.





# TEEN-AGE TRAPPER SHOWS EM HOW

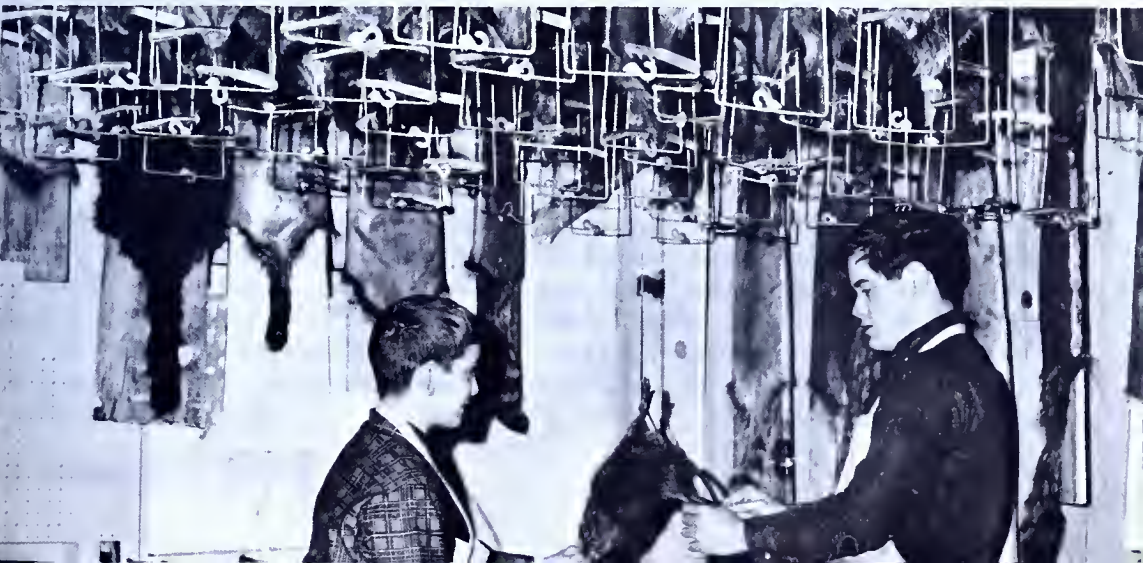
Photos by THAD BUKOWSKI



**DEAD LOG** is hollowed out with hatchet attached to long ax handle. Staked traps set and dirt sifted over it. Drops of fish oil lure are placed between trap and log to complete raccoon set.

**EQUIPMENT** consists of long-handled trowel used in making dirt-hole sets placed incidentally for fox, trapper's pack, lure carrier on pack, 1/4-inch wire mesh dirt sifter and traps. He also carries machete.

**CRITCHLOW** starts to skin muskrat with help of a neighborhood buddy, Randy McConnell, in his garage which is full of drying hides.







## FIELD NOTES



### The Beautiful Poconos

**MONROE COUNTY** — This story was related to me by Deputy Kuhenbecker, who is caretaker at Resica Falls Boy Scout Camp in Monroe County. One of the Scouts started out on a hike, intending to enjoy a beautiful day of scouting in the scenic Pocono Mountains. After traveling a short distance, a doe deer came stampeding out of the brush and knocked him flat on his back. Not easily discouraged, he continued on. Shortly he ran smack into a yellow jacket nest. One stung him on the face, and another stung him on the—well, it bothered him when he sat down. I wonder how this boy feels about the beautiful Poconos now!—District Game Protector E. L. Taylor, Bartonsville.



### New Pointer

**BERKS COUNTY** — John Fleck, hunting ducks along the Cacoosing Creek, was unable to locate a cripple which had fallen into a pasture field. A horse in the field came over and pointed to the duck which had crawled into a clump of heavy grass.—District Game Protector J. A. Leien-decker, Reading.

### One Shot—Three Turkeys

**BUTLER COUNTY**—A local hunter and true sportsman had a streak of good (?) luck on opening day of turkey season by killing his turkey and two other turkeys with one shot from a 20-gauge shotgun. Joe Kiser, R. D. 1, Boyers, Pa., was hunting squirrels near his home when he surprised a flock of turkeys. Selecting one by itself, he raised his gun to fire; the movement caused the other turkeys to run directly into his line of fire. Two of the three turkeys had pellets in their heads only. Although Mr. Kiser was only several hundred yards from his home and had not been seen by other hunters, he immediately turned in the extra turkeys and paid one-fourth of the normal fine for killing the turkeys as he had killed them by mistake. Sportsmen of this caliber are rare indeed. Incidentally, Mr. Kiser told me that in his 68 years, most of which he has been an ardent hunter, he had never seen a wild turkey in turkey season before.—District Game Protector W. Ned Weston, Boyers.

### “That’s My Boy!”

**COLUMBIA COUNTY**—One Saturday evening while I was away from my headquarters, a sportsman called to request information on the Game Law. This hunter asked my wife if it was permissible to hunt foxes on Sunday. Before my “able Deputy” could answer the question, and as quick as the fox himself, my number 2 son, Gary, being 8 years old, shot forward and said to the man, “Yeh, you kin hunt foxes on Sunday—IF YOU GO TO CHURCH FIRST.” All I could say was, “THAT’S MY BOY.”—District Game Protector E. F. Sherlinski, Mifflinville.

## Never Die—Just Fly Away

**CRAWFORD COUNTY** — Charlie Kinder, of Titusville, is a darn good shot but he fired three shots at a duck that was flying over him, lowered his gun, and hollered after the departing bird, "Fly on, you so and so, with your heart shot out."—District Game Protector W. E. Lee, Titusville.

## Escapes Shot, Killed by Wire

**ADAMS COUNTY**—While on general patrol accompanied by LEA Stidd, we were checking a hunter when we heard several shots in a ravine on the other side of the road. Soon we saw a ring-necked pheasant flying toward us, untouched by any of the shooting. He flew into a power line and broke his neck, and a twelve-year-old boy came up and carried him away.—District Game Protector D. C. Beach, Gettysburg.

## A Good Dog

**JEFFERSON COUNTY** — Joe H. Barkley, of the Punxsutawney Sportsmen's Club, relates the following: "One day a couple of weeks ago Quinton Reams, an officer of the Sportsmen's Rifle Club, was going down the road to the big bore range to do some checking on work to be done. There was a big collie dog lying in the middle of the road. He did not move as the car approached. Quint, thinking the dog might be injured, got out and approached the dog and talked to him. The dog lay still and looking up into the tree. Looking up, Quint saw a big gray fox about 18 feet above the ground. Quint said to the dog, 'You're a pretty good fellow. Stay put till I come back.' He hurried home (about a mile) and returned with his rifle. The dog was handy and the fox still up the tree. A well-placed .22 brought him to the ground. The owner of the collie tells me that he had treed five or six groundhogs the past summer."—District Game Protector R. F. Ellenberger, Punxsutawney.



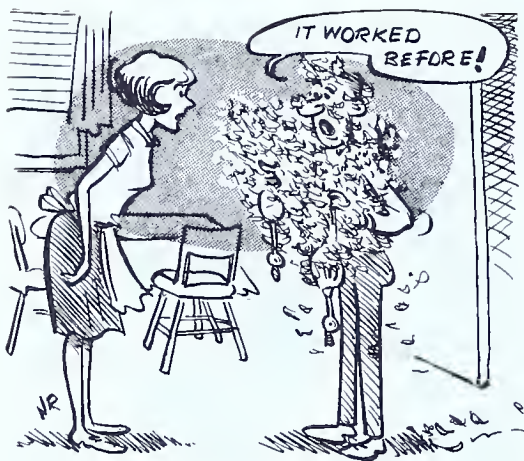
## Excellent Decoys

**JUNIATA COUNTY**—During duck season, James Gilson, the son of Farm-Game Cooperator Stuart Gilson, of Port Royal, put out six duck decoys in the Tuscarora Creek. He was hunting over them when he saw one dip. The front end of it went under water, bobbed back and shortly bobbed under again. This happened three times; then he saw a large mink crawl up and tear and bite at the head of it. Finally it swam away, apparently disgusted. I imagine he figured even if he could kill it, it would probably be too tough to eat anyway.—District Game Protector R. P. Shaffer, Mifflintown.

## Challenges Buck—Saves Child

**BUTLER COUNTY** — The Break-neck Beagle Club was holding their Lady-Day Trials where the ladies do all of the judging and handle the dogs. A buck deer came out of the woods and traveled up the long line of spectators trying to find an opening to go through. Not able to find an opening, he put his head down and charged the line, right at a young child. One brave gentleman pushed the child out of the path of the charging buck, got hit by the deer and was sent rolling about 25 feet on the ground. He was taken to the Rochester Hospital and treated for several broken ribs and multiple bruises.—District Game Protector J. D. Swigart, Butler.





### A Sticky Mess

**CUMBERLAND COUNTY** — The following incident was related to me by Paul Sunday, of Carlisle: Paul remembers that years ago his grandfather used a small amount of rosin in the water to scald hogs. This speeded the job of scraping and cleaning. He went to one of the local hardware stores to purchase some, which is now rather difficult to obtain. Unnoticed by both Paul and the clerk, he purchased RESIN (a glue). When Paul mixed up his concoction to scald and pick some freshly killed wild ducks, he said that the mixture didn't look exactly right, but went ahead. Imagine dipping a duck into a solution of melted glue! When he went to pick the bird, feathers, skin, etc., all came off at the same time. All too late he discovered his mistake. P.S. He ruined one of his wife's silverware knives, one butcher knife and a cooking pot. Needless to say, I believe he will read the labels on anything he purchases in the future. — District Game Protector E. F. Utech, Carlisle.

### Had a Ball

**LANCASTER COUNTY**—I checked with one hunter on the first day who had shot 23 shells and had a bird and one small rabbit for his efforts. He stated that he had a ball. Everyone got plenty of shooting as the game was plentiful.—District Game Protector J. P. Eicholtz, Strasburg.

### Operation Rescue

**LAWRENCE COUNTY**—While on patrol with Deputy Game Protector Harry Stock we observed two men acting very strangely. The two hunters had stopped their vehicle in the middle of a township road with both auto doors open, blocking traffic. The two were flailing their arms frantically and running back and forth across the road. A closer check revealed that these two conservationists were attempting to chase some twenty quail into a safety zone to protect them from other hunters in the area.—District Game Protector C. A. Hooper, Jr., New Castle.

### Empty-Handed

**CENTRE COUNTY**—Some reasons I noted why some hunters weren't successful on the first day of the rabbit, pheasant and turkey season: Rabbits, "the fox got 'em all," "we aren't stocking enough," and "they don't seem to have enough scent for the dogs to wind them." Pheasants, "the fox got 'em all," "they are all in the Safety Zones," "we didn't stock enough," and "they go into groundhog holes as soon as the first shot is fired." Turkeys, "the



frost killed the young ones," "horned owls are hard on them," "there are a lot of acorns, but they are too big," and "they are either down in the hollows or up on the ridges."????—District Game Protector D. Sloan, Bellefonte.

## Control Duck Flights?

**ELK COUNTY** — While patrolling the marsh ponds on State Game Lands No. 28, in Elk County during the week of early duck season, a hunter was complaining to me about the small number of ducks, when last year he claimed he got shooting at lots of ducks. When I explained that the weather was not good duck weather, and the flyway birds weren't coming in, and that he would need some bad weather to bring the birds in, he didn't agree. He went away still complaining, sure that it was the Game Commission's fault; that the Commission should be able to make the birds come in so he could get some shooting. —Land Manager R. J. Rea, Wilcox.

## Swimming Squirrel

The following incident was related to me by my neighbor, John Schleupner: Mr. Schleupner and a friend were fishing on Whitney Lake when they noticed a small animal swimming near the center of the lake. At first they thought it to be a mink or a muskrat, but after rowing over to get a closer look, they retrieved an exhausted and half-drowned gray squirrel from the water. The squirrel crawled to the bow of the boat and perched there until they rowed to shore. There it jumped over to a rock and turned and looked at the two fishermen as if to say "thanks, fellows," and hopped up through the woods.—Land Manager W. R. Peoples, Hawley.

## Robin in the Stove

**WAYNE COUNTY** — Mrs. William Myers, Galilee, was busy in the kitchen preparing dinner early in September. Since it was a little chilly, she gathered some wood to light a fire in the kitchen range. When she lifted the lid, a robin flew out, circling the room. Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?—District Game Protector F. G. Weigelt, Galilee.



## Clock Watchers

**WARREN COUNTY** — It was reported to me that on the first day of turkey season a flock of turkeys was seen feeding in a field before shooting hours. According to the report, the field was almost completely surrounded by hunters waiting for the proper time to start shooting. One hunter stated they were still there five minutes before shooting time, then they just disappeared. Somehow the turkeys got past all the hunters without a shot being fired.—District Game Protector D. C. Parr, Tidioute.

## Foolishly Dangerous

**HUNTINGDON COUNTY** — The following was related to me by Deputy Harvey Fouse: While checking a hunter's license the first day of the small game season the hunter took the liberty to rest both hands over the muzzle of his loaded shotgun. Deputy Fouse cautioned the hunter that this was very unsafe. The hunter replied, "I never saw a gun 'go off' yet while it's on safe," then proceeded to raise the stock from the ground and bump the butt on the ground with his hands still over the muzzle. I wonder how long this person will continue this? I don't believe I could even classify the loss of both hands as an accident if the loss occurred from this type of activity.—District Game Protector R. D. Furry, Huntingdon.



## Get Off My Back!

**FRANKLIN COUNTY**—I checked an individual hunting in the Mercersburg area in the morning on the first day of small game season. Later in the afternoon I checked the same hunter in the Shadygrove area. And in the evening I again checked the same individual on a road check near the State Line. He asked if I had a twin brother working for the Commission—that I looked very familiar to him.—District Game Protector R. E. Schmuck, Greencastle.

## Fox Squirrel?

**ERIE COUNTY**—With the opening of the 1966 squirrel and grouse season, William O. Hill, an avid local sportsman and hunter, had this to report:



While hunting squirrels early in the season, Bill spotted what he thought to be the world's record fox squirrel about 35 feet up in a beech tree. Being very careful to position himself for a shot at this prize, Bill fired. It was a killing shot, to be sure, and when the animal struck the ground with a resounding thud, Bill knew for sure that he had the world's largest fox squirrel. But behold!!! There lay a big fat woodchuck! The question is, how did Mr. Woodchuck get himself 35 feet up in the beech tree that had no protruding limbs except the one he was on?—District Game Protector R. L. Sutherland, Erie.

## Squirrel Archer

**GREENE COUNTY**—The following was told to me by Dick Morgan, R. D. 3, Waynesburg. Not too long ago my companion, Ed Goodwin, joined the rapidly growing ranks of archery hunters. Last year Ed perfected his skill to the degree that he was concentrating on small game.

But this season Ed's quarry will be big game only.

The switch resulted primarily from an amusing incident which saw Ed score a "hit" and knock a squirrel from a tree with his first shot.

It happened this way: While on the hunt, Ed spotted a squirrel dozing in the crook of a tree. His almost well-placed arrow struck and lodged in the tree an inch or so above the squirrel. The whiz and thud startled the bushy-tailed animal to the extent that it raised up, bumped his head on the rigid arrow shaft, was apparently stunned, lost his balance, toppled out of the tree—and then scampered away unharmed.—District Game Protector L. V. Haines, Waynesburg.

## Rocking Chair Hunter

**CAMBRIA COUNTY**—A local hunter from Johnstown, who wishes his name withheld, has solved the problem of walking too much while hunting. He has placed a rocking chair in a garden of a friend in the country and hunts from that soft spot.—District Game Protector L. D. Mostoller, Johnstown.

## Archer Bags Rattler

**SOMERSET COUNTY**—On the first day of archery season a Somerset area man hunting deer in the vicinity of State Game Lands No. 50 felt something strike him on the pants leg. Looking down, he saw a large rattlesnake; he quickly backed off and shot it with an arrow. This man was wearing heavy leather shoes which protected him.—District Game Protector E. W. Cox, Somerset.

## **Tom Bell Retires . . . Brown Assumes Chief Position**



*Photos by Shahian*

**THOMAS F. BELL**, left, Chief of the Law Enforcement Division of the Pennsylvania Game Commission since 1949, has retired and been succeeded as Chief by **James A. Brown**, right, who had served as Assistant Chief of the Division since 1963. Bell had served with the Game Commission since 1934; Brown has been with the Commission since 1941.

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### *River Basin Film Available*

An 18-minute documentary film based on the proposed Susquehanna River Basin Compact has been produced and made available for public use by the Interstate Advisory Committee on the Susquehanna River Basin.

The film title is "A Horseshoe Nail." It is a 16 mm. sound and color production.

The film takes the viewer on a pictorial journey from the headwaters of the river in southcentral New York through Pennsylvania, up the tributaries, and on to the mouth of the Susquehanna at the head of Chesapeake Bay in Maryland. It outlines the problems of the watershed—primarily flood, drought and pollution—and tells how the compact would help provide solutions.

The film may be obtained from the following Game Commission offices: Harrisburg, Franklin, Ligonier, Avis, Huntingdon, Dallas and Reading.



## *Game News Circulation Honored*



*PGC Photos*

**CERTIFICATE OF ACHIEVEMENT** is presented to **GAME NEWS** Circulation Director Mrs. Zelda Ross by Eugene Bragunier, postal representative, left, and M. A. Pottiger, Harrisburg postmaster. Certificate was presented for early completion of changeover to ZIP Code by magazine.

**THIS 18½-POUND GOBBLER** with a 10-inch beard was taken near Keating Summit, Potter County, with a .222 by Ira (Chub) Hostetter, of Palmyra, right. He and Dr. Fred O. Brandt, also of Palmyra, left, are members of the 14 Dutchmen Hunting Camp.



# GAME NEWS

## Editor Resigns

L. James Bashline, editor of Pennsylvania GAME NEWS for the past year, has resigned his position to become assistant managing editor of FIELD & STREAM magazine.

He thus leaves the number one state conservation publication in the nation (circulation 168,000) to join the country's number one outdoor magazine (circulation 1,600,000).

Bashline is a native of Coudersport. He was graduated from Coudersport High School and attended the Pennsylvania State University and Albright Art School in Buffalo, N. Y.

He served with the U. S. Corps of Engineers as a surveyor while engaged in the Army mapping mission of the Kuskokwim River Delta in Alaska for two years.

Bashline has been a free-lance outdoor writer for ten years. His writings have appeared in many national and state publications. He also was a newspaper columnist for the Olean (N. Y.) *Times Herald* for two years.

Before being promoted to GAME NEWS editor, he was an information writer for the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

Bashline is a member of the Out-



Photo by Shahian

**L. JAMES BASHLINE**, editor of **GAME NEWS** for the past year, has resigned to accept a position with **FIELD & STREAM** magazine.

door Writers of America, a director of the Pennsylvania Outdoor Writers Association and is a life member of the National Rifle Association. He has hunted and fished extensively in Pennsylvania, New York, California, Alaska and Canada.

He is married to the former Sylvia Grabe, of Coudersport. They have two children, Tina, 12, and Zoa, 9.

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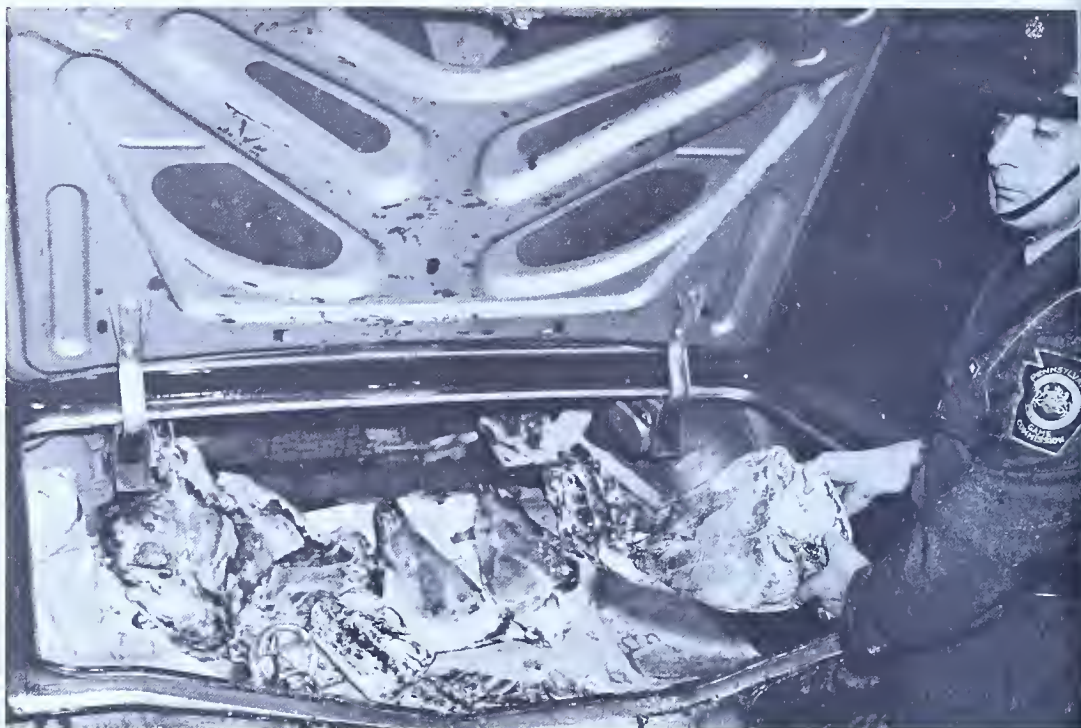
### *State Buys Rifle. Confiscates It*

A New Mexico resident arrested for illegal possession of deer meat this year was required to forfeit his firearm as evidence. In New Mexico, the firearm is customarily returned to the owner when the case has been settled in court.

But this particular firearm had a history. Six years ago almost to the day, the violator was arrested for the same offense. His gun was confiscated. By the time the case had been heard in court, the firearm had been stolen from the office of the Department of Game and Fish. It was necessary for the department to buy the man a new rifle to replace the stolen one.

When the man was arrested this year for possession of illegally taken deer, the officer confiscated the same rifle that had been bought for the man by the department six years ago.





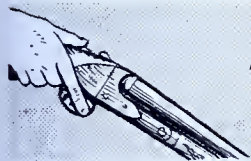
*PGC Photo by Fred Servey*

**A MARYLAND HUNTER** found that killing deer out of season in Pennsylvania can be costly. Alert action on the part of District Game Protector David C. Snyder, of Meyersdale (above), and Deputy Game Protectors Robert Shockey, Sr., and Robert Shockey, Jr., resulted in the hunter's arrest. At the time of apprehension the hunter had six hind quarters of venison in his possession. It cost the hunter \$359 in fines and costs.

**LABRADOR RETRIEVER** puppy raised by Ken Bryan, West Sunbury, Butler County, a member of the Fort Pitt Retriever Club, center, was presented to Ducks Unlimited at their annual dinner in Pittsburgh. Dog was sold and proceeds presented to DU. At left is Bernyd Rose, chairman of the Pittsburgh chapter of DU, and at right is Larry Durkin, president of the Pennsylvania chapter of DU.

*PGC Photo*





# HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



## Cowanesque Students Receive Hunter Safety Training

Approximately 200 seventh and eighth grade students of the Cowanesque Valley Joint School have received firearm safety training as a part of the curriculum. The course of instruction was presented by District Game Protector Frank Bernstein, Deputy Game Protector William Snyder, and Hunter Safety Instructor Howard Foster.

Upon completion of the course, which included five classroom periods and a film on "Safe and Sane Hunting," all students successfully passed a firearm safety examination for certification as a Pennsylvania safe hunter. Each student was given a shoulder brassard presented by the Westfield Home for the Aged and the Commonwealth Bank and Trust Company of Westfield.

## Daniel Boone Scouts Trained

The Leesport Gun Club and the Mohnton Fish and Game Association contributed their services to the Daniel Boone Council of Boy Scouts to teach 263 Scouts the safe handling of sporting arms and good hunting habits. The all-day hunter safety classes were held at the two clubs for the tenth year by the Daniel Boone Council.

A total of 35 instructors certified by the Pennsylvania Game Commission assisted District Game Protectors Joe Leiendecker and W. R. Ketner with the instruction in the safe use of rifles, shotguns and bows and arrows. All students were given an opportunity to shoot each sporting arm during the course. In addition to safe handling of



*Photo by Hayes*

**DEPUTY GAME PROTECTOR William Snyder, Hunter Safety Instructor Howard Foster and District Game Protector Frank Bernstein, from left, present cards and badges to Cowanesque students Kathy Doan, Russel Fuhrer and Tim Hurd.**

**RIFLE NOMENCLATURE is explained to Scouts in hunter safety class.**

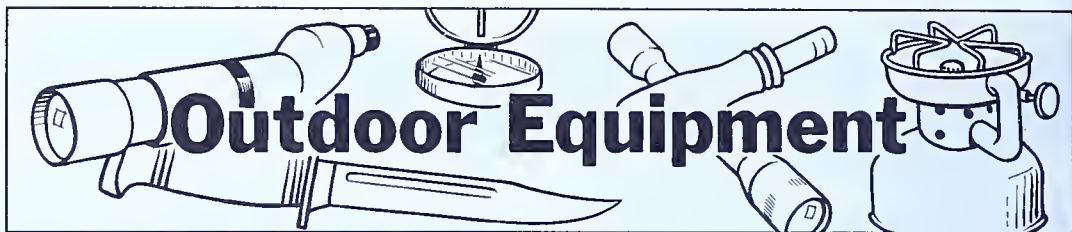
*PGC Photo by R. H. Myers*



firearms in the field and home, instructors gave training in hunter responsibility, game laws, safe clothing and target identification.

A total of 1,325 shotgun shells, 1,325 clay targets, 2,100 rounds of .22 caliber rifle ammunition and 1,100 arrows were used for the shooting program. For the eating program all statistics were lost once the chow line started to move—hot dogs and hamburgers were consumed at a much faster rate than the ammunition.





## The Predator Call

By Don Shiner

*Photos by the Author*

A SMALL item of outdoor equipment, made from a block of wood or plastic and metal reed, changed the habits of many hunters in Pennsylvania. It is the manually blown "predator call." Hunters who use this wind instrument call in foxes, cats, coyotes, coydogs and other varmints.



**PREDATORS** will come in close for a look-see. Outlined with your handlight, the predator becomes a good target.

They have reasons for keeping smoke poles smoking year 'round in-

stead of only during the traditional fall game season. They discover that hunting predators is an exciting activity. A few notes, blown on these wind instruments, in woodlots and fields, at dusk, bring predators running in for a look-see. There's no better sport to help hunters shrug off nervous tension which results from pressure and tough days at the office or factory.

Ten or eleven models of predator calls are presently on the market. These do not include electronic units operated by battery to spin 33 rpm recordings. We'll let these expensive models slide for now, taking up this type in a later issue. We want to consider only the small, manually blown "whistles" at this time, which cost, at most, a two-dollar bill.

We investigated five manually blown predator calls. Models varied in design, and materials, too. One is molded hard rubber. Another is plastic. Others are lathed from seasoned hardwood and fitted with metal reeds. Field tests gave mixed results.

We used each, in turn, to produce bone-chilling cries that imitated tormented rabbits and mice. As one would suspect, tonal qualities varied among the different instruments. One call gave notes which had distinct nasal quality. Another had a much higher resonance. Others fell into slots somewhere in between. Further tests disclosed that variations in tone quality existed when used by different



**PREDATOR CALLS** are the keys to unlocking year 'round gun sport. After a tough day at the office or factory, relax by getting into the field, at dusk, and sounding a predator call. You can call in foxes, wildcats, and other varmints as well. Predators will also respond during the day.

hunters, with each hunter blowing the instrument somewhat differently. Yet, despite the differences in pitch and tone quality, each model, in capable hands, lures in predators.

How is this possible? How can distress songs, which vary so widely, ring true to the predator's ear?

Let's look at some plausible answers.

Cottontails have voice boxes, corresponding to the larynx in man, located in the trachea. Since all cottontails have similar organs, it follows that all rabbits should produce identical sounds. Such is not the case.

Then there is the common song sparrow, a passerine bird familiar to everyone. A noted scientist investigated the song sparrow and discovered and recorded 884 variations in this bird's song. This investigation disclosed also that birds have dialects

which differ by regions. The song sparrow's chirping notes differ in Maine from those in Pennsylvania or Louisiana. Likewise, variations exist locally.

It is difficult to say that a sparrow's song consists of only so many notes on a scale and no more. Even the common grackle imitates the whistle-like call of the quail, but this is not its normal song. It would appear that a fox also has difficulty distinguishing bird songs.

Rabbit voices also differ regionally and locally, and vary with situations. Squeals become more distraught with increased pain and persistence of the tormentor. A cottontail caught by the nape of the neck in, say, a barbed wire entanglement will cry out differently than one mauled by the talons of an owl.



Thus, predator calls, despite variations in design, materials from which made, and tonal quality, are effective instruments. In the hands of mildly skilled hunters, the numerous models can sing tuneful choruses. Those which produce notes which vaguely resemble a wounded rabbit or mouse prompt predators to chase down the source.

Predator calls fall into several categories. Some are classed as "long-range calls," while others, of more subdued volume, are "short-range calls." Long-range models, which give loud notes to imitate a distressed squeal of a rabbit or puppy, are audible to distances of a quarter mile. The short-range models are designed to imitate the squeak of a mouse or the last few dying gasps of a rabbit. These coax the predators in close to the hunter. Both types have a place in the hunter's repertoire.

This brings us to the next question. If rabbit and mice voices vary, can the mildly experienced hunter learn to successfully produce calls which will bring predators on the run?

A gun partner, who became interested in this sport, hit upon a worthwhile procedure. He purchased two call instruments—a long- and short-range call—together with a 45 rpm

record of instruction. He spent time listening to and practicing the sounds demonstrated on the record, and soon developed a knack for imitating the cry of a tormented rabbit, and the more subtle squeak of a pinched field mouse. The family feline helped. He hid behind a living room chair to eke out mice talk. This enticed the pet cat into a search for the mouse. The cat searched diligently, until it learned, after many trials, that the squeaking sound was a fraud.

Satisfied with this technique, my friend removed to a woodlot outside of town. It required five tries, in as many evenings, before the first gray fox responded. Now, a year later, he calls predators regularly. Foxes, at times, were lured so close that he could have tapped their noses with the long barrel of his smoke pole.

Those who have not tried calling predators are missing out on exciting sport. Why not invest a dollar or two in one of these manually blown instruments? Practice calls which sound like a rabbit in distress. This will bring predators on the run.

You'll find all sorts of excuses to sneak away from the house, in the evening, in the direction of some quiet patch of woods.

# BIRD AND MAMMAL CHARTS

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# Support Organized Archery

By Keith C. Schuyler

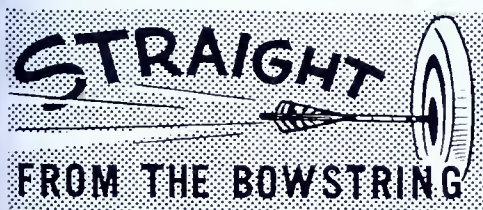
*Photos by the Author*



**ATTRACTIVE ENTRANCE** to Wanamie Archers' shooting grounds is a good example of the talent and enthusiasm which can be engendered through organized archery.

**ON THESE** pages you have previously read complaints from this column to the effect not enough archers are supporting the sport. You will be hearing more. For, it is this writer's firm opinion that anyone who takes up the bow as a sport has a duty and a responsibility to support organized archery which gave him his opportunity.

If you think the subject is being belabored here, let's take a look at the record.



In 1965, Pennsylvania produced the proud record of 77,485 licensed bow hunters who harvested 2,119 deer. Although figures for 1966 are not yet available, the previous year presently stands as an all-time record for Pennsylvania in both numbers of bow hunters and total deer downed with the bow and arrow. However, it takes some of the wind out of our sails when we look at a couple of other states that also hunt deer with bow and arrow.

In 1965, Wisconsin had some 63,000 licensed bow hunters. They killed 4,995 deer. New York State had only 15,000 hunters, but they killed 850 whitetails. Using round figures, the ratio for New York hunters was roughly one deer to 18 hunters; for





**WELL-CHEWED CORNCOBS** held by Frank Siepietowski show that feeder is being visited by wildlife. Committeeman Bob Marselles and Secretary Nancy Siepietowski look on.

Wisconsin, it was one deer for each 12 hunters; for Pennsylvania, it was one deer for each group of 36 bowmen!

It certainly is not lack of targets which makes Pennsylvania third in success ratio among the three states mentioned. This state has one of the biggest whitetail herds of any in the entire country. Furthermore, we have ideal hunting conditions and a full month in which to try for deer. There must be another reason for this.

Whatever the reasons for a higher success ratio in other states might be, the important consideration here is why the ratio of Pennsylvania hunters is not better. From long association with the sport both on the target line and in the hunting field, it is a firm opinion here that not enough archers are learning enough about their game. The answer, obviously, points toward a need for more participation in organized archery.

There is no panacea nor are there

many stumbling blocks in the way of anyone who wants to know more about the bow and arrow. There are excellent clubs scattered across the state which make formal shooting available to most. And, where there are no organizations, it is no great problem to organize one.

For example, let's take the case of the Wanamie Archery Club. Wanamie comes from the Indian language and means "cloudy mist." There were a few clouds in the way of Frank Siepietowski, of Nanticoke, when he acquired the germ of an idea for a club. In fact, the effort that began with a bundle of straw in Frank's backyard developed to where the club was honored as host to the Northeast Regional Banquet in 1966—a period of less than four years.

It all started when Frank set up a couple bales of straw in his yard with the intention of practicing with a bow so that he could go deer hunting. His admittedly primitive efforts nevertheless attracted the attention of eight young neighbors. Some of them had bows but no place to shoot. The day after, they showed up to practice with Frank. In general, their equipment was a collection of firewood resurrected from attics, closet corners and cellars. No one had any nocking points and would not recognize one if he saw it. Nobody thought of using finger tabs or arm guards. It was a rather crude beginning.

#### A Mutual Desire

But, the disease that had infected *Shep*, as Siepietowski is known by his many friends, really spread to the rest of the group in a hurry. Shortly after the backyard beginning, a running deer target was constructed from old pipes and two beat-up bicycles. Remember, the only reason for the group getting together in the first place was the mutual desire to hunt deer with a bow and arrow.

This activity soon attracted some of the older men in the area, and one

lay *Shep* became acquainted with Larry Fox, who then hailed from Wilkes-Barre. He invited him to give the gang a few pointers on archery. Larry came and made a habit of coming down every Sunday to instruct the growing group. His visits ceased when he left the area to live in California. In appreciation, the new group held a party for him and gave him a grand exit.

Finally, one of the group visited a regular club shoot in the area. With his 50-pound bow, an odd assortment of arrows and considerable trepidation, he entered the tournament. He came away minus most of his arrows but with some new ideas for the Nanticoke area group. The deer season was approaching. When one of the gang finally connected with his last arrow on a deer, there was no stopping the loosely-formed organization.

The next step was appointment of a committee to form a regular club. Naturally, *Shep* was named chairman. It was then that the name "Wanamie Archers" was chosen and the Indian theme was carried farther with adoption of the teepee as the club emblem. With organizational help from other clubs, the group, consisting of eight adults and a handful of youngsters, obtained a lease from the Hanna Coal Company on 50 acres of ground.

#### **Females Involved, Too**

All this activity had two obvious results—the club made progress in the field and ran into marital problems at home. Progress continued, and the home situation was alleviated by inviting the wives to get in on the act. It was a good solution. Today the ladies are doing much to keep things moving.

Membership continued to increase and inside of two years the club joined the Northeastern Conference of Pennsylvania State Archery Association. On September 25, last year, Wanamie Archers was host to the Northeastern Region at a fine banquet held at the



**TOURNAMENTS** drawing hundreds of participants and spectators can become a reality within just a few years after a club is organized.

Legion Home at Nanticoke. Not only did local archers turn out in great numbers, a large segment of the business community backed up the club with attendance at the banquet.

One of the most important moves made by the group was to set up conservation practices on the leased area. Although grounds and buildings have been made quite attractive, this effort was carried into the woodland areas to improve things for wild game. Two well-used game feeders have been built. Tree planting is another of the projects undertaken by the members. There are now 60 adult members in the club, most of whom participate in the shoots and who are bow hunters in season. A special award in the form of a pin was created for those who shoot a deer. President *Shep* was, appropriately enough, the first to claim this award when he downed a spike buck during the past hunting season.

Present officers, in addition to President Stephen Siepietowski, are Vice-President John Kantor, Secretary



Nancy Siepietowski and Treasurer John Andrusis. Trustees are Norbert Tirpak, William Bush and Arnold Siepietowski.

Wanamie Archers is used as an excellent example of what can be done by any group of dedicated bowmen. Although this group stumbled along on their own, picking up knowledge here and there, there is a ready supply of information on how to organize



**IT SHOULD** be a desire of each archer, and particularly each bow hunter, to want to improve his proficiency.

a club and set up a tournament range. Any group so desiring can get this from Clayton Shenk, secretary of the Pennsylvania State Archer's Association, at Ronks, Pa. Mr. Shenk can also provide the names and officers of clubs in your area. There are few in organized archery today who will not knock themselves out to help any group get started, so there is plenty of assistance available.

Not only will you have the fun and fellowship that is available in any

organized group, you will have the opportunity to improve your abilities with the bow and arrow. It is no necessary to be first on the firing line but it should be a desire of each archer, and particularly each bow hunter, to want to improve his proficiency.

It has been mentioned here that it is a bigger thrill to miss a deer with a bow than it is to kill one with a gun—after that all-important thrill of the first deer taken regardless of the method. However, there is no cause for pride in those who tend to boast a bit about their misses and hits but have no deer to show for their efforts. The immediate implication is that such hunters are running a real risk of merely wounding deer instead of killing them. Missing and wounding are both accepted hazards of any hunting sport, but they never should be an objective.

It is unfortunate we do not have a record or a breakdown of successful deer hunters who belong to organized archery in comparison to those who are successful but have no club affiliation. My money would be on the dues payer. This is not to discount the fact that there are many good bow hunters who do not participate in organized archery. Most of these fellows are relatively poor shots, but they make up for this deficiency by getting close enough to their quarry that they can still score.

#### **Gunners Better Organized**

If gun hunters were not so well organized, there would have been no one or very few to carry the ball against proponents of anti-gun legislation. But, because of the dedication of those who do promote gun organizations, the subject has been a matter of national controversy for the past year. Every man who owns a gun or has a desire to shoot owes an obligation to those who stood up to be counted when the forces of those against guns started their march.

Hunting with a bow and arrow is an expanding sport. Yet, its introduction and advancement took some real doing by those who believed in it and who were willing to put their time and money into an effort to promote it. The benefits of belonging to clubs such as the Wanamie Archers described here are quite obvious. The need for support of archery per se is a more subtle thing. If the need ever becomes more obvious, those who have enjoyed representation without taxation may wish they had been in here pitching.

We need more Cloudy Mist clubs in Pennsylvania.

#### Practice Pays Off

If it sounds as though this column is stepping too hard on my favorite friends, the bow hunting fraternity, let's take a fast look at a couple examples to bolster the argument for excellence with the bow. During the third week of the October season, a group of 11 seasoned bow benders gathered in Potter County for a deer hunt. During the week, five of them scored—and four out of the five shot bucks! On the second Saturday, we had a group of 15 hunters who released 13 arrows at deer without drawing blood. Of course, a number of our hunters were youngsters whom we encourage to participate to help them get started, but the score reflects the lack of preseason practice.

There are those who either won't

shoot a doe or wait too long in the season to change their minds. These are generally veteran hunters who would rather wait for a buck with the gun than take a doe with the bow. Such hunters throw any statistics on success ratios out of line, but there is enough evidence available to encourage more shooting between seasons. Membership in one of the many clubs



**THIS FINE BUILDING** provides a spacious refreshment stand and a meeting room for the Wanamie Archers. Liberal overhang of roof provides shelter if weather is inclement.

is an answer where such clubs are within easy reach. Formation of such clubs where there are none supplies another answer. And, participation in archery as much as possible during *all* the year is the final solution.

January is a good month for resolutions.



#### BOOK REVIEW . . .

#### "The World of the Black Bear"

In the latest of the Living World book series, Joe Van Wormer takes the reader through a full year of the black bear's life. With fascinating text and superb photos the activities of the cub, the yearling, and the mature bear are shown during the groggy spring awakening, the summer schooling of the cubs, the autumn gluttony, and the final bedding down for the winter.

This remarkable book supplies a vast amount of information about Pennsylvania's largest big game animal. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., New York City, it sells for \$4.95.



# RECOIL! RECOIL!



**WITH OLD STYLE STOCKS**, the shooter's face is almost necessarily thrust down hard on the comb. The result is often a bruised face, especially if the butt of the stock isn't firmly against a relaxed shoulder.

**By Don Lewis**

*Photos by Helen Lewis*

**I** DID not notice the pleasant-looking young man who stepped into my shop. Lost in the problem of shooting in a contrary high power, I was unaware of his presence and kept on shooting until he spoke.

Apologizing for my rudeness, I explained to him that I was having considerable difficulty in getting a 300 H & H Magnum zeroed in. I pointed out that I had fired the rifle over twenty times without too much suc-

cess and that my shoulder was beginning to complain about the heavy recoil. Just to be sociable, I asked him if he would like to try a shot from my



bench in the shop. A quick "no" put an end to any further discussion on that subject.

After he had introduced himself and we had a few minutes of run-of-the-mill conversation, he looked straight into my eyes and said, "Mr. Lewis, what is the best big game rifle for a coward?"

Thrown off guard by his unorthodox question, I was at a loss for something to say. At first I thought he was kidding, but the sincere look on his face left no doubt that he was serious. The silence that followed his question was embarrassing for both of us. Finally I stammered out that I was not certain what he had meant. I asked him to explain his unusual question.

### A Genuine Fear

Pointing to the 300 H & H resting on the leather sandbags on the benchrest, he admitted that he had a genuine fear of recoil. He had refused my invitation to fire the large rifle simply because he didn't have the nerve. He had come to me in hopes of finding a rifle that would be adequate for deer hunting and still be light on recoil. Seeing that I wasn't going to ridicule him for his fear, he told me that the two shots I had fired after he had entered the shop had made him uneasy. When I had told him that I had fired over twenty shots without stopping, he wondered how I could stand that much punishment.

Finding out that he was a schoolteacher and a part-time athletic director left me somewhat surprised. It was difficult for me to look at a husky young man who had played some college football and realize that he was afraid of a high-powered rifle.

His conversation revealed that when he was a very small boy, he had been bullied into firing a 10-gauge shotgun. Knocked to the ground by its recoil, he had suffered a bloody nose and some loosened teeth. To add to his humiliation, the adults had roared with laughter and all the boys his

own age teased him unmercifully. It was not the ridicule or the teasing that had stuck with him, but, for some unknown reason, he had developed an inherent fear of high-powered rifles and shotguns. His humble, honest admission impressed me and I decided to do all I could to help him overcome his problem.

I explained to him that every shooter has some fear of recoil. I showed him the special vest that I wore to protect myself from the hazards of recoil. I know I made him feel better when I

**THE RAISED CHEEKPIECE of a Monte Carlo stock and a recoil pad on the butt can make a big difference in the wallop coming from any big game rifle.**



told him that I would rather fire a magnum rifle all day than attempt to carry a pigskin through a line of monstrous football players. When he realized that he wasn't the only person who had some of these fears, he seemed relieved.

Starting out with a heavy barreled Swift, it was less than an hour later when he asked me to look at a five-shot group he had fired from a .270 Winchester. His appreciation was the





**NEW TYPE STOCKS** slope away from the shooter's cheek. Recoil pushes comb under cheek, not into it. Notice head is level, not low as in photo on page 52.

most sincere I have ever seen. To prove that I had really helped him, he removed my shooting vest and fired several shots from the 300 H & H Magnum!

I realize that this man is an exception. I know that the fear of recoil may not be an important thing to thousands of hunters. I also know that you can fear your rifle without realizing it and that this can cause you to shoot improperly. Recoil is extremely important. The fact that you may not like to shoot your rifle for practice could be a recoil problem. Young hunters fear the kick of their dad's rifle or shotgun. Women hunters are very much concerned about the amount of kick a rifle has. Those who are permitted to hunt from their cars are aware of the forces of recoil. I believe if we all face up to the problem, we will admit that each of us has a certain amount of "recoil fear." When I watch a man aim his rifle from my bench, close his eyes and yank the trigger, I know he is afraid

of something. To understand how to cope with the forces of recoil might give us a new outlook on the world of shooting. Whether we want to admit it or not, recoil is a major factor in determining how accurate we will be with our big game rifles.

Is there an exact method to determine just how much recoil a rifle will produce? We all know that a .30-06 kicks harder than a .30-30 and that a .30-30 kicks harder than a .222. The larger the shell case the more power it produces. Recoil is not always determined by the amount of powder in the shell case. A well-fitting .30-06 may not kick you any harder than a poorly designed .30-30. Since I shoot quite a lot of rifles, I find many that are not suited for me. I know when I start to fire them that I will have recoil problems.

#### **Recoil Varies in Rifles**

Recoil is measured in foot pounds of energy exerted. All this is determined by the powder charge, weight of bullet, velocity and the weight of the rifle. It is easy to see that recoil will vary in every rifle. Recoil begins with the ignition of the powder charge, increases as the bullet moves through the barrel, and sends back its final thrust when the hot gases smack into the atmosphere outside the muzzle. Since almost a third of the recoil develops at the moment the bullet leaves the muzzle, it's not surprising to see why a recoil eliminator can greatly reduce the amount of shock. It does nothing more than divert or break up the hot gas charge. The eliminator is a definite advantage to the person who does a lot of target or benchrest shooting. It is not just another gadget!

The weight of the rifle determines to a great extent how much recoil will come back against the shoulder. I fired a heavy barreled .264 Winchester Magnum thirty shots at one sitting without any discomfort. The rifle and the scope weighed nearly 12 pounds.

If this would have been a standard factory model weighing 7¼ pounds with a 12-ounce scope on it, I would have noticed it immediately.

Recoil is present in every gun. Even the centerfire .22's have a little kick. It is something we can't get away from. When we increase the powder charge, we increase the recoil. Since we must have sufficient power to make clean kills, we have to accept the extra recoil as a necessary evil.

But we must accept it, not fear it! A better understanding of how to live with recoil can add extra pleasure to your shooting.

From my experiences of watching people shoot from a bench, it is very noticeable that they tighten up their entire body in preparation for the recoil. Taut and rigid, they spend most of their time worrying about recoil instead of concentrating on the sight picture. When the gun goes off, it has nothing to hit except a solid wall of tight muscles. It literally bounces off the shoulder and the shooter feels as if he has been hit with a sledge. In my opinion, this is the worst way to cope with recoil.

### Ride With Blow

If you have watched a baseball catcher, you will notice that every time he catches the ball, he allows his gloved hand to ride back with the ball. If he held his arm rigid, the ball would strike a solid object and his whole body would feel the impact of the blow. He absorbs the impact by relaxing his arm and his hand. The ball must push the gloved hand and arm back and this reduces the impact. This principle can be applied to your shooting. I know you can't yank your shoulder back when the gun is fired. You can relax the muscles in your body somewhat and allow your shoulder to ride back with the blow. This will eliminate the sharpness of the recoil. By pulling the rifle firmly against your shoulder and by taking a good solid grip on the forearm, there

will be little chance of getting whacked a real blow.

The danger of being struck with a scope from recoil will be lessened if a downward pull on the forearm is applied. This is necessary in the case of magnums only. The eye is three to four inches from the scope and it's almost impossible to be struck with the backward thrust of the rifle. The eye is struck from the upward move of the rifle. By holding down on the forearm the rifle is prohibited from jumping upward.

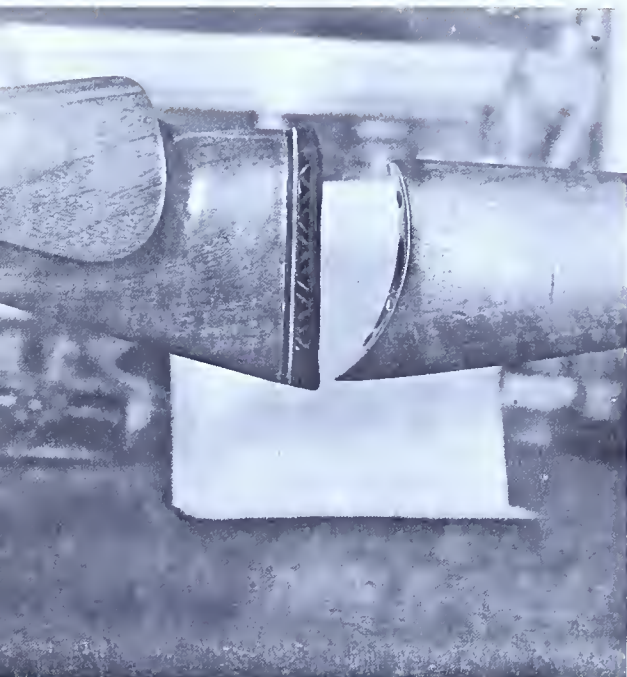
When I suggested a rifle to the man who came to me, I settled on a .243 Winchester. Even though he had fired some shots from the 300 H & H Magnum, I knew that what he had feared for fifteen years would not leave in less than an hour. I wanted him to have a rifle that would be mild on recoil and one that he would enjoy shooting.

He asked me what is the best big game rifle. I told him what I thought would be best for him. This is how

**A LIGHTWEIGHT, ill-fitting carbine can jolt shooter harder than a heavier gun which burns considerably more powder each time it is fired.**







**CRESCENT-SHAPED BUTT** with metal plate can really gouge shoulder of shooter. Modern butt with recoil pad softens blow.

each of us should approach the problem of buying a rifle. Not what caliber is the most powerful, but what caliber would blend in with our philosophy on hunting. We must look at our rifles

with a desire to shoot them. Taking them to the range should be a pleasure and not a chore!

The comeback answer to these thoughts might be that no one feels recoil when shooting at game. This is true, but it does not eliminate the fact that we are still subjected to the forces of recoil. On a rabbit hunt I stood on a log that crossed four feet above a fast-running creek. When the rabbit bounced by twenty yards in front of me, I let him have the right barrel of my 20-gauge. The little twenty is not known for its recoil, but it promptly put me flat on my back in six inches of ice water. The moral of this story is not to shoot from logs above fast-running creeks, but to remember that recoil is present every time the gun is fired.

Recoil must be considered. It's wrong for us to say that guns don't kick. Guns do kick and before you will become a fine shot you will have to master the problems of recoil. Butt pads, the gentle sloping Monte Carlo type stock, and the wide butt plate have helped reduce the severity of heavy recoil. The rest is mostly psychological.



### What Goes On Here?

**MONTGOMERY AND PHILADELPHIA COUNTIES**—Here's one that really confused a hunter: While jump shooting ducks along the Skip-pack Creek this hunter had to go around a steep bank. While walking through the thick honeysuckle a mallard duck took off which he didn't shoot at because he thought it was a pheasant.

Shortly after this, he walked back over to the stream bank and a nice cock pheasant flushed from the stream bank. I think this hunter ordered several Pennsylvania Birdlife Books to see what goes on here!!! — District Game Protector R. G. Clouser, Lansdale.

### Heavyweight Deer

**SCHUYLKILL COUNTY**—On October 11, Deputy Frank Baker, of Schuylkill County, stopped at my headquarters with a twelve-point buck in his truck. Deputy Baker was excited about the size of the deer. We took it to the County Home, where it was weighed on the scales by the butcher at the institution. Before being dressed, the deer weighed 250 pounds. This was the second heavyweight from the Clamtown area; previously, a deer weighing 203 pounds dressed and supporting a ten-point rack was killed by a car in that area. The twelve-point buck was aged at 3½ years. — Land Manager B. A. Drasher, Orwigsburg.

# BIENNIAL REPORT

of the

# PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION

summary covering the  
period from July 1, 1964,  
through June 30, 1966.





# Game Harvest

Game taken by Pennsylvania hunters in the two-season period reflects steady improvement in the quality of hunting available in Pennsylvania. In the 1965 season, Pennsylvania hunters took a record number of white-tailed bucks—65,150.

<i>Species</i>	<i>1965*</i>	<i>1964*</i>
Deer, Legal Antlered .....	65,150	49,231
Deer, Legal Antlerless .....	34,638	41,903
Total Deer .....	99,788	91,134
Bears .....	347	526
Rabbits .....	916,817	785,706
Hares (Snowshoes) .....	1,759	1,729
Hungarian Partridges .....	( Closed )	( Closed )
Squirrels .....	528,740	475,084
Raccoons .....	134,405	136,990
Wild Turkeys .....	15,282	13,679
Ruffed Grouse .....	93,652	75,216
Ring-necked Pheasants .....	423,004	445,130
Quail .....	14,002	14,707
Woodcocks .....	19,466	19,920
Rails, Gallinules and Coots .....	6,264	6,084
Grackles (Blackbirds) .....		
Wild Waterfowl .....	60,773	55,497
Woodchucks .....	334,491	333,050
Doves .....	138,338	119,185
Total Number .....	2,787,128	2,573,637

\* Small Game, based on Field Officers' estimates.

Big Game, based on individual reports by hunters.

**STEADY IMPROVEMENT** in the quality of hunting available in Pennsylvania is reflected in the figures of estimated game harvested. In 1965 hunters took a total of 99,788 deer from Penn's Woods.

PGC Photo by Steve Kis





PGC Photo by Keith Hinman

**NO OTHER STATE** can match Pennsylvania in the variety and abundance of game available. The excellent wildlife management program leads to stronger support by hunters, which, in turn leads to improved programs and an excellent cycle for all.

## The Fiscal Picture

The Commission's fiscal position, aided by a revenue increase of nearly \$3 million in the period, was solidified. Every program in the Commission's basic organization showed stronger activity during the biennium.

	1964-66	1962-64
Cash on Hand—Beginning of Period .....	\$ 3,559,335.52	\$ 2,975,406.28
Receipts During Period .....	15,198,911.43	12,465,656.00
Total Cash Available .....	\$18,758,246.95	\$15,441,062.28
Expenditures During Period .....	13,455,875.05	11,881,726.76
Cash on Hand—End of Period .....	\$ 5,302,371.90	\$ 3,559,335.52
Detailed Expenditures:		
Land Management .....	\$ 5,772,275.03	\$ 4,891,501.88
Law Enforcement .....	2,976,721.37	2,689,512.62
Propagation .....	1,826,102.36	1,898,719.54
Administration .....	682,390.13	626,867.06
Other (a) .....	2,198,386.16	1,775,125.66
	<u>\$13,455,875.05</u>	<u>\$11,881,726.76</u>

(a) Research, Training School, Employee Benefits.

6-30-66

6-30-64

Capital Assets .....	\$ 9,963,207.25	\$ 9,235,440.63
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## Deer Records Program

The Deer Records Program, established by the Commission during this biennium was an immediate success. More than 1,300 racks were presented for measurement under Boone & Crockett Club rules. The program will build a valuable body of interest in the state as a big game hunting area.





## Research

Several important studies continued, with the aim of finding ways to improve wildlife management and establishing species in new areas. The studies will also aid the Commission in improving food and cover for wildlife and contribute to more wildlife per dollar invested by hunters, through the Commission.

- Spring gobbler season prospects are brighter as a result of the wild turkey study that continues throughout the state.
- A habitat development study is contributing valuable data about techniques for improving wildlife food and cover.
- The ring-necked pheasant study has produced a statewide management plan for this species.
- Intensive study on the cottontail rabbit continues.
- Along with basic studies on deer breeding and harvest, the deer study's food segment promises a basis for range manipulation that will produce greater quantities of browse.

## License Sales Swing Upward

Both resident and nonresident license sales were up in the second season of the biennium.

	1964	1965
Resident licenses .....	868,972	899,301
Nonresident licenses .....	47,380	54,364
Nonresident licenses for shooting grounds .....	2,696	2,796
Archery licenses .....	68,806	77,485
Antlerless deer licenses .....	274,799	261,283

# The Land Story

At the end of this period, the Pennsylvania Game Commission has purchased 1,018,979 acres of land for use by hunters and other Commonwealth citizens. Consisting of 230 units scattered across the state, this land has been acquired over the years at an average cost of \$7.33 an acre.

Other interesting statistics related to land management and development during the period:

- The food and cover corps cleared 500 acres, planted 6,570 acres in grasses, grain and legumes and planted 1,440 acres in cover crops.
- Sale of forest products, including better than 6 million board feet of sawlogs, netted \$264,517 in revenue.
- Cover-developing cuttings were made on 9,404 acres.
- 2,064,200 shrubs and 767,300 evergreens were planted on game lands; 10,335,260 seedlings were distributed by the Howard Nursery.
- Addition of 200,360 acres to the cooperative farm game program raised the total acreage under this program to 1,561,149 acres—13,494 farms.
- Federal Wildlife Restoration funds totaling \$1,266,083 were spent on habitat improvement.
- Project 70 acquisitions amounting to 25,094 acres in 15 counties were approved for purchase during the period.
- Total land under Commission management, including land owned by the Commission, private lands, refuges in State Forests and all other public lands, increased from 2,415,150 acres to 5,573,230 acres.
- Royalties from natural gas and other income from oil and gas operations on Commission land totaled \$165,794 for the period. Royalties from coal stripping were \$23,927; fire clay lease income added \$985.

**UFFED GROUSE AND SQUIRRELS** are in such abundance in Pennsylvania that the Game Commission declared an eight-week season on both species in 1966. In fact, squirrels are so numerous in some urban areas that they are a nuisance, and the Commission has removed protection on them.

*Left photo by G. H. Harrison, right photo by Bob Parlaman*





## Propagation

Six game farms continued to produce several wildlife species for in-season stocking and for creating and building wildlife populations in suitable cover throughout Pennsylvania. The Commission continued to expand the range of several species into new habitats with experimental stockings. Game reared or trapped and released included 532,000 pheasants, 79,000 cottontail rabbits, 22,000 mallards, 20,000 bobwhite quail, 10,500 wild turkeys and 700 Canada geese.



PGC Photo by Steve Kis

**MORE THAN 10,000 WILD TURKEYS** were released in the state during the two year period. Recent Game Commission studies show that Pennsylvania now harvests more wild turkeys than any other state.

## Miscellaneous Costs and Revenues

The Commission also received funds from many incidental operations during the period and paid claims from wildlife damage cases. The sale of deer hides, permits for dog training, fur dealing, falconry, propagation, etc., the sale of furs and firearms contributed \$81,325,000 to the Commission treasury. Paid out for bounty, bear damage claims and deer-proof fence construction was a total of \$238,695,000 in the same time period.

The cessation of all bounty payments at the end of this period means that approximately \$200,000 more annually will now be available for wildlife conservation and management programs—more hunting for more people.

## Hunting Accidents

During this period, there were 47 fatal accidents and 904 nonfatal accidents held. This rate was one fatal accident for every 38,959 hunters—the 42-year average for Pennsylvania is one fatal for each 22,022 hunters. About 40 percent of the fatal accidents in this recorded period were self-inflicted.

## Game Law Amendments

Special significant Game Law amendments were made by the Legislature:

- Act 211 amended to permit special retriever dog training areas.
  - Act 208 amended to provide for tagging of wild turkeys when bagged.
- A number of other minor changes were made in the Game Laws.

## Prosecutions

In these two seasons, Commission officers made 13,964 prosecutions in enforcing the Game Laws. These prosecutions resulted in payment of \$431,633 in penalties by violators.

**PENNSYLVANIA'S STATE ANIMAL**, the white-tailed deer, is probably the most hunted game species in the Commonwealth. Our deer herd management program shows that long-range planning pays off.

*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III*





## Hunter Safety

As of June 30, 1966, the Pennsylvania Hunter Safety program had qualified 1,826 instructors and trained 31,239 young students in the safe handling and use of firearms. The state program won a first place award for this program from the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners.

## Training

The 12th student class of Game Protectors was graduated from the training school and 78 Deputies took short training courses. The school also handles training and conservation classes for other organizations, including youth training groups.

## Game News Growth

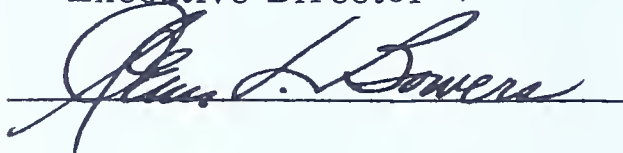
The Pennsylvania GAME NEWS continued to add readers at a strong pace, building its circulation to 168,000. The magazine is, by far, the most widely circulated state conservation publication in existence. More than 23,000 copies go to other states and countries.

Respectfully submitted,

Loring H. Cramer, President  
Russell M. Lucas, Vice-President  
R. G. Smith, Secretary  
Nicholas Biddle  
H. L. Buchanan  
J. A. Thompson  
Frederick M. Simpson  
R. E. Fasnacht

ATTEST:

Glenn L. Bowers  
Executive Director .

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Glenn L. Bowers", is written over a horizontal line.

# Pennsylvania Game Commission Directory

P. O. Box 1567

South Office Building, State Capitol, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120

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# *Pennsylvania* **GAME NEWS**

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### COVER PAINTING BY CHUCK RIPPER

The deep-freeze of winter has settled over the state before the month of February rolls around, and those biting, icy blasts make a squirrel shiver like a human does, regardless of the groundhog's predictions of things to come weatherwise. Later, the big gray will warm up a bit as he scurries about trying to find a few of those hundreds of acorns and nuts he buried before the cold snap. Trouble is, squirrels have short memories. Chances are that he has forgotten where 90 percent of the goodies are.

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## Winter Feeding . . . ?

THE purpose behind the buying of guns, licenses and all the other hunting paraphernalia is to provide a means for acquiring a few pieces of game. The fellowship of the hunt, the good exercise and the other sundry pleasures are very important, but, to be brutally frank, we all like to bring home something for the table occasionally. Because this is true, many sportsmen become concerned when wintertime sets in with its cold and positive manner. The hunter's thoughts turn to the welfare of the game birds and animals that he so diligently pursued during the open season.

The hunter has provided the enthusiasm and the funds to develop the present high populations of wildlife, and to him and the nonhunter alike, the idea of winter or artificial feeding of game birds and animals has a certain appeal. It can be rationalized that if the snow is too deep or natural food is not plentiful, the obvious answer is to provide supplemental food. In the case of a backyard feeder which has chickadees, juncos and an occasional cardinal or downy woodpecker as its main customers, the job is not too difficult. A few dollars' worth of bird seed will do nicely. But—just let a large flight of evening grosbeaks descend on the same small feeder. Fifty of these pretty little gluttons will consume half a week's pay in sunflower seeds right before your eyes.

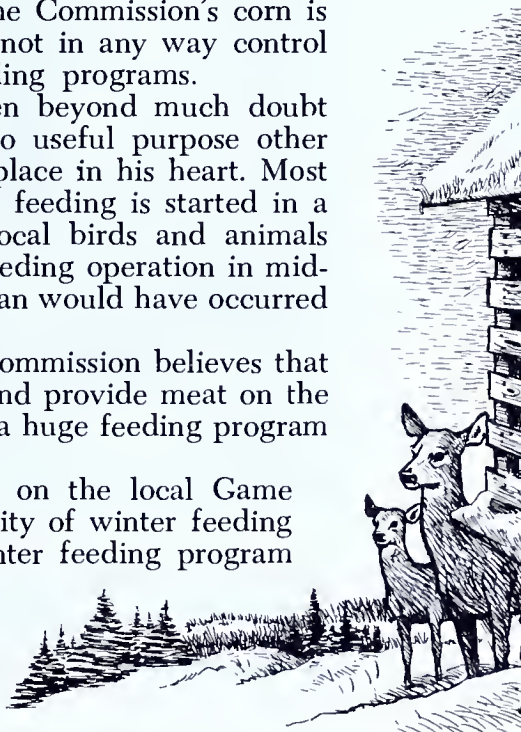
When we project the cost of feeding songbirds (which have very small stomachs) into terms of supplying food for our vast deer, turkey and pheasant populations, we come up with a money-consuming monster. Because of the vastness of our game-producing areas, the cost of getting a small amount of corn or other food to all of our game is economically and physically impractical.

The Game Commission does provide, for emergency purposes, a limited amount of corn for turkey feeding each year, and so do many sportsmen's clubs. While the way in which the Commission's corn is utilized is a matter of specific policy, we cannot in any way control how private organizations manage their feeding programs.

Game management technicians have proven beyond much doubt that in most areas artificial feeding serves no useful purpose other than to provide the individual with a warm place in his heart. Most importantly, it has been discovered that once feeding is started in a given location, it must be continued. The local birds and animals learn to depend on that supply. Stopping a feeding operation in mid-winter will result in far more starvation loss than would have occurred with no supplemental feeding.

In the case of deer or turkeys, the Game Commission believes that it is far wiser to harvest the annual surplus and provide meat on the table than to underharvest and be faced with a huge feeding program or losses due to starvation or disease.

It is Game Commission policy to depend on the local Game Protector's judgment concerning the advisability of winter feeding in his district. Before embarking on that winter feeding program in your club, check with your local Game Protector. —L. JAMES BASHLINE, *Assistant Managing Editor, Field & Stream.*





*We Need an Answer Before . . .*

# The Toll Mounts

By Ted Fenstermacher

*Photos by the Author*



**THIS TYPE FENCE**, with its height boosted by three strands of heavy wire, provides a fairly effective means of keeping deer off highways through deer country. District Game Protector Edward F. Sherlinski shows how high deer must jump—and some have been observed doing just that—to clear such a fence.

**“WHAT** is the answer to the almost unbelievably heavy kill of deer on our new superhighways?” asked District Game Protector Edward F. Sherlinski, of Mifflinville, Columbia County.

It's a good question and it is one over which sportsmen are becoming increasingly concerned as the toll mounts steadily.

In the first eight months that a section of Route 80, better known as the Keystone Shortway, was open in Columbia County, 82 deer were killed by cars and trucks. Almost all of the 82 died in an area only a couple of hundred yards wide. That is a deer trail, one of those mysterious “highways” of deer—trails which they probably followed even in the days of the Indians.

More than 10 deer were killed per month, in those first eight months of use of the highway, in the comparatively small area of Sherlinski's district that is along the highway.

### 937 in Monroe District

But that is “good”—and the word is used loosely—when compared to the highway toll of deer in the Monroe County district of Game Protector John Spencer, Mount Pocono. In the past year he had 937 deer killed by cars and trucks in his county. It got so bad that a truck had to be supplied “for picking up and hauling the carcasses.”

There is another Game Protector, Robert Nolf, Luzerne County, whose district adjoins that of Sherlinski. Nolf has 30 miles of Keystone Shortway in his district, as compared to the five miles in Sherlinski's district.

However—on those 30 miles—the kill was 45, compared to the 82 killed on Sherlinski's one-sixth as many miles. It doesn't require a computer to show there must be some factor in one district that is missing in the other.

The answer seems to be — higher fences.

Fences along the Shortway in Sherlinski's district are about four feet

high. Use of higher posts and of three horizontal wires at the top makes the fences in Nolf's territory almost half again as high.

And—lending weight to the higher fence argument—many of the highways in Monroe County were without deer fences last year as that wasteful 937 kill was racked up.

Game Protectors Nolf and Sherlinski do not feel that higher fences are the entire answer to the problem. They

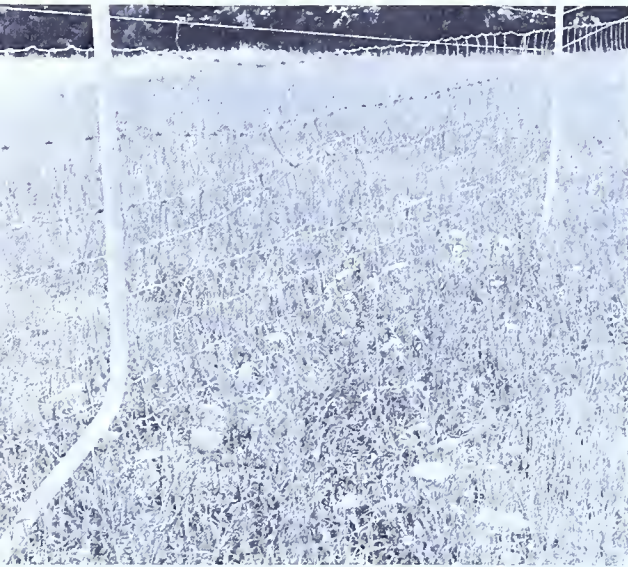


**DRIVER SWERVED**, as shown by tire marks leading off the road, but deer was one of 82 killed in the first eight months the Keystone Shortway was open through Columbia County.

do, however, feel that such high fences could be the biggest “single answer.”

Deer are regularly seen leaping over the four-foot fences, “almost as though they weren't there,” said Sherlinski. Nolf has seen at least two deer jump over fences about seven feet high but—and this is important—he has also seen many deer run up to those high fences, give up the idea of attempting





**POWER OF A DEER** is clearly shown by a badly bent and torn deer fence near the Keystone Shortway in Luzerne County. In addition to tearing the heavy wire, deer bent two of the posts.

the jump, and then run along the wire, seeking an opening.

There is evidence in Luzerne County that at least one deer, and it must have been the legendary granddaddy of them all, bent two heavy steel fence posts and ripped apart a couple of feet of the strongly made wire webbing.

Many sportsmen drove to that spot, near Conyngham, to see the damage done to that fence. There is an open area of about an acre on the side of the fence away from the highway. Heavy woods surround that open area and no vehicle could possibly have been driven there. If it were not for that, Nolf said he would have believed a truck probably did the damage. Furthermore, there is a deep ditch between the Shortway and the fence, which would have made it impossible for any motor vehicle to reach that side of the fence.

"Difficult as it is to believe," said Nolf, "that damage undoubtedly was done by a deer."

"There are some angles to be considered, when highways have to be built through deer country like ours,

that many people do not think about.

"For example, at various places in our area it was necessary to cut deeply through hills, leaving high, rocky ledges. Many deer have been killed in falls over the edge. Wild dogs chased at least some of the deer over the edges."

Game Protector Nolf feels that minerals in fertilizers, used to achieve quick growth of grass along highways, probably also help attract the deer.

In his district Nolf, along with 30 miles of the Shortway, has 16 miles of another superhighway, known as Route 81 or the Anthracite Expressway. In addition to that he has many miles of three-lane highways. He feels, however, that as long as high fences are erected the deer kill will at least be kept within reason.

Why deer refuse to change their habits, in regard to trails, is puzzling to those who have observed the extremely heavy toll of deer at certain spots.

**GULLY** that has washed out under a deer fence near Mifflinville, Columbia County, has left even the bottom of a steel post hanging in air. Mark Sherlinski, son of Game Protector, shows where deer can run through gully.



Most of the accidents occur in the evening, when deer "move out to farm-land," and just before dawn when they are returning to bed down.

A great many of the does killed were carrying young. Union County District Game Protector John Shuler found three fawns—estimated at a week away from birth—in the carcass of a doe struck on Route 192, Lewisburg, R. D. His district had 80 highway deer fatalities in 1965, when 14,000 deer were killed on the highways of the Commonwealth.

Sympathy of sportsmen, understandably, is usually entirely with the deer in the highway accidents. In most cases the drivers also deserve some consideration.

There are some characters who deliberately run down rabbits and other small game. Only a complete fool, however, would deliberately run into a deer. The damage to cars is usually heavy.

A classic example was the accident in which a deer leaped into the path of a newly-purchased, air-conditioned luxury car, near Berwick, last summer. There was damage of about \$1,000 to the car, which had to be towed away.

A 22-year-old Bloomsburg, R. D. 2, motorcyclist was seriously injured when his cycle collided with a deer.

A State Trooper, from Pocono Pines, sustained a back injury when a deer leaped into the path of the police car as the trooper was chasing a speeder in Monroe County.

The deer was killed, the trooper had to be hospitalized and the speeder escaped.

Game Protectors Nolf and Sherlinski feel an eight-foot fence along the highways in deer country would be a tremendous help. Such fences, of course,



**MANY DEER** have been killed as they plunged over this man-made rocky precipice in Luzerne County. Some of the deer were being chased by wild dogs when they fell.

are expensive but the Game Protectors point out that some saving could be made by using webbing up part way and then using single strands. Extensions to the present low posts, in use in most places, could probably be fashioned and the additional wires could then be strung, the Game Protectors point out.

It would save tremendous numbers of deer, it would prevent damage to cars and injury to drivers and—even more important—it might mean saving human lives.

---

### **Bear Cubs Born in February and March**

Black bear cubs are born during late February or early March while their mother is in her winter's sleep. They are nearly hairless at birth; weigh about 10 ounces. Their eyes do not open for about 40 days.





*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, II*

**FLYING SQUIRRELS DON'T FLY.** They typically glide from one perch to another as this one is doing. Gentle creatures are rarely observed by humans, except when frightened from their retreats.

## *The Elf of the Woods*

**By Albert G. Shimmel**

**T**HE high limb of the big white oak was nearly fifty feet from the ground and some thirty yards from the base of the maple where we stood. Between the trunk and the tip was the healed scar of a broken branch. It formed a flat plateau above the outline of the bark.

It was the beginning of twilight when there was a flash of gray, almost too rapid for the eye to follow. A flying squirrel hunched on the plateau and peered in our direction. It sat motionless for some time. Sam, a twelve-year-old, took a walnut from his shirt pocket, placed his hand against the maple and squeaked softly.

The squirrel launched itself in a steep glide, landed on the trunk of

the maple, scurried down, snatched the nut; then hung, head downward, to enjoy its snack. As twilight deepened other flying squirrels came sailing across from the oak. It was impossible to keep accurate count, so rapid were their movements as they darted about in play. The open sky between the two trees was criss-crossed by their silhouettes as they exercised out of sheer exuberance.

Only a boy would have had the time, patience and love for animals to make pets of these active nocturnal creatures.

The first step was to approach them as they fed on the corn impaled on a spike. Night after night he came closer until he was within

arm's reach of the corn. Then he began to tempt the squirrel with walnut meats. At first they were wedged under the loose bark a few inches from his hand, then gradually the squirrel became impatient and would snatch the food from his fingers. Occasionally it would leap on the outstretched hand but its movement was too rapid to photograph. Sometimes Sam would hold the nut rather tightly between his thumb and forefinger. The animal would brace itself and tug mightily, uttering faint chirps until the food was released. When her brood was nearly grown they too were introduced to the feeder. These were joined by other broods until it was impossible to make an accurate count of his patrons.

The flying squirrel is a gentle, social creature, preferring to live in close proximity with others of his kind. A friend recently evicted sixteen from his attic. A dead snag beside the river has for years been the home of a colony that at times numbers nearly half a hundred. A farmer friend shot and trapped twenty that had some way gained entrance to his corn crib and were living in the midst of plenty.

### **They Seldom Bite**

For a number of years I was associated with a study of these gentle creatures. These rodents are so docile that live, trapped, wild specimens can be handled immediately without gloves and, if treated gently, can be persuaded not to bite. When they use their teeth, even in defense, it is a pinch that rarely draws blood. A mother defending her young or the privacy of her nursery will sometimes bite, but will more often strike or push with her front feet as a warning.

One young pair that had been raised in captivity showed their love for attention by clinging to the side of their spacious cage and uttering a succession of birdlike calls. If I did not appear promptly, their voices took on a querulous quality. When the cage was



*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III*

**IN ADDITION TO being a glider, flying squirrel is also a parachutist. Note how position of body cushions landing.**

opened they jumped to my extended hand, raced up my arm, circled my shoulders in a game of tag and ended their play by investigating each pocket, often choosing one as the ideal spot for a nap.

They enjoyed being tossed into the air and gliding back to land on shoulder or extended hand as lightly as a bit of thistledown. They were the darlings of my two-year-old granddaughter. She cuddled them gently in her cupped hands and held them close to her cheeks. To her they were "Chee-Chee" from their chattered whisperings. After a short frolic, they were content to return to their cage. When they were given their freedom, they continued to use the cage for sleeping quarters for several weeks.

### **Can't Fly**

The flying squirrel is not really a flier, but rather a glider and a parachutist. He can drop vertically, membranes ballooning upward and feet reaching downward to cushion the fall. The wings extend from wrist to ankle, with stiffening rods of cartilage at the wrists. The tail is strong, flat and rounded at the tip. It serves as a



rudder during flight and an airbrake at landing. It can turn right or left sharply, side slip or descend in a tight spiral. The squirrel's flight begins high up in tall trees. The membranes stretch, ballooning slightly to form an air foil and vibrating under tension. The flat tail adds to the planing surface.

The speed with which flying squirrels move about their leafy kingdom taxes the human eye to follow. On the ground it is awkward and ill at ease, probably aware that it is extremely vulnerable to predators.



*Photo by the Author*

**FIRST STEP** in making friends with flying squirrels can be to feed them with an ear of corn impaled on a spike.

It is almost entirely nocturnal, seldom seen unless disturbed. At dusk they come out to frolic before settling down to routine feeding. After a couple of hours of activity they retire to spend the midnight hours in their nest. There is another period of activity just before dawn. The first bird song is their signal to retire for the day. Severe storms keep them indoors but in moderately unsettled weather they go about as usual, although the period of activity is somewhat shortened. They are especially active during moonlight nights.

I have often spread my sleeping bag at the foot of the maple that stands a few yards from the woods. The flying

squirrels launch from the top of the sixty-foot oaks and glide across to the feeding station in the maple. It is easy to see their rectangular silhouette against the sky and the flash of their white bellies as they curve upward for a landing. I have never been able to detect the slightest sound as they touch the bark, although faint scratchings are audible the moment they begin to climb. They glide back and forth, uttering tiny chirps of delight like small boys, calling to each other as they coast downhill. Occasionally we have seen a barred owl take a swipe at a squirrel but only once have we observed one to be successful.

Pairs that are kept indoors begin to mate in late December but wild pairs postpone mating until the end of February. One wild caught pair mated February 22. On the third of May I found the male curled dejectedly in the corner of the cage with his tail wrapped around his nose. His mate had evicted him to make room for the young. Under natural conditions he usually finds a nest nearby and continues to associate with the female when she comes out to feed. In a few weeks he is allowed to share the nest with the brood.

#### **Up to 6 in Brood**

The young at birth are naked, pink in color and with gray hair under the skin, showing faintly. There were two in this brood, a male and a female. Other broods have numbered as many as six, with a slight predominance of females. In twenty-eight days they were fully fur covered except for the tail which was only one-fourth normal width. At this time their eyes were open. In forty-two days they were out of the nest for the first time, although their movements were clumsy and unsteady. They also began to test solid foods. In another month they were fully furred, very active and self-reliant, yet still noticeably smaller than their parents.

The decaying aspen was already

swaying under the ax strokes when a flying squirrel glided down from a high cavity. There was a punky sound, a cloud of dust and rotting wood as the tree fell across the camp road. Among the litter we found three baby flying squirrels, apparently unhurt. I gathered them into my hat, placed them on the ground and continued to search the debris lest I overlook one. Before I had finished the mother returned and discovered her babies. She grasped one by the loose skin over the breast. It curled around her neck, clinging with feet and tail until it resembled an animated fur neckpiece. Although the youngster was more than half her size she carried it to a nearby tree, glided without difficulty to another, climbed to a deserted woodpecker's nest, deposited her burden and returned hurriedly for another. I transferred the others to my hand, but she climbed, unafraid, to my open palm and removed the other two. She returned after the third had been transferred to the new home and searched diligently lest one be forgotten. The mother was apparently devoid of any number concept. I have since repeatedly experimented, removing the young from the nest. The results are conclusive. Mother squirrels cannot count.

#### Rarely Observed

Flying squirrels are rarely observed by humans, except when frightened from their retreats. Time after time I have questioned woodsmen and found that very few had more than fragmentary knowledge. Frequently I have been told that they were rare in certain localities when live trapping revealed them in considerable numbers. Older forests of beech, hickory and oak where there is an abundance of cavities are preferred habitat. This is especially true where dense crowns have crowded out the under story, giving the creatures unobstructed glide paths. Parks where old, overgrown trees have been preserved have

large populations. They are plentiful near hunting camps and summer cottages where they do considerable damage when they gain entrance. Stored blankets, clothing and mattresses are favorite targets.

They prefer cavities in trees for nesting but also use the drays or leaf nests of gray squirrels and the smaller bark drays of the red squirrel. Whether or not they construct such nests is a question. They gather and shred dry bark and grasses to line nest cavities. Also invariably this bedding will contain bird feathers. I doubt if these are



*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III*

**FLYING SQUIRREL** is almost entirely nocturnal, and, when trapped in the wild, seldom even bites.

taken from victims. They like deserted woodpecker holes in dead or decaying aspen. Do they wait until the nest is deserted or do they oust the owner?

The flying squirrel is fond of a wide variety of foods. Nuts, seeds, berries, buds, insects, flesh and tallow are relished. They search for the cocoons of the larger moths. Trappers that work forested areas find them a plague. They catch the squirrels in baited sets, hampering efforts to trap more valuable species. A biologist can identify the work of the flying squirrel by the small, neat circular hole he cuts in the blossom end of a nut. Other small squirrels cut through the





*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III*

**"WINGS"** of flying squirrel extend from wrist to ankle, with stiffening rods of cartilage at the wrists. Tail serves as a rudder during flight and an airbrake at landing.

thinner side walls while the larger species cut the shell into sizable pieces.

In captivity they are fond of fruit. Apples and pears are the favorites. They will, when given a choice of a wide variety of foods, choose pecans, hickory nuts, apples, sunflower seeds, eggs and raw peanuts in that order. They are fond of beeswax and grow quite excited at its odor. One of my friends conditions his squirrels by feeding a mixture of honey and egg yolk.

#### **Nuts, Apple, Wax Bait**

When baiting live traps I use a mixture of chopped hickory or pecan nuts, grated apple and a bit of wax. This combination is irresistible.

In captivity they are fond of buttered toast. In the north they need animal fat and visit the bird feeders to obtain it.

A friend returned to his patio after being absent for a few minutes while bidding farewell to his guests. He found three of these tiny creatures busy carrying away the chocolate-covered nuts that had been left unattended.

There are two species of flying squirrels found in Pennsylvania. Volans is found throughout the east and south. This is the small eastern species and the most common. Sabrinus is a northern species that ranges the colder regions of United States and Canada. Identification of a captive specimen is simple. If the belly hair is white to the roots it is Volans; if the base of the belly hair is lead colored it is Sabrinus. The Sabrinus is generally larger, more nearly brown and more ruggedly built.

#### **Owl Worst Enemy**

Perhaps the greatest enemy of the flying squirrel is the owl, especially the horned owl. Last winter I gathered a quart of pellets from a roost. Approximately thirty percent of the identifiable remains were those of flying squirrels.

Carnivores catch them on the ground and tree-climbing black snakes hunt the helpless young. Steel traps set for fur animals take many if the set is baited with meat.

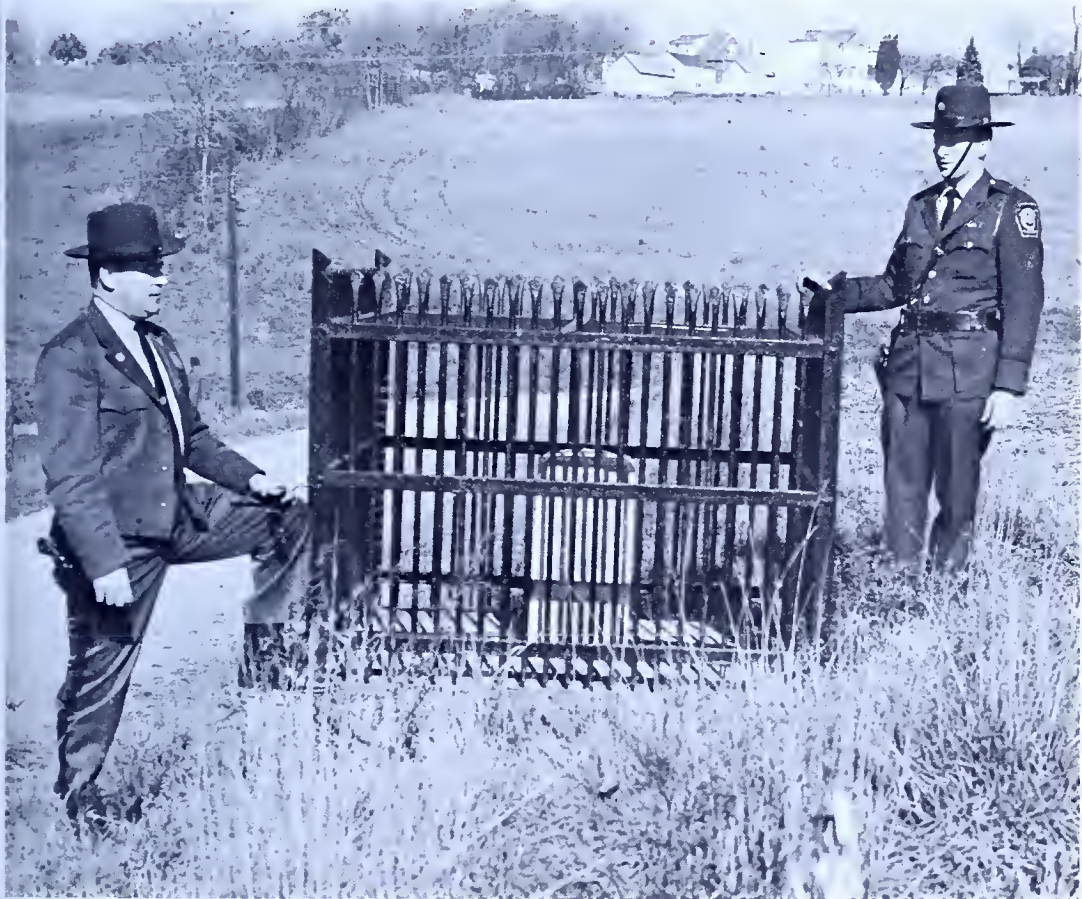
If you have never become acquainted with this gentle elf of the woods, I suggest that when you next stroll among the trees, be alert for decaying snags. Stop and knock gently but firmly. You may be rewarded by the appearance of a head set with inquisitive dark eyes. If you are more forceful about your knocking you may send a half dozen fliers spilling toward a safer retreat.

If you, like Sam, live near the big woods and have the patience, you may persuade the little visitors to take food from your hand.

When this happens you will be forever under the spell of this tiny "Elf-o'-the-Woods."

**What to Do if It's a . . .**

# Border Line Case



**DISTRICT GAME PROTECTOR Robert L. Yeakel, right, and Maryland Game Warden Bill Staley pause at a Mason-Dixon Line marker enclosed in a guard rail near the Hanover Watershed.**

**By Conway Robinson**

*Photos by the Author*

**T**HE famed Mason-Dixon Line shoots straight as a hunting arrow from West Virginia, across the backbone of Maryland, aiming at the very heart of Delaware before it deflects, missing the vital area of Wilmington.

The area along the boundary between the two states has always been prime hunting country, some of the best in the East. Even today, it still abounds with as many bear, deer and turkey as was the case back in 1763

when Charlie Mason and Jerry Dixon first peered through a surveyor's transit rather than through the sights of a long rifle (the ring-necked pheasant is a modern, added bonus).

The clear definition of the line, still marked by the original hewed sandstone blocks and the abundance of game here, makes it a border line case for many a sportsman who must determine whether it's a Pennsylvania or a Maryland pheasant at which he is



shooting and whether he must observe an October opening day for small game in the Keystone State or wait for cold November in the Free State just south of the border.

The day I looked into this complex situation happened to be at a time when both small game seasons were in effect, so just to make sure of my ground, I asked Pennsylvania Game Protector Robert L. Yeakel and Maryland Game Warden Bill Staley to go along as on-the-spot authorities.

It was a clear, blue and crisp November morning and the white marker there in the green pine and spruce forest of the Hanover watershed stuck out like a Mason or Dixon thumb.

While we were discussing the pros and cons of border line hunting, a brilliant ring-necked cock seemed to intentionally add to my confusion by ambling out of a Maryland multi-flora thicket and, after pausing to carefully survey the boundary stone, took off with a cackle and a flurry of wings, straight for a clump of Pennsylvania spruce.

#### **Whose Bird?**

"That's a Maryland bird!" proudly exclaimed Warden Staley. "It WAS a Maryland bird, perhaps," retorted Game Protector Yeakel, "but that pheasant is a ward of the Keystone State now."

I shook my head in confusion as have a thousand hunters before me, and I asked what would happen if the pheasant had been shot in Maryland and then had been carried on wings set in a death glide into Pennsylvania? What if a deer is wounded in Pennsylvania? May a hunter trail his quarry across the line into Maryland?

Both game men concurred that the best thing to do in a border line case such as this would be to contact the nearest warden or Game Protector and seek his assistance. As a matter of fact, the same day I was "getting a line" on border-hunting cases, Mary-

land Game Warden Charles E. Eyler was helping an archer trail and locate a wounded deer into no man's land.

Usually the decision involving a Mason-Dixon dilemma is made on the spot by the game official at hand who uses common sense as well as the written word of the law.

#### **Night Hunters**

It isn't the legitimate hunter with good intentions who causes the border game patrols their biggest "migrant" headache. It's the night hunter, the jacklighter, the poacher who gives the Game Protectors their major problems. Maryland Warden Bill Staley pointed out that the boundary between the Western Maryland counties and Pennsylvania is interwoven with many winding, meandering country roads. When a night hunter travels these roads with intent to kill game illegally, he cares little about such technicalities. He's breaking the law already so why should he worry about a "little" detail such as a state boundary line?

As far as Game Protectors are concerned, the law allows them (either from Maryland or Pennsylvania) the privilege of "hot pursuit" as long as the violator can be kept in sight.

#### **Close Cooperation**

Except for the policy of Hot Pursuit, it's a matter of close cooperation and fast thinking on the part of wildlife authorities on both sides of the boundary that usually apprehend the game thief.

A typical, recent incident was cited by Warden Staley. He told of receiving a report from Pennsylvania Game Protectors stating that Maryland night hunters AND their vehicle had been taken into custody, but that several of the poachers had managed to escape back into Maryland, across the line, on foot.

The Maryland wardens located the residence of the escaped violators and suggested that it would be best for



**GAME LAW OFFICIALS** from both states find close cooperation on the part of wildlife authorities on both sides of the boundary usually results in apprehension of "interstate" violators.

them to go back to Pennsylvania and give themselves up.

After the fellows were convinced, wardens escorted them to the Mason-Dixon Line and let them out of the Maryland patrol car. Pennsylvania Game Protectors were waiting just a few feet away (on their side of the boundary) to take the violators into custody. Heavy fines were "paid by

all" and a case was quickly settled—a case that could have been quite involved.

As Warden Staley told me this story, Game Protector Yeakel nodded his head in agreement. "This sort of cooperation is a daily occurrence," he said.

One headache the Mason-Dixon Line causes hunters with good inten-



tions is whether they should purchase a resident Pennsylvania license or a resident Maryland permit in cases where a farm lies on BOTH sides of the boundary line. The answer to this perplexing problem is . . . "Where is your HOUSE? If the building in which you live is on the Pennsylvania side of the line, you purchase a resident Pennsylvania license and a nonresident Maryland license. If your house is in Maryland, then, of course, the opposite is true.

#### **Consult a Map**

One of the best ways for hunters in the field to determine upon which side of the line they are sitting is to consult a good road map or Pennsylvania's new wilderness stream map. In any case, with maps and markers as your guides, the best rule to follow in the case of border line hunting is

. . . "Be Sure You're Right, Then Go Ahead." Usually, understanding game authorities will give you the benefit of a few yards of doubt.

The difference in dates of open seasons must be taken into account also. Regardless of boundaries, a legal Pennsylvania rabbit may not necessarily be fair game in Maryland, even if you are properly licensed in both states. Legal opening dates are what count here.

#### **No 'Magic Marker'**

As far as boundary line hunting is concerned, there is no such thing as a "magic marker."

Mr. Mason and Mr. Dixon did a good job in determining the border between the states and it behooves the sportsman to do an equally good job in observing the boundary in the trip after your favorite game.

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## **They Worked for Their Bruins**

The first day of bear season Ralph Logue, Jr., of St. Petersburg, and Clyde Bethune, of Pittsburgh, were hunting at Piney on the Clarion River. At 11 a.m. Bethune spotted a bear about 50 yards away, across the river and up a steep bank. His first shot hit the bruin between the eyes, and the bear rolled down the bank to within five feet of the water.

Logue and Bethune could not get across the river at that point, so they walked down the river, crossed at the Canoe Riffle Bridge and started back up the other side. However, the trees, brush and undergrowth were so thick they had to give up and return to their starting point. By now it was 2 p.m.

As they stood looking across the river at the bear, Logue saw another bruin 25 yards up the cliff. He fired, and this bear rolled into the water. They decided to return to St. Petersburg and get a boat.

They came back and pulled the boat through the brush and down a mountain to the river. In the meantime water had been released from the Piney Dam and was so high the two had a hard time crossing the river. By this time it was dark and they could find only one bear. They got it home by 10 p.m.

The next morning they went back and found the second bear had been washed three miles downstream by the high water. As they were pulling this bruin across the river, the Piney Dam was opened again. As the water reached their necks, they landed on the other side, still pulling the bear.

# Count Your Blessings

By Barbara V. Holland

**W**ILD game in European countries is not "free." Nor can you as a private citizen decide when, where or how to conduct a hunt. The so-called "free hunt" does not exist anymore in most of Europe.

A hunting license is normally "earned" in Europe and is not considered a "right." To obtain a license, you must have the assistance of or connections with a local rod and gun club. You must carry insurance and be known as a hunter with experience, along with having a knowledge of hunting and preservation laws of the country concerned.

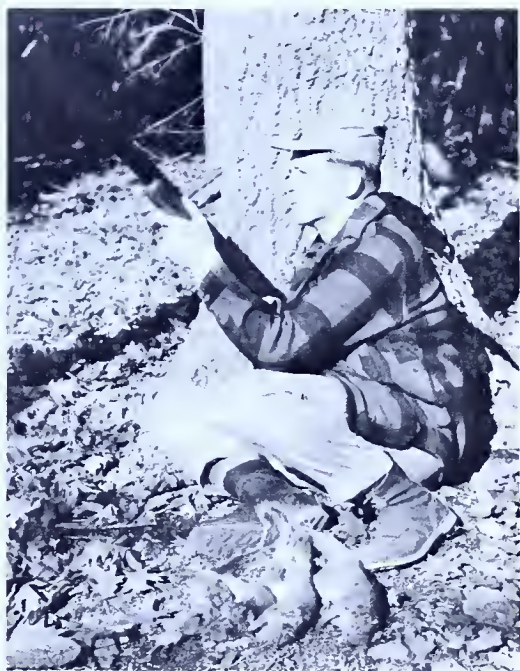
Possessing a license does not give you the right to go off by yourself and hunt. To the contrary, you must lease or pay for the right to hunt a certain area or piece of land. **CAUTION**—Do not go outside of the leased or rented area, even if your prize trophy does, for to do so will cost you trouble, money and sometimes the privilege to hunt.

## Responsible for Guests

Another annoying problem with the European hunt is the so-called guest law. It is your responsibility to make sure your guest makes no mistakes; if he does, you are responsible under the law.

Don't misunderstand me—you can still hunt in Europe after you pay a high price; your movements are restricted; a limitation on game to be had and type is imposed along with strong supervision over you and your guest. But doesn't this remove the enjoyment of a great sport?

Now let's compare this with our great Keystone State. Here you may freely purchase a license, nonresident as well as resident, plan your hunt, go with friends and be assured of plenty



PGC Photo

**A HUNTER** just doesn't buy a license and "go out and hunt" in European countries. The cost is considerably greater overseas.

of game. Yes, with permission of the landowner but with no cost, you have millions of acres on which to hunt. If this is not enough try the free Game Lands which cover over a million acres in Pennsylvania. This land has been purchased for our enjoyment and our children's enjoyment. Can we ask for more?

My husband will soon complete 20 years of military service and is looking forward to his return to our great state. His travel around the world recently leads us to ask: How can the Pennsylvania Game Commission furnish the sportsman with so much at such a low cost?

Let's count our many blessings, sportsmen, and be thankful for our Game Commission and its devoted leaders.







By NED SMITH

*Winter hasn't cooled the nesting ardor of the great horned owl, the drumming urge of a grouse, or the appetite of an all-weather chipmunk. Cocoons in a bleak fencerow promise better things to come.*

IT WAS a quiet, sunny day on Peter's Mountain until the crows opened up. Their excited yelling at the far end of a grove of big white pines told me they had discovered a dozing great horned owl, possibly one they made a habit of be-deviling each time they passed on their way to the roost. I hurried over to watch the fun.

Reinforcements were arriving as I drew near, but one of the sharp-eyed rascals spotted my dark figure moving from tree to tree across the snow and gave the alarm. Crows scattered in all directions, and from their midst a huge, grayish bird launched itself from a tall pine and flapped away on silent wings. It was the owl, and the crows streamed up the mountainside in its wake.

With the sound of their raging fading in the distance I examined the spot it had vacated, hoping to find a nest. The trees were bare, however. If the birds were nesting, possibly this was the male.

I set about methodically examining every tree in the pine woods, checking out each possible nesting site with

my binocular. Three stick nests were quickly located—two old crow nests and one a large hawk nest—but even from the elevation of the ridge that ran through the woods I could see no signs of occupancy, nor did I see an owl take wing.

Finally, two-thirds of the way through the pines I spotted two more nests, and a few feet beneath the higher one something was waving in the breeze. It proved to be a fuzzy owl feather clinging to a twig. Through the glasses I could see more down on the edge of the nest, and a dark outline suggesting the tail of an incubating bird.

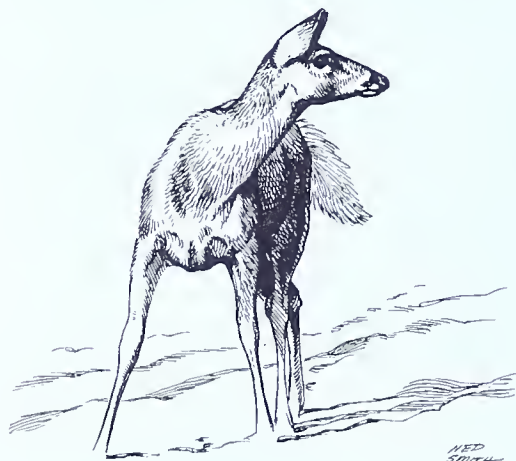
Quietly backing off and climbing the hogback again I looked over at the nest—straight into the glaring eyes of a huge great horned owl astride her eggs. This was it—the nest of North America's largest owl.

When it comes to mating and raising a family the great horned owl is the earliest of all early birds. From late December through January the hollow hooting of courting birds is a familiar sound in the big woods at



night. By the end of February practically all Pennsylvania horned owls are incubating their two to four round, white eggs, and some young are struggling from their shells as early as the first of March. Small wonder they are such singularly tough and savage birds, coming into the world as they do while winter still maintains its harsh and pitiless grip.

Great horned owls are more common than most sportsmen realize, for



**THE DOE pretended to be eating, then jerked her head up to see if the author moved. She repeated this trick several times.**

they usually slip away unnoticed at the approach of man, and do their spooky calling when the forests are deserted. I've found a number of their nests—usually in a deserted hawk or crow nest, sometimes in a hollow tree. More often, I've called in the birds by imitating their throaty hoots. They respond most readily to the call during the winter months, but I've held many a close-range conversation with a horned owl at other times of the year as well. If one really wants to talk things over with you, he'll not be discouraged by the fact that you are not too well hidden, nor by the mob of crows that are attracted by your conversation. As long as you avoid

making any quick moves he'll reply to your every hoot.

The big owls have always had an unsavory reputation as killers of game, and anyone who has seen their nests knows they do get their share—especially rabbits. However, in many areas they also kill numbers of destructive rodents, and where cover is plentiful the rabbits seem to get along quite well in spite of them. One thing is certain—the woods wouldn't be the same without their sepulchral hooting on a cold winter's night, and I, for one, enjoy having them around.

*February 3* — Apparently the warm sunshine has caused a certain cock grouse to "feel his oats," for I heard him drumming this afternoon back of Moss Hill—in four to six inches of snow.

*February 5*—Five deer were feeding in Shock's field this afternoon when I sneaked a look from the old road. They were so busy pawing the snow away with their forefeet and clipping off the short grass underneath that I was able to slip by them undetected. Making myself comfortable on a stump near one of the deer trails that enter the field, I figured on spending a few hours there and possibly getting some pictures of deer moving out to feed. I was hardly settled, however, when a doe came clomping lazily down another trail some twenty yards away. Before I could ease my camera-gun into position she spotted me sitting there. Up went her head, and with her big ears tipped forward and her eyes fairly popping out of her head I knew the slightest move on my part would send her clear out of the country.

For a full minute she stared, and I stared back. Then she tried what is surely one of the deer's most amusing tricks to unmask a suspected enemy. She dropped her head as though eating something on the ground, then, when she thought I might be caught unawares, jerked it up again to see if

had moved. She repeated this maneuver several times before concluding that I was an oddly shaped stump after all, and moseyed out into the field. Of course, I had to let her go by unphotographed—once alerted she'd have noticed my slightest move to raise the camera.

*February 8*—At Jack's suggestion, I spent the afternoon in the blind he erected at his feeder along the foot of Mahantango Mountain. Apparently he's got the perfect location, for the feeder does a booming business. In addition to the usual chickadees, red- and white-breasted nuthatches, titmice, hairy and downy woodpeckers, blue jays, and song sparrows, he plays host to a covey of quail, a flock of about thirty wintering mourning doves, a pair of red-bellied woodpeckers, several Carolina wrens, ring-necked, and goldfinches.

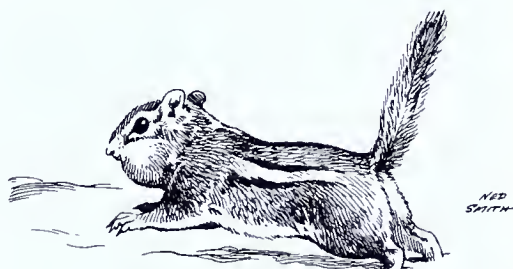
The red-bellied woodpeckers are gorgeous birds, with their zebra-striped backs and brilliant scarlet crowns and napes. Close up, their eyes are seen to vary from chestnut to deep ruby-red. Like several other southern birds, notably the mockingbird, these woodpeckers are gradually extending their range northward, and in this area at least are seen winter and summer.

Long before they approached the feeder their squirrel-like churring could be heard in the nearby woods. I found them to be rather shy of the blind and noticeably more difficult to photograph than the downy and hairy woodpeckers. The female often seemed to prefer corn to anything else at the feeder—including such choice woodpecker fare as beef suet.

*February 10*—Found a dozen cocoons of the *Promethea* moth dangling stiffly from some small sassafras trees in a fencerow this morning. Though out in the open the chickadees and titmice apparently had not found them, for their silky exteriors were smooth, shiny, and unpunctured. I knew at least one

young lad who would get a kick out of "hatching" his own handsome moths, so I pocketed a few of the cocoons for him, plus two for myself. In another fencerow I saw a single *Cecropi* cocoon—a great, puffy double-walled sack of papery silk and attached full length to a poison ivy shoot. It housed what would turn into our biggest silkworm moth, as its bulk suggested, but there was only one, so I left it to mature there in the fencerow.

Nearby were other wintering insects. A wild cherry's twigs were ringed here and there with the rounded egg clusters of the tent caterpillar. Brown in color, they were protected from the elements by a varnish-like coating to assure a bumper crop

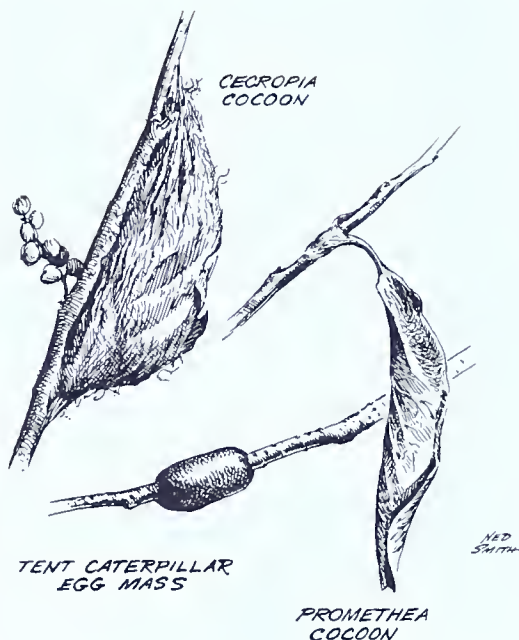


**THE CHIPMUNK** apparently didn't know that he was supposed to be hibernating, for he made regular trips to the feeder throughout the winter.

of web-building caterpillars come spring.

*February 12*—A gray fox enlarged a groundhog hole beside a friend's home near Palmyra, and moved in. In fact, it's so close to his house that he has taken quite a few color slides of the grizzly fellow sprawled out on the mound of earth at the entrance, soaking up the sunshine. He showed me the pictures last evening, and they are quite good. Judging from the old fox's





expression I'd say he's perfectly satisfied with the neighborhood.

*February 15*—My bird-bander friends who live at the edge of Allegheny National Forest tell me they've had a chipmunk making regular visits to their bird feeders all winter. The other morning he was there filling his pouches with goodies while the mercury hovered at six degrees below zero! Why isn't he hibernating like all sensible chipmunks are doing? Wasn't he able to stash away a winter's supply of food last fall, for some reason or other? It would be interesting to know the answer.

*February 23*—The snow has been melting at an incredible rate, and up the valley I noticed some severely barked tree trunks that had been covered by two feet of snow only a week ago. Apparently field voles, working beneath the deep snow, had eaten the bark and inner bark off several dozen Virginia pines in an old field, completely girdling them. Their runways

and droppings were still in evidence in the shrinking snow, and the tiny tooth marks could have been made only by mice of some sort. On some the damage extended from the ground to a foot high.

Nearby were a number of trees that had obviously been barked by rabbits—mostly black locusts and hawthorns. None were girdled; the bark was eaten in spots and patches. Flattened, round rabbit "pills" were scattered about the tree trunks, and the familiar rabbit footprints still lingered at the site of the most recent operations.

The cottontail is usually blamed for the damage done to orchard and ornamental trees in wintertime, but in many cases mice are responsible. Careful examination of the evidence will easily identify the culprits.

*February 25*—The unseasonably warm weather the past week or so hasn't fooled anyone, especially the wild animals and birds whose business it is to know that spring is still a long way off. Nevertheless, it has inspired a number of birds to sing as lustily, if not as well, as in mid-May. Song sparrows are tuning up in every brushy hollow and fencerow. Male redwings have assembled into huge flocks and even now are shaking Cumming's Swamp with their combined vocal efforts. Two grouse have been drumming regularly up along Powell's Creek, and a male horned lark has been singing incessantly, but weakly, from a discarded straw bale down behind our house. Some naturalists insist that birds sing only to establish territories and attract mates. Rubbish! Birds also sing when they feel good, and when blue skies and warm sunshine make February seem like spring they feel good.

In another month or two they might be singing for business; right now it's for pleasure.

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Deer were first given protection through a closed season in Pennsylvania by an act of the provincial government in 1721.

# Beaver Beneficiaries

By Ed Atts

Photos by Leonard Lee Rue, III

**D**URING a December grouse hunt I was walking along a small stream when I noticed several trees that had fallen to the ground. Closer observation showed they had been cut by beavers so I began a search for their dam.

Soon I came upon an area where all the trees had been cut and it wasn't long before I located the dam. I sat down on a nearby fallen tree to examine their engineering feats, for they always intrigue me. Besides, it was late in the day and I already had one grouse in my game bag.

While sitting there I began to notice the many other animals, birds, and fish that benefit from the beaver's work.

While looking in the water I caught a glimpse of a brook trout in the six-to-eight-inch class in the deepest part of the pond. Then I noticed several others the same size lying motionless on the bottom. No doubt this pond would provide some excellent trout fishing next April.

On a rock sticking above the water's surface close to shore I noticed the droppings of a muskrat that had taken up living quarters in the quiet water created by the dam. Then on the far side of the stream I saw a set of mink tracks on the thin snow-covered shore ice. Probably he was here seeking one of the trout or a muskrat to satisfy his hunger.

While trying to see where the mink had gone back in the water, I heard the familiar sound of whistling wings overhead. Two wood ducks set their wings for a landing at the far end of the pond as I raised my gun, mocking what would have happened earlier in the fall. Perhaps they would nest here in the spring and produce more of their kind for duck season next fall.



**COTTONTAILS** had found both the food and cover they require for survival through the work of the beavers. They weren't the only wildlife that were aided by the dam-builders.

The tangle of fallen trees and briars made by the beavers' cuttings made excellent food and cover for many different land animals and birds. I suspected there was a grouse or two close by and I hadn't moved ten feet from my resting place when one rocketed into the air. I didn't get a shot at this bird, but when the second one erupted into flight the right barrel barked, sending the grouse to the ground.

After picking up the bird I noticed that many briars had the bark chewed from the first eight or ten inches of their length, indicating that some cottontails were making this their home. Through the work of the beavers, they had found both the food and cover they require for survival.

At one edge of the beavers' slashing I noticed where some deer had been browsing. They had not been here a great deal since the weather had been mild, but they would make greater





**MUSKRATS** are among the most obvious species which benefit from beavers. Quiet dam water is to their liking, and mink have food when muskrats are around.

**THE BUSY BEAVERS** had attracted and supported so many other forms of wildlife that there were no good reasons to trap them, especially since they weren't plentiful and weren't causing extensive damage, as they do in some places.



use of it during the months of January, February, and early March.

In one of the few patches of snow that remained I saw the footprint of a red fox. Apparently he had passed through here the previous night searching for a mouse.

When I came to the far edge of the cutting I turned to look back at the area before heading toward my jeep. Perhaps this would be a good year to let the No. 4's hang in the garage since this was the only dam in the valley. Had the beavers been plentiful and causing damage as they do in some places, I wouldn't have hesitated in setting the traps. But with the limited population, I felt that the offspring these beavers would produce in the spring would benefit the other forms of wildlife in the valley.



# The Eyes Have It

By Albert G. Shimmel

**"I**T'S a buck, shoot!" Hubert had laid a hand on my shoulder and hissed the words in my ear. He waited while I searched the thicket. Try as I might I could see nothing remotely resembling a deer, much less a buck with antlers. I was in my teens and my eyes were good but old Hubert, in his late sixties, who resorted to glasses when reading, saw what I could not.

He waited patiently for several seconds, then swept his old .38-40 Winchester to his shoulder and fired. I saw a flicker of movement as the gun roared in my ear. The odd patch of tan at the edge of the thicket disappeared, then nothing.

As we dressed out the beefy ten-point, I was lectured in mixed English and French. I received the impression that this great-uncle of mine was somewhat less than pleased with his grandnephew and perhaps it would be more satisfactory to all concerned if I should indulge in one of the less exacting sports. I never discovered exactly what he had in mind. . . .

## Ear, Eye Visible

The squirrel lay behind the high branch of a white oak with only one ear and part of an eye visible from our position. A few feet down the trunk was a den opening. If we moved, our chance at this particular squirrel was gone.

My companion, a strapping young sailor, had taken a furlough to hunt squirrels with his uncle. It had been a cold night but by midmorning the temperature was up to a comfortable level. The squirrels were not moving but rather taking the sun from high lookouts.

In vain I tried to point out the

squirrel but even through the scope it looked like an odd shaped piece of bark. The little .22 popped, the bark chipped away from the top of the branch. We waited, perhaps ten seconds; then the squirrel dropped to the frosted leaves with a decided thump. The bullet had cut the skull between the eye and ear.

We laid him beside the other four. Only one had been found in an exposed position. That one had been flattened against a maple trunk, relying on protective coloration for concealment. Had it not been for a stray breath of air that had moved the long tail hair, we would have passed him by. Suddenly my mind went back some forty years and I thought again of old Hubert. . . .



**A BLACK SQUIRREL** on a wet limb is overlooked by all but the sharpest of eyes, and can be difficult to spot even when you know he's there.

The development of "woods eyes" is a long training process that only approaches ultimate perfection, al-





Rippar



though some individuals develop a keenness that is unbelievable. To the uninitiated, there are so many details in the landscape that the eye is overwhelmed. When we consider that the mind records what the eye sees, we are not surprised that it rebels at a multiplicity of images.

What then is needed is training in seeing selectively. Woods-trained eyes, at universal focus, familiar with natural details, pass over them without pause. The eyes are immediately arrested by that which is not in harmony with the landscape. That which does not conform is immediately seized and retained for closer scrutiny.

A friend once bagged a fine buck within a few yards of a trail where other hunters passed frequently. In fact, two of his own party were walking ahead. My friend's attention was arrested by the glint of sunlight striking a single antler point. Observing closely, he defined the entire antler, the curve of the neck, an ear and the slope of the deer's rump above the tail. Those ahead were startled by the crash of the shot and surprised beyond expression at the beautiful buck that they had passed by. The trophy was the result of a single point of light, caught by a woodsman's eye.

#### **Ringnecks Disappear**

To the untrained, a cock pheasant in full plumage would be expected to be visible against almost any background. If a bird is released in an autumn browned pasture, where cover would barely hide a chipmunk, he will disappear as if by magic. Place him in short stubble or machine harvested corn where he has the advantage of broken light and shadow, and locating him without a dog is practically impossible. If instead of a cock pheasant the bird is a woodcock or a ruffed grouse against a carpet of fallen leaves, the problem is further complicated.

The human eye is sensitive to light, movement, form and color in that order. Unless both color and form are

sharply defined, they tend to blend together into a gray neutrality. Two rectangles of contrasting colors and equal intensity, placed in bright sunlight, are clearly visible to the untrained eye. Equal areas, unevenly shaped, placed in close association begin to lose their identity. If instead of flat planes the surfaces are rounded so that the light striking them is unevenly distributed, a further reduction in definition is apparent. Place these objects where there is a play of light and shadow broken by other objects and they become practically invisible.

#### **'After Image'**

There is the phenomenon known as "after image" in which the mind has a tendency to superimpose one color over another, resulting in grayed forms of the same intensity as the colored originals. The more subdued the lighting, the more the object approaches invisibility. The one exception is a form silhouetted against backlighting. The hint is to find your game silhouette against the sky, when possible.

The lack of contrast was forcibly brought to me one soggy afternoon. Hans, the dachshund, insisted in his stubborn, German way that there was a squirrel somewhere in that leafless red oak. The bark of all the trees had been darkened by rain. Gray squirrels were sharp gray etchings against black. It was almost too easy. I began again, studying each branch carefully. Hans waited patiently, still insistently alert. Then I saw it hanging head downward, tight against the trunk, beneath the lowest branch. A black squirrel against a black tree. The distance was only twenty yards; yet when I blinked, glanced away, then looked back, it was only with conscious effort that I could locate it again. Even through the six-power scope the outlines were vague. He tumbled at the shot. Hans had his reward and I have the skin as a reminder. . . . Sometimes we have eyes that cannot see. . . .





**A COCK PHEASANT** in full plumage would be expected to be visible against almost any background, but put him in short stubble or machine harvested corn and locating him without a dog is practically impossible.

I paused at the edge of the little cove that joined the thickets below to the bench above. A scattering of big oaks that had somehow escaped the lumbermen still flourished. Signs of feeding deer were everywhere. At the edge of the thicket a white object, partially covered by fallen leaves, attracted my attention. Among the sodden leaves lay a heap of bones with a bleached skull nearby. One antler was completely eaten away and the other partly consumed. Some hunter had lost a nice trophy during the previous season. Many of these cripples, that are now wasted, could be recovered with some patience and common sense. . . .

#### **Buck Hit Hard**

The buck came down the mountain, running hard through the timber. Some sixty yards below he broke into the open. The .257 spoke sharply as the buck reached the edge of a steep knoll. We saw most of his white belly as he somersaulted down the slope and out of sight. "That stopped him," my pardner called as we hurried to

the spot. There was a splash of torn earth, some bullet-cut hair, a few trifling traces of blood—but the buck was gone.

#### **Went 200 Yards**

We waited. . . . Five minutes . . . ten minutes . . . a full half hour. How the minutes seemed to drag. . . . By squatting low and looking in the direction the buck had taken we could see the trail, marked by damp, dark earth and leaves turned damp side up. It was relatively easy to follow. We found him almost two hundred yards away.

He lay in a little depression, belly to the ground, almost hidden by a clump of brown fern. He had died on his feet and slumped to the ground when his legs wilted.

The bullet had entered behind the ribs and ranged forward. The left lobe of the lung was blown to ribbons and the chest cavity filled with blood. The vitality of some wild creatures is amazing. . . .

I saw a rounded shape lying in the snow at the edge of the crab apple

thicket. I raised my rifle and looked through the scope. The hair was covered with a frosting of snow. None had fallen since midnight. It was a plump four-point . . . dead and spoiled. The small-bore bullet had gone through high in the abdominal cavity.

The buck had fed among the crab apples before lying down for the last time. I followed the back trail out of curiosity.

A quarter mile around the point, the jumps and two small bunches of cut hair indicated the shot. Some fifty yards away I found the stump where the hunter stood and an empty case close by.

#### **Concluded He Had Missed**

He had come in, stood for a while, saw the deer—fired—concluded that he had missed, and gone off in another direction without taking the trouble to investigate. Two inches of perfect tracking snow covered the ground. Surely the deer flinched at the hit. . . .

Visit your deer covers during the closed season. Jump a deer and try your eye at tracking without the aid of snow. It is surprising how soon you will become proficient.

As you practice, the eye becomes sharper. Some day this practice may save your trophy.

#### **Register Motion**

One of the easier lessons in sight training is teaching your mind to register motion. The flick of an ear, the twitch of a tail or a movement of a tree branch will often betray some creature that is aware of your presence but is waiting for you to pass by. Move as little as possible and bring your concentrated vision to bear. Your very intensesness may cause the creature that has been relying on protective coloration to escape notice to develop a case of jitters and flush. Grouse are noted for this habit. They often flush from pure nervousness after the hunter has gone by. The

thunder of their wings makes mock of even a skillful hunter.

This characteristic is present in the cottontail that sits among the oriental poppies beside the garden path. Walk by as often as you wish and he will hold his place.

The very second you pause there is a brown flash disappearing through the hedge into the adjoining field.

Few sportsmen go afield without preparing adequate equipment and investing considerable time and money. Most of them have adequate but untrained visual equipment. Why not invest some time in improving its efficiency?



**MOST OF THE WHITE BELLY** was visible as he somersaulted down the slope and out of sight. There was some hair and blood, but the buck was gone.

The most expensive weapon in the world is as useless as a decayed branch without the direction of a good eye.

I have seen hunters make excellent bags of game with an antique arm that was worthless even for junk, all because the owner knew how to look, what to look for, and was aware of all the limitations of his weapon. A bit of time invested in concentrated visual exercise will pay dividends in the field.

Gentlemen . . . "The Eyes Have It."  
. . .





*Photo by Grant Heilman*

**AIM of the Wildlife Management Institute is to promote the better management of wildlife, water, forest and allied resources, a goal that has been constant for more than a half century.**

## ***The Wildlife Management Institute***

**W**HAT is the Wildlife Management Institute?

It is an influential and respected conservation force working for the benefit of sportsmen and other outdoor recreationists. By definition a nonprofit, private, national organization, the Institute is not a headline hunter. Rather, it works quietly and persuasively from its Washington headquarters to promote the better management of wildlife, water, forest and allied resources.

President of the Institute is Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, one-time chief of the old Bureau of Biological Survey in the Department of Agriculture and the

first chief of its successor, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service in the Department of the Interior. A renowned ornithologist, Dr. Gabrielson is recognized as the dean of American conservationists. Institute vice-president is C. R. Gutermuth, former director of fish and game of the Indiana Department of Conservation and former secretary of the American Wildlife Institute. Secretary of the organization is Daniel A. Poole, previously associated with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service in California and Utah and with the Montana Department of Fish and Game.

Incorporated in 1946, the Institute



is the descendent of the American Game Protective and Propagation Association, which came into being in 1911. The general mission of that pioneering association passed to the American Wildlife Institute in 1935. It underwent reorganization in 1946, becoming the North American Wildlife Foundation, and its program and activities became the responsibility of the Institute. For more than a half century the goal has remained the same—the restoration and improved management of natural resources in the public interest.

### **Operates on Many Fronts**

The Institute's program operates on a number of fronts. Its work with government agencies and private organizations is conducted through the headquarters office in Washington and a field staff of five trained technicians operating within assigned territories across the nation. The field men are in regular contact with state and Federal agencies, local sportsmen's groups, and individuals to preserve existing wildlife habitat and to restore and improve conditions for wildlife wherever possible. Unlike employees of state and Federal agencies, the field men can cross organizational lines to stimulate the formation of needed study committees and cooperative agreements.

Pennsylvania is in the territory of the Institute's northeastern field representative, Philip Barske, who is headquartered at Fairfield, Conn. Barske has had good success in encouraging the purchase and preservation of coastal marshes by local units of government, private organizations and individuals. He has had a key role in coordinating waterfowl activities in the Northeast and in promoting grouse, woodcock and other projects.

The southeastern field man has pioneered planning of a national research and management program for mourning doves. He helped weld together the new interstate wildlife disease in-



*Photo by Grant Heilman*

**FIELD MEN** of the Institute are in contact with government agencies, sportsmen's groups and individuals to preserve existing wildlife habitat and to restore and improve conditions for wildlife wherever possible.

vestigation program, operating through the school of veterinary medicine,

**THE INSTITUTE** has conducted research which has made tremendous contributions to white-tailed deer management.

*PGC Photo by Ralph Cady*





University of Georgia. Research done there already has made tremendous contributions to white-tailed deer management.

The southcentral field man studies flood control projects and obtains information about their probable effects on inland and coastal wildlife and fisheries resources.

In the northcentral states, a fourth field representative devotes much time to marshland ecology and to overcom-

been adopted as departmental policies and others have been incorporated into new state laws. The Pennsylvania Game and Fish Commissions were the subjects of a 1962 Institute study and report at the request of the Joint State Government Commission.

To help train young people for professional careers in the natural resources field, the Institute participates in the Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit Program. Units currently are located at 18 land grant colleges and universities, including one at The Pennsylvania State University. The Pennsylvania unit, like the others, is sponsored jointly by the university, the Pennsylvania Game Commission, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and the Institute. Nearly 4,000 students have received wildlife and fisheries degrees from unit schools. Many of these graduates now occupy key positions in state and Federal resources departments.

#### North American Conferences

The annual North American Wildlife and Natural Resources Conferences are sponsored by the Institute. The most recent of these three-day international meetings, the 31st, was held in Pittsburgh this past March. They are a clearing house for conservation organizations, wildlife administrators, technicians and educators from the U. S., Canada, Mexico and other countries.

The conferences have an important influence on conservation thinking and action in this country, and the meeting transactions chronicle the trends, advances and problems of wildlife management throughout North America.

The Institute issues a limited number of fellowships and grants-in-aid to college and university graduate students whose research projects hold promise of making significant contributions to the overall field of wildlife management.

The Institute also operates the



*Photo by Karl Maslowski*

**A KEY ROLE** in coordinating waterfowl activities in the Northeast has been played by the Wildlife Management Institute.

ing a serious regional conflict between waterfowl restoration programs and agriculture. This is the region where most ducks nest in the U. S.

The attention of the western field representative is focused on such public land matters as access, grazing, timbering, recreation and mining.

At the request of a governor, state legislature, or other official body the Institute studies and reports on the basic laws, programs, and administrative procedures of conservation departments. This free service has been given more than half of the states and three Canadian provinces. Many of the Institute's recommendations have

widely respected Delta Waterfowl Research Station at Delta, Manitoba, in the heart of the Canadian duck breeding grounds. Research findings at Delta have made a substantial contribution to waterfowl management. In addition, the station provides field training for waterfowl biologists, and students from nearly twenty universities and colleges have received advanced degrees for research projects conducted there.

#### Books, News Service

Natural resources information is made available through Institute books and its biweekly news service, the "Outdoor News Bulletin." The books are published and distributed as inexpensively as possible, without sacrificing quality illustrations and printing. Some of the titles in print are "The Ducks, Geese and Swans of North America," "The Elk of North America," "Pheasants in North America," "The Deer of North America,"

**GROUSE, WOODCOCK and other projects have been promoted in Pennsylvania by the Institute. The organization also conducted a study of the Keystone State Game and Fish Commissions.**

*Photo by Grant Heilman*



*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III*

**THE ATTENTION of the western field representative is focused on such public land matters as access, grazing, timbering, recreation and mining.**

and "The Birds of Alaska." The news service provides a timely and direct means of getting natural resources news and comments to writers, editors and resources administrators.

"Know-how" booklets also supply practical information for persons desiring to improve conditions for wildlife. Written primarily for landowners and sportsmen, the illustrated booklets are used considerably by wildlife administrators and technicians. Two booklets, available without charge on individual request, are "Quail and Pheasant Propagation" and "The Farmer and Wildlife." Large quantities are available to state conservation departments, soil conservation districts, sportsmen's groups, and others at bulk order prices based on the actual cost of printing.

Any person, firm, corporation or group that desires to support the Institute's program may become a member. Queries should be sent to its headquarters office at 709 Wire Building, Washington, D. C. 20005.





**PROUD HUNTER** Ted Matley of Somerset, N. J., left, shows his 450-pound male bear to Pike County District Game Protector Albert J. Kriefski.

**423-POUNDER** was taken in Lycoming County by Robert B. Waldeisen of Hills Grove as part of his Triple Trophy. District Game Protector Levi Whippo looks over trophy.



## Big B

Pennsylvanians can be proud of t although it's well known that we pheasants, many don't know that t the harvest of black bears. And from it's evident that we produce far m

**SAM HESS** of State College has reason to be proud of his 380-pounder taken on opening day in northern Huntingdon County. Quite an accomplishment for a man 77 years young.







**BB, Shillington, left, and Gerald**  
ding R. D. 2, display 431-pound  
taken by Babb, who also bagged  
just missed Triple Trophy when  
untlerless whitetail.

**!!!**

sity of game in our state, and  
prefront in deer, turkeys and  
State is among the leaders in  
ome of the bruins shown here,  
han most persons realize.

**THESE MALE BRUINS** weighed in at 180 and  
452 pounds. Junior Stout, Gouldsboro R. D.,  
left, took the smaller bear, while Henry Kaka-  
reka, Moscow R. D., bagged the bigger bruin.  
DGP Thomas Wylie examines trophies.



**THIS 250-POUNDER** taken by Ronald Ager of  
Gibsonia R. D. 7 wasn't the biggest bear of  
the year, but was certainly one of the earliest  
taken. Ager had his bruin in Elk County at  
7:02 a.m. on opening day.

**DONALD A. YOHN, Mechanicsburg R. D. 4,**  
won the Potter County Big Bear Contest with  
this 450-pounder.







# FIELD NOTES



## Hunter Strung Up by Buck

**MCKEAN COUNTY**—Seems that this hunter killed an eight-point buck. When he was hanging the deer up he lost his footing. Down came the deer and up went the hunter. He had the rope wrapped around himself and the weight of the deer hung him from the pole.—District Game Protector G. W. Waldman, Mount Jewett.



## Deer Smeller

**BERKS COUNTY**—While working at the deer checking and aging station at Clarks Ferry many interesting experiences were related to me by deer hunters. One follows: It seems that on the first morning of the season a hunter had a wounded deer but was unable to locate it due to the lack of snow. After spending about 1½ hours looking for the deer, he went to his hunting headquarters and related his experiences to the lady where he was staying. Later they returned to the woods and the lady was able to find the deer for him because she could smell the deer blood and trail the deer by doing so. He brought a nice buck through the station.—CIA R. H. Myers, Hamburg.

## Batman to the Rescue

**COLUMBIA COUNTY**—On October 27, two days prior to the opening of small game season, it was my misfortune to break my wristwatch. Taking it to the local jeweler, I was notified that it would take two weeks to clean and repair the watch. It was now necessary to borrow a watch belonging to my father-in-law. Friday evening, the night before the opening day, while making Halloween "monkey moonshines" for my youngest boy, Gary (who is Batman's biggest fan), I dropped the watch on the basement floor. Now I had a problem, but my dear wife soon solved it. At 8:30 a.m. on opening day a hunter stopped me to compare his time with mine, not wanting to start before 9 a.m., EST. Yep, you guessed it. Out of my watch pocket came Gary's Batman watch. The hunter looked at the watch, looked at me, took for his auto and drove away. As Robin would say, "Shades of time, Batman."—District Game Protector E. F. Sherlinski, Mifflinville.

## 6 Daughters Hunt

**CLINTON COUNTY**—Many are the father and son hunting teams I have run across in this district, but on December 3 I found one that tops them all and made me proud to meet a gentleman like Harold Nast, of Ottsville. The temperature stood at 12 degrees but Mr. Nast and his hunting party were enjoying the hunt. The unusual thing about it: the entire party consisted of Mr. Nast and his six daughters, ranging in age from 12 to 16, including a set of twins. Who says it's a man's sport?—District Game Protector C. F. Keiper, Renovo.

## Where's All the Birds?

**LUZERNE COUNTY**—We had a very good opening of small game season in my district, with all hunters we checked being happy with the amount of game seen. However, on the second afternoon I checked a hunter who quickly asked, "Where's all the Birds?" He showed me his game bag which contained 2 grouse, 2 rabbits and a ring-necked rooster. Sure would like to check him on a day he'd seen some game.—District Game Protector R. W. Nolf, Conyngham.

## A Sight to Behold

**UNION COUNTY**—The opening day of buck season was a poor one weatherwise in this area. The second day was not much better. Bill Heim, an insurance executive from Lewisburg, who was hunting from a camp in Hartley Township, had a good ducking from the rain opening day so decided to stay in camp the second day and dry out. After getting the other camp members breakfast and on their way to hunt, Bill decided to tidy up the camp a bit. Clad only in his insulated underwear and slippers, he began sweeping the floor. Looking out a camp window, he thought he saw a deer in a nearby corn stubble field. Binoculars showed a nice buck. Hurriedly slipping on a pair of moccasins, he grabbed his hunting coat and gun and was on his way. Getting into range, he fired and the buck went down. Bill then started to run and had not gone far till he lost his moccasins in the mud of the cornfield. Barefooted, he continued on. After dressing the deer he started dragging it toward the camp. The going was tough and he had not gone far till he shed his coat. Getting near the camp, he was met by some of his buddies. One of them remarked, "Isn't that a hulluvasight, a deer hunter in his underwear, barefooted, dragging a buck."—District Game Protector J. S. Shuler, Lewisburg.

## The Height of Persistence

**ELK COUNTY**—The first day of bear season, Harold Van Fossen, Midland, crippled a bear in the Belmouth Run section of State Game Lands No. 44, Elk County. Unfortunately, he did not inflict the mortal wound and the bear was claimed by another hunter. Now, being a very persistent fellow, Van Fossen had a second opportunity at a bear in the same area on November 24. This time he had made up his mind this one wouldn't get away. He emptied his gun at the animal, crippling it.

Not thinking to reload his rifle, he pursued the bear, stabbing it with his knife. The bear swatted him and got loose with the knife in it. The nimrod



chased it again, retrieved his knife and stabbed it the second time. Again the bear knocked him off and got away.

Remembering his gun, he reloaded and claimed his trophy. Now to climax this incident, Van Fossen had killed a turkey earlier in the season in Potter County, and on November 29 he appeared at my headquarters with a nice six-point buck he had killed in the Big Mill Creek Area, Elk County, making him eligible for the Triple Trophy Award. Congratulations to a persistent hunter.—District Game Protector Leo E. Milford, Portland Mills.



## Santa's Reminder

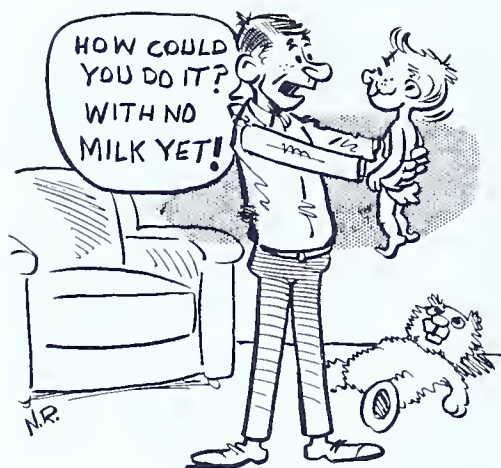
**WESTMORELAND COUNTY**—On the roof there rose such a clatter, they called the Game Protector to see what's the matter. In November, I received a call by radio from my wife. She told me, "There's a deer on a roof by North Washington." I asked for a repeat message. After four more tries, I realized she must be trying to tell me there is a deer on the roof at North Washington, and I figured she must be drunk (she doesn't drink but I thought the pressure of hunting season finally got to her). I went to North Washington anyway to check on this and sure enough, there was a doe on the roof of a flat office building at a redi-mix cement factory. To get where it was, the deer ran out a ramp starting from the level of the highway and then fell about 30 feet onto a large roof and then jumped down one more step to a lower level roof about 10 feet from the ground. This is where I found the deer. I chased it off this roof and it jumped to the ground and ran away, seemingly none the worse for its experience.—District Game Protector H. P. Goedeke, New Alexandria.

## Good Harvest Despite Weather

**JEFFERSON COUNTY**—In spite of the bad weather on opening day of buck season, we had a fairly good harvest.—District Game Protector G. W. Miller, Siegel.

## Women Jacklighters

**VENANGO COUNTY**—While Deputy Game Protector Spangler and I were on night patrol we heard a shot not far away. We started toward the area where we figured the shot came from and soon saw a car approaching us. We stopped the auto and in it were three women, complete with rifle, spotlight and plastic spread out in the trunk. You never know, do you?—District Game Protector L. E. Yocum, Oil City.



## Baby Ate License

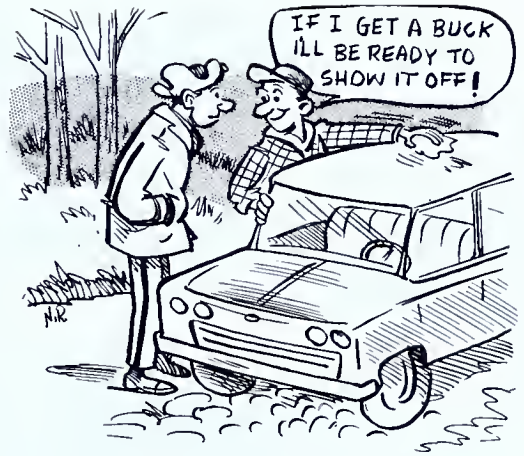
**MERCER COUNTY**—Each year, we find it necessary to contact many hunters concerning why they failed to send in their big game report for the previous year. Although most of them will admit that they just forgot about it, or just didn't care to bother about it, every now and then we will find someone with a very unusual excuse. I believe the one I liked best was where the father stated that his baby had eaten his entire hunting license. Now, I wonder why some cereal company can't design an edible box. Maybe our littering problem would be reduced also.—District Game Protector J. A. Badger, Mercer.

## GAME NEWS in Viet

**ELK COUNTY**—Ever since my brother-in-law, who is in the Marines, has been overseas in the Dominican and Vietnam, my wife has sent him **GAME NEWS**. He has written us several times, saying how much he and the other fellows appreciate receiving it. In the last letter he said that it has gotten to the point that he has to keep a list, showing what order to follow so that each man gets to read it. The reason for the list is that the book gets to be too worn to read. I would say that Pennsylvania hunting must rank high with the fellows for so much interest to be shown.—Land Manager R. J. Rea, Wilcox.

## Buck Attacks Dogs

**ARMSTRONG COUNTY**—Charles Laux, of R. D., Freeport, related this story: One night while coon hunting with his dogs that never run deer, his dogs were attacked by a buck deer. Naturally, the dogs fought back and the deer took them into a creek that was about four feet deep at that point. Then the deer proceeded to clobber the dogs. He pushed one dog under the water with his hooves and every time the dog came up he would shove him under again. Mr. Laux, fearing for the lives of his dogs, tried to beat off the buck with his cane. He hit the deer on the head and the cane bounced back, striking him on the chin and bruising him badly. The deer finally got tired of it all and left on his own. The dogs did not follow.—District Game Protector R. H. Muir, Kittanning.



## Watching and Washing

**LYCOMING COUNTY**—While on patrol November 30, I stopped to talk to a hunter who was parked along the road. I asked how his luck had been. He stated that he had not seen any deer but that this was a good place to see one. Also, he stated that he had spent the last two hours washing his car while watching for deer. He was parked along a small stream and I noticed that his car was clean.—District Game Protector P. A. Ranck, Williamsport.



## Too Greedy

**ERIE AND CRAWFORD COUNTIES**—Three men from Clarion County were duck hunting on State Game Lands No. 69 in Crawford County. They shot a duck which fell into the water near another hunter who shouted "My duck." The other hunter told his dog to retrieve it, and threw a stick close to the duck. The dog swam right by the duck and retrieved the stick. Greediness can make fools of some people.—Land Manager J. C. Hyde, Townville.

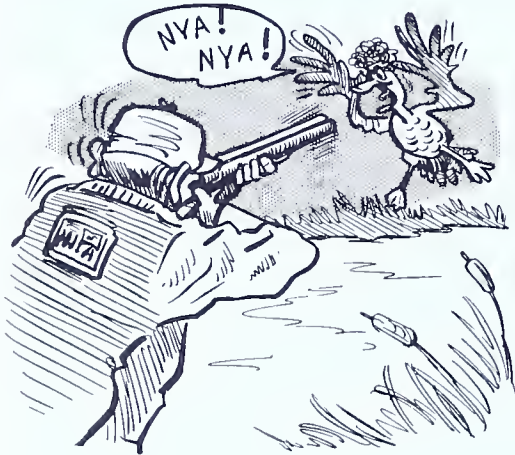
## It's Easy

**FOREST COUNTY**—One successful lady hunter near Kellettville was eating her lunch as she waited for her husband. She left her lunch on the hood of the vehicle and lay down on the seat to rest. She heard what she thought was her husband and sat up to see a 200-pound bear after her lunch. She got out, picked up her rifle and had a trophy. Another hunter stopped along the road to rest. There came a bear right down the road toward him; he dug his rifle out, loaded it and at about this time the bear was real handy. A couple of cars were coming so the bear ran off the road and stopped broadside so he could make a clean kill for a nice 225-pound rug. There really doesn't seem to be much to this bear hunting.—District Game Protector D. W. Gross, Marienville.



## First Bear in 20 Years

**CAMBRIA COUNTY**—The stories told of bear being seen all summer turned out not to be all false. A bear was killed in my district in the Lilly Mountain area. This is the first bear killed in that area for more than twenty years.—District Game Protector L. D. Mostoller, Johnstown.



## A Rufflehead

**ERIE COUNTY**—One afternoon while patrolling in Siegel Marsh area of State Game Lands No. 218, I observed a hunter wading a short distance off shore, gun in hand and ready to shoot. All of a sudden, for no apparent reason, he threw the gun to his shoulder and fired. I was at a very good vantage point and no animal or bird was in sight. A look of disgust came over the man's face and he began talking to himself. Later I approached the man. I asked, "Well, how did you do?" He replied, "Not so good. I got a shot at one out there a little while ago but I missed him." "What kind was it?" I asked. "It was one of them ruffleheads," he replied. "How do you know that?" I asked, and he replied, "Oh, don't worry, I know my ducks. This couldn't have been anything else but a rufflehead—the feathers on his head were all mussed up." District Game Protector R. L. Sutherland, Erie.

## Confusing Signs

**MONTGOMERY COUNTY**—Some of the hunters are a little mixed up in Montgomery County, according to Deputy Evangelista. One hunter walked past a Safety Zone sign and kept on hunting. The Deputy stopped the hunter and asked him what the sign said. He replied, "Safety Zone—That means it's a safe place to hunt." Another man walked past a "No Trespassing" sign and kept right on hunting. Upon checking him out, the Deputy asked if he read the sign. The hunter replied yes. He said it said "No Trespassing" but it didn't say anything about "No Gunning." Who knows? Maybe they know more than we do!!!—District Game Protector R. G. Clouser, Lansdale.

## Hosts Eagle Scout

**ALLEGHENY COUNTY**—On November 21 I was very honored to be able to sponsor one of the Eagle Scouts at their annual banquet. I invited Eagle Scout Roger Hayes to spend a day with me before the banquet and I'm sure the experience meant as much to me as it did to him. Perhaps I can best express my respect for these young men by simply saying, "I hope my three boys grow up to be Eagle Scouts."—District Game Protector R. B. Belding, Bradford Woods.

## 52 Turkeys in Flock

**SULLIVAN COUNTY**—On October 15, Deputy Gordon Norton experienced quite a sight while working on law enforcement in the Eldredsville area. He came upon a large flock of turkeys, and a count was made. Not quite believing his first count, he recounted the birds and came up with the figure 52. I wonder if Texas can boast of flocks this size?—District Game Protector D. J. Adams, Eagles Mere.



# CONSERVATION NEWS



**MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE** seeking to have an outdoor conservation program incorporated into the public school curriculum in Pennsylvania meet in Harrisburg to draw up plans to meet objective.

## Conservation-Outdoor Education Advisory Committee Established

For some time, sportsmen and conservationists have indicated their desire to have an outdoor conservation program incorporated into the public school curriculum in Pennsylvania.

Following demonstration of the need for such a program, and through GAME NEWS editorials and constant prodding by organized sportsmen, the Department of Public Instruction ap-

pointed Mrs. Eleanor H. Bennett to the position of Conservation Education Advisor.

Mrs. Bennett has established a Conservation-Outdoor Education Advisory Committee, which held its first meeting December 15 to formulate plans which hopefully will lead to including the subject of conservation in the public school curriculum.

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### *Mountain and Water Bird*

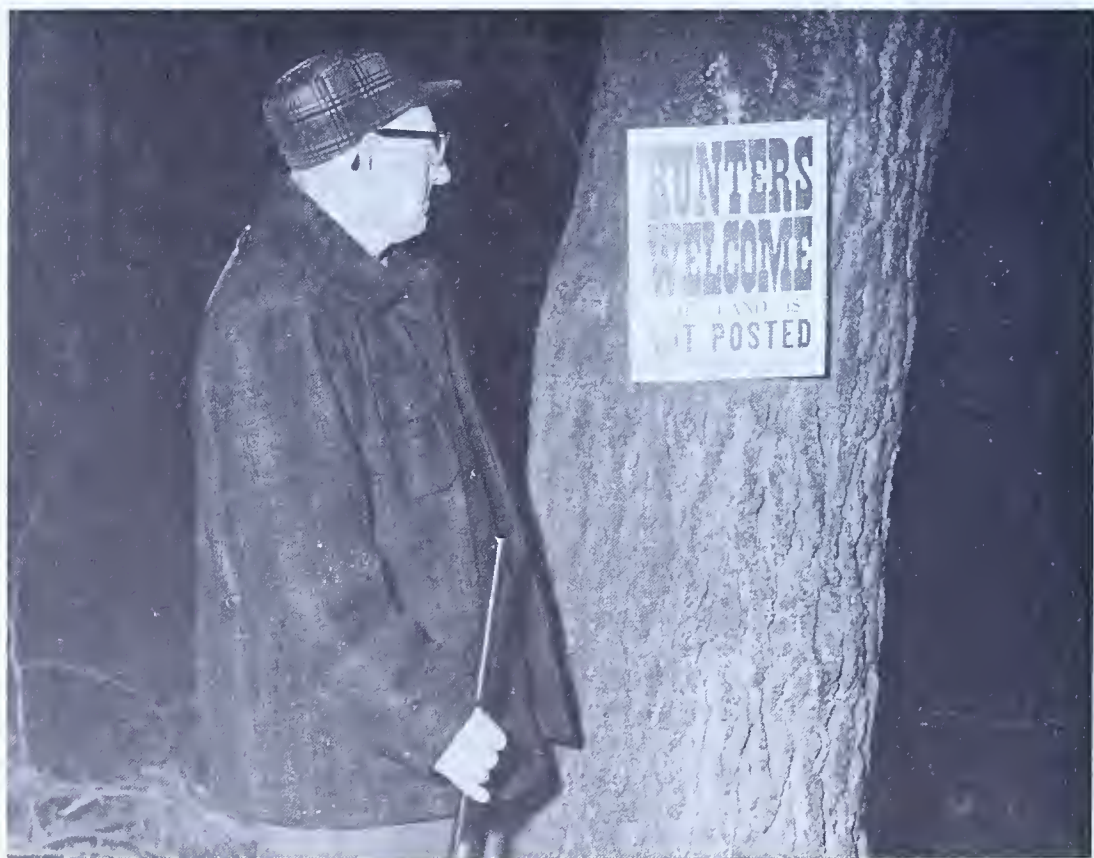
A small bird known as the sipper (also water ouzel) lives in the mountains but dines underwater on insects, surfacing only occasionally for air.





*Sharon Herald Photo*

**LITTLE SHENANGO River watershed project has been launched with symbolic groundbreaking ceremonies. Game Commission will own and manage part of the project as a waterfowl area. About two-thirds of the watershed plan is in Mercer County and one-third in Crawford County.**



**JOHN M. SMATHERS, manager of a glass company plant at Clarion, is one individual who does not wish to deprive hunters of their enjoyment. While many landowners displayed "No Hunting" signs, Smathers put the above posters on his trees.**

# Deer Measuring Dates, Sites

The Pennsylvania Game Commission will again conduct a deer antler measuring program this year. Dates and locations for measuring of trophies have been established in each of the Commission's field divisions.

All antlers which have not been measured previously can be entered, provided they have been taken in the Commonwealth by Pennsylvania hunters. The program is a public service of the Game Commission.

Dates and locations for the measuring sessions follow:

March 5: Branch Valley Fish and Game Association, Bucks County, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

March 12: Game Commission Southeast Division office, Reading R. D. 2, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

April 2: Carlisle Fish and Game Clubhouse.

April 2: Mt. Joy Sportsmen's Club, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

April 2: Bradford County Courthouse, Towanda, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 9: Lincoln Grange, Huntingdon County.

April 9: Honesdale Armory, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 23: Brodheadsville Fire Hall, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 23: Game Commission North-central Division office, Avis, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 23 (tentative): Strodes Mills Firehouse, Mifflin County.

April 29: Game Commission Southwest Division office, Ligonier, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 30: Game Commission Southwest Division office, Ligonier, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 30: Game Commission Northeast Division office, Dallas, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 30: Chamber of Commerce, DuBois, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 30: Butler Hunting and Fishing Clubhouse, East Butler.

May 7: Coudersport Community Building, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

May 7: Game Commission Northwest Division office, Franklin.

May 14: Corry Rod and Gun Clubhouse.

**10-POINT buck taken in Lackawanna County by Albert A. Warman of Scranton is checked by Game Commission Biologist Lincoln Lang. Successful hunter said there were four bucks in the group from which this one came.** *PGC Photo by Steve Kish*



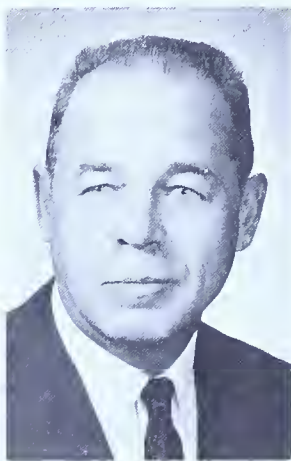


# 25-Year Club

Pennsylvania Game Commission personnel have compiled an enviable record among public and conservation agencies: longevity of service. Few organizations, in any area of endeavor, can boast of so many dedicated employees. Here are fifteen PGC personnel who completed 25 years of service within the past year:



**J. A. BROWN**  
*Chief  
Law Enforcement*



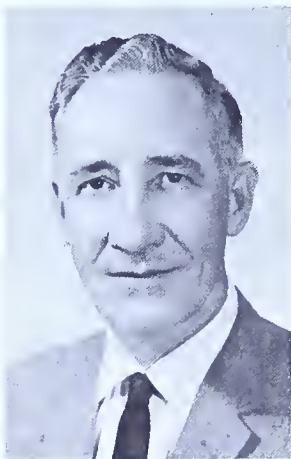
**D. H. FACKLER**  
*Chief  
Administration*



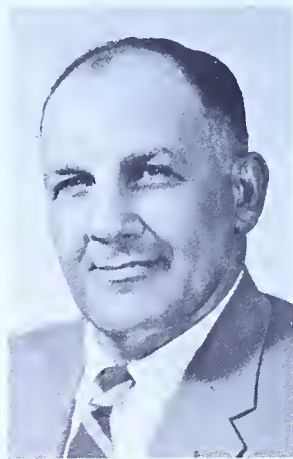
**R. W. TREXLER**  
*Chief  
I & E*



**J. L. DeLONG**  
*D. G. P.  
Blair County*



**E. D. SIMPSON**  
*D. G. P.  
Erie County*



**G. W. MILLER**  
*D. G. P.  
Jefferson County*



**C. L. RUTH**  
Land Manager  
Southwest Division



**T. A. REYNOLDS**  
Supervisor  
Southeast Division



**L. D. MOSTOLLER**  
D. G. P.  
Cambria County



**L. E. SHEAFFER**  
Supervisor  
Northwest Division



**L. M. GRIFFIN**  
Asst. Supv. Service  
Harrisburg Office



**J. P. EICHOLTZ**  
D. G. P.  
Lancaster County



**P. A. FAILOR**  
Wildlife Specialist  
Harrisburg Office

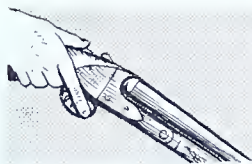


**M. M. SPONSLER**  
Secretary  
Harrisburg Office



**J. M. STEIGLEMAN**  
Messenger  
Harrisburg Office





# HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



PGC Photo by Bob Parlaman

**HUNTERS' RESPONSIBILITIES** were pointed out in Halloween parade in Franklin on float prepared under direction of Game Commission personnel. Commission-sponsored programs make more than five million acres available for public hunting, and safety is emphasized constantly.

## Trick or Treat—Hunter Safety

The 1966 Halloween parades featured a number of floats calling attention to the safe handling of firearms.

Hunter safety, stressed so heavily at the opening of hunting season, has been no trick, but a real treat, for approximately 100,000 hunters who have completed Pennsylvania's hunter safety course. To remind hunters of their responsibility in handling firearms and hunter safety, floats have also been exhibited in Halloween and fall festival parades.

The Pennsylvania Game Commission's Northwest Division office participated in the fall festival parade in Franklin. The presentation was pre-

pared by Deputy Game Protectors Earl Nunemaker and Paul Mawhinney and Conservation Information Assistant Bob Parlaman.

Viewers were reminded of hunters' responsibilities and attention was given to land open to hunting through cooperative agreements with the landowners. Hunter-landowner relations have provided over 4,000,000 acres of land open to hunting through Cooperative Farm Game and Safety Zone Agreements. In addition 1,000,000 acres of State Game Lands have been purchased through hunters' license fees to insure Pennsylvanians of hunting recreation.

# Students Shown Hunter Safety

Not all Hunter Safety Training is a certified four-hour course in safe gun handling. Many one-hour assembly programs call attention to good and bad habits in handling firearms.

Many schools have established safety programs, including hunting safety, prior to Pennsylvania's hunting season. During 1966, more than 700 one-hour assembly programs were presented in Pennsylvania schools in the form of lectures, films and dramatizations.

Troy High School seniors in agriculture education and the sophomore and junior conservation project students presented a dramatization of the Ten Commandments of Shooting Safety. District Game Protector Richard Donahoe presented examples of hunting accidents and urged avoidance of becoming a statistic by obeying the rules of safe gun handling.

Pennsylvania Game Commission hunter safety film was used, pointing out hunters' responsibility in identification of game and the need for wearing safety colored clothing of bright shades, preferably blaze orange rather than gray or tan which blend with foliage and undergrowth.



## Anglers Sponsor Hunter Safety

Galeton Area Junior High School students received certification as safe hunters after successfully completing firearm and hunter safety training by District Game Protector Richard Ruth. Safe hunter shoulder brassards were presented at a special program at the high school gym. The brassards were purchased for the students by the Potter County Anglers Club.



PGC Photo by Joe Chick

**HUNTER SAFETY** education was presented to 6,000 students in the PGC South-central Division during 1966. This exhibit was used in hunter safety demonstrations at the Mifflin County Sportsmen's Show.

## Gun Lore for Canton Students

Pennsylvania's Hunter Safety Training Program was recently completed at Canton High School.

District Game Protector Richard Donahoe presented the four-hour course which included safe handling of sporting arms in the field and home, transportation and storage, hunters' responsibilities in identification of game, "safe color" clothing, game laws, sportsmanship and conservation.

Canton area schools feel that the main reason for a decrease in hunting fatalities while the number of hunters has doubled has been safe gun handling through safety education. In addition, the purpose of firearms safety training is to impart respect and knowledge of game laws and to promote good outdoor manners.



# Light for Predator Hunting

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author



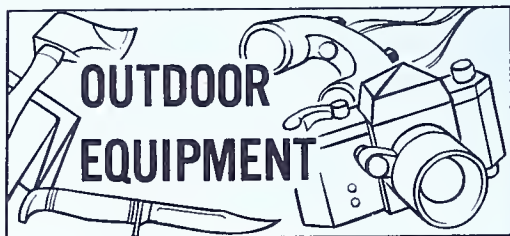
**WHEN GAME APPEARS**, gun, with magnet-equipped hand light adhering to barrel, is brought to the shoulder. Light beam centers on the target.

**T**HOSE who hunt predators at night—foxes, coyotes, coydogs, and wildcats—find some very interesting and exciting moments afield. These hunters sound manual calls or battery-operated record players to broadcast imitations of injured rabbit or mouse squeals. The spine-chilling cries bring predators on the run. They have been known to leap right into the hunter's lap!

The right source of light, next to a well-tuned calling instrument, plays a vital role in this night-shift hunting. As would be expected, hunters have experimented with almost every kind of light source in the field, including kerosene and gas lanterns, battery-powered lanterns, battery-operated spotlights and hand flashlights. What-

ever the type, there are moments when the hunter wishes for three hands, instead of two, to handle the call, gun and light properly.

Several night-shift hunters, who regularly call foxes after sundown during the late winter months, have found that the magnetic hand flash is a real boon to this predator sport. The magnetized light attaches solidly to the gun barrel to throw a beam precisely where it is needed for sighting game.



In a sense, the hand light is not magnetized. Rather, it has a strong magnet imbedded into a plastic housing which is riveted to the outside of the case. The magnet and plastic clip double as the switch in turning the power supply "on" and "off." These hand lights cost about two dollars and are sold at auto accessory and most hardware stores. Motorists are especially fond of them since the magnet quickly adheres to a fender to illuminate the wheel when fixing flats at night. Two "D" size cells power this hand light. This limited power gives a beam which falls far short of projecting a half-mile distance, but with fresh cells the beam is of sufficient intensity to locate predators at 30 to 60 feet away.

Hunters attach the magnet-equipped hand flash to the gun barrel or side of the magazine chamber. In this way, they hold only the smoke pole in one hand, while operating the predator call with the other.

#### **Doesn't Alarm Predator**

Oddly, most predators are not alarmed at a bright beam of light. Obviously they are blinded, as you and I are, when looking directly into the beam, but wildlife seldom associate light with something to be feared.

When calling predators, veteran hunters seldom, or rarely, splash the full intensity of light directly onto the foreground. Instead, they point the beam at treetop level, so that only the outer fringe of subdued light spills onto the ground. Incoming predators' eyes shine like rubies in this toned-down light.

Here's where the magnet-equipped flashlight really shines to an advantage over most portable lights.

The hunter sits down at a likely spot. He rests the smoke pole on the butt plate, with the barrel and light beam pointing high into the trees. By lowering or raising the gun barrel slightly, he can control the amount of light that spills onto the immediate



**THE MAGNET-EQUIPPED** hand light has been a boon to predator hunting at night. Most predators aren't alarmed at a bright beam of light.

foreground. When a fox or cat appears, the hunter quickly raises the weapon to his shoulder and the beam of light automatically centers on target or at whatever the gun barrel is pointed.

The head lantern, with battery case worn at the sportsman's waist and cord extending up to the lantern pinned to his cap, is also a worthwhile light source for hunting predators at night.

The beam of light travels wherever the hunter moves his head. Its value is impaired only by the angle at which it is worn on the cap.

An ordinary two- or three-cell hand flash can be, of course, taped to the

**THE HEAD LANTERN**, with battery case and cord, is also a good night light for predator hunting.







**HUNTERS ATTACH** the magnet-equipped hand light to their gun barrel. Now they can hold the weapon and light with one hand, while operating a varmint call with the other.

**THE SAME FLASHLIGHT** works fine with handguns or rifles and shotguns.



gun barrel. Removing the tape is a small annoyance. It is easier to touch the magnet-equipped hand light to the barrel and have it adhere immediately.

You should know, of course, that it is illegal in Pennsylvania, and numerous other states, to throw a spotlight onto deer when you have a weapon in your possession.

This has come about because poachers have, for years, been shooting deer at night as they illuminate the whitetails with spotlights. It is therefore necessary for you to restrict your night hunting to legal predators—foxes, cats, wolves, etc. Remember that it is illegal to throw a spotlight onto a deer when you have a varmint weapon in your car. It is also illegal to travel with a cartridge in the chamber or magazine, with hopes that you may see a predator along the roadside while driving.

Night hunting for predators is far too rewarding and exciting a sport to have violations bring about rules against it. You are cautioned to observe game laws.

Combine firearms and flashlights at night only when seeking legal predators, and then hunt accordingly. For this night-shift hunting, the magnet-equipped hand flash is your best source of light.

**THE MAGNET** quickly adheres to a gun barrel. To demonstrate its strength, the magnet here grips the trigger guard and does not fall off.



# BOIL A BEAVER

*Last of a Series*



**T**HE habits of the beaver, nature's mechanical engineer, somewhat resemble those of the muskrat. It lives on the barks of hardwoods. Woodsmen hold the flesh in high esteem, particularly that of the tail.

They claim that the meat, particularly when surrounded by beans and salt pork, is quite tasty after simmering.

## BEAVER LIVER

Broil the liver. Season with onion salt, pepper, and melted butter.

## BEAN SWAGGER WITH BEAVER TAIL

- 2 cups dry beans
- 1 pound beaver tail
- $\frac{3}{4}$  pound salt pork
- 2 quarts boiling water
- 1 onion
- salt and pepper

Soak beans overnight (or all day). Par-boil for half an hour (skinned beaver tail and pork, separately). Remove scum from beans as it rises. Drain beans and meat. Place beans around the beaver tail, pork, and onion. Add two quarts of boiling water. Simmer for two hours or until tender. Drain, season with salt and pepper, and serve.





**AT THE HALF-WAY MARK**, target No. 15, Rod Good draws back as Jeff Hemenway respects his shot and Gene Seymour and Bob Naunas look on. Author suggests youngsters hold key to future of archery.

## Shorter Shots for the Future

**By Keith C. Schuyler**

*Photos by the Author*

**A**LTHOUGH the range captain and other officials of the local club were aware of the new changes, it was not until my help was asked that I realized that our club, as part of the Northeast Conference, was now required to shoot within regulations of the National Field Archery Association. I had been aware of some of the background noises while the thing was being resolved, but now it was evident that some changes were in order.

The kids had always had their chance to shoot, it seemed, but now they were getting the attention they deserved. It was necessary that an adult be assigned to each group of four as they traveled around the range. With brand-new and somewhat hastily erected markers for the junior stakes, the kids would need a little help in finding their shooting positions in any event. At least this made me feel somewhat useful, and besides, I was bigger than they were if it came to an

argument on one of the arrows.

Before the day was out, I had a number of reasons to feel that this accent on junior shooting can be one of the more important factors in the furtherance of archery in the nation. Among these young men I felt a bit of the old excitement that got us started down the bent moonbeam.

My personal experience goes back to 1939 when a group of us stumbled into archery. Those were the days when most either found a way to manufacture their own fun or, for the most part, did without. Money was just beginning to loosen up a little after a decade of depression. Individuals and localities were affected in proportion to how the depression hit their local economy. Ours, being a one-industry area, was hard hit. Consequently, even the few dollars required to get started in archery represented a considerable outlay.

But, it was an activity within the financial grasp of most.

#### **Few of Original Gang**

It is interesting to note today that there is but a very small group of our original gang who are still actively interested in archery.

Those who stuck with it have second-generation bowmen who are following in their father's footsteps. This brings up a point:

Although it was not until 1951 that this loosely gathered group formally organized into a club, there was an age spread of about fifteen years. Already some of these formerly fired-up fellows were tied down by family responsibilities, and their active participation fell off proportionally. Although most retained an interest in archery, it was confined primarily to

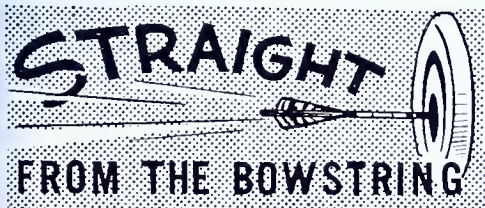
the hunting season. Yet, some of their progeny are among the more active archers in the area.

This is a pattern. There are seldom more than a mere half dozen to hold together the average organization at any one time. This is typical of most volunteer organizations, and the reasons are also typical. Those who have the most enthusiasm are frequently young people who have both the time and the energy to keep things stirred up. They are frequently most critical of the oldsters until they too begin to assume more family responsibilities or have employment which requires more of their hours.



**JUNIOR STAKE** by this stump marks out the most important spot to begin building for the future of archery anywhere across America.

Fortunately, there are always some older fellows who make archery their major activity. These more mature individuals are the ones who provide the real foundation for any organization. It is they who help to direct, utilize and guide the enthusiasm engendered among the tyro bowmen who are enticed into the sport. And yet, mark this, without the continuing addition of young people the sport would soon







**FINE STYLE** of 10-year-old Gene Seymour, Towanda, placed him ahead of some adults for the day.

lose its recognition as a national pastime. It would be, as in the days of Maurice and Will Thompson, a specialized sport with a handful of adherents.

We must keep the kids coming.

In our own area, we have tried to keep this thought continually before the membership. An example of the activities to encourage young people has been formation of a beginners' group at the local YMCA. Last month, an entire high school assembly program was planned for archery. El Fulkerstein, trick shot artist, was scheduled to hold a demonstration and this writer tried to whip up some enthusiasm with a talk about bows and arrows to complement Ed's per-

formance. Frank Taylor, principal of the Berwick Area Joint High School, was enthusiastic about the idea and cooperated wholeheartedly to make the program possible.

There are two ways to discourage youngsters. One is to hand them too strong a bow to start with, and the other is to ask them to shoot at regulation adult distances. The inability to handle the equipment with resultant poor scores will get rid of them fast. As soon as they have broken or lost their first dozen arrows, they will divert their talents to something more exciting such as pinball machines and baiting the local cops.

### **Start Out Instinctively**

Whatever your personal preference, my suggestion is to start the youngsters out instinctively. This will give them the true feel of the bow and arrow and be more in keeping with their associations of Robin Hood, English longbowman, and the American Indian. They can move into sight shooting later if they so desire. Instinctive shooting provides much more flexibility and opens many informal avenues for archery activity such as plinking and roving. Among the boys, there will probably be very few who do not pull back a bow without the thought that some day they will be pulling down on a big buck deer. Girls, and don't forget the girls, are more likely to be interested in hitting the target for its own sake.

Whatever you do, don't just turn the kids loose on the range and expect them to have a good time. This may be fine for a starter, but keep your eyes open and be ready to step in and offer help when it is needed. It will soon be needed.

Any teacher who has spent any time at his job will tell you that the best way to learn is to teach. Consequently, your efforts in behalf of the youngsters may pay big dividends in your own shooting. As you explain the proper way to stand, and to hold, and

to release, you will become more conscious of this when you are on the firing line.

Although being brought up by three boys has made me naturally conscious of the need, and the enjoyment available, in working with youngsters, being observer for a quartet of juveniles last year reemphasized the value of such association. Berwick Archery Club was one of the first in the Northeast Conference to hold a tournament after the new rules were adopted which provide that junior shooting stakes must be installed on a regulation 28-target field course. Stakes and signs had been hurriedly erected in time for the shoot. Since it is necessary to have an adult observer accompany each shooting group, volunteers were solicited.

#### Observer Doesn't Shoot

The group assigned to me consisted of Bob Naunas, age 12, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Naunas, of Bloomsburg; Jeff Hemenway, age 11, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hemenway, of Towanda; Rod Good, age 11, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Good, of Bloomsburg; Gene Seymour, age 10, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Seymour, of Towanda. Since the observer is not permitted to shoot, I took along my camera for something to do other than in my official capacity.

About the only obvious difference I could detect between my group of young men and their dads was their size. The scores were something else, but little 10-year-old Gene Seymour racked up a total which made some of the adults' scores look rather sick when it was all over. And, some of the mutterings after an especially bad shot or a broken arrow were on a different plane than that to which I have become accustomed with the adult shooters.

These young fellows extended to each other all the courtesies of the sport. When their fellows were shooting, the others stood by and gave

them every opportunity to shoot without interference. There was no talking aside or the too-frequent effort seen among adults to upset the other fellow through a lot of ribbing and snide remarks. When they complimented each other on an unusually good shot, there was real sincerity in their expressions, even after it became obvious how the scores were going.

Jeff Hemenway wore the same shirt as members of the Algonquin Club, and he certainly did his club honor by his conduct. Rod Good, who



**JUNIOR DISTANCES** move the kids in a bit closer for tough shots such as this 65-yarder.

proudly wears some of the medals he has accumulated to match the many earned by his father who has consistently scored high in state tournaments, was not having his best day. But, as did the others, he kept driving arrows to the best of his ability right to the last target.

Although I confess that I felt a bit





**EVIDENCE OF BETTER DAYS** than this one is shown by medallions from previous wins on the quiver of Rod Good.

awkward and somewhat of an outsider for the first few targets, the conduct and sportsmanship displayed by these youngsters soon made me conscious only of their size. And, at each target they seemed to stand a little taller. When we left No. 28, I felt sure that I had not lost any stature by my association with the group. Rather, each of them seemed just a little older and just a little bit more of the man he will become.

In this age group, they don't shoot quite as far or as well as their seniors,

but here lies the future of archery in America.

We must cultivate the interest and the activity of these young people, of all age groups, if we want archery to continue its upward climb to the full recognition it deserves.

How does the future look to those to whom the future is most important? It looks good. Kids are welcomed into the Pennsylvania State Archery Association at eight years of age as junior members. At age 16, they become regular active members with full voting privileges. There are not many organizations which embrace both adults and young people on an equal status.

In addition to recognition by setting up special stakes on the field round, a special twenty pin for juniors and cubs shooting on the new junior field course has been brought forth. Enameled in red, the pin is in the form of Robin Hood's cap and a decision under the same rules as govern the twenty pins for adults, with the exception that this single pin will be awarded to both instinctive and free style archers.

They can't make it too easy for the kids. Only juniors and cubs, 14 years of age and under, shoot the junior course. The intermediates, 15, 16 and 17 years of age, shoot the regulation course.

It is all too true in archery that you can't coddle the kids too long. Dave Keaggy, of national archery fame, first began amassing some of his amazing scores at the tender age of 16.

### **First in Archery Preserves**

Before 1951, bow hunting in Pennsylvania was centered in two special archery preserves located in Forest and Sullivan Counties. First established for the exclusive use of bow hunters in 1937, the archery preserves were discontinued in 1954.

### **Pennsylvania's the First**

Pennsylvania was the first state in the country to protect bear cubs. Bears under one year old were declared illegal game in 1925.

# Beginners' Luck?



**JOHN YODER, JR., Fleetwood R. D. 3, Berks County, left, who just turned 12 in September, got off to a fine start by bagging this 215-pound bear on Thanksgiving Day in Clinton County. David Gerhard, 13, of Reading R. D. 4, bagged this 170-pound 3-point buck only a city block from his home after school during the first week of the season.**

## *Minister, 80, Gets Buck*

The Rev. Mervyn J. Ross, of Friedens, a well-known Lutheran minister in Somerset County, took a nice 8-point buck while hunting in Centre County with the Greenleaf Hunting Club on November 30. The Rev. Mr. Ross passed his 80th birthday a few months previously and this was his 50th year of deer hunting during which time he has taken 22 deer. The Rev. Mr. Ross, who spent most of the years of his ministry in Bedford County, is a great lover of nature and is well known for his photography. For many years he has been a member of the faculty at Camp Sequanota, where his chief interest has been nature.



# Time to Evaluate

By Don Lewis

Photos by Helen Lewis

**“W**HEN that buck jumped from the tram road, I lost him in the grapevines, and all I could see were flashes of his tail. I shot twice, but I don't think the bullets ever got to him,” lamented Ray Johns as he crushed a cigarette butt in disgust.

“Why in heck didn't you shoot while the deer was standing on that old trail?” fired Dick Collar. “Do you want them to stand still long enough

trouble. I tried to find the safe on top of the action, and I nearly rubbed the blueing off trying to find it.”

“The fever,” sang out Collar. “You had a slight touch of old-fashioned buck fever. You know, fellows, it's the fever that stimulates us to hunt and it's the fever that causes us to do such dumb things.”

“Yeah,” laughed Johns, “I reckon you never missed a deer.”

“One, only one,” replied Collar. “Lewis loaded me a box of shells and half of them didn't have any powder in. Sad as it was, and I hate to say this, it was a twelve-point buck he caused me to lose.”

## Tales, Excuses, Lies

For over an hour I had been working on several rifles while listening to the tales of woe, excuses and downright lies of six or seven fellows in my shop. The last fifteen minutes had been spent in attempting to get a little plunger and spring down into the action of one of those rifles. It was a trying ordeal, for every time I would get the thing nearly into place, it would slip off the screwdriver and sail out of the action. To make matters worse, I was working with a piece of dull plastic over the action to prevent the spring and plunger from flying out into the shop. Since I couldn't see what I was doing, it had me on the verge of bending the screwdriver around the barrel of the rifle.

When Collar pointed the finger of blame on my handloads, I walked over to him and placed the screwdriver handle under his nose. Looking directly into his eyes, I said, “Collar, you're the biggest fibber in the community. You never saw a twelve-point buck, and I doubt if you could hit a



**THIS FEMALE HUNTER** waits for her buck, unmindful of “fever.”

for you to build a rest?” needled Collar.

Johns eyed him for a moment and then replied, “If you want to know the real truth, Mr. Collar, I'm not above admitting that I couldn't find the safety on my new rifle. I hunted with that .30-06 with the Mauser action for five or six years, and when I switched to a new pump, I ran into

aystack with a shotgun. I shot two-  
ach groups with those handloads in  
hat fodder grinder of yours, and if  
ou did actually miss a buck, it was  
ue more to poor shooting than to  
oor shells." A wry grin broke out on  
Dick's face.

"Seems likely that at 300 yards on  
running shot I could have made an  
error in judging the wind," was his  
vious answer to my charges.

A barrage of laughter broke out,  
nd a variety of remarks were tossed  
t Dick about his 300-yard shooting.  
Before they could get wound up again,  
told them that I could use some of  
heir talents in helping to get the  
pring and plunger back into the rifle.  
Collar and Johns quickly got to their  
et and peered over my shoulder.  
After a few seconds, Johns said he  
new exactly what to do.

"Move over, Lewis, and let a couple  
of riflemen put that stuff in there for  
ou. Won't take us more than a min-  
ute, huh, Johns?"

"Right, Dick, you hold down on the  
spring and I'll push the plunger in it."

"Wait," I yelled, "here's the plastic  
cover."

### Spring Disappears

In my heart I knew I was wrong  
when I handed the pieces to Johns,  
but I was in need of some help. When  
I stepped around Dick to place the  
cover over the action, I heard "Zing-  
plop-click." The plunger managed to  
land in the middle of the shop, but  
the spring simply disappeared. All  
was quiet.

"Well, five bells comes pretty quick  
in the morning; better get going," an-  
nounced Collar as he reached for the  
door knob.

"That goes for me too," answered  
Johns as he zipped up his jacket. Bid-  
ding me good night, the entire force  
left in one mass movement.

When I closed the door, I was alone  
with my equipment, some rifles, and a  
little spring that was sticking in some  
spider web or a crack in the floor. The



**ON A CROSSING, with the temperature below zero, one can easily feel unprepared.**

muffled sounds of laughter from out-  
side told me that the boys were satis-  
fied they had put one over on me. I  
smiled and was pleased that I had  
such fine friends. This was just one  
way of showing me how much they  
really thought of me.

The spring was finally found, and  
with the help of my wife, I got the  
gun together. Exasperated with the  
whole deal, I flopped down in my  
office chair and tried to unwind. Sit-  
ting alone, I began to recall some of  
the remarks I had heard earlier in the  
evening, and I started to evaluate  
some of the reasons why we don't get







**THIS WOODCHUCK HUNTER** uses his deer rifle during the summer. He is less likely to make a mistake when his buck appears.

our deer. Collar, the local philosopher, had come rather close to the truth with his buck fever remark.

Why didn't we see a buck? What made us miss an easy shot? What mistakes did we make that sent us home empty-handed? Alone with our thoughts, let us face the real reasons we "goofed" and not build a false confidence with alibis that fool no one but ourselves. Did Johns, the experienced hunter, forget where his safe was, or did he fall victim to a mild case of first day jitters? Only Johns knows.

I have always believed that success in modern deer hunting where the hunter just takes to the woods is more an element of sheer good luck than a product of time spent gathering individual know-how. Being at the right place at the right time is a better formula for this type of hunter than knowing the habits of the white-tailed deer and its natural instincts. The man who has hunted for many years without success is not a poorer hunter than the teen-age boy who kills a buck on his first hunt. The kill is not a sure sign of experience.

But even with a large portion of luck needed, there are still many things we can do to contribute to the success of our hunt. Some planning, a little practice with our rifle, and a few trips to where we will do our hunting can spell the difference between another dull, fruitless season and the satisfaction of mailing in our big game card.

The football coach knows the importance of evaluation. By analyzing his players and correcting their individual weaknesses, he actually strengthens the entire team. The simple fact that we will honestly evaluate our own hunting abilities and shooting skills and strive to correct or improve them will be a generous contribution toward next year's success.

The average big game hunter is not too well prepared. This is not a reflection on him in any way. Most of the year he is concerned with earning a living and rearing a family. Hunting is not part of his daily life, but the desire to hunt is buried deeply within him. When the frosts appear and autumn dazzles us with her gaudy apparel, he feels the first awakening of this desire. Still busy with the demands of life, he sets aside hunting, guns, license and trips to the big woods until the very last minute.

#### **Aware of Shortcomings**

When he finds himself on a cold morning crossing the first morning, he is acutely aware of his shortcomings. He may even be perplexed by the simple loading of his rifle or by the manner in which his safe works. He may be too tense, inclined to walk when he should be still, or to make quick jerky movements at the slightest sound. If this hunter bags a deer, it will be mostly a matter of luck.

Of all the complex peculiarities that comprise the big game hunter, the "fever" ingredient is the most important reason why we spend our money, coax our bosses for time off, and freeze ourselves just for the sake of a broken

ack buck. Ask any hunter, and he will tell you he never gets buck fever; ask me, and I'll tell you he is a bigger self deluder than a trout fisherman. All genuine hunters are subject to the wonderful thrills of "The Fever."

This fever is not just associated with big game hunting and it is not to be interpreted as getting so excited that we lose complete control of ourselves. Ejecting your shells without firing them while your game passes is not the same fever I'm referring to. The one I'm speaking about comes in a dozen ways and affects each of us differently. It can be the sucking in of our breath, the tingling of our nervous system, or the pounding of our bloodstream. No matter what disguise it chooses, no matter how many years' experience you have in pursuit of your game, if you feel the slightest pulsation in your body, it's a touch of the fever.

### Thrill After 30 Years

I've hunted woodchucks for thirty years, but to this very day, when a pillar of gray bolts upright in the clover field, I invariably say in a hoarse whisper, "There's one." The strange part of it is, I say it whether I'm alone or with someone. If I hunt chucks for another thirty years, I want the same feeling of exhilaration to come over me when I see my game. I never want to become a cold, methodical, calculating shooter. This may be fine in a rifle match or at the benchrest, but it has no place in the real hunter's life. Being cold, methodical, and calculating never motivated anyone to save his money to purchase a new rifle or to give up his free time to build a hunting camp. It is not the reason you teach your son or daughter to hunt. You hope that they will share the same thrills and chills you do when the moment of truth arrives.

Collar was right. The fever, with all of its assets, is our best friend as well as our worst enemy if we don't learn how to cope with it. It makes us



**HAVE YOUR SCOPE or sighting arrangement checked before every season and avoid making excuses later.**

shoot too quickly; it rattles us if we miss a standing shot; it makes us empty our guns only to find out that we would have had a better shot if we would have waited. If we aren't afraid to admit the truth, a lot of us failed to get our trophy because we were innocent victims of an incurable malady, "Buck Fever."

### Why We Fail

Some of the more inexcusable reasons why we are unsuccessful are faulty equipment, failure to familiarize ourselves with our rifles, and not really understanding a few basic facts about ballistics. Thinking of several examples along these lines recalls a hunter who had no extractor on his rifle. He carried a penknife to extract his empty case from the chamber. He had hopes that his first shot would be fatal. It didn't work that way, and he stood filled with a sense of frustration as another hunter shot the large rack buck that was standing forty yards from him.

One man pounded on my door late at night in search of a front sight. He had cut the barrel down himself but never replaced the front sight. When he missed several deer, he decided he needed help.



I received a call one evening asking me to explain how to align the scope's cross hair with the front sight. This gentleman had gone to a large sporting goods store and purchased a rifle. Right on the spot the clerk convinced him he should have a scope. To clinch the deal the clerk mounted the scope and bore sighted it. Assured that he was now set for hunting, he took the rifle home before he discovered he did not know how to use the scope. I had him bring the rifle to me that night and after remounting the scope and adjusting it for the correct eye relief and focus for this man, I snapped on the range lights and zeroed the rifle in with some of the shells he would be using. After I explained to him how to use the scope, he sat down at my bench and fired several nice groups. He was much happier and better prepared when he left.

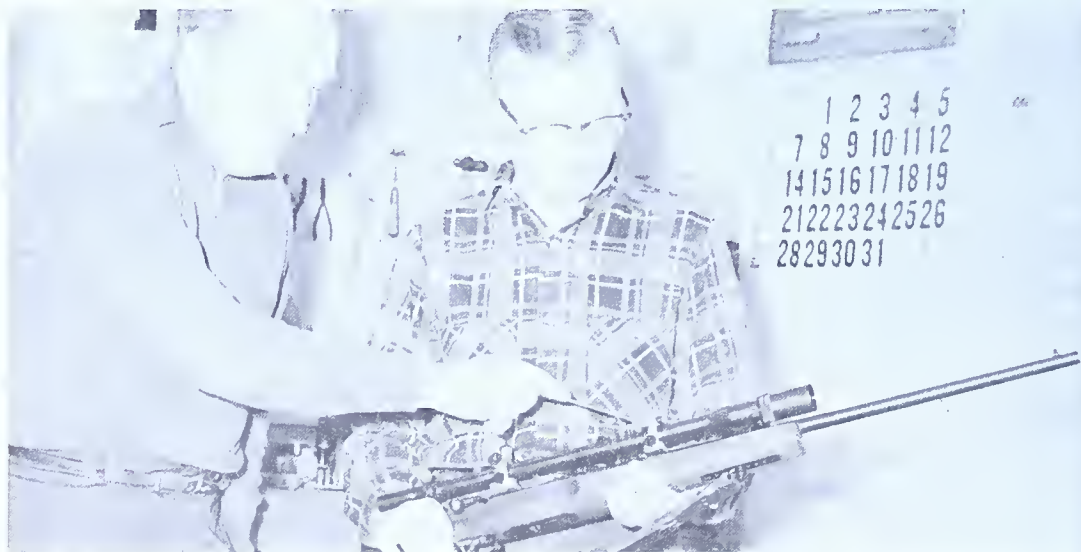
Since most deer are killed under 100 yards, there should be no problems in regard to trajectory. Even the slowest rifles such as the .35 Remington, the .32 Special, and the .30-30 drop a little over one inch at the hundred-yard mark and only 4 to 5 inches at two hundred yards. Considering this fact,

it isn't too hard to see that there need be no great concern over the flight of the bullet at normal shooting distance for big game. The .308 Winchester along with the .270 and .30-06, drop less than three inches at two hundred yards. A deer or bear offers a target of ten to twelve inches. The important thing is to get off a well aimed shot with a good trigger squeeze instead of trying to hold high or low. Have your rifle sighted in a couple of inches high at 100 yards and you will be able to hold dead on for nearly all situations that arise.

Know your rifle and know how it shoots. Practice with it every chance you get. Familiarize yourself with the area you are going to hunt in as many times as possible and try to determine where your best chance would be to see your game. If possible, get a map of the area and study it. Dress warmly and carry a compass, matches, and something to eat. Make a day of it and hunt hard in any manner you choose.

With the knowledge that you now understand yourself, your hunting grounds, and your equipment, it's unlikely that you will have to concoct an alibi the next time you hunt.

**GET PROPER INSTRUCTION on your rifle and scope. A high quality scope properly mounted is a big asset. And practice at every opportunity.**







*PGC Photo by Steve Kish*

**TWO FINE BUCKS** taken by Mrs. Fanny Edwards and son Ralph near their Shick-hinny R. D. home are admired by Deputy Game Protector John Yemzow. Ralph bagged the 4-pointer; his mother the 12-point.

**GAME COMMISSION LAND MANAGER John Booth, left, and District Game Protector David Moyer** examine a bear and two deer which were killed on Carbon County highways prior to the opening of bear season.

*PGC Photo by Steve Kish*







*PGC Photo by Steve Kish*

**THESE HUNTERS** showed ingenuity in moving a deer during the antlerless season in Lackawanna County. Lack of snow made dragging difficult, so hunters rigged up a litter from material available on the forest floor.

**DO YOU THINK** John Miller of Warrior Run had any trouble spotting this rack in Luzerne County? Because of angle, not all 13 points are visible.



**ANTLERS ANY SPORTSMAN** would be proud to display are examined by District Game Protector Robert Nolf. Buck was killed illegally before season.







**2-POINT** taken by Tom McNeil, Middletown, was his first deer in seven years of hunting; 180-pounder was bagged in Dauphin County.



*Photo by Eldy Johnston*

**STANLEY SIEGEL**, 16, was hardly a mile from his Circleville home when he dropped this 10-pointer. His dad went to McKean County, got a spike buck.

**SEVEN HUNTERS** at camp near Shade Gap took seven bucks during the first three days of the season. From left are William Schwirian, Smithdale; Pat Conners and George Schively, West Newton; Rex Evilsizer, Elyria, Ohio; Jack Armstrong, Niles, Ohio; Ross Marteney, Northford, Conn.; Bud Howell, Elizabeth.







**ONE OF MANY** valuable tools in determining the condition of the Keystone State's deer herd is the deer checking station. Thousands of successful buck hunters take their trophies to checking stations each year. Biologists gain valuable information through the examinations of whitetails, and hunters pick up additional knowledge in return. These are scenes at the Tunkhannock check station during the 1966 buck season.

*PGC Photos by Steve Kish*



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- BE CAREFUL WITH FIRE.
- BE CONSIDERATE IN THE  
OUTDOORS.
- BE CONSERVATION MIN-  
DED.

**NATIONAL  
BOY SCOUT WEEK  
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MAR 7 1967

*Pennsylvania*

# GAME NEWS

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### COVER PAINTING BY BOB KRAY

Sure, the fox is a predator! And we won't kid ourselves into thinking that he doesn't take a grouse, pheasant or rabbit from time to time. But does he take \$100,000 worth every year? The Game Commission sort of doubted that he does, and as a result it was decided to do away with the bounty system last year. Pennsylvania hunters have long enjoyed the fox as a "game" animal. Historically, he is a worthy target, whether taken by trap, shotgun, hounds or horses. Ever been on a fox hunt? You might give it a try. It sure beats waiting until October to blow the dust out of that smoothbore.

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## ***Posted Hunting Club Ground***

**A** SPORTSMAN, Webster says, is "a person who is fair and generous and a good loser and a graceful winner." A hunter is "a person who hunts game . . . a person who searches for something." So the two are not necessarily the same.

At times, situations arise which cause one to wonder why there should be a difference. One such instance involves the posting of No Hunting signs by a hunting club which owns about half of a flat, wide mountaintop. Several years ago the members decided to bar other hunters. And they agreed that spikes, Y bucks and antlerless deer should not be harvested—only trophy-sized bucks were fair game.

Then some other hunters purchased the remaining land on the mountaintop. What started out as suspicions, progressed to rivalry, anger, arrests and No Trespassing signs all over the top of the mountain.

How about the deer? As a result of underharvest, the browse and mast were soon gone. Antler development and body size decreased.

And this particular situation is getting worse. The farmers in the valleys are also hunters, yet they can't hunt because the daytime haunts of the deer are posted. And when and where do the deer feed? At night, of course, on the farm crops in the valleys. Crop damage has become excessive.

Farmers meet in small and large groups, pondering retaliation. No Hunting signs may appear on every farm next year. A few of the most irate even suggest wiping out the entire deer herd if excessive crop damage continues.

This, we feel, would be wanton waste.

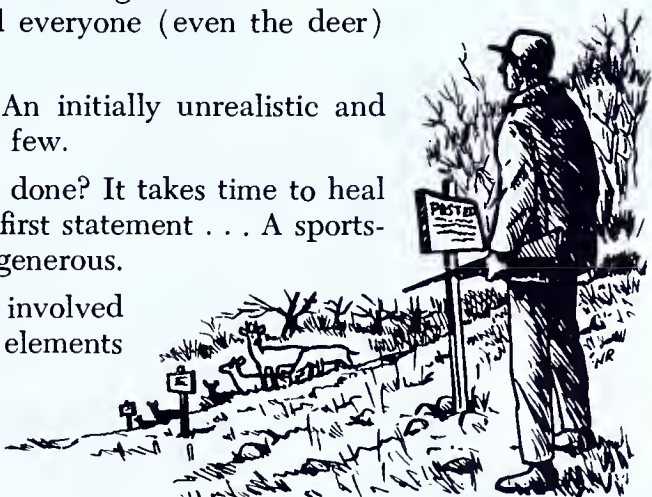
Is this an isolated incident? It is extreme, to be sure, but there is reason to believe that it occurs in some form, often, all over the state.

Who is benefitting and who is losing in this situation? Clearly, no one has gained and everyone (even the deer) has suffered.

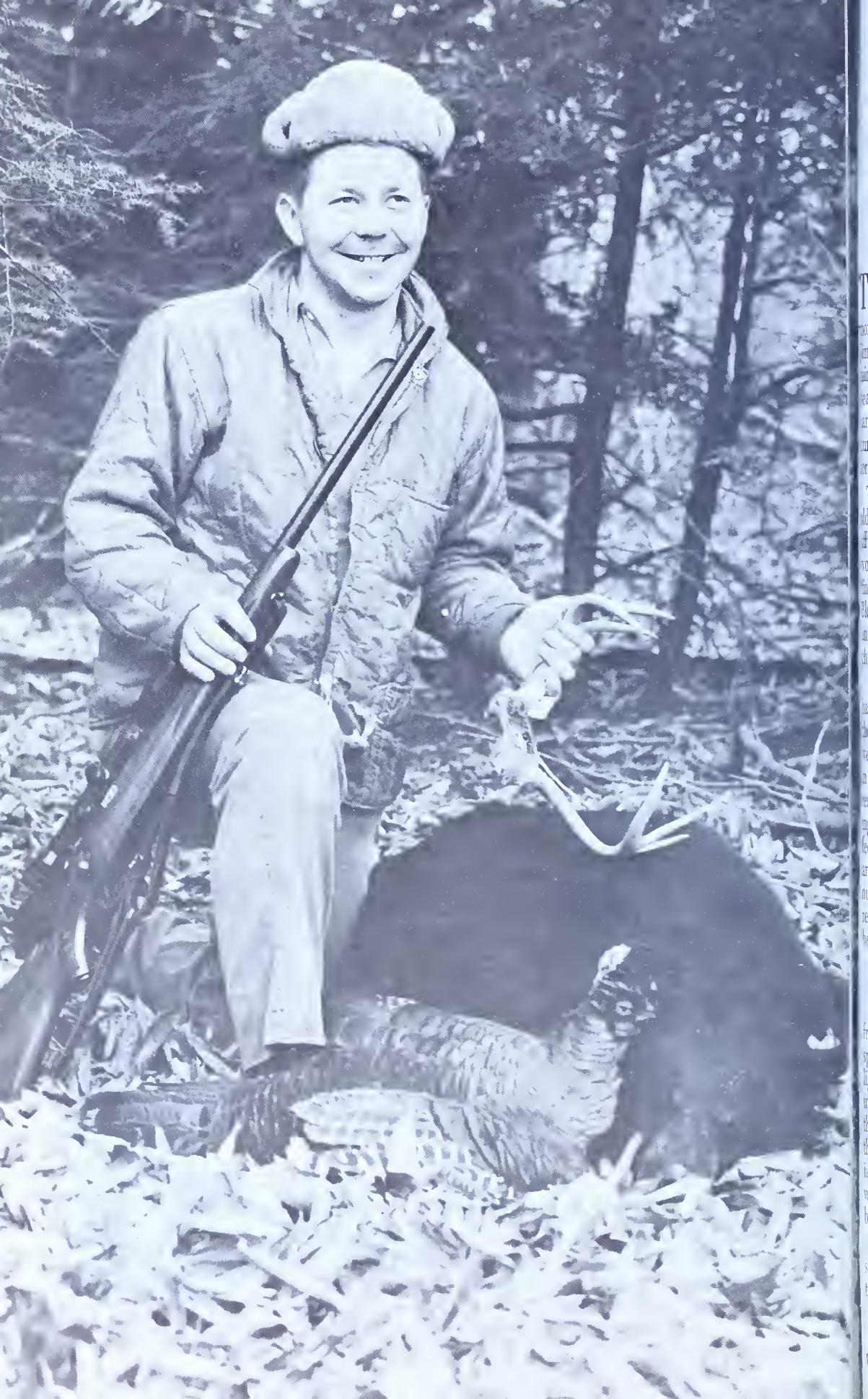
What brought it all about? An initially unrealistic and somewhat selfish position of a few.

Is there anything that can be done? It takes time to heal wounds, but going back to our first statement . . . A sportsman is a person who is fair and generous.

We think that if the persons involved are more understanding of the elements and complexities of the problems, what has been agony for some can become pleasure for all.—*R. Theodore Godshall*







# ***Thrill of a Lifetime***

**By Robert Metarko**

**As Told to Keith Hinman**

*PGC Photos by Keith Hinman*

**T**HE headlights of my 4-wheel drive pickup sliced through the early morning gloom as my hunting partner, Jim Guy, and I headed up the mountain for the opening day of the 1966 bear season. We passed a number of cars parked along the dirt road—the hunters already in the woods waiting for the 7 a.m. opening hour.

The season was already 5 minutes old when we finally parked the truck off the road and headed into the woods. We had been a little late getting started this morning from our Blossburg homes but we hadn't heard any shooting yet, so we felt that our chances were still good.

Jim stopped off at the stand that he had selected and I continued on to the spot that I had picked out several weeks before. Our decision to hunt in this particular spot had been the result of several weeks spent observing a number of bears which had been feeding in the reverting orchards around Blossburg. There were also a number of bears feeding at the town refuse dump. We knew of 14 different bears within two miles of town.

## **Watched Them After Work**

Every evening I had rushed home from work at a chain food store and spent the remaining couple of daylight hours watching the bears feeding and their movements to and from their feeding areas. Finally most of the bear crossings or trails were familiar to me and I picked out the one where I thought I would have the best chance on opening day.

In the 15-degree temperature I shivered from the cold and anticipation as I waited.

I needed a bear real bad! !

The Pennsylvania Game Commission had inaugurated a new program this year, aptly named the Triple Trophy Award, to recognize hunters who managed to kill a wild turkey, a buck deer and a bear in a single license year. Accomplishing such a feat is similar to being dealt a royal flush in poker or making two consecutive holes-in-one at golf. I needed



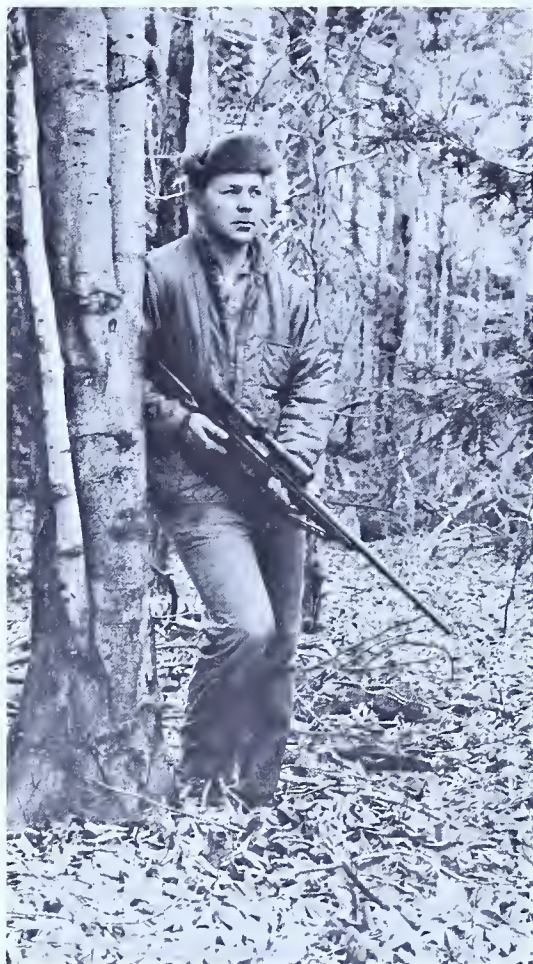
**ROBERT METARKO, right, the first Pennsylvania Game Commission Triple Trophy Award winner, took all three species in Tioga County. District Game Protector Duane Moore examines turkey.**

the bear to go with the turkey and buck that I had already killed this year.

As I watched and listened, my thoughts went back to my first leg of the Triple Trophy requirements, the nice 8-point buck that I had killed during the archery season.

For several months before the archery season opened on October 1, I had spent from 15 minutes to a half





**THREE BEARS** broke past Metarko on this stand. Triple Trophy Award winner picked the biggest of the trio as his target.

hour practicing with my bow to sharpen my eye for the coming season. Almost every boy in Blossburg starts to hunt when he reaches the legal age of twelve and I was no exception. I had hunted with a gun since I was twelve, but four years ago I decided to try archery. The first year was a bust, but the last two years had been better. First a button buck, and then a nice spike last year. This year I decided to pick out my trophy and then concentrate on that deer.

Blossburg, located on Route 15 in eastern Tioga County, is the center of some of the finest big game hunting in Pennsylvania. The area around Blossburg is mostly forest land inter-

persed with many abandoned farms reverting to brush. Small apple orchards from long ago still produce small crops of wizened, fly-stung apples each year for the game. The deer and bear in the area love them. Several evenings spent checking some of these orchards just before dark had produced my quarry.

Dressed in camouflage clothing, I waited along the deer trail for the buck to come into the orchard. The shadows lengthened as the sun lowered in the west. Only twenty more minutes until quitting time—6:30 p.m. Daylight Time. Presently a movement in the deeper woods attracted my eye. A few more minutes of waiting and he stepped into a small opening about 40 yards away and stopped.

#### **Missed Twice Before**

"Please don't let me miss this time," I thought as I drew the arrow to its full length. Twice before, I had missed this same deer. The first evening, I had shot over his back in my excitement, and the second evening the arrow had been deflected by a small unseen twig in the path of the arrow.

I momentarily held the full draw up on my 48-lb. bow, then let fly. The arrow arched straight to the spot that I wanted, just back of the front leg. Four or five violent leaps took him about 20 yards and he fell in a heap. He struggled to his feet and stumbled down a little ravine for about 25 yards and collapsed.

A movement of something dark behind a hemlock tree attracted my attention and shoved my memories into the back of my mind. My pulse gave a spurt but a moment later two deer sneaked out of the brush and down the trail and out of sight. It was almost like the day that I had killed my turkey.

Hunting along the headwaters of the Tioga River, I was pussyfooting down a ridge, watching and listening for the telltale scratching of turkeys. Old scratchings showed here and

there, indicating that I was in the right place, just at the wrong time.

The turkey population in this area is extremely good. So good, in fact, that the Game Commission has a turkey study area in the vicinity so as to learn more of the turkey habits and requirements to better manage these wonderful game birds.

A slight wind was blowing in my face as I eased along that afternoon, hoping for a shot at a feeding turkey or being able to break up a flock so I could call one back into gun range. I stopped several times and called, but with no response. Moving farther along the ridge, I came to a pipeline that goes through the area. I eased to the edge of the opening. The pipelines are favorite places for the turkeys to catch grasshoppers and to flutter in the dust.

### Three Turkeys

As I stopped and peered along the pipeline, a movement behind a hemlock tree materialized into three beautiful wild turkeys. They stepped to the edge of the clearing and looked up and down the pipeline, much like a person preparing to cross a busy street. I raised my .243 and held on the biggest turkey, where the wing joint meets the body. At the crack of the gun, he collapsed in a cloud of feathers. When I examined the bird, the light handload had just poked a nice clean hole through the turkey with little meat damage.

Several sharp, cracking shots over the small ridge were enough to bring me back to the present and to the fact that this was bear season and someone was shooting! Another shot, this time closer, brought my gun to the ready position as I waited. Then, off to my left on the trail, I heard branches breaking and with the ungainly rambling lope that is common to all bears, three bears broke into the open. I picked out the largest of the three bears and at 30 yards he filled the field of view of my 6X scope.

The cross hairs settled on his shoulder and with the roar of the rifle he skidded on his nose. To this day I don't know what happened to the other two bears. All I could see was my bear on the ground, trying to get back on his feet. Another shot in the neck put him down for good and then I realized that I had my Triple Trophy Award.



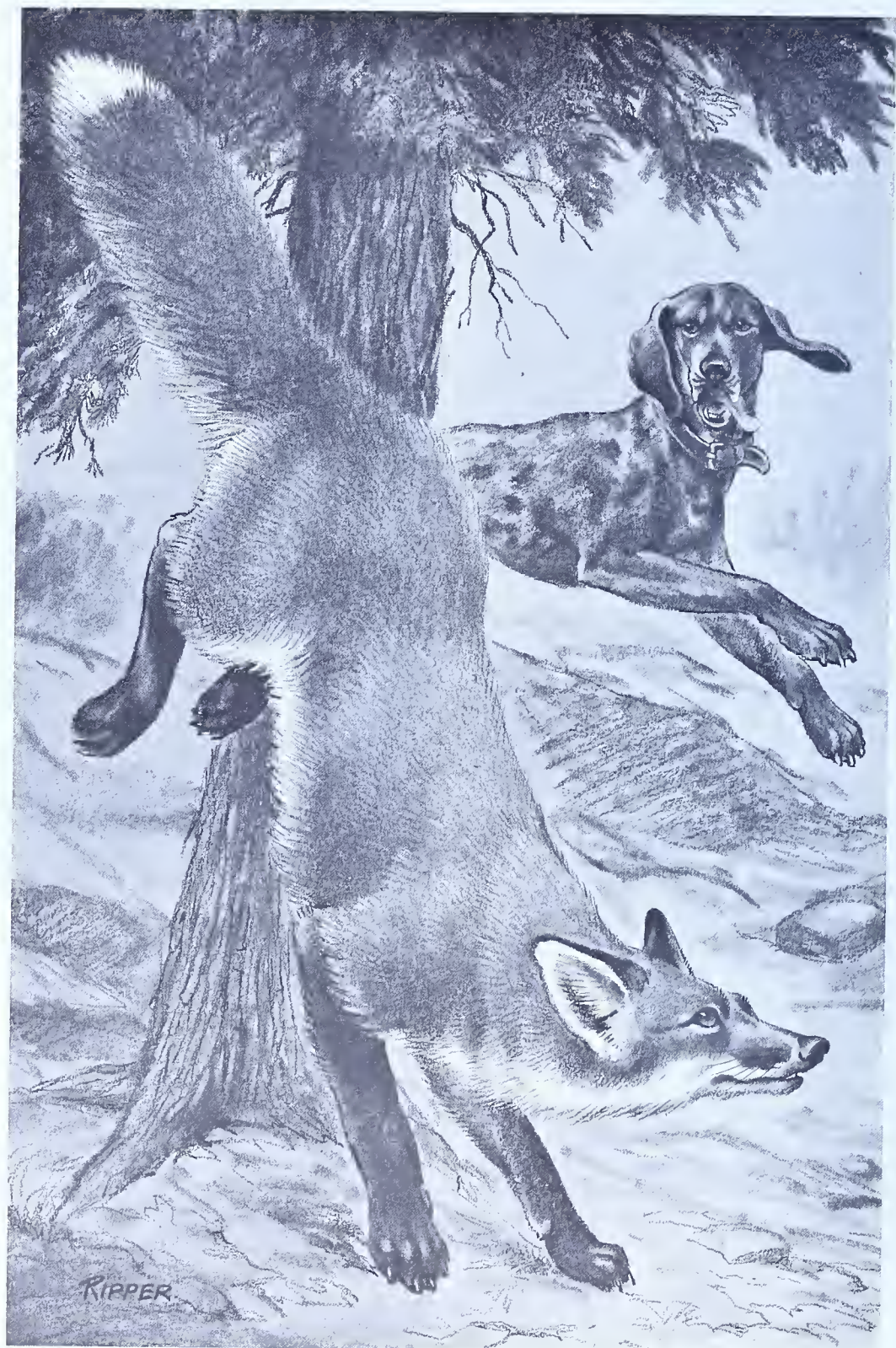
**FIRST SHOT** by Tioga County hunter dropped the bear, and second shot made Metarko the first Triple Trophy winner. Pennsylvania is only state with such an award.

Jim came hurrying down from his stand and helped me dress it out and drag it to the truck and load it. We drove into town and decided to stop at a local restaurant for a cup of coffee. As we pulled into the parking lot the District Game Protector, Duane Moore of Mansfield, pulled in.

After checking the bear, he remarked, "I guess there isn't much more for you to hunt this year."

Skill, perseverance and LUCK all combined to give me the thrill of a lifetime.







# Big Red

By Paul Try

**E**VERY hunter that ran across his trail claimed that Big Red was the most cunning and elusive fox that ever roamed the hills and valleys of Central Pennsylvania. No one had ever seen him close at hand. He had received his name because of his ability to elude the hunter and his hounds, and not because of his size which was normal for a red fox.

Time and again the local hunters had put their dogs on his spoor only to fail in the end. For some the fox vanished completely on the banks of a sparkling mountain stream. Others declared that his tracks led to a rocky ledge where they disappeared—right in the middle of the ledge itself. One hunter insisted his dog had run Big Red up a giant leaning oak where the beast apparently sprouted wings and dissolved into thin air.

The most famous hunter of those days, in that area, was a bearded old-timer named Gearhart, who never carried a gun or killed a fox, but gloried in the chase. Perhaps John was the most successful hunter because he owned the best foxhound ever seen in our valley. So far Old Barney had never been on Big Red's trail, and there was quite a discussion among the hunters about what would happen if the two ever tangled. Well, one day—so the story goes—John and his dog wandered farther from home than usual and stumbled onto Big Red's trail. And so began a fox chase with a most amazing ending.

Old Barney took after the fox with eager, musical gusto. Big Red tried every cunning trick in his vast repertory, but Barney proved himself equal to the task. Patiently he nosed around until he found the exact spot where the fox left the stream. Big Red seemed delighted with the results. He

enjoyed matching wits with a dog that was almost as smart as himself. Unconcernedly, he headed for the rocks, listening all the while to the deep baying behind him.

Midway out on the narrow ledge the fox paused, faced his back trail and listened intently, head cocked to one side. Barney's musical bellow was drawing closer. With a sly, foxy grin, Big Red ran a little farther along the ledge. Suddenly he sprang upward along the sloping wall. Deftly, lightly he landed on a slight overhang, then climbed slowly, steadily up the steep incline of the rocky escarpment and scrambled safely over the top. He didn't take off immediately. That wasn't his way. Instead, still laughing, he crept under a thick clump of bushes where he could poke his head through far enough to watch the ledge below.

It wasn't long until the big, mottled, gray-and-tan hound came baying along the trail, his tail wagging furiously from side to side. Where the fox had left the ledge he came to an abrupt stop. Since there wasn't room to circle, Barney kept sniffing the trail. He raised his puzzled head and looked around. He smelled the trail again, then pointed his nose upward toward the top of the cliff and sniffed deeply. Suddenly Big Red tensed. The dog walked to the cliff, stood on his hind legs, his body stretched upward along the rocks, his eyes searching. From far above him there came a foxy smell, faint but unmistakable.

By now Big Red realized that in Barney he had found a foe worthy of a great chase. He paused a moment longer to assure himself that the dog was able to follow him up the cliff. Then, quietly, he slipped away through the underbrush at a swift,





**BIG RED** crept under a thick clump of bushes where he could poke his head through far enough to watch the ledge below.

effortless run. Before he had gone very far he heard the dog baying strongly on his new trail.

Confident that he could outsmart any dog alive, Big Red now headed for his never-failing escape route—the great sloping oak where hunters declared he dissolved into thin air. He always tried to time his arrival at the tree so that the dog chasing him would not by any possible chance catch him in the act of disappearing and thereby discover his secret.

It was but a short run for him to the bent tree. Without a pause he gave a mighty leap and landed high on the great sloping bole. Then, more slowly, he climbed the steep incline until he was high up in the sparsely leaved branches, directly above a dense clump of spruce. There he stopped and listened. Old Barney was approaching at a fast pace. Like a tightwire man the fox walked out on a big limb almost to its very end. He paused again and listened to the baying of the hound, his pink tongue lolling in and out of his smiling mouth. Then he sprang lightly downward into the middle of the spruce ten feet below.

His spread legs caught on the

springy limbs, slowed his downward plunge. The limbs swung under his weight, steadied, then held him in their pungent embrace. Never before had any man or dog been able to rout him from this cunningly contrived hiding place. The strong, spicy smell of spruce even helped to hide his foxy scent. Patiently he would remain there until both hunter and hound called it quits. Then he would creep downward through the spruce and be on his merry way.

Big Red had barely made it to his hiding place when Barney came baying up to the foot of the crooked tree. The old hound knew his quarry had somehow managed to climb that sloping bole. He knew also that he couldn't follow the fox. However, he couldn't see the fox anywhere on the tree, though the leaves were not thick enough to hide an animal the size of Big Red. Yet, his keen sense of smell told him that the fox was close at hand. True, the scent was faint because of the spruce, but the foxy odor was unmistakable to the old dog.

#### **Fox Safe, But Nervous**

Though safe in his hideaway, the fox was a bit nervous. The dog couldn't see in, and he couldn't see out. But today something told him he had better be a bit more careful than usual. He heard Barney baying occasionally as he nosed around. Then suddenly he was aware of a noise underneath the spruce. Looking down from his perch, he saw the dog sniffing the ground. Even as he watched the dog raised his head and looked straight at him. It was a moment of surprise for both of them. Then Barney let out a great bellow that struck terror into Big Red's heart—lifting him out of his hiding place and sending him hurtling toward the ground.

The fox landed running, just a short twenty feet from the dog. Barney made a great leap toward him. Cleverly he eluded the dog and got his magnificent legs into high gear.

He could outrun any dog long enough to contrive some new plan for escape. He had to do something before the man caught up with them. Red knew that a man could be more dangerous to a fox than any dog. Behind him, as he ran, came the hound's bellow.

Heretofore the fox had never been challenged by a dog like Old Barney. Being chased by the average hound was just a pleasant game. This was something different. Barney had nosed out all his clever ways of escape. At long last he had met a dog that was perhaps as smart as he was. For the moment he was going to put as much distance between himself and that dog as he possibly could. He needed time to contrive some new way of escape.

#### Startling Way of Escape

Yet try as he would, Big Red had trouble figuring out a plan. Everywhere he had gone the dog had been able to follow him. There was nothing left to do but run and run and run—unless. . . . Suddenly he was grinning again. His cunning brain was evolving a new and startling way of escape. He was betting his life that it would work.

Meanwhile, Barney's master was dog-trotting along an old log road toward a fox crossing which he knew. There was a day when he had been able to keep up with the hound. Now he was far behind and had to keep in touch with the chase through the sound of Barney's deep-throated voice which seemed to be growing constantly louder. Suddenly he stiffened in amazement—came to a full stop. Something drastic must have happened. Barney's bass baying had suddenly changed into a high tenor yapping. But since the chase was coming toward him, John stationed himself on the highest slope of a fallen tree and waited.

"Yip . . . yip . . . yip."

The chase came swiftly closer. Then John saw Old Barney coming along the trail toward him. The dog's tail was dragging between his legs. He



**THE FOX** walked out on a big limb almost to its very end, paused, then sprang lightly downward into the middle of the spruce below.

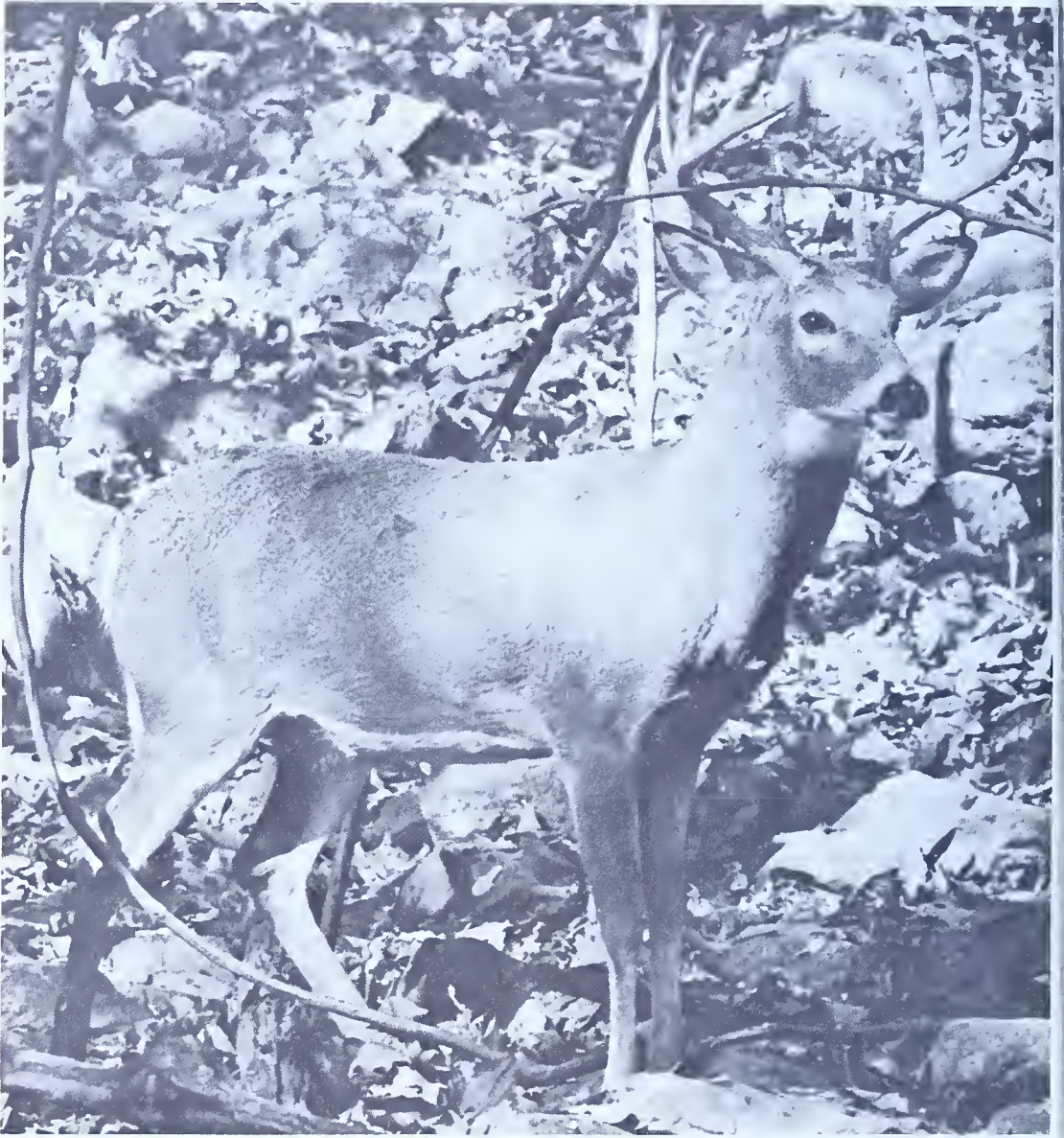
kept glancing backward over his left shoulder as he ran—as if the devil himself were on his trail. John sprang to the ground and called his dog. Old Barney ran up to him, crouched frightenedly against his legs, and, trembling with terror, started whimpering like a scared puppy. That high-pitched yelping hadn't come from Barney. John could still hear it coming up the trail toward them. He caught a fleeting glimpse of Big Red; then, with a leering grin, the fox was gone. He couldn't even have shot him if he had been carrying a gun.

In telling this story, John always insisted that Big Red must have decided that since he couldn't out-fox the dog with his usual cunning, he had deliberately reversed the situation. The fox became the hunter and the dog the hunted creature. The end results were beyond Red's greatest expectations. Barney and his master had received the shock of their lives, and once again the fox had escaped.

John also sadly confessed that Old Barney never hunted fox again. As for Big Red, there is no record that he ever was caught, largely because he was always clever enough to reason out a way of escape.



# By Way of Comparison



*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III*

**A COMPARISON** of recent-year success figures with those of other states indicates that Pennsylvania ranks right up there with the best of them. Trophies like this one are common throughout the state.

**By Bill Walsh**

**B**EFORE the tally on the 1966 Pennsylvania deer harvest becomes complete, it occurs to me it might be interesting to compare some of our recent-year success figures with those of some of the other states. Strictly for fun.

The reason I say "for fun" is so that no one gets the idea we should draw management conclusions solely from such comparisons. For every state has a different set of factors involved in hunting success and no state is just exactly like our own in all respects.

Neighboring New York State comes "close," however—and is close—so for openers let's see how we stacked up with her deer harvest just last year.

In 1965, Pennsylvania hunters took home a total of 99,788 (reported) deer. In the same season New Yorkers killed 67,073. In round numbers we did better by about 30 percent. However, also in round numbers, we had about 20 percent more license buyers than did the Empire State.

The two states match up in size pretty well, with the edge going to New York. Pennsylvania has 45,126 square miles with 294 square miles under water. New York has 47,654 square miles of land surface and 1,550 square miles of inland water surface. So give the Empire Staters about 2,500 more square miles of land on which to grow deer.

#### Record Buck Harvests

Both states established record buck harvests during the 1965 seasons: 65,150 for Pennsylvania and 42,599 for New York. Coincidentally, the previous buck harvest records for both states occurred in the same year—1957—when Pennsylvania hunters reaped 49,254 and New Yorkers 41,367.

In the 1965 "antlerless" category, Pennsylvania harvested 34,638 despite poor hunting weather. New York, plagued by much of the same kind of weather, tallied only 24,474.

Now, as I said before, these are only figures for fireside hunters to chew on and not on which to base conclusions. If there is one general conclusion that can be drawn, however, insofar as a comparison between New York and Pennsylvania is concerned, it is that New Yorkers PROBABLY could utilize more of their antlerless deer without hurting anything. But this is the kind of general observation that can probably be made of almost any deer hunting state . . . in some years even our own.

The factors that make deer hunting different in each state, whether we

compare Pennsylvania with New York, Michigan, Wyoming, California or Texas, are many and varied. In order to come up with decisions on which state is getting the most out of its existing herd, you'd have to feed into a knowledgeable computer mounds of such related data as: number of square miles in the state; are deer concentrated in some areas more than others; how many hunters; how many days hunted; sex ratio of herd and harvest; terrain; accessibility of deer range—and a dozen others.

For this reason, the accompanying comparison chart has been prepared only for fun and mastication around the hot-stove atmosphere of post-season get-togethers. The figures are taken from the Big Game Inventory for 1964 as prepared by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. I selected 1964 because it was a "so-so" kind of year for most states . . . or a normal or average year as opposed to a banner year. While USF&W provided the figures in the harvest and population columns, I prepared columns four and five to show the percentage of the estimated herd represented by the harvest and the number of deer per square mile represented by the harvest.

**FEW STATES can offer better deer hunting than Pennsylvania, regardless of what kind of measurement is used.**

*Photo by Alvin Staffan*





State	Harvest	Deer Population	Percentage of Herd Harvested	Harvest Per Square Mile
Alabama -----	15,120	154,480	9%	.25
Florida -----	20,300	150,000	13%	.34
Georgia -----	21,000	200,000	10%	.35
Michigan -----	143,000	610,000	23%	2.50
Minnesota -----	123,284	800,000	15%	1.50
Missouri -----	21,000	320,000	7%	.30
North Carolina -----	39,792	300,000	13%	.76
Ohio -----	2,036*	10,000	20%	.05
Pennsylvania -----	91,134	600,000	15%	2.02
Texas -----	194,531	2,250,000	9%	1.31
Utah** -----	115,600	325,000	35%	1.35

\* If anyone were to wonder why so many fine Ohio sportsmen hunt deer in Pennsylvania, here is the tip-off. The figure given includes 710 deer accidentally killed on Ohio highways. This set of figures also shows why the percentage-of-herd harvest figure is, by itself, an unreliable guidepost.

\*\* The Utah figure is for mule deer. The harvest report is made up from a combination of information gathered from checking stations, general field observations and questionnaires to licensed hunters. The report indicates that despite a 35 percent harvest, the herd remains the same size as the year before. Were these figures possible for whitetails, the Pennsylvania annual harvest could approach over 200,000 a year without harming the "basic" herd.

Many states use hunter success ratio to indicate the success of a season. In some western states where deer are numerous and hunting methods extremely effective, this figure is high . . . and almost everyone who seriously sets out after a deer comes dragging one home. In this chart I wanted to give SOME indication of how well the different states were doing with their deer herds regardless of the number of hunters it had available to do the job.

Now there are a lot of other states that could be listed but the ones in the chart are fairly representative in getting the idea across—in case you didn't have it—that our own Pennsylvania stands 'way up in there no matter what kind of sensible measurement you wish to use. And while the comparisons are friendly, I think it's worth noting that while Texas may have harvested a massive 194,000 deer in 1964, we harvested .71 more deer per square mile than they did. Only one major deer hunting state—Michigan—gets ahead of us in that department.

Probably the most important thing for modern Pennsylvania's deer hunter

to remember—and live with—is that all the deer we have harvested up to and including the 1965 season can no longer be managed. They're gone!

The only deer herd that means anything at all to us is the one alive today. It is a different herd from any of the others that preceded it. Its sex and age ratios are different. Its distribution is wider. As Pennsylvanians build more cities, towns, roads, industries and parks within the unchanging boundaries of our state, the effects of this continued expansion need to be carefully studied.

I suspect that every deer hunter in the state can remember in vivid detail every successful deer hunt he ever engaged in. Such things as where the deer was hit, where he fell, how many points, etc., come leaping back over the years as we think about them. These pleasant memories are the only kind of "living in the past" we can afford. If we want our sons and grandsons — and I do — to enjoy chasing whitetails up and down the hills of Pennsylvania as we have done, we must realize that the most effective methods of harvest today may not

necessarily be those of tomorrow. For one thing—in the matter of harvesting antlerless deer—the traditional county line is not always the most desirable boundary for determining permit quotas. In many cases, some kind of “regional” approach would have to be better, particularly where a county contains differing types of habitat.

Several years ago the editors of *Outdoor Life* magazine asked a number of outdoor writers to assist them in preparing a mass of information on all the deer hunting territory in the United States. Of course they asked state conservation agencies, too.

They asked me where I thought some Pennsylvania “hot spots” would be for that season . . . and also what significant changes were taking place.

In connection with the second point, I told them that a study of the deer harvest over the years clearly showed that while the nine northcentral counties once accounted for almost half the deer harvest, they now make up about a fourth of it . . . yet total deer tallies are higher today than in those years. It is obvious that our deer herd has

moved. Not from one county to another . . . but into every county . . . taking advantage of any food and cover. This is dramatic change.

As I pointed out in a recent column, we sportsmen tend to look with pride on our hunting traditions BUT we also confuse “tradition” with the status quo and resist change in any form BEFORE we know whether it’s really good or bad. This is human nature and I guess we can be forgiven for having it.

Nevertheless, misinterpreting tradition for the status quo is a disservice to tradition. It was once, for example, traditional not to shoot female deer. Now that it is an accepted part of the Pennsylvania hunting scene, however, the antlerless deer hunt can be surrounded with the traditions of good sportsmanship that surround a good buck hunt, proving that traditions can ride along with new things and new ideas and be enriched, rather than impoverished, with change.

By way of comparison . . . in my book . . . Pennsylvania is still leading the parade.

**ANTLERLESS DEER** must be harvested in our state when the size of the total herd is such that food supply cannot support increased number of whitetails. Game management officials feel that harvesting of surplus is far better than losing deer through starvation.

*PGC Photo by Ralph Cady*





*In Crow Shooting . . .*

## It's the Little Things That Count!





“ABOUT time you got here,” Andy said. “We were beginning to think you didn’t have nerve enough to come.” He and Earl exchanged sly glances and chuckled together.

“Whaddya mean, not enough nerve? What’s going on, anyhow? Sounds like you’re trying to blackmail me, or something.”

“Blackmail? The thought never occurred to us, but now that you mention it. . . .”

“Okay, okay, what’s the deal? I was hoping we’d have time to go pop a few crows this afternoon.”

“When you hear what we got, you may never hunt crows again.”

“What in blazes are you talking about?”

“Well, you remember I got the kid a tape recorder for Christmas, don’t you? It seems our wives got to wondering what we talk about when we go crow shooting, so they bribed him into bugging the car. How’d you like to hear yourself as others hear you? Give a listen.”

Andy reached over and flipped a button on the small recorder sitting nearby. After a few moments there was the sound of a car door slamming. Then voices.

Me: “The thing is, there’s not much live critter under those feathers.”

Andy: “That explains it, I suppose. Did you remember to pick up the empty case?”

Me: “Yeah.”

Earl: “What happened? I can still see him in the glasses and he’s half-way across the Susquehanna.”

Andy: “He says the feathers are misleading. They wear ’em on the outside and it hides the meat.”

Earl: “That’s true. It is a sort of dirty trick. You’d think, though, after twenty-five years of shooting them, he’d learn stuff like that.”

Andy: “Shooting at them. There’s a difference.”

Earl: “You’re right. It’s a little thing,

maybe, but important.” (*Sound of the car being put into gear.*) “Funny thing—he’s the one who’s always talking about how important the little things are, too.”

Andy: “Ain’t that the truth? He even weighs his powder charges, and anyone knows not many things are littler than a kernel of powder. Especially forty-two twenty-seven.”



4227? 2400? 4895? Or would you believe 1984 or 007? It makes a difference.

Earl: “He use forty-two twenty-seven in that cannon he shoots?”

Andy: “I dunno. Wouldn’t surprise me. Maybe it’s twenty-four hundred.”

Me: (*defensively*) “It’s forty-eight ninety-five. And look who’s talking about cannons. That six-em-em Gibbs of yours uses twice as much. . . .”

Andy: “I knew it had a four in it somewhere. That’s a good number, four. Reminds me how many shots this guy I knew has had this morning. Where’s the tally sheet?” (*Pause*) “Impressive. One hundred percent, and you can’t hardly be more consistent than that.”



*Earl:* "That's for darn sure. Anyone else, the law of averages would catch up with them. They'd hit something once in awhile, in spite of themselves. But not our boy. He's the most impressive misser I ever saw."

*Andy:* "Technique, he's got it. One thing I'll say for him, he's missing them closer these days."

*Earl:* "Say, maybe that's the point—maybe he doesn't wanta hit 'em! Remember how close he missed that buck last fall, then swore up, down and crossways that's what he'd intended to do. The guys didn't even lop off his shirttail until we got back to the cabin, and then he talked 'em into using an old spare shirt."

*Andy:* "He still came out ahead, 'cause he went home and wrote a story called 'Tale of a Two-Tailed Shirt.' Can't trust a guy like that. He never even convinced me he'd missed that deer on purpose."

*Me:* "You got a suspicious mind, that's all. Anyone that'd doubt his hunting buddy's word. . . ."



**WITH ONE watching the head and the other the shoulders, any feather cut loose would be spotted immediately.**

*Andy:* "Huh!"

*Me:* "Besides, I don't miss every old crow I shoot at. Just 'cause I haven't hit any today doesn't mean I miss 'em all. Let's be honest about it.

You've seen me hit 'em yourself. Think back a little, that's all I ask."

*Andy:* (Pause) "I just can't remem. . . ."

*Me:* "Sure you can. Your memory's as good as mine. You're just being stubborn. I remember the exact date of the last crow I killed, and you will too, soon as I tell you when it was. December the sixth."

*Andy:* "That's right! I do remember it now. How could I forget a date like that? It was the day before Pearl Harbor!"

*Me:* "Of course. I knew you hadn't forgotten. That's when I was using the 23-D Savage Hornet with the old Weaver 29-S scope."

*Andy:* "And that's when you were loading forty-two twenty-seven! I knew there was a good reason for that to stick in my mind."

**2400**

*Me:* "No, it wasn't forty-two twenty-seven that day. I'd switched from the forty-five-grain round nose Sisk bullets to his forty-one-grain spitzers and twenty-four hundred seemed to work better with the lighter ones. It burned a little faster and. . . ."

*Andy:* "That's right, I remember now. You were using eleven-point-two grains in neck-sized Winchester cases loaded to an overall length of one-point-seventy-three inches. When you zeroed in that day you had a five-shot group of one and three-sixteenth inches at a hundred yards, just one and a quarter inches high."

*Me:* "Right. Except it was a one and a quarter-inch group, one and three-sixteenth inches high."

*Andy:* "Are you sure? It seems to me. . . ."

*Earl:* "What possible difference could it make? A sixteenth of an inch, one way or the other, is ridiculous."

*Me:* "Not necessarily. It's the little things that count in crow shooting. For instance, if I'd held a sixteenth of a minute lower, I'd have hit that crow I just shot at."

*Earl:* "Get out, you never touched

a feather. I was watching through the glasses and you never scraped him."

*Me:* "You were probably watching the wrong place. You guys are so used to aiming for the butt of the wings—that big area—that you don't watch the smaller aiming points when someone else is shooting. Now, me, I always shoot for the head. Tougher target, but then I don't use one of those big guns like you have and I don't know if mine has enough penetration for shoulder shots."

*Earl:* "Good goshalmighty, I remember when you thought a 300 Magnum was just the ticket for crows. Regardless, even if you held for the noggin, if you were within a sixteenth of an inch you'd have cut loose a feather or two, and we didn't see any. Did we, Andy?"

*Andy:* "Nope. And I had the glasses right on its head, too. I always watch the head when he shoots."

*Earl:* "I know you do. Ever since we made that arrangement I watch the shoulders when he shoots, and you watch the head. Two pairs of binoculars, different angles. That way we don't miss a thing. The only one who misses is. . . ."

*Me:* "When was it you made that arrangement?"

*Earl:* "That same day. December sixth."

#### 'Fine' Arrangement

*Me:* "Oh. Funny you never mentioned it before. Still, I'm glad you made a fine arrangement like that. I mean, what would a feller do without friends who are so thoughtful?"

*Earl:* "He'd probably have to find some enemies."

*Me:* "True. Only thing is, you guys are overlooking one little thing."

*Earl:* "Not another one!"

*Me:* "Yep. Important, too. I didn't say I missed that crow by a sixteenth of an inch. I said a sixteenth of a minute. Minute of angle, you know? That's right close to a sixteenth of an inch at a hundred yards, but that old crow was about two-fifty. . . ."



**ONE-TWELFTH of a minute, rather than one-eighteenth, obviously would account for a miss at 413 yards.**

*Andy:* "Two hundred."

*Me:* "Call it two and a quarter. Anyway, that means we're talking about . . . lemme see . . . nine sixty-fourths of an inch, not a sixteenth."

*Earl:* "Well, I'm glad you told me! That makes a difference, doesn't it, Andy?"

*Andy:* "You said it. I'm glad we're not fooling around with those *little* numbers anymore. It's plain now why we didn't see any feathers blowing around out there. He shot way over."

*Earl:* "He sure did. And we were giving him credit for missing them closer. Dunno what we were thinking."

*Andy:* "Personally, I don't think he can even see nine sixty-fourths of an inch at two hundred and twenty-five yards. What power scope you got on that beat-up rifle, anyhow? Twenty-seven?"

*Me:* "Eighteen."

*Andy:* "Can you tell within a sixteenth of a minute where you're holding, with an eighteen-power?"

*Me:* "Sure."

*Earl:* "I doubt it."

*Me:* "It's a simple matter of optics. In good light, normal human eyes can resolve a minute of angle unaided. With a good optical system added, it's





**A BIG CROW**, even at 413 yards, shouldn't be much of a problem for an expert who uses good equipment, should it?

simply a matter of dividing a minute by the magnification, to determine what can be resolved. Which means that with this big Unertl I can define one-eighteenth of a minute. . . .

*Andy:* "How many sixty-fourths is that at four hundred and thirteen yards?"

*Me:* "I dunno. Why?"

*Andy:* "'Cause down there in that old cherry tree at the end of the fencerow sits the great-grandfather of all crows. See him?"

*Me:* "Yeah, but it's your shot."

*Andy:* "No, I wanta see a real expert at work. Go ahead."

*Me:* "Okay, but how do you know it's four hundred and thirteen yards?"

*Andy:* "I stepped it off once from the bend in the road just ahead. An old chuck lives in that bank just beyond the tree. Had three shots at him last summer."

*Me:* "You didn't hit him? Even after stepping off the range?"

*Andy:* "Nope."

*Me:* "And you expect me to hit a crow at the same distance?"

*Andy:* "It's a big crow. Besides, you know all about the little things that cause misses, so you can avoid them."

*Me:* "Oh."

*(Sound of car door opening and being softly closed. Some whispers which can't be understood. A pause. A rifle shot. Door opening and slamming shut. Long seconds of silence. Someone clears his throat.)*

*Andy:* "That makes number five."

*Earl:* "I knew we had an expert in our midst."

*Andy:* "A genuine expert."

*Me:* "I can explain."

*Earl:* "We were sure you could."

*Me:* "Well, you see, the scope isn't really an eighteen-power after all. I'd forgotten I exchanged eyepieces on it the other week, so I'd have a wider field. It's actually a twelve-power now, which means I can only define one-twelfth of a minute, rather than one-eighteenth, and obviously that much difference accounts for. . . ."

*(End of tape)*

## Quite a Year

Guy T. Eckler, of 420 High Street, Highspire, had quite a year as a hunter in 1966, especially with the bow and arrow.

In July, he took an 8½-foot blue shark off the coast of Montauk, Long Island, using only one arrow.

In September, he came home with a wild boar from the Bowhunters Festival at Forksville.

He bagged a five-inch, nearly all-white spike buck in Perry County with the bow and arrow during the archery season.

During small game season, he took an 11½-pound tom turkey.

Then, just for the fun of it, he used a rifle. His trophy: a bear in Ontario.

# Then Came Spring

By Albert G. Shimmel

**T**HE black water of the marsh cut irregular patterns into the lake ice. A frost-thickened hemlock stood between the timbered slopes and the open water. The mound from which it grew had been the stump of a spar pine cut by lumbermen more than a century before.

The snow ceased at dawn, leaving a soggy blanket that made igloos of the tufts of marsh grass and built the evergreens into cones of white. A flock of chickadees rioted through the woods, voicing their delight when their weight released a small blob of snow from some high twig, accumulating an avalanche as it fell.

The lone hemlock drew the flock like a magnet. With excited lisps they left the fringe of the slope and raced across the open. One fluffy male touched the tip of a high branch and sent the snow along one side, cascading to the ground. When the springy tips released from their burden lifted again, the birds searched the dark branches for wintering insects. As the same adventurous male swung upside down from the lowest branch he looked directly into the yellow eyes of Vulpes the fox. . . .

Three days of sun and warm winds had dried the high fields that had been buried so long under snow. Now the sun was gone and the air, drawing gently from the east, brought a slight change in temperature. By midafternoon the wisps of fog that had marked the course of the Bald Eagle disappeared. Each tributary was a freshet. A storm was brewing.

The weed-grown edge of the high cornfield that bordered the woods was a network of mouse runways. It was here that Vulpes and his mate began their hunting.

A deep-rooted instinct induces a restlessness in wild creatures before a storm. The urge to feed and the necessity of finding a snug shelter is paramount, even to the extent of dulling native caution.

A vanguard of crows spotted the foxes in the field below. The leader swooped, calling the stragglers of his flock. These creatures were interlopers in the field where he and others of his kind had gleaned so often during the winter.



**A MOUSE** became frightened and made a dash for the sanctuary of the log. The fox pounced.

Vixen, heavy with unborn pups, sought refuge under a brush-covered stump. Vulpes dodged away across the open, toward a brush-grown gully that led up to the rocky escarpment. He was so intent on leading the black horde away from his mate that he forgot the menace that lived in the farmhouse below.

The leader of the flock, emboldened by the recruits that streamed in from all directions to add their raucous clamor to the chase, dived close. Vul-







pes leaped high and reached toward his tormentor with bared fangs. Barely had he left the ground when a bullet struck with a sharp splat, throwing damp earth in all directions. Some of the dirt stung his belly sharply. Seconds later, from below, came the whiplash report of a high-powered rifle.

He streaked across the field toward the safety of the brush, hearing the soggy sound of a second bullet striking behind him. Above the field the cloud of crows fled in all directions, their hoarse scoldings giving way to cries of alarm.

A quarter hour passed. Vulpes reached the summit and stood on a projecting ledge that overlooked the valley. The crows had long since fled. Other flocks, like tattered streamers against a dark sky, headed toward their winter roost in the evergreens beside the Bald Eagle. Each flock that passed the cornfield flared and sounded their alarm. A man with a rifle waited while a brace of tall Walker hounds worked the scent along the fox's line of flight across the field.

#### Hounds Following Him

Occasionally an impatient yodel carried faintly up the mountain. Eventually the hounds reached the thicket. The trail took a direct course. They announced their running in a beating chop that Vulpes knew well. When he was assured that they were running his line and not that of Vixen, he turned away toward the swamps of the upper Moos-Hanne.

He ran easily, his white-tipped brush nodding behind. He avoided the unmelted patches of snow, bounded from one projecting stone to another, ran fallen logs and left a confused trail. As he entered the grass-grown marshes surrounding the upper beaver dams, dusk and the first flakes of damp snow came down together.

He jumped from one hummock to another until he reached the alders that bordered the feeder brook. He

walked a fallen log over the black water, deliberately leaving an open trail. He skirted the far side of the pond, came to the dam, then re-crossed and turned back toward the alders and the crossing log. This was familiar ground. Here he had often baffled the hounds in what was to him an interesting game of hide-and-seek.

By the time he reached the alders he heard the hounds as they topped the ridge. A second time he crossed the log and trotted down the margin of the pond. When he moved out on the dam the marks of his previous crossing were almost hidden by the snow. . . .

At dusk, Mephitis the skunk came to the entrance of his burrow and



**THE CROW** saw the hawk strike the luckless rabbit and, with others in his flock, hurried to the scene of the kill.

looked across the swamp. He had appropriated this abandoned burrow after Vulpes caught the young woodchuck too far from its protection. A never-failing abundance of mice lived among the marsh grass clumps. He had grown fat from easy hunting, yet he lived warily. A scar on his right shoulder showed how narrowly he escaped the horned owl that shared the bounty of the marsh. Tonight another hunger stirred in him. Across the



pond, others of his kind had dens. He would seek them out.

Deliberately Mephitis worked his way toward the beaver dam. He moved under cover that protected him from above. When he walked out on the structure of the dam he was doubly alert. No interlacing branches protected him.

Vulpes paused where the black water of the overflow trickled through the loosely-packed logs. A few yards away, Mephitis was picking his way slowly toward him. A partly-submerged log lay in the overflow pool. Behind him the circle of scent was complete. He glanced again at Mephitis, leaped to the log, then to stone farther downstream. He landed with bunched feet on a clump of marsh grass, then jumped from one to another until he reached the upturned roots of a fallen hemlock. He climbed this familiar perch and settled down to listen.

The progress of the chase was easy to follow as it swept down the margin of the pond and turned out upon the dam. Vulpes pricked his ears and lifted his lip in a grin of anticipation. The hounds fell silent. There was a small flurry of half-sounds, followed

by two distinct splashes. Seconds later the acrid odor of the encounter drifted down to the roots of the windfall.

Vulpes sneezed twice, ran up the trunk to drier ground, then trotted away through the falling snow. A quarter mile down the valley he settled into a dry bed under the dark branches of the frost-thickened hemlock.

Vulpes lay under the hemlock, his feet tucked under the blanket of his thick, white-tipped brush. His yellow



**THE TAILLESS LEADER**, his maneuverability lessened by his loss, dodged desperately, but within a few wingbeats the black talons clutched him.

eyes slitted and his ears stood alert as he watched the light strengthen. He was aware of the chickadees' lispsings. When the snow fell from the hemlock branches he tensed his muscles slightly but lay quiet.

So intent were the birds in their searchings that Vulpes lay unnoticed. When the black-capped leader of the flock dropped to the lowest branch he stared at the fox, motionless for a fraction of time. The fox's jaws snapped shut on his tail feathers as he pitched backward toward the open, squeaking with fright.

Vulpes watched the flock as it fled toward the safety of the thickets. As he flicked the feathers from his

**DELIBERATELY, THE SKUNK** worked his way across the structure of the dam, doubly alert for any danger that might threaten.



tongue, he saw a hawk flash toward the band of birds. They exploded in all directions. The tailless leader, his maneuverability lessened by his loss, dodged desperately. Within a few wingbeats the talons clutched him.

Vulpes left the hemlock and hunted among the tufts of grass. The air grew warmer and the snow that had clung to the branches fell away in ragged patches. Water dripped from the trees or hung along the twigs in beaded drops.

Vulpes sniffed the warm odor of a mouse trail as he stood beside a decaying log. A piece of snow fell on a tuft of grass, making a dull thud as it struck. A white-footed mouse, foraging under the grass, became frightened and made a dash for the sanctuary of the log. Vulpes pounced, pinning the mouse under the grass with stiff forefeet. Reaching forward, he bit daintily until movement ceased. With his paw he pulled the grass and snow until the mouse was exposed, then dined.

#### Larger Game

A stray air current brought the faint scent of larger game. He followed, his nose concentrating on the intensity of hunger and excitement. When the thread of scent disappeared he quartered the ground, searching until it was found. He moved quietly, inspecting each bit of cover within the range of his vision before moving on.

A maple, partially uprooted by the winds, clung tenaciously to the soil. On one side the roots had been heaved to form several cavelike openings. In one of these openings a cottontail had taken refuge from the snow. He had chosen wisely; the openings were avenues of escape from invaders. From the air he was well hidden.

Vulpes came up the line of scent, his eyes narrow and ears alert. He moved close to the ground like a stalking cat. When he had pinpointed his quarry he knew he had been outwitted. Often when he hunted with Vixen he had bolted rabbits from such



**THE FOX** slipped from cover while the hawk battled with the crows, seized the rabbit, and was gone like a shadow.

hides, straight into her waiting jaws. He sprang upon the heaved mound with the hope that the cottontail might become confused and hesitate. He watched helplessly as the alert animal dodged away along the edge of the thicket.

He stood motionless for some time, then just as he was about to seek other prey he heard the rabbit scream. It came again, weaker, as though life were slowly ebbing away. Vulpes leaped lightly off the mound and moved cautiously to investigate.

For a hundred yards the cottontail had fled at top speed, then paused and watched for signs of pursuit. Satisfied that the fox was not following, it moved leisurely among the bushes and grass tufts in search of another hide. It was unaware that the hawk watched its progress with fierce red eyes.

Although the rabbit could see a full quadrant on either side, the hawk's talons closed over its shoulders and the sharp hooks pierced its vitals before it could dodge. It screamed once as its ribs broke away from its spine. It gave a final cry before it died.

The crow saw the hawk strike the luckless cottontail and with a hoarse rallying call hurried with impudent





**AS HE FLICKED THE FEATHERS** from his tongue, the fox saw a hawk flash toward the band of birds. They exploded in all directions.

haste to the scene of the kill. He circled high above his enemy while a

half dozen sable freebooters streamed in to answer his urgent call. They wheeled above the hawk, diving and threatening. It fled.

Vulpes paused at the edge of the blueberry thicket. A hundred yards away the hawk fought a losing battle with the crows. He slipped from cover, seized the rabbit and was gone like a shadow. He stopped once, shifted his burden, then set off toward the ridge.

A quarter hour later he picked his way among the jumble of boulders and sought a sheltered den at the foot of the outcropping. From below came the whimper of newborn pups. He dropped the cottontail, whined once to inform Vixen that he had brought food, then sought a dry spot under the overhanging rocks where he could keep watch.

Then came spring. . . .

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# The Sno-Coat

By Don Shiner

*Photos by the Author*

**I** GENERALLY associated the white smock with beauticians, artists and meat cutters. Recently I found reasons to change my stereotyped thinking. I gunned crows with two hunters who adapted white outer garments — smocks no less — to blend with the winter white that covered the ground. Camouflaged to look like heaps of snow, we appeared to melt from reality. The white smocks let us stalk into range of wary crows and a sly gray fox as well!

The sno-coat episode unfolded a year or so ago when Steven Dunn and I visited a nearby Appalachian farm. A storm had dumped nearly two feet of snow on the countryside. It had lain for weeks, well into a month, making food almost inaccessible to crows and other game. Whenever a farmer dumped, say, fresh manure or butcher scraps on some field, crows by the hundreds, hard pressed for food, came to dine.

## Handed Us Smocks

A farmer friend informed Steve that he had done just that. Feathered and furred varmints were coming in substantial numbers to pick bones to the last bit of marrow. This day we drove to Brown's farm. He was waiting for us to arrive. After the usual cordial greeting and neighborly talk, farmer Brown handed us two old butcher-type smocks. They were patterned after the old "dusters" that early motorists wore when touring in their

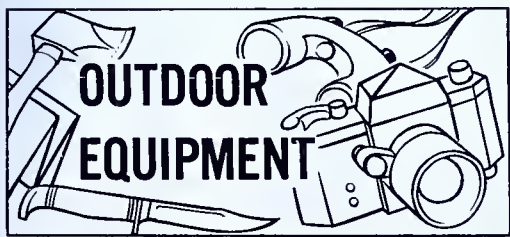


**VARMINT HUNTERS** and wildlife photographers will discover that a white smock can be used quite successfully when snow blankets the ground.

steam-driven horseless carriages. We put the smocks on over our woolen coats. Since we were standing in the snow, we appeared to vanish from view!

We hurried across a windswept field, cut through a small woodlot to arrive at the site where Brown had dumped the butcher scraps. I peered through a row of trees to see a field dotted with black specks. Crows! They were everywhere.

We put torn pillowcases over our heads to cover red caps, then stalked







**SUCCESS** in bagging this bundle of crows can be at least partially attributed to the hunter's wearing of white to be camouflaged against the snow.

**ONE CAN EASILY** make a white smock with an old shirt, dress or coat pattern. Lay the pattern on an old bed sheet. Cut the garment large so it will fit over regular outdoor garments. Include plenty of pockets to hold accessories.



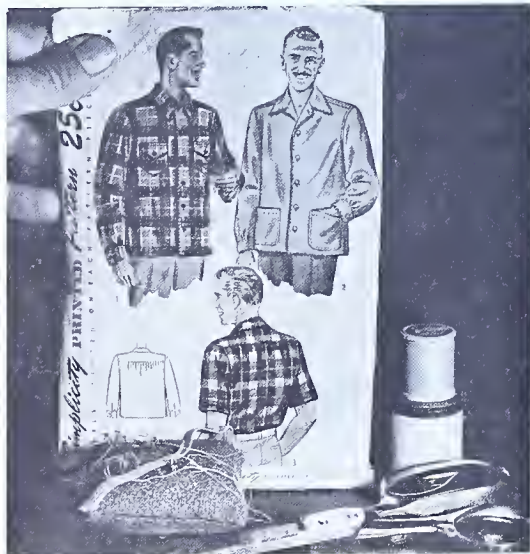
through the snow to within gunshot range of those black birds. We nailed several on the ground and more as the flock took to the air. They kept coming back, setting the otherwise quiet countryside clamoring with their frenzied calls. Their refusal to leave stemmed not from hunger, but their inability to see from whence the dangerous flack was coming.

A gray fox also appeared on the rim of the field, lured, no doubt, by the fracas. Brown cut one shot at this varmint and flattened him in the snow.

### Easy to Obtain

Garment manufacturers, to my knowledge, aren't turning out white snow garments for hunters. But this poses no problem. There are laundry establishments in almost every town of any size, which specialize in renting white smocks and coats to the various professions. One can generally rent or purchase one from these firms. Or you can make one from an old bed sheet, or use the sheet itself as a parka-type covering.

Several weeks later, following that snowy hunt, I got hold of a shirt pattern. I pinned the pattern pieces to an old bed sheet and proceeded to





**HUNTER** wearing white blends well with the snow background, but can be spotted much easier by game when wearing dark colors.

cut out pieces to make a smock. Instead of making the garment to waist level as the shirt pattern indicated, I lengthened the front and back pieces until they extended down to my ankles. I cut a separate piece for a hood to cover my head. Now I was equipped for more sno-hunting for varmints.

#### **Not for Regular Seasons**

Obviously a white coat is not advisable when hunting deer or small game. Neither is a camouflaged coat recommended at that time. It's a bit dangerous to wear anything except conspicuously colored clothing. But later, when the game seasons close, and most hunters rack up shootin' irons, dress in white and go varmint hunting in the snow.

This white garment is perfect camouflage for the wildlife photographer.

Dressed to appear as part of the snow, the cameraman can stalk surprisingly close to game to picture wildlife in natural settings, providing the wind is in your favor, and sun not too bright to cast strong shadows. The white smock does the trick.

Check with a beautician, artist, meat cutter, doctor or otherwise, to locate a suitable white smock. If you are hard pressed to locate a white garment, buy a shirt or dress pattern and cut one out from an old bed sheet.

#### **Make It Big Enough**

Make the smock large enough to wear over a warm woolen coat. Sew in plenty of pockets to carry hunting and camera accessories and perhaps lunch.

You'll discover that a white smock has a place in your hunting repertoire.

## **Old Birds**

Except for vultures and parrots, wild geese live longer than any other birds. A twenty-year-old goose is not uncommon.





# The Weekend Trapper

By John O. Hoffman

**"GOING** hunting this weekend?" inquired the young engineer. "Thought I might set a few traps," I replied. The raised eyebrow, twitch of lips, accompanied by the remark "Trapping, eh?" was a familiar reaction, one I have seen all too often if or when the discussion gets around to the subject of trapping.

Explaining trapping to a nontrapper is more difficult than trying to explain duck hunting to the nonduck hunter. Immediately, the nonpractitioner develops the mental vision of arising before sunrise, trudging through the most foul of foul weather; burdened with necessary paraphernalia for which successful utilization can only result in hard work.

## 'Good Old Days' Gone

The day of the trapper making thousands of dollars in a single season is past; so are many of the hardships and dangers endured by the hardy frontiersmen. Today we live in a society surrounded by urbanization, industrialization and mechanization. Few men today wish to become professional trappers or mountain men, even if circumstances would permit. However, the opportunities and the enjoyment of finding an extra nice fur in your trap are no less a thrill today than they were 150 years ago.

Down through the ages furs have played an important part in man's life. They have, among others, been used for clothing, shelter, barter and ornamentation. They have caused great rivalry, even bloodshed, between the big fur companies. The fur industry has had a profound effect upon the very development of our country.

Trapping is considered to be one of the oldest occupations in North America and no chapter in the history of our country is more colorful. The first

American millionaire got his start in the fur trade in 1786. His name: John Jacob Astor. Many famous names appeared on the frontier, most of which are lost to history. A few who have left their mark upon the pages of time include Sam Houston, Kit Carson, Jerediah Smith, Jim Bridges and Pennsylvania-born Daniel Boone.

For many years the professional trapper, or mountain man, was considered a recluse, a man of mystery; possessing some strange, unnatural



**OLD-TIME TRAPPER** would prospect hundreds of miles of remote wilderness territory in search of furs. It was a full-time occupation.

power over the forest dwellers. In reality his seclusion was one of occupational necessity. His success, his very existence, depended upon his knowledge and skills of woodsmanship. He had a keen insight into nature. He had the ability to reason out the why's and wherefore's of nature and her elements. He knew how to take from and live off the land, being completely independent and even





**TRAPPING** is an excellent outdoor activity, providing countless unforgettable experiences and challenges for father and son.

moderately comfortable during the long winter months in the solitude of the wilderness, sometimes with little more than a crude lean-to and blanket.

#### **Full-Time Work**

The successful trapper's work was not confined to the fall and winter months only, however. It was a full-time occupation, demanding many laborious hours of preparation before his traps could be set. He would prospect hundreds of miles of remote wilderness territory in his search for furs, sometimes building small lean-tos for his safety and convenience at strategic locations along his intended trapline. He would repair snowshoes and cut firewood by the cords. He would back-pack food staples to his base camp. Days would be spent in the construction of the crude but efficient deadfalls and the preparation of the snares.

He would secretly brew and jealously guard the recipe for his favorite lures; a weird concoction of many

animal parts, formulated and fermented to produce the most "gosh-awful" smell imaginable, all in the hope of luring his intended quarry to the trap. His two greatest assets, however, were his gun and his courage.

It is little wonder that a sparsely settled frontier, surrounded by fear of the unknown, was more than casually suspicious of the trapper and many times attached to him a certain imaginative stigma compared only with that of witchcraft.

#### **Steel Trap a Boon**

The innovation of the steel trap in 1823 by Sewall Newhouse, the son of a blacksmith, was a great boon to the trapper. It added to his effectiveness and his income and most certainly was a time- and labor-saving device, compared to the old snares and deadfalls.

Today anyone can set a trap, but setting a trap does not make one a trapper. Like the young engineer who spent years learning his chosen profession, the serious-minded trapper cannot hope to master the science of trapping in a single season. It takes years to acquire that "feel," that certain "understanding," which can only be developed by commingling with nature. In the trapper's world there appears to be no "half-way" mark; to be successful you must be capable of consistently catching the intended furbearer. Therein alone lies the trapper's challenge, and the would-be trapper will soon learn that experience, dedication and a profound love for the sport are his best teachers.

#### **Need for Trapping**

Furbearing animals, like most forms of wildlife, occasionally become out-of-balance or misplaced in our world of people. When this occurs, trouble usually begins. Domestic livestock, poultry and sound agricultural practices are endangered, as well as the lives of many desirable game animals. This is the time for the weekend trapper to accept the challenge, by offer-

ing his services to assist the farmer, his fellow sportsmen and conservation agencies in the controlled harvest of the furbearers or predators.

The conscientious trapper will find few "No Trespassing" signs and if he takes care not to catch the farmer's favorite beagle or Christmas ducks, his trapping area is assured year after year. In many cases this will include a standing invitation to return during the small game season.

### Great for Dad, Son

Trapping still is considered one of the hardest of the outdoor sports today. It is, however, an excellent winter activity, providing countless unforgettable experiences and challenges for father and son. The seasons usually are long, making many weekends available to the sport. The little equipment necessary is relatively inexpensive; in many cases the initial cost can be recovered within a few weekends of trapping. This is not to imply, however, that trapping should be considered a profitable venture. The weekend "sport trapper," monetarily, seldom recovers more than his expenses. Personal satisfaction will outmeasure, by far, any financial gain or loss.

Good lures manufactured by professional trappers are available at most sporting goods stores and if you are careful to keep the caps closed tightly, the little wife will never know they are in the house. Do not, however, store your lures near excessive heat. Care, likewise, must be taken to see



**IT TAKES YEARS** to acquire that "feel" or "understanding" which can only be developed by commingling with nature.

that they are not accidentally broken or spilled. Lures are extremely odorous; any accident would be long remembered and I am sure a challenge to even the most understanding of wives.

### Not Inhumane

Trapping is neither inhumane nor cruel. It is a sound and practical means of harvesting and controlling the furbearers and predators, thereby assisting nature in maintaining that delicate balance in the animal world. Coupled with sound conservation law, little danger exists that any of these natural resources will ever become extinct, as "sport trapping" becomes increasingly more popular with the weekend trapper.

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### A Lot of Shirttails

**LACKAWANNA COUNTY**—It was interesting to note the comments of the sportsmen here in the area concerning the 1966 hunting season. It seems that the majority of the hunters saw plenty of game, along with taking home their share. One local sportsman related seeing twelve legal buck deer during the season—shooting at eight of them—hitting none.—District Game Protector T. C. Wylie, Moscow.



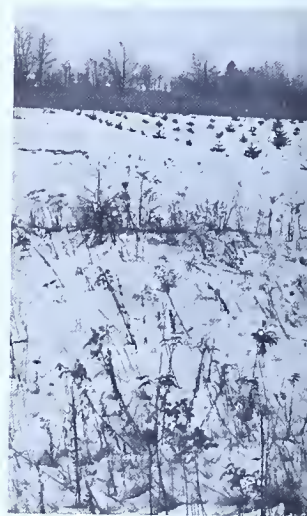
# Land

Management of land is the most important phase of wildlife management. It is also one of the least understood. The Iowan State Game Lands No. 1 is the site of a former farm. In many areas, the topsoil of a 3,000-acre tract became eroded. The photos show some of the work now under way.



**EDGE CUTTINGS** provide excellent cover for wildlife and make it possible for sunlight to reach more food-producing plant life in fields.

**DIVERSION TERRACES** help to prevent erosion. Sharecropping resulted in 3,000 bushels of corn from this Game Lands for Commission use last year.



**TREE PLANTINGS** like this one were made on clay topsoil. Over the years, this Game Lands tract has been improved by sharecroppers' management program.

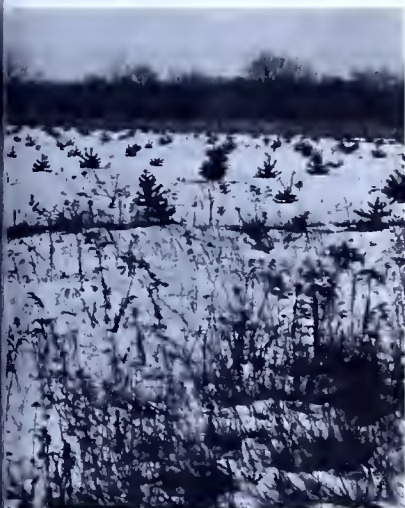




# agement

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efit of wildlife is one of the Commission's program, but activities of the Commission. ming and Union Counties is actory and storage area. In all been removed when the y of the Commission. These the major restoration project



elp control erosion of what once d shrubs have been planted on antings such as that below are an integral part of the overall



MARCH, 1967



**RESPONSE** to habitat development is evidenced by the abundance of rabbit tracks in the snow. This photo was taken after the close of hunting season during which rabbit hunting pressure was heavy and the harvest high.

**GAME COMMISSION** Biologist Wilmer Richter is engaged in a long-range research project to help determine the why's and wherefore's of periodic rabbit abundance and scarcity.







### Deer in Good Condition

Due to the mild weather during October and November, the deer are entering the winter in very good condition. Those that I examined had a very heavy layer of fat.—Land Manager G. E. Sprankle, Mehoopany.

### Stocking Pigs?

**LUZERNE COUNTY**—On Tuesday, December 13, the last day of the antlerless deer season, I happened to be at the Division Office rather late. Since I was the only salaried officer present at the time, the secretary referred this call to me. Upon answering the phone I was greeted by “Hey, you guys stocking any pigs?” After finding out what the man was talking about, I informed him that the Game Commission has never stocked any pigs. Earlier that day while hunting deer in the Sweet Valley area the man was attacked by a pig that had apparently escaped from a farm. Some people think the Commission doesn’t stock anything, while others think we stock everything.—District Game Protector C. E. Burkholder, Wilkes-Barre.



### Decoy Blasted

Michael Chilek of Scranton related an unusual incident. He and his son Joseph were hunting small game one day during the recent season. “Bluebird weather” and game wasn’t moving. Since they always carry their electronic predator call, they decided to call in a few crows. They also carry a stuffed great horned owl which is used as a decoy. The owl was set up in a sapling and the call was turned on. Soon action began and the crows started arriving over the decoy. Before Michael or Joseph had an opportunity to fire they heard a loud bang and the owl tumbled from this perch. Another hunter in the vicinity had heard the calls and did not realize that they came from an electronic caller. He had mistaken the stuffed owl for the real thing.—CIA S. A. Kish, Avoca.

### Almost Missed Award

**ELK COUNTY**—On Thursday, December 1, Charles Kusch of R. D. 1, Scenery Hill, contacted me at my headquarters and related the following story: On Monday, the first day of buck season, he was hunting along Trout Run and downed a spike buck. Standing his rifle against a tree, he got his hunting knife out and went to work. First, he cut off the scent gland pad on the inside of the right leg and started on the left when the buck leaped from the ground and ran out of sight. Mr. Kusch looked for his buck and finally found it on Thursday but it was spoiled and unfit for use. He had already killed a wild turkey and a bear in the same area and almost missed getting a Triple Trophy Award.—District Game Protector H. D. Harshbarger, Kersey.

## Snakes in December

**SOMERSET COUNTY** — Arthur Miller, a local sportsman, saw a black snake while deer hunting on December 10. The temperature was in the high sixties at the time and the area is known for rattlesnakes. (Luckily no rattlesnakes were seen this particular day.) Just one week prior to this incident the temperature was near zero in the area.—District Game Protector D. C. Snyder, Meyersdale.

## Safety Zone Violation

**MERCER COUNTY** — During the past small game season, it was necessary to do some law enforcement work right in my own backyard. A hunter shot at a rabbit from a point 108 yards from my barn. I approached the hunter, identified myself as a Pennsylvania Game Protector and inspected the hunter's license. I asked the man if he had permission to hunt in this safety zone. His answer was in the negative. I advised him that if he had asked permission, it would have saved him the inconvenience of a Game Law violation. This is but one example illustrating the importance of asking permission to hunt safety zones.—District Game Protector R. J. Wolz, Greenville.

## Sleepy Message Makes Sense

**FULTON COUNTY**—I awoke one morning and looked at my note pad, vaguely remembering having taken down a message during the night. This is what I had: Deer hit above Bernie's on what usta be 76, near the sharp curve before they straightened the road. Before they fixed the road there was a bus shanty, tool shed or something sat there. We gutted it and hid it under brush so nobody would steal it. Going the way we were it's on the right. Strangely enough I found it with no trouble.—District Game Protector C. E. Jarrett, McConnellsburg.

## Greed

**CUMBERLAND COUNTY** — The following incident was related to me by an area farmer: The farm lad was leaving his house to go hunting. When he came to the road in front of his house he spotted a cock pheasant lying in the weeds along the road and picked it up to examine it. A hunter across the road in a field hollered at the lad that the pheasant he had picked up was the one he had just shot. The hunter even gave the lad 15 cents for finding his bird. The lad told his father that the hunter was really greedy because the bird's condition indicated that it had been dead for several days. The lad was 15 cents richer and the greedy hunter probably received his just reward when he took the bird home to clean it.—District Game Protector E. F. Utech, Carlisle.



## Wild Dogs

**CLARION COUNTY**—Now is the time of year when the dog problem starts. With all of the publicity given to this problem of free running dogs, it makes one wonder why anyone would turn dogs loose to run wild. I am sure if these people could see the great damage done to deer and other wild animals, there wouldn't be so many dogs taken to the woods and "dropped off."—District Game Protector J. M. Lavery, Clarion.



## New Crow Decoys

**LACKAWANNA COUNTY**—Some people will try anything. I recently heard of a hunter who spray-painted pigeons black and attempted to use them as crow decoys. Wonder what he used for a crow call!!! — District Game Protector T. C. Wylie, Moscow.

## Educated Buck

**MERCER COUNTY**—I believe the deer in this area are becoming smarter each year. The following was related to me by a local hunter: After a buck was followed for some distance, he swam a beaver dam to try to lose the hunters; but when this failed, he headed straight into Mercer, around the schoolhouse. Next he went over to the Medical Clinic, from there to the police station, and when headed off trying to leave town, he just decided to spend the rest of the day in town, right among the houses where he couldn't be shot at. The next day



the same hunter jumped a buck from the same area where this one had come from and he did the same thing; and they felt it had been the same deer which they never did get. The hunter stated he could understand why he had gone to the police station, but the way this buck had traveled, he didn't need any more education and probably would never need any medical attention.—District Game Protector J. A. Badger, Mercer.

## Fox Meat Edible

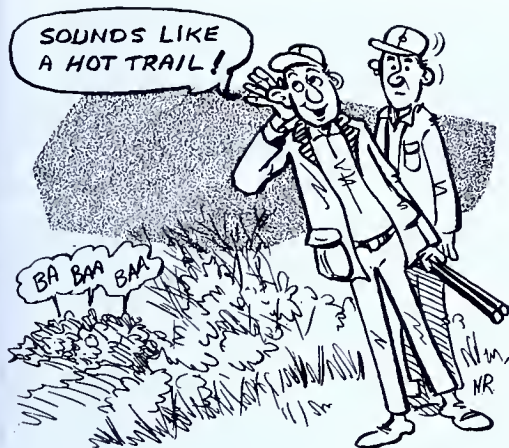
**DAUPHIN COUNTY**—One day last month I received a phone call from a woman who asked me if fox meat was edible. I informed her that I could not help her in this matter because I had never heard or read anything to that effect before. She then proceeded to tell me that her husband had killed a red fox and skinned it and she hated to throw the meat away. She then stated that she would keep the hind quarters and try it for herself. A few days later I received a call from the same woman who began praising the flavor of fox meat and compared it to that of groundhog. She said her husband was sorry he threw the rest away. If I receive any more calls on this subject in the future, I will be able to give them two persons' opinions.—District Game Protector S. L. Opet, Millersburg.

## Jammed Laundromat

**SULLIVAN COUNTY**—Early in the afternoon of the first day of buck season, I checked a hunter who informed me that he was on his way to the Laundromat in Dushore, for the third time that day. The rain had been pouring down since before day-break without ceasing. When this hunter's clothing would get wet, he would go to the Laundromat and dry them, then return to the woods to hunt until the moisture seeped through once again. Sometime later I happened to go through Dushore and noticed that the Laundromat was jammed with hunters trying to dry their clothing.—District Game Protector D. J. Adams, Eagles Mere.

## Hunting Pressure Light

**VENANGO AND MERCER COUNTIES**—The weather was bad and the hunting pressure during the late December small game season was light.—Land Manager E. M. Borger, Polk.



### 'Hound Dog' Lamb

**GREENE COUNTY**—I am sure most of the readers have heard about an animal that thinks it is something else. The Herman Varndell family, R. D. 2, Holbrook, have such an animal. They acquired a pet lamb for their daughter and the lamb has free use of the farmyard and surrounding areas. It seems the lamb has spent most of its time with some local beagle dogs, and of course when training season came in the beagles would chase rabbits. You guessed it; by the time hunting season came around they had some of the darndest chases you ever saw. The only thing the lamb was weak on was she didn't have a very good hound voice.—District Game Protector L. V. Haines, Waynesburg.

### Foxes Along Roads

**BUTLER COUNTY**—I am starting to get comments about the fox becoming more plentiful. Several motorists have stated to me that they see foxes along the roads where before the bounty was taken off, very seldom did they ever see a road-killed fox. I wonder if the fox population is increasing that quickly or would you believe that now that the pelt is not worth the \$4 bounty that maybe, just maybe, a person will not stop to pick up the road-killed fox.—District Game Protector J. D. Swigart, Butler.

### Love That Bugler

**MONTGOMERY COUNTY**—This story was related to Deputy Nerlinger by another hunter: It seems a group of hunters had this cabin next to his and they were blowing a bugle at different times during the day. When asked why they blew the bugle, one of the fellows replied: "The first one in the morning is a signal that breakfast is ready. The second one is to signal for dinner. The third one—well, if you don't hear it you had best gather some wood for the night because you are lost! ! !"—District Game Protector R. G. Clouser, Lansdale.

### Fox Led Buck to Hunter

**VENANGO COUNTY**—Most hunters dislike foxes and so did one from Venango County until he found out differently. It seems that this fellow hunted at his favorite deer crossing each year for many years. On this stand, he killed 8 nice bucks. Before each kill a red fox came running by just prior to the buck. Four years ago on the same stand, a red fox came by and our hunter decided to take a shot at him. He killed the fox and looked up to see a nice buck running out of range. Since that time he has not seen a buck at that stand. I guess he killed his best hunting partner, who led the deer right to him.—District Game Protector L. E. Yocum, Oil City.







### Hunts With Poodle

**WASHINGTON COUNTY**—During a season of hunting such as the one we just went through, many amusing things happen to a Game Protector as he carries out his duties. Like the time I checked a young fellow, just married for three weeks. This was the first day he had to, as he put it, “get away from it all” and go hunting. This in itself isn’t too bad except that, for a hunting dog, this man had his wife’s freshly clipped French poodle. The type of day naturally was a wet, muddy one, so no need to explain what the dog looked like.—District Game Protector D. C. Madl, McDonald.

### Yes, That’s My Deer . . .

**LANCASTER COUNTY**—Reports from Bill Gamber of Lancaster indicate that a buck that hung at a camp in the Waterville area of Lycoming County caused a great deal of attention. He said that many people came to this particular camp to see this buck that had a tremendous antler spread. Bill heard one fellow say with great disappointment, “I have been watching that buck all year.” This made Bill laugh as this buck was a small spike until Bill decided to wire a set of mule deer antlers on it.—District Game Protector H. G. Stankewich, Lancaster.

### ‘Grasshopper With Hiccups’

**JUNIATA COUNTY**—One of my deputies, H. Ross (Bud) Milliken of Honey Grove, has a very cute little five-year-old daughter, Brenda. All year she pestered Bud to take her along hunting, so he took her along in the evening for a squirrel hunt. She was tagging along behind Bud and they were both being real quiet. Suddenly Brenda said, “Stop, Daddy, I hear something.” Bud, smiling, asked her what it was. She replied that she wasn’t quite sure but then she held up her little finger for attention and said, “I don’t know where it’s at, but the only thing that could make that kind of noise would be a grasshopper with the hiccups.”—District Game Protector R. P. Shaffer, Mifflintown.

### Deer in Pool

**CRAWFORD COUNTY**—On the 12th of December I was notified by radio that there was a doe deer in the swimming pool of the Holiday Inn. By the time I arrived the deer had run against the chain link fence and broken its neck. It had come across Route 322, walked out and crashed against the fence. Had it cleared the fence, which would have been easy enough as it’s only three feet high, it would have gone through the plate glass windows into the dining room. Can you think of a safer place for a deer than swimming around in a pool on doe day?—District Game Protector J. R. Miller, Meadville.

### Meat Hunter

**GREENE COUNTY**—In the evening of the fifth day of the extended small game season, I received a phone call from what sportsmen refer to as a “Meat Hunter.” He asked where all the rabbits were, then ended by saying that he only bagged nineteen rabbits and six grouse during the week.—District Game Protector T. Vesloski, Carmichaels.



# CONSERVATION NEWS



*PGC Photo by Ralph Cady*

**NEW OFFICERS** of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, seated, from left, are R. G. Smith, vice-president; Frederick M. Simpson, president; and Robert E. Fasnacht, secretary. Standing, from left, are Deputy Executive Director Robert S. Lichtenberger, James A. Thompson, Brig. Gen. Nicholas Biddle, H. L. Buchanan, Russell M. Lucas, Loring H. Cramer and Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers.

## ***Simpson New President of Pennsylvania Game Commission***

Frederick M. Simpson, of Huntingdon, has been named president of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

Simpson, who was elected at the annual reorganization meeting of the Commission in January, succeeds Loring H. Cramer, of East Stroudsburg, in the post.

Simpson was first appointed to the Commission August 2, 1963, to fill the unexpired term of Ernest B. Hart, of Johnstown.

He was reappointed to the Com-

mission March 21, 1964, for a full eight-year term.

R. G. Smith, of Berwick, was named vice-president of the Commission. He succeeds Russell M. Lucas, of Philipsburg.

Robert E. Fasnacht, of Ephrata, was elected Commission secretary, succeeding Smith in the office.

Other members of the Commission are Brig. Gen. Nicholas Biddle, Bethayres; H. L. Buchanan, Franklin; and James A. Thompson, Pittsburgh.

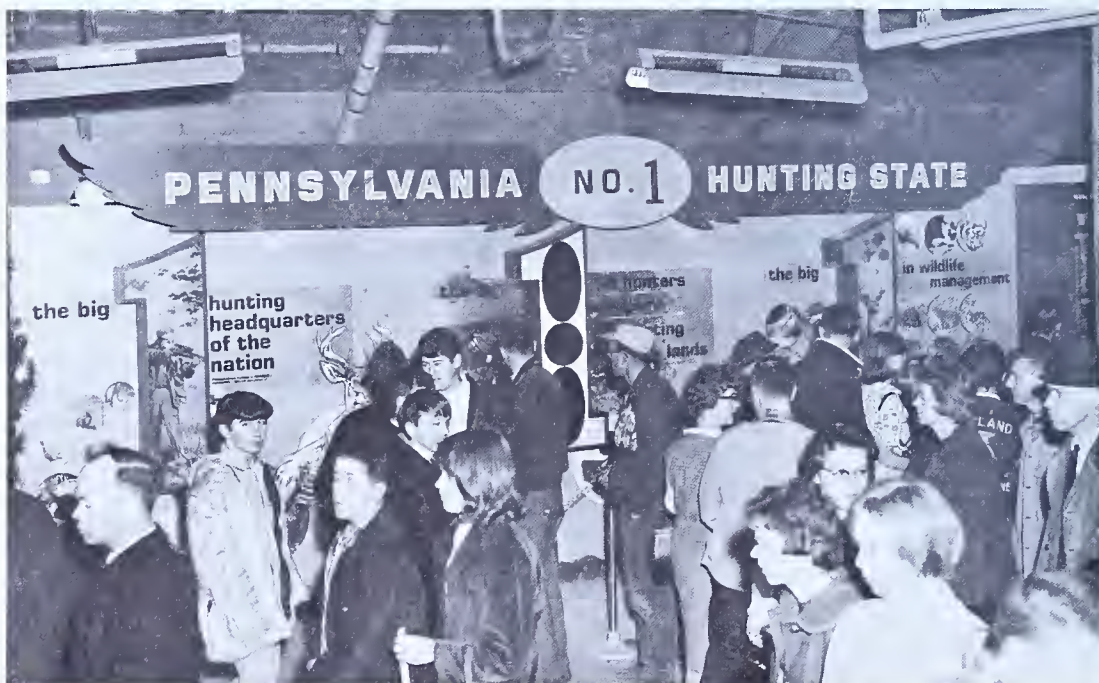




*PGC Photo by Glenn Hoy*

**THOUSANDS** viewed the Pennsylvania Game Commission's exhibit at this year's State Farm Show in Harrisburg in January. Above are Game Commissioner James A. Thompson, Governor William W. Scranton and Conservation Information Assistant Robert Myers. Below, a scene during the week of the Farm Show.

*PGC Photo by Ralph Cady*



## Tentative Opening Dates for 1967 Hunting Seasons Are Set

Tentative opening dates for 1967 hunting seasons were established by the Pennsylvania Game Commission at its January meeting.

Dates approved by the Commission are:

<b>ARCHERY DEER</b> .....	<b>Saturday, September 30</b>
<b>EARLY SMALL GAME</b> .....	<b>Saturday, October 14</b>
<b>GENERAL SMALL GAME</b> .....	<b>Saturday, October 28</b>
<b>BEAR</b> .....	<b>Monday, November 20</b>
<b>DEER, ANTLERED</b> .....	<b>Monday, November 27</b>

Commission President Frederick M. Simpson said that official dates, lengths of hunting seasons and bag limits will be established at the June meeting of the Commission.

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### Earl Geesaman Law Enforcement Assistant Chief

Earl E. Geesaman, of Hershey, has been named Assistant Chief of the Division of Law Enforcement by the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

Geesaman, who had been serving as Administrative Assistant in the division, succeeds James A. Brown as Assistant Chief. Brown recently became Chief of Law Enforcement.

The new Assistant Chief is a graduate of Hershey High School and the Ross Leffler School of Conservation. He served as a District Game Protector in York County from 1949 until 1957, and then was Conservation Information Assistant in the Southeast Field Division from 1957 until 1962.

Geesaman served with the Army Engineers for 3½ years and was discharged as a first sergeant after spending 2½ years in England, France and Germany. He is married to the former Treva L. Brandt, of Hershey, and they have three sons.



**EARL GEESAMAN** has been named Assistant Chief of the Law Enforcement Division. As Assistant Chief, he succeeds James A. Brown, who was promoted to Chief upon retirement of Thomas F. Bell.

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### *Bears Exported*

Black bears are being exported from Manitoba, Canada, where they have increased to nuisance proportions, to Arkansas to check an overpopulation of wild boars and the damage they are causing to newly planted trees.



# *Deer Measuring Dates, Sites*

The Pennsylvania Game Commission will again conduct a deer antler measuring program this year. Dates and locations for measuring of trophies have been established in each of the Commission's field divisions.

All antlers which have not been measured previously can be entered, provided they have been taken in the Commonwealth by Pennsylvania hunters. The program is a public service of the Game Commission.

Dates and locations for the measuring sessions follow:

March 5: Branch Valley Fish and Game Association, Bucks County, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

March 12: Game Commission Southeast Division office, Reading R. D. 2, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

April 2: Carlisle Fish and Game Clubhouse, 12 noon to 5 p.m.

April 2: Mt. Joy Sportsmen's Club, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

April 2: Bradford County Courthouse, Towanda, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 9: Lincoln Grange, Huntingdon County, 12 noon to 5 p.m.

April 9: Honesdale Armory, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 23: Brodheadsville Fire Hall, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 23: Game Commission North-central Division office, Avis, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 23: Mifflin County Ballfield and Playground, McVeytown, 12 noon to 5 p.m.

April 29: Game Commission Southwest Division office, Ligonier, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 30: Game Commission Southwest Division office, Ligonier, 9 to 5.

April 30: Game Commission Northeast Division office, Dallas, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 30: Chamber of Commerce, DuBois, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 30: Butler Hunting and Fishing Clubhouse, East Butler.

May 7: Coudersport Community Building, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

May 7: Game Commission Northwest Division office, Franklin.

May 14: Corry Rod and Gun Clubhouse.

**ANTLERS** such as these are well worth measuring. This eight-point was taken by James Greenawalt, Ligonier R. D. 3, during the 1966 archery season. It was the third deer taken by Greenawalt with a bow and arrow in five years.

*PGC Photo by Fred Servey*





By NED SMITH

*It's showing-off time for male ducks and pheasants. March provides a hot meal from the swamp, cool specimens from a brook, and a cold bath for waxwings.*

**M**ARCH and waterfowl go together. Even in that blustery period when winter rages at being asked to leave, and wind-lashed trees sway against the scudding clouds, we just naturally expect to see ducks and geese.

We're seldom disappointed, for it takes more than cold and wind to hold them back. Scaups move up from the Bay in early March, the weather ready or not, and with them come goldeneyes to bolster our local flocks, and dazzling little buffleheads. When the "V's" of Canada geese stream into view we know winter's grip is broken. Baldpates, pintails, mallards, ring-necked ducks, and a few redheads and "cans" come north in their wake.

This is a great time for duck-watching, and in one respect at least it is more rewarding than in the "good old days." The innumerable farm ponds that have sprung up all over the countryside attract migrating ducks and geese where none were seen before. In the past few years I have counted seventeen species of wild waterfowl on those miniature lakes in our neighborhood, including whistling

swans, Canada geese, shovellers, and old squaws. Last winter a European teal spent some time on a pond near Millersburg, and loons, grebes, and other diving birds are often seen.

Even the mountainous parts of Pennsylvania have their waterfowl havens. Buffleheads, mergansers, blacks, and mallards rest and feed on woodland streams; mallards, wood ducks, and hooded mergansers remain to nest. Waterfowl of every sort bob on the rough surface of natural lakes, state park lakes, flood control dams, and hydroelectric impoundments.

Practically all of the species recorded in North America have been seen in Pennsylvania, with the exception of a few accidentals. My own sight records exceed thirty species for the state, and birders who have spent more time at Lake Erie and the extreme lower Susquehanna, where accidentals are more likely to occur, could add to that list.

There are several good reasons for Pennsylvania's appeal to waterfowl. One is Lake Erie, a huge body of water that lures many maritime





species as well as the usual ones. Another is its proximity to Chesapeake Bay, one of the major wintering areas for waterfowl. The most important feature, however, is its location on the great Atlantic Flyway, near the focal point of several important major migration routes. In the fall ducks, geese, and swans from most of Canada's vast breeding grounds east of the Rockies and from our own western prairies cross our state on their way to the coast or nearby Chesapeake Bay.

In the spring, of course, they follow much the same general course in reverse en route to their breeding grounds. In nuptial plumage now, they are more brilliantly colored and more perfectly marked than at any other time of the year. If you enjoyed duck hunting in the fall, you really should try duck-watching in March when the waterfowl are at their year-round best.

*March 3*—Hundreds of American goldeneyes have spent the winter on the river wherever they could find open water. Today, while watching a flock through the telescope, I saw four or five males warming up their courtship displays. Milling around a certain hen, they stretched their necks out on the water and poked their puffy heads in her direction. One would lead off by tossing his head back until it touched his back, and as quickly snap it forward, kicking his feet as he did so. Even at that distance I could clearly see the water spurt out behind him as his feet lashed out in unison. Not to be outdone, the other drakes followed suit, and for a few minutes there was a continuous round of bill-pointing, head tossing, and water kicking before they quieted down again. At the height of the excitement they would stretch their bills skyward and utter a call, but they were too far for me to hear it clearly.

When the "whistlers," as they are called from the sound of their wing-

beats, reach their nesting grounds that stretch across the width of Canada and down into a few northern states, they will already be paired. Like wood ducks, the females will lay their pale green eggs in hollow trees or stumps.

*March 4*—A baker's dozen cedar waxwings arrived at one of my feeders while I was still a short distance away. There was nothing there to interest them—only suet, scratch feed, and sunflower seeds—but they weren't looking for food. Instead, they bathed and sipped daintily from the puddles of melted snow on the roof of my blind, then departed with a whir of wings.



*March 10*—I don't know how long it will last, but the recent taste of spring weather tempted me into stirring around in the icy waters of a little spring-fed run near Mahantango Mountain. The first rock I turned over was crawling with grotesque mayfly nymphs, so flattened and mottled that they were scarcely discernible until they scrambled sideways to escape the unaccustomed light. Similar, but slightly larger, stonefly nymphs hid beneath other stones, and occasionally a stream-lined black mayfly nymph of the swimming type would shoot out from under a disturbed rock, and dart into another eddy to look for a



new hiding place. Caddis fly larvae enclosed in tubular cases of coarse sand hugged the bottom, and repulsive water worms, the larvae of crane flies, hid beneath submerged trash.

Lifting a large, flat stone, I uncovered a crayfish that regarded me with an icy stare and poised pincers. Turning her over I discovered six baby crayfish clambering about on the underside of her tail. Apparently they had been clinging to her swimmerets, but let go when she was removed from the water, and I imagine some may have dropped off unnoticed. Between  $\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{5}{16}$  of an inch in length, they were perfect miniatures of their mother, except that their pincers were slender, their black eyes disproportionately large, and their bodies almost transparent. Like Mom, they swam backwards, jerked along by rapid flips of their tails.

*March 11*—Except for the suet holders, the feeders were empty when I arrived at my feeding station near the creek. I didn't refill them immediately, but sprinkled a handful of feed on the ground to lure all the visitors to one spot. I hadn't been in the blind more than a few minutes when the chickadees were back, and in another

minute a red squirrel bounded into their midst and helped himself to the sunflower seeds. A second squirrel, hoping to muscle in, got a trouncing for his trouble, so he scrambled up a tree to investigate the small feeder installed there. To me it seemed empty, but apparently the squirrel's nose told him some sunflower seeds were stuck in the hopper. Imagine my surprise when he crawled between the tree and the feeder and thumped the latter briskly with his hind feet, causing the dislodged seeds to pour out into the tray! Obviously he had done *that* before.

*March 19*—A friend pointed out two long-eared owls that have been roosting in a grove of white pines near his house a few miles from Palmyra. Each sat on a horizontal limb close to the trunk, looking miserable in the freezing drizzle. They peered at us through half-closed eyes, but when we came closer they drew themselves up tall and straight, compressed their feathers, and squinted their eyes into diagonal slits. Had they been perching on an old, dead tree, they'd have been difficult to distinguish from weathered snags.

They held their fence-paling pose for a couple of minutes, but at the sound of a distant crow their eyes snapped open and their feathers relaxed. The nearest owl called softly for several minutes—dove-like cooing that couldn't have been heard a hundred feet away.

These birds, midway between the screech owl and the horned owl in size, are common, but secretive and little known. That they are beneficial to man was demonstrated by an examination of the regurgitated pellets we gathered beneath their roosts. These  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch long wads of fur, bones, and feathers are the undigestible remains of food the owls swallow whole, or in large chunks. Of the fifty pellets we dissected, 3 contained sparrow skulls, 38 contained field mouse skulls, one contained an un-

SKUNK CABBAGE  
HOOD (LEFT) AND  
NEW LEAVES



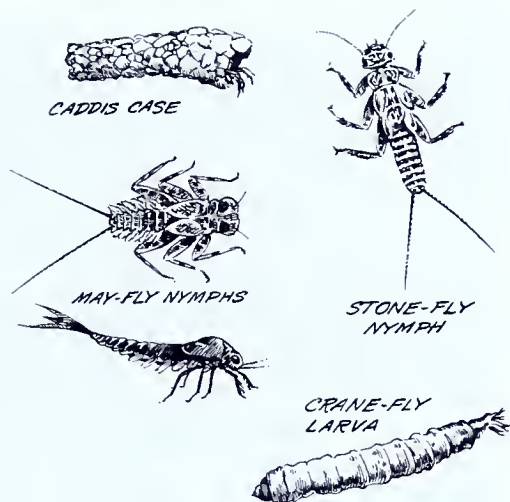
identified mouse skull, one a young Norway rat skull, and another consisted entirely of starling feathers, but no skull.

**March 23**—I spotted a cock ringneck marching along a distant fencerow, his scarlet facial wattles dilated, and his long tail twisting in the breeze. At intervals he stopped to peck among the weeds, and as I watched he stretched out his neck and crowed raucously, flapping his wings as though applauding his own efforts.

**March 24**—For years I've been reading that the young shoots (not the hoods) of the skunk cabbage are good to eat. One magazine article admitted they sting the mouth and temporarily affect the vocal cords, and the authors of *Edible Wild Plants* (Harper Bros.) warn that some are pretty peppery, but none put them down as harmful.

This morning I collected a dozen tightly rolled cones of new skunk cabbage leaves that were poking through the soggy leaf mulch along Cumming's Swamp and, surprisingly enough, they did look appetizing. Even more surprising, they exuded nary a trace of unpleasant odor while they were being cooked. We made them with cheese sauce, changing the water several times to keep them mild, and found they tasted much like Brussel's sprouts—for a while, that is. Then, before the second bite was swallowed we became aware of a prickling sensation in our mouths. Soon our tongues began to burn, and as we discussed this discouraging turn of affairs it became increasingly difficult to speak in normal tones. Instead of the intended sounds our vocal cords rattled out strained, croaking syllables.

The burning and croaking soon passed, but Marie now draws the line at skunk cabbage. The authors of *Edible Wild Plants* say "our experience indicates that the plants vary,



sometimes being quite mild, sometimes peppery. If one is lucky he will cook only the former." Needless to say, we weren't lucky, but the initial taste was so agreeable I'm tempted to try it again—but with shoots from another locality.

**March 28**—Hundreds of horned grebes are loafing and feeding on the river, some still in their gray and white winter plumage, others well into their colorful spring plumage. I watched one through the telescope as he drifted downstream with a small catfish or bullhead he had just caught, slapping the fish against the water, picking it up, and slapping it down again. He was in sight for a full ten minutes before drifting behind an island far downriver, and all the while he kept beating and shaking that poor fish. I've frequently seen gulls roughing up bullheads for ridiculously long periods of time before swallowing them. Are they making sure their prey is incapable of raising a fin spine and poking it through their innards, or is there some other explanation? Perhaps the sage who answers that one can tell us why a raccoon washes its food, and why a crested flycatcher includes a shed snake skin in her nest.



**Set Up a . . .**



**"EAST AFRICAN LION"** looks ferociously toward the west while doing his bit for a successful safari.

## **Safari!**

**By Keith C. Schuyler**

*Photos by the Author*

**S**AFARI! Now there's a word to inject at least a ripple of excitement into the most staid (or should the word be—dull?) archery club. Although some dictionaries do not even carry the word, among the hunting fraternity it immediately conjures up visions of Trader Horn, the African Queen or Tarzan in one of his more sociable moods.

Safari. The word comes from, natu-

rally enough, the Arabic expression *safari*. It means, "a journey, or expedition, as for hunting," in East Africa. Consequently, it is only correctly applied to a trip or the gang making the trip, in East Africa.

However, by the use of a little poetic license and hard work, a safari can be held on the local archery range. The result will be a lot of fun, plenty of exercise and good use of an off day if there are no other area

shoots with which to compete. It provides the club with an opportunity to get rid of a few old trophies and pick up some profit in the process.

Because there are no set rules when it comes to a safari, you can do pretty much as you please. Whether the club ever attempts a second safari will be somewhat determined, nevertheless, by how many you please.

### Animal Targets

The first thing to determine is what kind of targets you are going to use. They *must* be animal targets. The animals can be homemade jobs which will bring out the artist in whoever confesses to artistic ability (a secondary benefit). This is the cheapest way, which in 98.3 percent of the clubs is therefore the best way. The artist should be provided with sufficient (empty) bicycle boxes and (African-colored) paint to do the job. Since you will need 28 targets, he will also need a book on Africa so that he keeps his menagerie authentic. You

could be criticized for mixing in tigers, kangeroos and polar bears for *East Africa*.

On the other hand, if the club happens to have a surplus of targets from the last animal round, don't be too fussy. Mix 'em in. Most of the girls won't know the difference, and the hot rocks will prefer them over the sneaky homemade jobs with the off-center scoring areas. Too, your artist is more apt to stay on the job. There are other store-bought targets available which will also please your artist and cut into your profits.

### Boar Hunts

There is yet another type of safari in which you can use live animals. About the only available animal which is legal for this purpose in Pennsylvania is the un-East African boar which comes from lower East United States. These mongrel porkers may actually be the descendants of Spanish pigs that escaped from the Spaniards and evaded the Seminole Indians as

**METAL STAKES** with ribbon between them mark off the unknown shooting distances for one-time use at this safari.







**ARROW IS REMOVED** from buffalo by June Sutliff. Shooting with her, left to right, are Sandra Beck, Jane Crouse and Laurie Kubeck.

well as the hordes of imported Americans who failed to make the country completely safe for democracy by failing to knock off said Seminoles, or the pigs. Trying to put on a live safari, aside from missing out on commercials at the refreshment stand (target No. 14.5), will make the area pig farmers nervous and discourage female participation. About the only outfit big enough to handle this type of safari is the Forksville Bowhunters' Festival. Even there, with several hundred archers lined up for the coup de grace, about 50 percent of the pigs get out of the coup. Only about half the usual 28 targets are used on the swine hunt—for two days.

You could also use three-dimensional targets. Although these would be no more dangerous, they would be about as expensive as live bacon.

So, let's be practical and get back to our hard-working artist who can't even charge and keep his amateur standing as an archer. At the last safari on our local range, Bob Cicula, formerly of Hazleton and currently of Philadelphia, did the art work. I can vouch for the fact that he not only was not paid for the job, he had to furnish his own bicycle boxes. Although Bob is better with the bow than he is with a paint brush, most of

his animals could be identified as authentic East African species for the first half of the tournament. After that, the scores indicated that there was more lion than came out of Bob's paint bucket. The excuse from those with heavy score cards was that the animals kept getting bigger as they shot up the targets. Although this livened things up at the counting house, it didn't affect the profits.

But, let's not get ahead of ourselves here.

After the animals are painted, it is necessary to have some native bearers get them to the target butts. Here is where the head Bwana proves whether or not you elected the right guy for range captain last winter. He not only has to appoint enough volunteers for the job, he must decide whether the old target faces are good enough to save. For, when this thing is over, the old standby bull's-eyes must go back up. It is generally best to inform the volunteers of this *after* the safari.

Volunteers are also needed to establish new shooting positions. If you use the old shooting stakes, the bicycle boxes won't even last half way through the tournament. Anyway, who ever heard of a charging wart hog coming at you from a posted distance? Under safari conditions you wouldn't have time to check the soft drink sign for the proper distance anyway. By the time you got past the advertisement, you'd have a claw or a horn in your quiver or liver.

You may not even have to appoint the volunteers for the job. The more fiendish members delight in setting the shooting stakes for this one. Usually, the instinctive types (if you have any left), or perhaps the bare-bow boys, will jump at the chance. It is possible, with a proper display of ingenuity, to make life miserable for the sight shooters.

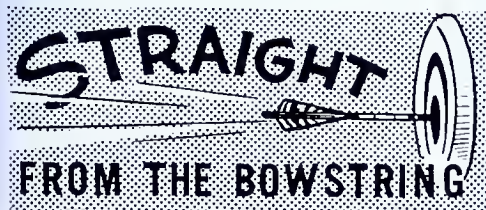
The normal procedure is to choose a shooting site which provides just enough room through the trees and/or underbrush to get an arrow to the

target with any bow. It must be remembered that some of the girls have bows that shoot a trajectory along the line of a Roman arch. Also, shots should be somewhat closer, especially on the long ranges, to accommodate the women and kids (and me).

It is best to use a marker which can be easily seen. With ranges already cluttered with regular, female and junior stakes, another stake may only confuse the great white hunters. At the local safari, Leon Crouse and Secretary Bill Sutliff scrounged some ribbon from a local textile mill. This was stretched between two pipes to mark the shooting positions. If you failed to notice the lovely ribbon, you were almost certain to trip over it.

As to the number of arrows or the scoring system, there are no set rules. The advice here is to stick close to the usual target field system. Four arrows at each station will avoid confusion. You can count five points for the so-called fatal area and three for a hit anywhere inside the second ring on the animal. Other than arguments as to just where the "fatal" ring should be, you should have no problems on this score. Or, should we say, scoring system?

Choosing your weather can be a problem, but my advice is to go for a hot day. Since the real purpose behind this is to make money, you want to milk the deal for all it is worth. Hot dogs and hamburgs go well on cool days, but when it is warm, the paying customers need coffee or soda to wash them down. Tell the girls to bake their cakes a little on the dry side so that the P.C.'s need some liquid to go with them regardless of the temperature. The kids will smash the ice cream on a hot day, but they can make trouble



**TUSKER** taken at Forksville Festival "safari" is displayed by Bill McPoyler, left, and John Platchek, of Chinchilla.

when it's cool. You may not be able to buy their cooperation when the thermometer goes below 56° F.

If you want to create a little atmosphere, you can rent a couple pythons and hippopotamuses, but watch your budget. Hippos eat a lot.

As to prizes, give lots of them. It was suggested that this is an opportunity to get rid of a few old trophies lying around. This is only true if you have any. Otherwise, try to give suitable prizes which are useful. Surprisingly, archery equipment is not always welcome. This is particularly true if it is old stuff your favorite sporting goods dealer is unloading at a price or to get you off his back. Handouts are nice, occasionally, but don't overwork your commercial friends. They must eat, too. And, frequently they don't get a chance to hunt because you keep them too busy in season. Too often archery stuff duplicates equipment owned by the winners.

Prizes which are usually welcome are flashlights (with batteries), boxes of chocolates (hold in refrigerator), first aid kits (everyone should have one), subscriptions to GAME NEWS (everyone should have one), travel kits, pocket knives, etc. Use your



imagination and *some* of the profit. Don't give gift certificates—the winner may not get back to your town until the next safari.

Be certain that somebody is responsible for notifying area clubs. Build it up a little over a period with several mailings so that you are sure to hit close to a meeting date for each club with one of them. Lay it on with something like: "Join a Safari at The Busted Nock Club. Normally a deal like this is about \$4,000. Our price, \$1.50. Lions, buffaloes, etc. Bow bearers, \$10 an hour." You can work this any way you like, but play up the date. It will discourage competition from other clubs on the same day while encouraging their members to join you.

Probably the big attraction in holding a shoot of this type is in its universal appeal among archers. Although according to the latest license census,

there are now over 90,000 bow hunters in Pennsylvania, this represents only an impressive part of all archers in the state. There are some males, many females and youngsters who have no immediate interest in hunting per se. But, practically everyone can take a vicarious pleasure from the completely innocent shooting of cardboard.

Yet, it does provide good practice for actual hunting. Distances are unknown. A real effort is made to outline the most likely-to-be-fatal areas and shooting is being done under field conditions.

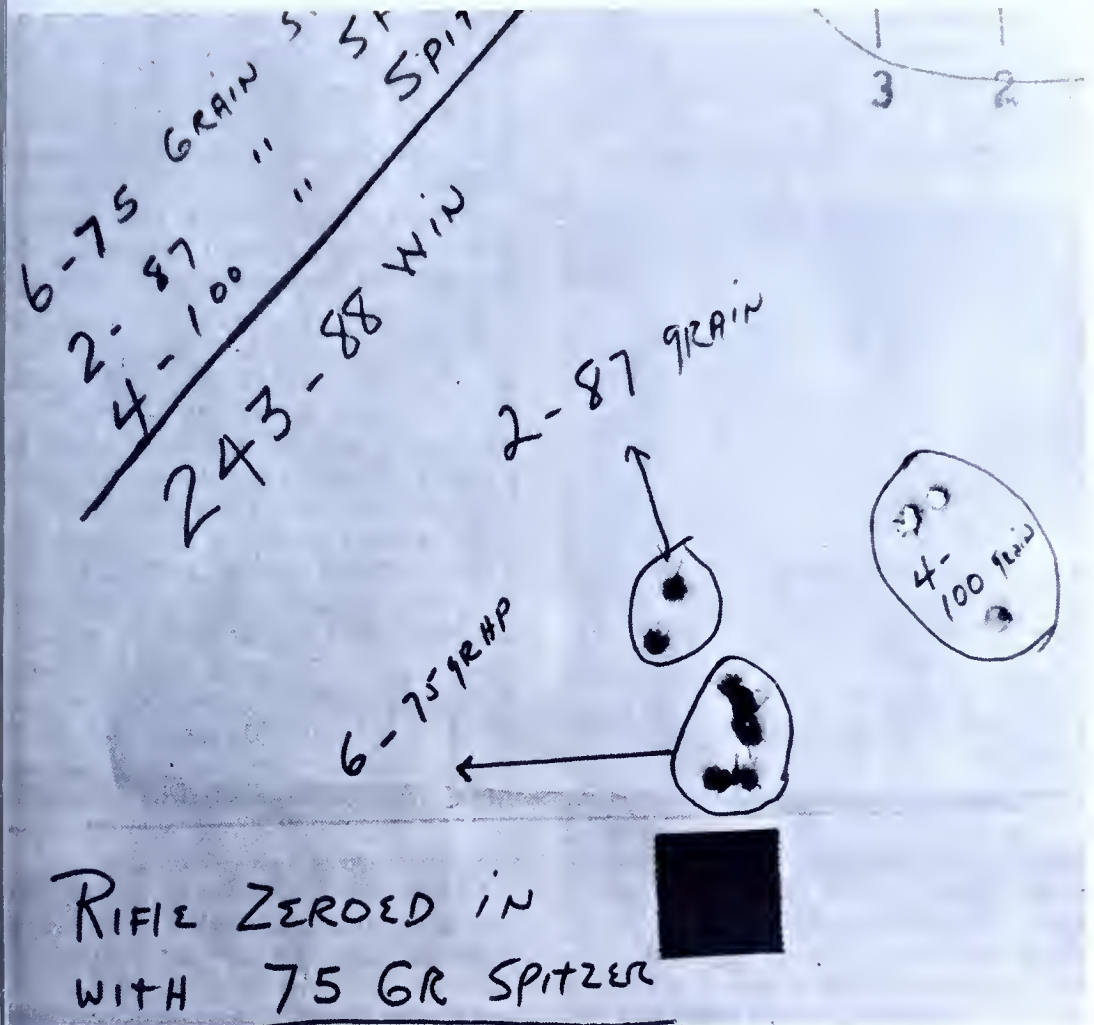
Consequently, there is something for everybody in a safari. While it is designed primarily as a fun shoot, it provides the usual side benefits of any archery competition in fellowship and improved skills.

But it won't be funny, if you don't make money. Plan your laughs with care.

**STORE-BOUGHT TARGETS** like this one dress up the range but cut into the profits for the shoot.



# Impact!



**DIFFERENT WEIGHT BULLETS** can produce a wide spread of holes in that paper target when they are all fired without adjusting the sights.

**By Don Lewis**

*Photos by Helen Lewis*

**T**HE .243 on my benchrest was a very accurate rifle. The seven-shot group I had just fired was directly over the one-inch bull and it was less than one and a fourth inches in size. To shoot a group this small with a lever action rifle and 75-grain factory loads is reason enough to make any shooter happy. When the owner of the rifle looked through the spotting scope, I could tell by his grin that he

was not disappointed with his new outfit.

To be certain that he would have a firsthand knowledge of where the rifle was putting its bullets, I suggested that he shoot a few rounds from the bench. He accepted and fired five shots. His group was a good one and it was directly over the bull. We were satisfied that this rifle was properly sighted in for him.



Studying the targets through the spotting scope, I said, "Well, now you're all set for chucks. The way your rifle handles these 75-grain bullets should enable you to make very long, precise shots. There are not too many factory-produced rifles that will shoot as well as this one, especially with the lightweight bullets."



**THE POINT OF IMPACT** is quite likely to change when different weights and types of bullets are used.

"Would it make any difference in point of impact if I used another weight bullet?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I'm ashamed to tell you this now, but I don't have too many more 75-grain loads, but I do have seven or eight boxes of 100-grain shells. As a matter of fact, I would like to use the 100-grain bullet this summer. I wanted the rifle sighted in high with the 75-grain bullet and then use the 100-grain ammo for hunting. With the lightweight bullets hitting high, the heavier slug has to strike lower," explained my customer as he removed a box of shells from his hip pocket.

"No, I don't believe that would necessarily be true," I answered after considering the matter. "I realize that it may appear that way on the surface, but, in some tests I've conducted, I found it next to impossible to predict where another weight or even type of bullet will hit on the target. Even though the slower, heavier bullet does drop more over the same distance, its point of impact will not always be

directly under that of the lighter bullet. There are many factors, other than weight, that help determine just where a bullet will strike. For us to assume that the 100-grain bullet would be directly under the 75-grain bullet could be poor thinking on our part. I believe for best results, I should zero the rifle in with the heavier bullets."

"If you really think it is necessary I certainly don't mind furnishing the ammunition," he said after a moment.

Trying not to sound authoritative I pointed out to him that any time you change brands of ammunition, bullet weight, or the style of the bullet, you should shoot a few rounds on a paper target to see where the point of impact is.

Scratching his head, he thought for a moment and then said, "Just for our own benefit, why don't you conduct a simple test right now? I have a dozen factory 75-grain loads left, and here is a box of 100-grain factory stuff. Shoot a group with each weight of bullet without making any adjustments on the scope, and, if what you say is true, I will have learned a lesson in ballistics this evening."

I knew my customer was interested in finding out what the actual difference in point of impact would be between the two weights of bullets but I also knew he was far from convinced by what I had said and was putting me on the spot.

"That's fine with me," I replied, "but bear in mind that a dozen or so shots regardless of the results, cannot be considered as absolute proof of any theory. I'll start with the 100-grain loads and shoot at the target that has the seven-shot group above the bull."



I explained, "and, if your thinking is correct, this new group should form somewhere directly below that group."

"Right, and I just can't see how it could hit anywhere else."

It took several minutes to get everything ready, and, while we were preparing for the test, he jokingly asked me not to pull any tricks, but to shoot as well as I knew how. I gave him my assurance that I was very interested in the outcome of our experiment.

With the scope turned to its highest power, I placed the cross hair reticule on the inch bull and gently squeezed off the first shot. It took me several seconds to find the bullet hole. I looked in the original group area and under it but failed to find a fresh hole. To my chagrin, I discovered a hole about five inches to the right but on the same level as the previous shots.

"I really must have flinched on that shot," I reported; "that crazy bullet is nearly six inches to the right."

#### Hadn't Flinched

Feeding another round into the chamber, I repeated the sight routine and fired. When I saw the second hole touching the first shot, I knew that I hadn't flinched. To assure myself that this wasn't a mistake on my part, I shot another round that landed within a half inch of the first two. The three-shot group was slightly lower than my first group. Thinking the scope might have changed, I fired two 75-grain loads that hit in the middle of the seven-shot group. I began firing the two bullets alternately, and, without fail, the 100-grain went to the right and the 75-grain stayed over the bull. My customer fired the remaining 75-grain loads, alternating with the 100-grain, and got the same results.

"I would never have believed this if I hadn't seen it," was his first comment after he finished firing.

"I wouldn't consider this conclusive

proof," I emphasized; "the same cartridge from another rifle might produce altogether different results."

"That might be true," he added, "but, as far as I'm concerned, I saw something tonight that I never thought possible."

I made the necessary adjustments on the scope to move the 100-grain bullets to the left. When I fired a final group above the bull, he said with a bit of amazement: "It's still a little hard to believe, but I'm certain that there are many hunters who believe



**FREE-FLOATING BARRELS** do not touch the stock from the recoil lug to the end of the forearm. Note how paper slips between barrel and stock.

the same thing I did. Do you think there is an explanation for the way this rifle acted?"

We discussed the situation for over an hour. We knew the results we had obtained from our hastily-conducted experiment were far from being conclusive and could not be relied upon to be accurate in every case. The one interesting fact we did gather from our test was that if this man had gone chuck hunting with the 100-grain ammunition, he would have made few hits. In this particular case, the rifle had to be sighted in for the heavier bullet!

We were at a loss to say why the



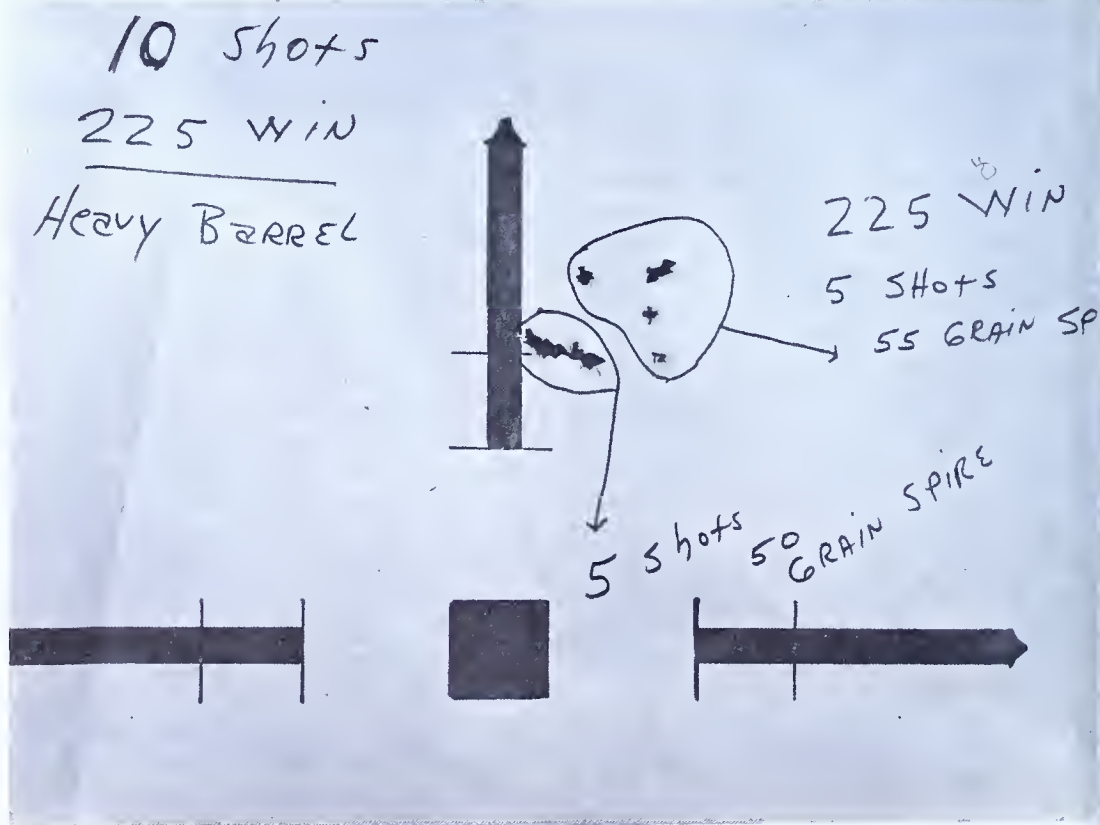
100-grain bullet hit five inches to the right when the 75-grain slug struck smack over the bull. Giving thought to the many things that could have contributed to the difference in point of impact of these two bullets, I finally decided that "Barrel vibrations" could have been responsible. It's a well-known fact that a barrel vibrates every time a bullet passes through it. In order to obtain accuracy, these vibrations must be stabilized. Two procedures are used: free floating the barrel or glass bedding the stock. The first process calls for the removal of a thin layer of wood from under and around the barrel. This permits the barrel to be free of any wood from the recoil lug to the end of the forearm and the barrel can vibrate without any interference from the stock.

In glass bedding the stock, the wood is removed under and around

the barrel and action and a thin coating of glass filler is placed in the enlarged channel. The barreled action is lubricated with a special release agent and is then pushed into the soft filler. It is not removed until the glass filler hardens. This layer of glass strengthens the stock, prevents warpage and reduces the possibility of uneven pressures on the barrel. Above everything else, the barrel and action have a moulded fit in the stock. This is a must if accuracy is desired. In the case of this .243, the difference in the weight of the bullet could have affected the reactions of the barrel and changed the point of impact.

Since many hunters believe that velocity is the sole factor in determining point of impact, it might be informative to discuss it. Most of us are prone to think of too large a span between the speeds of the various

**NOT TOO MUCH VARIATION** shows up at relatively short distances on this target, but a hunter using this .225 loaded with 55-grain bullets would probably miss a woodchuck at 300 yards.



weights of bullets. The modern hi-powered rifle bullet in most calibers has a muzzle velocity of over 2,500 feet per second. At this speed, there is not much drop in the flight of any bullet at distances up to 150 yards. Even if the 180-grain .30-06 slug drops three inches at 200 yards, a precise shot could still be made. Too many hunters worry about holding high or low when they should be concentrating on getting off a well aimed shot. At normal shooting distances for big game, the velocity of the bullet will have little or no effect on its point of impact.

Many hunters are very particular about the caliber or type of rifle they use, but they are not a bit concerned about having two or three brands of ammunition in their possession. Because you sighted in your rifle with 150-grain soft nose bullets does not mean that you will automatically miss your target if you shoot 180 grain spitzer bullets, but you could be surprised at the results if you did a little target practicing. Having a few shells with you when you leave for camp and stopping along the way to pick up another box (any brand or weight) may keep you guessing all winter why you failed to connect on an easy shot.

#### Lots of Testing

Handloaders are continually asked to duplicate a certain factory load. This is almost impossible without a lot of testing with the rifle you are loading for. Even though a rifle may shoot one brand of 180-grain bullets into a three-inch bull all day is not a guarantee that it will put a 180-grain handload anywhere near the bull. On several occasions, I have seen a difference of eight inches between a factory load and a handload of the same bullet weight! At 200 yards this would be doubled and it is not unreasonable to assume that, under these

circumstances, an entire deer could be missed from a rested shot.

All this points out the necessity of not only knowing your rifle but knowing what it will do with the shells you are using. Handloads will not mix with factory loads; Brand X will not mix with Brand Y in factory loads. The simple solution to this seemingly complex problem is to buy one brand and one bullet weight and stick with it. When you must buy a fresh supply, shoot a few to determine how they react. Remember the manufacturer could have made some changes in the load you have been using.



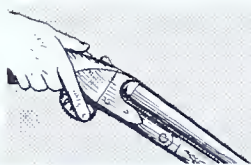
**A COMMON SIGHT**—a wide selection of brands and bullet weights in gun cabinets. If you're going to use all of these, be sure you know where all of these bullets will hit.

Getting rid of your various brands and weights of bullets and settling for just one will not be a needless waste; it may be the prime reason why you might be successful this coming season.

The next buck you see may be the first one you have seen in five years, and it may be the last for another five. It would be a shame to spoil this moment because you are using the wrong bullet.

Polar bears have been known to stalk and kill humans in winter—either because of extreme hunger or total ignorance of man.





# HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



PGC Photo by John Behr

**AWARD-WINNING PRESENTATION** on hunter safety was made by F.F.A. members Tom Angstadt, Gene Mantz and Mark Kio, left to right.

## Hunter Safety at Pennsylvania Farm Show

Hunter safety education was presented as one of the school demonstrations at the 1967 Pennsylvania Farm Show by the F.F.A. seniors of the Port Allegheny High School.

Representing the Potter-McKean Counties area, the presentation was judged a first place winner in competition with vocational agriculture demonstrations.

Prepared by Tom Angstadt, Mark Kio, and Gene Mantz, with the guidance and direction of vocational advisor Charles Osani, the presentation includes proper gun handling, archery,

landowner-sportsman relations, a summary of "know your gun and how to handle it," and hunter's responsibility.

As a reminder to hunters, prior to hunting season the students presented their safety demonstration to seven high schools and sportsmen's organizations before coming to the Farm Show for state competition.

Of special note was the message on safety in the home with sporting arms. A gun cabinet and rack were built by the students to demonstrate care and storage of arms and ammunition in the home.

# Parents Approve Firearm Safety

Cranberry area students were given an assist in safe gun handling in six schools over a two-week period. As part of Pennsylvania's Firearm and Hunter Safety program, Merle Sheffer, elementary supervisor, included in the schools' curriculum a hunter safety course. Notification was given to each parent.

On approval of the school board, Mr. Girardat was released from his regular, scheduled classes to conduct the course at each school. Schools participating were Rockland, Salina, Steeple, Pinoak, Tippery, Pinegrove.

Stated by Mr. Sheffer, the feeling of the school board was, "Every year many of our 12-year-old students obtain their first hunting licenses and head for the woods and fields with

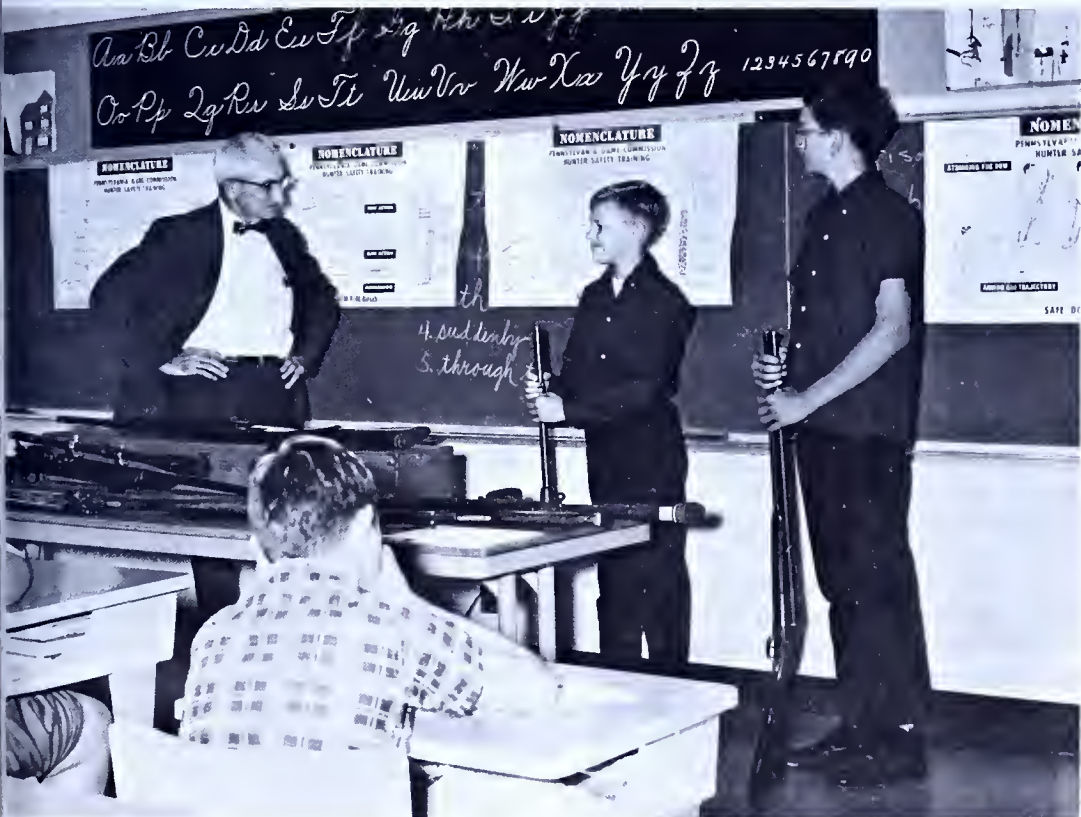
gun in hand. Sometimes the adults who accompany them take great pride in teaching sportsmanship and hunter safety, but there are too many instances where lack of adult concern has resulted in a crop of poorly-trained and poorly-oriented new hunters."

District Game Protector Lorraine Yocum assisted Mr. Girardat with instruction in proper handling of a bow, hunter's responsibility in landowner-sportsman relations, game laws, and Pennsylvania's wildlife management and conservation history.

With over half of the firearm accidents occurring in the home, Cranberry area students and parents have benefitted by Elementary Supervisor Sheffer's guiding influence in promoting safe gun handling through education.

**SCHOOL BOARD** attached enough importance to hunter safety education to release a regular teacher from scheduled classroom duties to present training program to youngsters.

*Photo by Steve Szalewicz*





# Watch Your Step

By J. Almus Russell

*Photos by Don Shiner*

**S**UMMER days are ahead of you. Your knapsack is packed. Your duffel is collected. The open trail is calling.

But wait. If the realization of your trip is to exceed the anticipation, preliminary thought and care must be taken.



**AUTHOR EXAMINES** foundation stones of old Powder Glen Foundry, Wapwallopen, for lurking rattlers and copperheads.

If you are not in hiking trim, your feet will need attention. About a week before you leave, start bathing them in strong tea each day to toughen the skin. Have a chiropodist remove corns, pare calluses, and trim your toenails.

For walking comfort, wear lightweight and well waterproofed leather

shoes. The author's favorite leather softeners and waterproofing are vasoline, castor oil, or beeswax and tallow melted together. Any one of these is readily secured, inexpensive, and easily applied.

Waterproof your shoes once a week. Neglecting to do this lets in the moisture. More frequent greasing is a waste of oil, softening the leather too much.

Walk an hour or more a day before your trip to break in your shoes. Regularity is more important than distance.

Wear close-fitting socks with no darned spots, no rough seams, no wrinkles. Woolen socks are best because they dry out on the feet if they get wet. If your feet become tender from perspiration, dust both feet and socks with foot powder. Bathing them in cold water also eases the pain. If a change of socks is not to be had, turn those you are wearing inside out.

## Blisters

Blisters are the bane of hikers. If the skin is unbroken, run a sterilized needle under the live skin into the blister. Then carefully press out the water before placing over the blister a Band-Aid containing a Mercuriochrome unit.

If the skin is rubbed off, spread salve on the wound before covering it. If a dressing is not at hand, a soft clean rag, greased with tallow dissolved in a little whiskey, may be used.

While it is more comfortable to rough it on the trail, wearing only shorts, an experienced walker will choose long trousers, and have head and arms well covered to prevent plant and insect poisoning. A bandanna handkerchief, knotted at the

four corners, is an excellent head protector and also absorbs perspiration.

Poison ivy, poison sumac, and stinging nettles are the most troublesome of the contact plants found in Pennsylvania woods, fields, and meadows.

Poison ivy may ruin a vacation, especially if the hiker confuses it with the harmless woodbine:

"Three-fingered ivy is poisonous,  
Five-leaved is not."

The flowers bloom from May to July. They are greenish-white. The berries are greenish-gray, smooth, waxy, and dangle in clusters about the size of small currants.

Ivy itself grows in open, sunlit spots as an erect bushy shrub or tree. More often it is prostrate and trailing. Frequently, it is a long woody vine, climbing tall trees. Walkers often push through the thick leaf clumps, breathe the poisonous fumes from campfires, or bring home the handsome autumn-colored leaves and attractive berry clusters—to their regret!

Contact with the bark, leaves, blossoms, or berries may result in burning, itching water blisters. The skin may also swell and throb with intense pain. Swallowing any part of the plant will bring on similar symptoms.

By contrast, poison sumac is a six- to twenty-four-foot high shrub which is often confused with the harmless dogwood, elder, or ash. Again a verse makes the difference clear:

"Berries white, dread the sight!  
Berries red, have no dread."

The flower clusters are similar in appearance to those of ivy. The leaves are pointed, without teeth. The fruit is composed of greenish-white drupes. People poison themselves both by contact and by picking the brilliantly red autumn foliage.

The nonpoisonous sumac, however, has leaves with serrated edges and velvety red fruits (the lemonade-berry of the early settlers). It is usually found growing in upland dry soil

or ledges in contrast to the marshy home of the poisonous variety.

The stinging nettle grows five to six feet tall. It blooms from July to September with seedtime from September to frost. Our forefathers made soup and porridge from the tender tops, an herbal wine from the leaves, spring greens from the foliage, an extract used in place of rennet to thicken milk, and a strong twine.

In spite of the usefulness of this plant, any contact with the hairs



**HONEY BEES** here have left crowded bee tree with a new queen to seek a new home. Hikers should not disturb swarms.

which cover the leaves results in a painful stinging, an itching rash, and water blisters.

Trail remedies for contact plant poisonings include the orange juice of the celandine, the leaves of the sweet fern, or a decoction of the bark and berries of the spice bush—all applied externally.

Other handy remedies are tincture of grindelia, calamine lotion. Or wash the exposed parts with a thick lather of naphtha soap, or with gasoline, benzine, or rubbing alcohol.

Stinging and biting insects may also spoil trips through the woods. Hornets surprised in their grass nests feel like a white-hot knife puncturing the skin. Wasps from their paper houses inject





**PAPER WASP NEST** shows to advantage after leaves have fallen. Wasps chew up wood and pith into paper.

a poison which causes severe swellings. Bees disturbed in their honey-gathering close the eyes with their stinging.

Extract the stings from the skin, if possible. A hollow key pressed down heavily over the wound often accomplishes this. An old-time remedy is to apply a paste of clay mixed with spit, or moist quid of tobacco. A slice of raw onion or a paste of baking soda and vinegar is equally helpful.

Mosquitoes, black flies, "no-see-ums." Ticks, chiggers, and ants.

All of these are biting insects. The woodsman often feels that the flies have the day shift, the "no-see-ums" and mosquitoes the night, while the ticks, chiggers, and ants are on twenty-four-hour duty.

The "no-see-ums" are almost impossible to see, slip through the finest screens, and have burning bites. They live in the bark of decaying trees, under fallen leaves, and in the sap flowing from wounded trunks.

The first indication of the presence of ticks will be itchy, inflamed lumps. This insect has eight legs and is about one-quarter of an inch long, becoming as large as a dime when filled with blood. It lurks in grasses, low bushes, or on the underside of tree leaves.

If the victim feels that the tick has attached itself to his skin, he should

immediately apply heat, rubbing alcohol, lighter fluid, or insect spray until it drops off. If he picks off the tick by hand, he should take care that their heads do not break off in his flesh, thereby causing an infection.

Preventive methods are even more effective. In tick-infested woods, wear long trousers, long sleeves, button up your collar and sleeve cuffs, and spray yourself with bug repellent.

Chiggers are also mites living in grasses and on the underside of leaves. They drop onto man and beast alike. They like to push under belts, garters or cuffs. Almost invisible, this insect looks like a fine grain of red pepper under the microscope, like a tiny crab. The pest burrows under soft portions of the skin, body and all. Then a violent itching follows for a week or two.

Hunters rub the infections with salty bacon rind or kerosene. Chloroform rubbed on will stop the itching for as long as six hours. Commercial remedies should be prescribed only by a doctor.

### Ants

Ants may be troublesome if the outdoorsman happens to sit on hills or pass too close to exploring parties. Kerosene poured on their runways or oil of sassafras will keep them away.

Insect spray or citronella keeps mosquitoes under control. A smudge of dried toadstools holds the fire from six to eight hours. Insect sprays are of temporary help.

Many dopes are sold commercially as insect repellents. The following thick ointment is easy to make, simple to apply, and will make a continuous glaze if not washed off:

- 1 ounce oil of pennyroyal
- 2 ounces white tar oil
- 3 ounces castor oil
- Mix the ingredients cold.

Snakes may worry the novice hiker but he really has little reason to be concerned. They are divided, naturally, into two classes—the poisonous and the nonpoisonous.

Eastern poisonous reptiles are rattlesnakes, copperheads, and cottonmouth moccasins. All three types are distinguished by a pair of pit marks, deep cavities between the nostril and eye. All have movable fangs located in the upper jaw only. These fold back into the jaw when not in use. All three sleep in the daytime and hunt at night.

The rattlesnake is Pennsylvania's most poisonous snake. It is identified by its rattles, a substitute for a warning voice. When undisturbed, it lies quietly. When upset and wide awake it shakes the rattle, a sound somewhat like the hissing noise of gently escaping steam, or of a locust.

If asleep, it strikes instantly when alarmed; then whirs afterwards. If awake, it usually rattles, then strikes.

The copperhead is a small snake, two or three feet long, with a moderately thick body. The head is a bright copper red with two small dark brown spots close together on the forehead. A cream-colored band encircles the mouth.

### Color of Fallen Leaves

This snake has the protective coloration of fallen leaves. It stubbornly holds its ground and readily springs at any intruder. Folklore has it that the copperhead smells like cucumbers. Otherwise, it gives no warning of its presence.

A third but least common poisonous serpent is the cottonmouth (water) moccasin. This is a large snake, three or four feet long, variegated in color, and shaped somewhat like a copperhead. It first opens its mouth for a few seconds to show a white interior hence its name, cottonmouth. It may be found rarely in the swamps south of Philadelphia in a climate more mild than that of the rest of Pennsylvania. Moccasins are dangerous to human life, striking all within their reach.

Folk remedies for poisonous snakebites are endless. Some of them are Virginia snakeroot, chewed and then

applied to the wound; clover leaves boiled in milk; and dittany tea. A poultice of salt and indigo may be applied to the sting.

Unless the bite strikes a blood vessel (when immediate hospitalization is advisable), the patient will recover with no other treatment than a ligature promptly applied, free bleeding, and sucking of the wound.

A snakebite kit is also desirable for first aid. Dr. Kodet, as quoted in "Home in Your Pack," recommends a Cutter Compack Snakebite Kit. Mor-



**POISON IVY** makes an artistic mantle on a friendly tree trunk, but also a deadly one which can eventually sap the life of the host tree.

ality from bites thus treated is less than one percent.

The walker on woodland trails has nothing to fear from the rest of the snake family. Rather, he should care-



fully protect all of the harmless species.

Black snakes eat rats and rodents. Green snakes are gentle, feeding upon insects. The milk snake preys upon rats and mice. Water snakes like frogs, fish, and salamanders. And garter snakes are said to make good pets.

"A chipmunk, or a sudden-whirring quail,

Is startled by my step as on I fare.

A garter snake across the dusty trail,

Glances and—is not there."

Harmless snakes save the farmer

much damage to buildings, storage granaries, and crops. One farmer estimates that a single adult black snake saved him about \$350 a year by controlling the rodents in his alfalfa field.

A nonpoisonous snakebite makes a sharp, clean wound like a knife cut. It is not dangerous but should be disinfected, dressed, and treated like a common cut.

No sport can be enjoyed without some risk. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Forewarning against blisters, poisonous plants, insects, and snake is all that is necessary for a successful trip.

Happy hiking—but watch your step

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## National Wildlife Week

"This Is Your Land" is the theme of the 1967 observance of National Wildlife Week March 19-25. First established by Presidential proclamation in 1938, National Wildlife Week has been sponsored annually by the National Wildlife Federation and its state affiliates. The 1967 Wildlife Week observance, the Federation says, "is aimed at making every American citizen aware of his part ownership of more than 870 million acres of land administered by local, state or Federal government agencies . . . until every citizen becomes aware and takes an active interest in his stake in these public lands, they cannot be administered and managed to best serve the common good of all the people."

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## *North American Wildlife Conference*

The 32nd North American Wildlife and Natural Resources Conference will be held March 13-15 at the San Francisco Hilton. "Human Needs and Environmental Limits" is the overall theme of the conference, sponsored by the Wildlife Management Institute. More than 1,200 natural resources administrators, conservation leaders and others attended the 1966 conference in Pittsburgh. The 31st annual convention of the National Wildlife Federation will be held at the same site immediately preceding the conference on March 10-12.

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## *Symbols Chart Again Available*

A second printing of the Pennsylvania Symbols Chart, prepared by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, is available again. The state tree, flower, bird and animal are done in color by nationally-known artist Ned Smith. Charts are available at Field Division offices of the Game Commission, as well as at the Commission office in Harrisburg. Price per chart is 75 cents tax included.

# Pennsylvania Game Commission Directory

P. O. Box 1567

South Office Building, State Capitol, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120

GLENN L. BOWERS ..... *Executive Director*

ROBERT S. LICHTENBERGER ..... *Deputy Executive Director*

JOHN M. SMITH ..... *Comptroller*

## Division of Administration

DANIEL H. FACKLER ..... *Chief*

## Division of Research

HARVEY A. ROBERTS ..... *Chief*

## Division of Land Management

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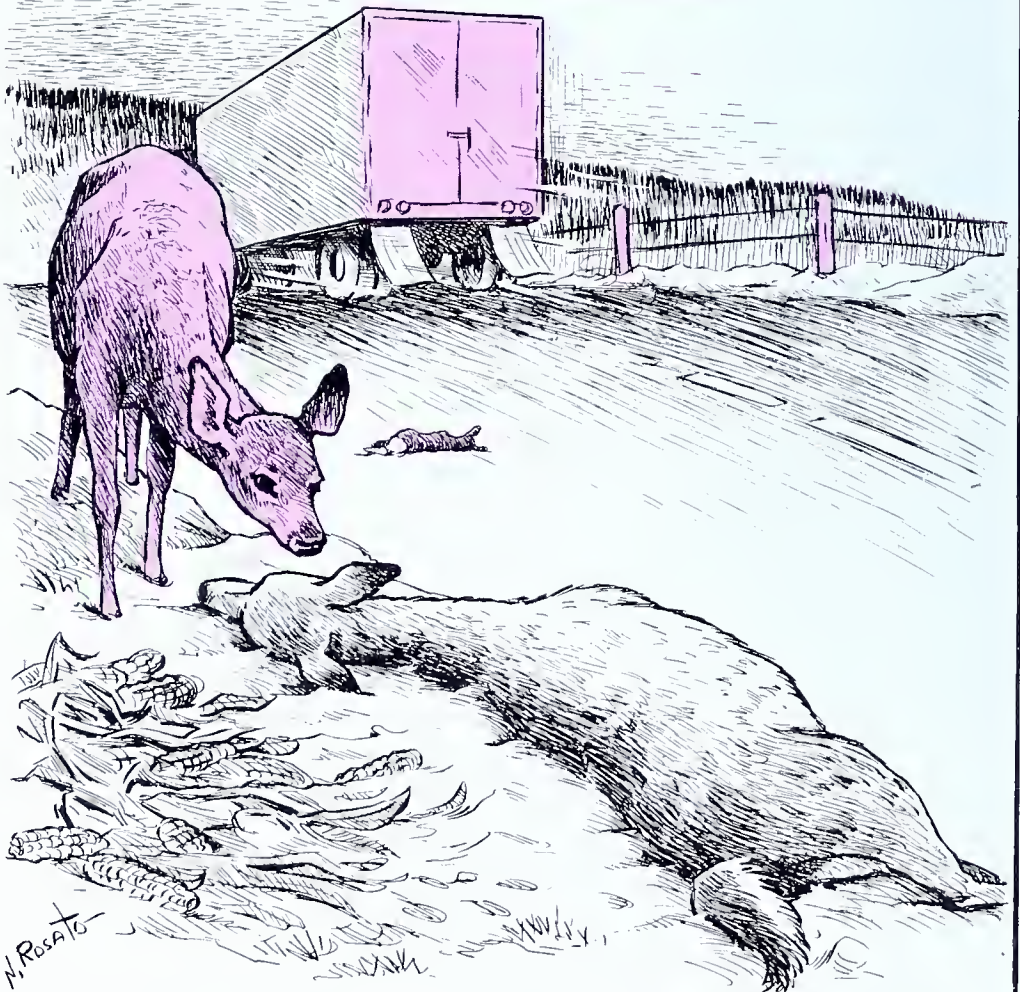
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# *Pennsylvania* **GAME NEWS**

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### COVER PAINTING BY RON JENKINS

Comparatively few Americans have been fortunate enough to see a bald eagle in the wild. Those who have, never will forget the sight. Large, powerful and impressive—whether aloofly surveying its chosen domain from a dead snag or from on high during soaring flight as shown here—one word best describes this bird: majestic. Little wonder our Founding Fathers chose him as our national symbol.

Too few eagles remain. Total population in the 48 contiguous states has been estimated at 5,000. Pennsylvanians can be proud that in recent years a number of bald eagles have hatched their young in the Pymatuning area.

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# Fencerow Fertility

**S**PRING is probably the most eagerly awaited season of the year. For a majority of the human population, winter, with its biting winds, stinging cold, hazardous roads and bleak landscape, has worn out its welcome well in advance of the arrival of the first robin.

The verdant growth now exploding from the soil, coupled with the balmy atmosphere and its clean smell, generates additional energy that wants expression in the form of labor. The refreshed mind searches for tasks that, when carried out, will tend to improve man's lot.

The spring housecleaning is as traditional as the Thanksgiving turkey but is not confined to the meticulous housewife. Men, too, get into the act. After the ground has thawed the bulldozer blade bites into the earth, the plow turns the soil and the suburban dweller reaches for the trowel.

But between the last snow and the turning of the first spadeful of earth comes the general cleanup—the removal and disposal of the accumulated debris. And, outdoors at least, wildlife encounters a major difficulty: loss of friendly surroundings.

The brush pile was a comfortable winter home for cottontails, ringnecks and quail. It could continue to be a cozy home and suitable nesting place. When the torch is applied, the situation is as devastating to wildlife as when a person's dwelling is destroyed.

The fencerow, choked with weeds, briars, saplings, old stumps, etc., breaks up what may otherwise be an uninterrupted landscape. To some it may be an eyesore.

To the farmer, it's often a real nuisance. Every time his tractor reaches that fencerow, the farmer loses time as he turns his machinery around and starts off in the opposite direction. Wouldn't it be much more convenient if the fencerow were eliminated, and wouldn't that "wasted" strip of land produce additional crops and cash if it were cultivated?

Perhaps so. But let's look at the other side of the picture. Is that "valuable acreage" really being wasted? There are other crops besides corn, wheat and hay.

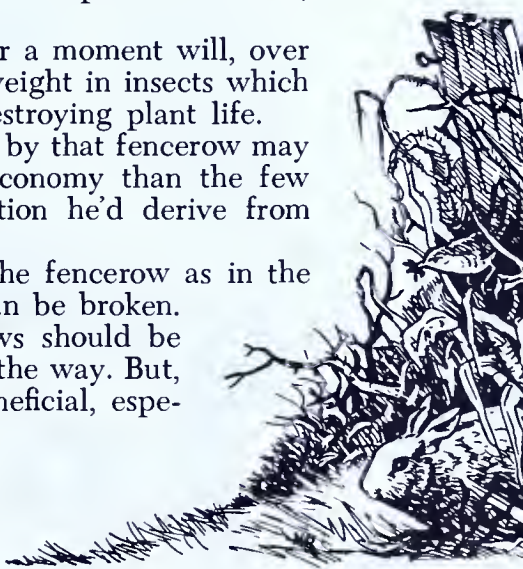
The songbird which alights on a branch for a moment will, over the course of a summer, eat many times his weight in insects which otherwise would reduce the crop yield by destroying plant life.

The "crop" of small game animals produced by that fencerow may be more important to the farmer's overall economy than the few additional bags of grain or bales of vegetation he'd derive from its clearing.

The woodchuck den is as likely to be in the fencerow as in the middle of the field, where axles and plows can be broken.

Admittedly, there are times when fencerows should be eliminated. Weeds and brush piles can get in the way. But, in their own way, they can be extremely beneficial, especially to wildlife.

So, if there isn't good reason for eliminating fencerows, don't. You'll be doing wildlife and yourself a favor. — *R. Theodore Godshall*







# GOS—*King of the Deep Woods*

By John A. Giegling

**T**HE CRISP autumn wind blew down a new coldness, ruffling the sleek, gray feathers of the big goshawk which sat motionless in the old oak tree.

Gos was intently watching a flock of wild ducks from afar. His hungry gaze had followed the flock from a distance where no man could have seen.

He was an impressive bird. His feathers were the color of steel—fading to whitish below. A faint white eye-stripe ran the length of his head, just above the fiery red eyes. His two-foot, streamlined build ended in a long, narrow tail. The wings were short, wide and rounded—ideally suited for speed and maneuvering.

## **Rabbits, Grouse Scarce**

But an impressive appearance was of little value when game was scarce. That fall the snowshoe rabbit cycle was at its low ebb. Ruffed grouse, too, were scarce. And Gos had to range far and hunt with great patience to fill his hungry stomach.

Last year he had spent the winter not far from the area of his birth. Abandoned by his parents, he had drifted north of their hunting grounds. There, by a deep lake surrounded by wooded mountains, he spent his first winter, and all the next spring and summer. Here, unmated, he had wandered alone.

Now, all at once, the lake, usually filled with loons and ducks, was strangely empty. In his constant search for food the big hawk was drifting south. Drawn by some vague instinct, he had arrived at his birthplace.

From his perch in the oak he looked down on the old nest. There was no sign of his parents. The early chill and

lack of game had long since driven them farther south.

As Gos peered into the cold blue sky, he saw a lone red-tailed hawk spiraling high on motionless wings. He had seen many migrating hawks that fall, another indication of the scarcity of food.

## **A Deadly Hunter**

Gos lacked the beautiful soaring ability of the big, long-winged red-tailed and red-shouldered hawks. But he also lacked their slowness. To him belonged the sudden rush, the tremendous speed and expert maneuverability through the trees. These were the skills that earned him the name "blue darter," and made him so deadly a hunter.

Suddenly Gos noticed a movement in a nearby tree. A red squirrel had cut off a pine cone and was scampering away to bury it.

Gos remained motionless. The squirrel had not seen him. Waiting, he tensed himself for the attack. Then, like an arrow from a bow, he shot for the squirrel. But he was spotted. The squirrel dropped the cone and quickly dodged behind a branch. The strike became a narrow miss, claws scraping the bark and clutching empty air.

## **Gos Is Told Off**

From behind the branch the plucky little animal hurled back chattering insults. Gos swooped down a second time, then climbed up over the trees and swung out across the valley. The brisk wind carried him rapidly along.

Far below, the valley spread out before him. The afternoon sun caught the beautiful color of the autumn leaves. Scarlet, orange, yellow and crimson all lay mixed among the dark evergreens.



He flew down the valley toward a distant point, a tiny marsh surrounded by willow and alder thickets. When some distance from the marsh, he dropped low, flying well beneath the treetops. He sighted a tall lookout tree and quickly landed in its upper branches. From there he could see the entire marsh without being spotted.



**LIKE AN ARROW**, Gos dove for the squirrel, but the plucky animal fled behind a limb.

It was midafternoon and Gos had not yet eaten. His eyes scanned the thickets hungrily in search of rabbits. He had waited patiently for over thirty minutes when, suddenly, a snowshoe rabbit bounded into the open.

Carefully, Gos slipped behind the trees. He flew low, keeping the foliage between himself and his prey. Then, gliding, he tensed his muscles for the final burst of speed.

The rabbit, seeing Gos, panicked and dashed toward a clump of willows, covering ten feet in a single bound. But it was too late. The hawk's attack was so swift the rabbit had no time to even dodge. Gos knocked him to the ground with an impact that sent up a shower of leaves and dust.

The husky animal struggled to free itself, but the hawk's razor-sharp claws only dug deeper. The rabbit went limp; death came quickly.

Tearing the rabbit apart with his sharp hooked beak, Gos fed on the spot until filled.

The next few days found Gos restless, driven by a strange impulse to wander, to follow the birds migrating south. He did not know where he was going. Only the restless urge to move and the fear and hunger, drove him on.

Gos followed the mountain ridges where the wind deflected upward forming a cushion of rising air. He flew high on his migration — much higher than ever before. He saw many other hawks, and with them floated lightly over the rising current. He continued to drift southward, passing down into the mountains of Pennsylvania.

Snow was falling when Gos arrived at a little wooded slope overlooking a valley dotted with farms. He settled down in the sheltered woods. His desire to wander vanished.

#### **Cottontails, Pigeons**

The presence of an unfamiliar species of rabbit, the cottontail, led Gos to explore the lower valleys near the farms. The rabbits were easy to catch. Here was a life of abundance.

Near one of the farms Gos spotted a flock of fat, dove-like birds feeding in a cornfield. They were pigeons, and Gos gave chase. The pigeons dodged and zigzagged in every direction, but swift as they were they could not elude him. He brought one down in a clover field near a barn.

Killing it quickly, he prepared to eat. But he could not. For some odd reason he did not feel safe so far from the shelter of the woods and so close to that big red building.

Once again the hawk's instincts were right. A farmer had seen the capture, and while he had no love for pigeons, he hated hawks worse. Even as Gos stole toward the woods, the man was loading his shotgun.

Weeks passed and the farmer kept

a close watch. He swore to shoot any hawk he saw, particularly that strange gray phantom—Gos.

One cold afternoon the farmer hiked through his cornfield hunting pheasants; the hard snow crunched beneath his feet. Suddenly, a big cock pheasant burst from the weeds and exploded into the air. The farmer saw it and quickly aimed his gun, but the bird was out of range.

Gos saw it too. He was sitting in one of his favorite lookout spots, a tall pine tree. As the pheasant flew past, he darted out in pursuit. The pheasant saw him coming and sped for a patch of dense brush. Gos increased his speed. Before the pheasant could reach the brush, the hawk's sharp talons tore into its body. Together the two birds fell to the ground, thrashing in the snow.

#### Failed to See Danger

The pheasant struggled valiantly, and Gos was so intent on killing it he failed to notice the man sneaking up from behind.

Before he knew what happened, he was knocked on his side by a blast from the farmer's shotgun. Sharp stabs of pain flashed through his left wing. Shotgun pellets plowed into the ground, sending up a shower of snow. A few pellets penetrated the thick feathers of his breast.

Gos flew painfully toward the protection of the woods. The farmer started toward the pheasant. "Darn hawks," he shouted, "They're all killers, should all be shot on sight."

Gos found safety in the branches of an old hemlock. There he spent the night.

When he awoke the next morning he stretched his injured wing. It was stiff, and the effort brought little jabs of needle-like pain. He remained in the tree for a long time, his feathers ruffled to keep out the cold. He was sick and hungry.

At last he made an attempt to fly, but his injured wing would not re-

spond. He flapped awkwardly for a dozen yards, and then crashed into a snowbank. He sat dazed for a few minutes, then began to push his way out of the snow.

All this unusual activity attracted the attention of several neighborhood crows. Seeing an enemy in such a peculiar position, they dropped down to investigate.

Cawing loudly, they began diving over the hawk's head. Their cawing drew more crows. Gos saw the growing mob, and once again attempted to fly. This time he succeeded, but his strained flight was much too slow. Coming closer, one of the crows struck Gos on his back—then another jab—this time on the head.



**GOS KILLED A pigeon easily, but did not feel safe in the open. Instinct made him return quickly to the deep woods.**

Gos struggled to remain in the air. He was heading for a dense hemlock tree when the crow's sharp beak stabbed his injured wing. Thrown off balance, he tumbled upside down and fell at the foot of a small bush. Quickly, he hobbled under it. The crows continued to caw for a long time. Finally they grew tired and left.

Gos stayed under the bush until late afternoon, watching for game. His keen eyes were dimmed by the terrible hunger and weakness. At last



a cottontail rabbit stirred below, and Gos flapped weakly in pursuit. The rabbit dodged and easily escaped.

By this time the cold winter sun had set, and Gos was forced to seek a place to roost.

Pangs of hunger awakened him early the next day. Stretching his injured wing, he found, to his surprise, it was less painful. He hunted desperately in the dim hours of the morning; first he found a ruffed grouse by a small clearing. He gave chase, but the grouse outflew him with ease—something that had never happened before.

#### **Blue Jay Escapes Too**

Next, he attacked a blue jay. That, too, ended in failure. It was late afternoon when he finally managed to capture a cottontail. He tried hard to pin down the little animal, which nearly escaped, but eventually he killed it.

Ravenously, Gos tore into the rabbit's body, gulping down the life-giving meat. He was completely absorbed in the meal—so absorbed that he failed to notice a strange, new intruder in the fading afternoon light.

A huge great horned owl, hunting early, had heard the rabbit's death scream and flown over to investigate.

**WOUNDED BY THE** farmer's shotgun pellets, Gos flew painfully away from the pheasant he had killed.



On ominously silent wings he landed and sat watching. The owl was hungry. Ordinarily he would not willingly tangle with an adult goshawk during the day. But as evening approached, he grew bolder. There was something about the hawk's actions that made him consider the risk of combat.

The owl dived. Gos, half finished with the rabbit, looked up—straight into the talons of death. He tried to face the owl, but too late! Gos was knocked end over end and floundering into the snow.

Quickly, he jumped to his feet. The owl, after failing to secure a grip, flew up, banked and prepared to dive again. Gos braced himself, his talons held upward.

The owl struck with a crash, sending Gos reeling backward, but the hawk's sharp talons snagged the enemy's feathery body. The owl, too, hooked a grip. Together they grappled in the snow, each trying for a fatal hold.

#### **Owl Nearly Succeeds**

The owl, grabbing the hawk in the chest near his old shotgun wound, nearly succeeded. Gos struggled desperately, using his long legs to push himself away from the vise-like hold. Finally he broke it, tearing open the wound.

Because of his injured wing, Gos had to defend himself from the ground, so the advantage lay with the owl as he could attack from the air. But he chose not to. Like a fighting dog, he lunged. Gos jumped lightly aside, then straight at the enemy; his claws closed around the owl's neck and shoulder.

Now it was the owl who fought for his life. Gos tightened his grip, digging deeper. But again the owl found the old wound. Savagely, the two birds beat each other with their powerful wings, littering the ground with broken feathers. Finally the deadly embrace was severed. Both birds sat for several minutes in the snow, glaring at each other.

Gos felt sick and dizzy. He knew he could not win the fight and would have to leave or be killed. Slowly he backed away. The owl watched a few minutes longer and then began tearing at the rabbit.

It was dark when Gos found safety in the same little bush where he had taken refuge from the crows.

### Difficult Days

The days that followed were difficult for the big hawk. But eventually he recovered his old strength. His wounds healed. It had been a severe test, but he was young and the challenges only hardened and toughened him. His fierce, wild spirit remained unbroken.

Gos moved deeper into the woods, farther and farther away from the habitations of man. Here he felt more secure. This was his favorite environment, his domain. He was king of the deep woods.

When he swept over the trees or ghosted silently through them, the birds and animals were hushed and silent. His mere presence caused all activities to cease. Rabbits froze in their burrows, birds hid in the trees, and grouse huddled under the bushes. Even his only enemy, the great horned owl, carefully avoided him now.

Gos took his toll of game but never more than he could eat. He killed only to live.

### Back to the Farm

Eventually, curiosity drew him back to the farm in the valley where he had so narrowly escaped death. One warm day he flew toward that farm. Soon he could see the place where he had killed the pigeon. Far below he saw other pigeons, coming and going from the barn to the fields to feed.

Gos dropped down the mountain-side, gliding easily with an occasional, halfhearted flap of his wings. It was an unusually mild winter day and the warm sun made him lazy and contented. He had marked a stump of



**THE OWL STRUCK with a crash, sending Gos reeling backwards, but the hawk's sharp talons snagged the enemy's body.**

dead pine on the far side of the valley as a place to rest and sun himself.

He was nearly there when a band of crows—part of the same group that had harassed him when he was wounded — spotted him. The noisy birds rose above him, cawing out a challenging bluff. Gos ignored them. Taking this as a sign of retreat, they grew bolder, swooping down over the big hawk's head.

### Turns on Attacker

Gos did not want to be bothered by crows on so fine a day. But they continued their annoying tactics; one finally jabbed him on the back. This was too much. With a sudden twist, he flipped upside down and grabbed the surprised attacker. Sharp claws ripped into the crow's breast, drawing blood. In a moment it was over. Gos continued on to the dead pine stump.

Spring was everywhere. It penetrated the air with a freshness and vitality, an eagerness for life. Birds were beginning to sing and the drumming of grouse could be heard. Buds on the trees were starting to open as snow slipped from their branches. The winter-dormant world was once again awakening.



Flocks of birds were everywhere, restless and on the move. Soon their newfound energy would be absorbed by the long northward migration. Gos, too, felt the strange restlessness.

As the days grew warmer he could hardly contain his excitement. Memories of his old home in the north came back and overpowered him. One fresh spring morning he could remain no longer. Leaving his perch on the side of the mountain, he crossed the valley and headed straight for the north woods.



**AT THE FAR END of the lake, sitting in a tall oak, was a young female goshawk. Gos flew toward her.**

The air was thick with migrating birds. Long, V-shaped flocks of geese streamed overhead like a child's scribbling in the sky. Squadrons of ducks

fanned the morning air with their rapidly beating wings. Gos followed the waterfowl, frequenting the lakes, rivers and ponds where they fed and rested.

He continued to move farther north where the trees grew thicker and the forests more remote. This was to his liking. He loved the deep woods. A wild excitement filled him as he neared home; he arrived almost exhausted.

But it was a happy exhaustion. He skimmed low over the lake in a wild dance of joy, then rose high into the sky. Everywhere he looked he could see birds and animals, busy with the activities of finding a mate.

#### **Another Goshawk**

Abruptly, Gos's excitement reached its peak. At the far end of the lake, sitting in a tall oak, was a young female goshawk. She had been hunting in Gos's territory for nearly a week.

The female was sleek and handsome, beautiful in the fierce manner of her kind. She was also larger than Gos — another characteristic of the hawk tribe. And, like him, she was young and unmated.

Her keen eyes had spotted Gos as he prowled through the trees, and she, too, became excited. Suddenly, she raised the feathers of her crest and uttered a wild cry—a staccato of rapid, piercing notes. Gos heard the call.

Drawn by a strange new urge, he flew out over the cool, blue lake toward the distant shore where she sat.

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### ***Ranger Rick's Nature Club***

The National Wildlife Federation is featuring a new conservation education program for children up to the age of 10. Each child enrolled in the program will receive a colorful 48-page monthly magazine, "Ranger Rick's Nature Magazine," a membership card, badge, and decal.

The program is designed to help teach urban youngsters the value of natural resource management. Memberships are \$6 a year from the National Wildlife Federation, 1412 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036.



**IF YOU WERE** to stumble onto a group of skulls like these in the woods, could you identify them easily?

## WHAT SKULL IS THAT?

By John E. Guilday

**M**OST OF US, if we've tramped enough or have a dog that delights in rolling in anything strong enough, have found a dead animal in the woods. If decomposition has not progressed too far there are usually obvious clues to its identity. Quite often, though, nothing is left but a few scattered bones. Don't give up. If the skull or the lower jaws are lying around, that is all you will need to identify correctly the remains of either game species or domestic animals.

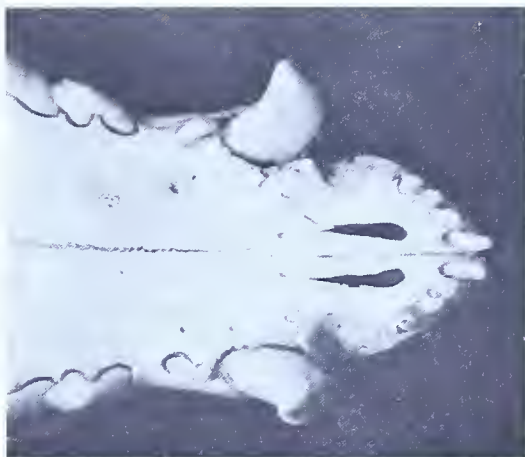
Mammal teeth, depending upon their position in the jaw, perform varied functions. Incisors are for nipping or gnawing, canines for stabbing or holding, pre-molars for shearing or crushing, and molars, in the very back of the tooth row, for grinding. Let's

center our attention solely on the incisors as a means of narrowing down the possibilities.

The incisors are arranged in line across the front of each upper and lower jaw and are often (in all but carnivorous mammals) separated from the back teeth by a long, natural gap. They are usually small peg-like teeth that are easily lost. In rodents and rabbits, however, they are very large and prominent gnawing organs. If the incisors have fallen out of the skull or lower jaws, the holes in which they were socketed should be plainly visible and can be counted as well as if the teeth were present.

Based upon the number of incisors present, all Pennsylvania mammal skulls fall clearly into the five following categories:





**CATEGORY 1, upper incisors (opossum).**



**CATEGORY 1, lower incisors (opossum).**

1. If there are 10 upper incisors (5 on each side): opossum.
2. If there are 6 upper incisors: either a horse, a pig, or a carnivore (dog, cat, fox, raccoon, bear, weasel, skunk, mink, otter). The carnivores and the pig have large canine teeth, one on each side, immediately following the incisors. The horse, if it is one of those few individuals that has a canine tooth at all, will have one that is very small and separated from the incisors by a gap.
3. If there are 4 upper incisors (2 prominent ones with 2 tiny peg-like ones tucked in behind them): the rabbit family, eastern cotton-

tail, mountain cottontail, snowshoe hare, domestic hare.

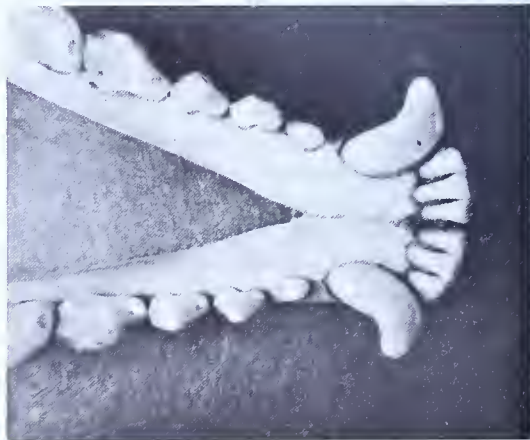
4. If there are 2 upper incisors, the skull is that of a rodent: beaver, woodchuck, muskrat, porcupine, rats, mice, etc.
5. If there are no upper incisors, the skull is from either deer, elk, cow, sheep or goat.

Suppose, though, you find only the lower jaws, or one side of a lower jaw? Despair not. If the lower jaw does not have a natural point at the chin so that it usually falls apart into a right and a left jaw, but rather is fused solidly into a single jawbone (like ours) you have either a pig or

**CATEGORY 2, upper incisors (raccoon).**



**CATEGORY 2, lower incisors (raccoon).**





**CATEGORY 3, upper incisors (cottontail).**



**CATEGORY 4, upper incisors (wood rat).**

a horse. The horse will have 6 lower incisors, a very long gap, and then the back grinders; the pig, 6 incisors followed by a much too healthy looking canine on each side.

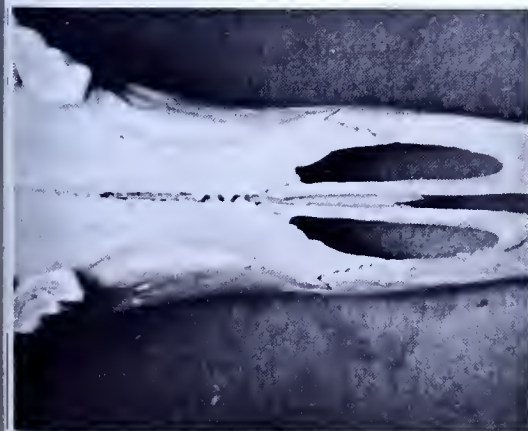
On a lower jaw which is not a horse or a pig, count the lower incisors. If there are 8 (4 on each side) followed by a large canine and no long natural toothless gap: opossum. If there are 8 (4 on a side) followed by a long toothless gap in front of the back grinding molars (category 5 above): deer, elk, cow, sheep, goat. If there are 3 on each side, often very small and crowded: dog, cat, fox, raccoon, bear, weasel, skunk, mink, otter (category 2 above; but, remem-

ber, we have already eliminated pig). If there is only 1 incisor present on each side, the jaw is from either a rabbit or a rodent (categories 3 and 4 above).

Occasionally (except in dogs where it is quite common), because of injury or disease an incisor may have been lost earlier in life and the socket filled in with bone. So if your specimen doesn't fit into any of the categories above, and you're just dying to know just what Rover brought in, save it (if he'll let you) and we'll go into a little more detail in future issues.

*(I wish to thank Dr. J. Kenneth Doult for permission to photograph skulls from the mammal collection of Carnegie Museum.)*

**CATEGORY 5, front of skull (deer).**



**CATEGORY 5, lower incisors (deer).**









By NED SMITH

*It's courting time, and the turkey gobbler, the newt, and the horned lark each has its own technique. We chase a coon, catch some snappers, and photograph an owl on her nest.*

**I**T'S been raining for three days—cold, steady, unrelenting rain that has chilled and saturated the whole outdoors. Nothing moves and nothing grows. The changing scene we call springtime has finally bogged down.

April has a lot to accomplish in thirty short days. She begins with little more color than a winter day. The only trees to show a hint of green are the willows down along the river, and the only flowers in sight are a few courageous dandelions and hepaticas. There's not a sign of a warbler, a catbird, or a swallow. The wild ducks and geese are here, that's true, but even they are biding their time until the rain stops and the weather's fit for traveling.

Her schedule does look hopeless, but according to my field diary by April 30 we can expect to walk through fields of lush, yellow winter cress, and find spring beauty, anemone, Dutchman's breeches, and arbutus flowering in woodlands everywhere. Most of the trees will be sporting new leaves, and many of them showy blossoms. Bluebirds will be taking over our nest boxes, woodcock will be beeping and singing in the alder swales, and the trees will be

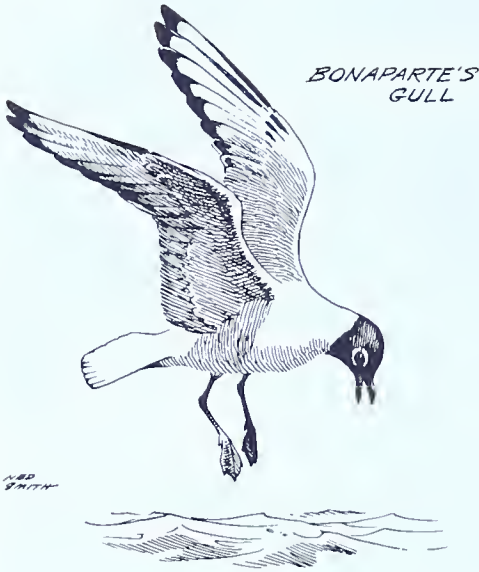
alive with the vanguard of migrant warblers. Grouse will be nesting; squirrels and rabbits will have their first young.

Looking at the dreary countryside through rain-drenched windowpanes, I'm suddenly glad for that old diary and its encouraging notes from other springs.

*April 2*—Today I studied the rain-shrouded expanse of the Susquehanna from my car through a 20-power telescope, and was amazed at the number of wild ducks resting above the ferry wall at Millersburg. The biggest raft contained at least four hundred scaups and seventy canvasbacks (the latter an unusually large number for this area). Farther upriver I could barely distinguish several smaller bunches of scaups or redheads. Eight white-winged scoters took turns standing upright and flapping their wings in the rain. Below the ferry wall a flock of about one hundred scaups and another raft of nearly 250 old squaws drifted downstream. Strings of mallards and blacks tipped and splashed in the eddies below the islands.

*April 4*—The skies cleared yesterday, and the ducks have gone, except for a





few scattered groups of puddle ducks and about thirty scaups. But the Bonaparte's gulls have arrived with the clearing weather. Eighteen of these, our smallest gulls, were cavorting close to shore this afternoon, floating buoyantly downstream or riding a piece of driftwood, then taking wing to return upriver for another float. Now and then one would wing-over and neatly pick a morsel of food from the water, but most of the time they seemed to be getting nothing but exercise.

Bonaparte's gulls are colorful fellows, with their black heads, white primaries, and orange-red legs and feet. The young birds have white heads with a conspicuous dark spot behind each eye. I don't see these little gulls on the river every spring; if they're here I must miss their visits. They are migrating, of course—they nest around lakes in the spruce forests of Alaska and the Canadian northwest.

*April 6* — We drove across Broad Mountain on the White Oak Road last night to see what we could see. Rounding a bend, our headlights surprised an old raccoon in the middle of the road and, hoping to tree him and get a flash picture of him, I kept my foot on the gas. Instead of heading treeward he galloped down the left-

hand track, bristling with indignation. Twice he wheeled and bared his teeth in a courageous, but futile, effort to scare off the car, then took off again.

When he finally ducked into the woods I grabbed the flashlight and took off after him like a prize redbone. Although I was almost within grabbing distance of him, he passed up a dozen trees I'd have climbed had I been a coon in trouble. Then, without warning, he disappeared into a hole beneath some rocks, ending my hopes for a picture of a treed coon.

*April 7*—Considering their abundance, horned larks are not well known, and few people but bird watchers realize they nest in open country all over Pennsylvania. They are our earliest songbirds to mate, and are frequently sitting on their eggs half buried by an "onion snow."

Today I watched a male horned lark staging his courtship performance, bounding higher and higher into the air to the accompaniment of short bursts of song. At times he hung there, balancing wing against wind, then up and up he went, still singing, until he hovered near the limit of my vision.

With a final outpouring of song, he folded his wings and streaked head-first toward the bare fields below. A scant five feet above the ground he pulled out of the dive, as I knew he would, but it was a thrilling performance, all the same. I didn't see a female anywhere, but doubt that the show was for my benefit.

*April 10* — Coming down the Ridge Road I was surprised to see a wild gobbler come flapping down the bank to land in front of the car. His swollen wattles and bulging layer of fatty "breast sponge" were evidence that he was in breeding condition. So was the defiant glare he shot in my direction as he strode across the road.

I got out of the car for a last look as he stepped down over the bank, and there were five or six hens slipping into the wooded hollow. The old

tom was not so discreet, and when I tried a vocal imitation of a turkey yelp he stretched his neck and replied with a lusty gobble that echoed up and down the hollow.

*April 13*—The red-spotted newts were courting in the shallows of a neighborhood pond today. Amorous males clasped their chosen mates around the neck or chest with their robust, roughened hind legs, fanning them with their wide tails and nuzzling cheek to cheek.

Hoping to study the egg-laying procedure I took a pair home with me and put them in an aquarium. Within a minute they had resumed their courtship embrace.

The male's widely finned tail, swollen cloaca, and enlarged hind legs were distinctive features. On the inner surfaces of his hind legs could be seen the black, warty ridges acquired for the mating season.

These pretty salamanders are hatched from eggs attached to submerged pond vegetation. The olive-colored larvae live in the water until they mature in late summer, then emerge to live on land. At this stage the red eft, as they are now called, are brilliant orange or red, their backs decorated with two rows of red dots encircled with black. For two or three years they remain in the forests, rarely coming out of the damp mulch except when it rains. Then one spring they acquire wide, flattened "swimming-type" tails, change to an olive or brown color with pale yellow underparts, and return to the pond to mate and spend the rest of their days. Curiously, in some areas the red eft terrestrial stage is skipped completely, and they never leave the ponds in which they were born.

*April 14*—Checking a wood duck box, a friend found it stuffed with dry leaves. Further investigation revealed three hairless, infant gray squirrels, sprawled on the bare bottom of the box. The mother squirrel's choice of

a wood duck box for a nursery would not have been too unusual, but for the fact that the box was mounted on a post four feet out in the water.

*April 15*—Came back from trout fishing today with a nice mess of marsh marigold greens I found growing in a swampy place near the stream. Like all of the buttercup family, they cannot be eaten raw, but cooking converts them into a perfectly safe and delectable spring green—one of the best.

*April 18*—Found a long-eared owl sitting on her nest in a dense row of spruces along a neighbor's woodlot. I didn't have all the necessary equipment with me to photograph her, but I did inspect the ground beneath the trees. At one place, apparently beneath the male's roost tree, I gathered a double handful of regurgitated pellets composed of the indigestible remains of past meals. As a rule these medium-sized owls prey almost entirely on mice, but this particular male had eaten a few birds. Three pellets contained a sparrow skull apiece, the rest contained mouse skulls.

*April 19*—Investigating ripples on the water of a marshy spot along the railroad, I found a mud-covered snapping turtle digging clumsily in the mucky bottom. In spite of hissing protests and savagely popping jaws I dragged His Ugliness out of his juicy habitat by his long tail, and was leaving when I spotted a larger snapper about

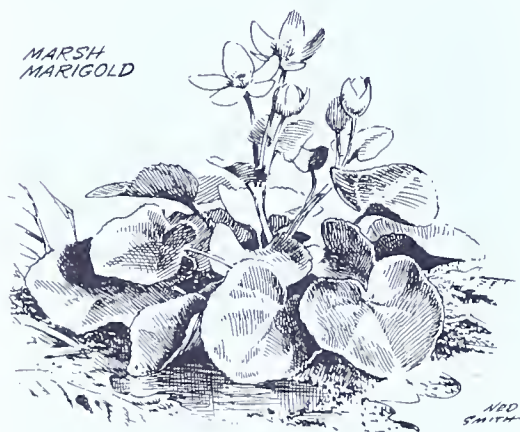
RED-SPOTTED NEWT  
(MALE)





twenty feet away. My feet were already soaked, so I went after that one, too. Snapper meat is delicious—too good to consign to soup, I feel. The white neck meat, in particular, is a real delicacy.

*April 20*—I climbed the spruce tree next to the one containing the long-eared owl nest this afternoon. The old gal glared and hissed, but showed no indication to fly, even when Marie pulled a branch out of the way by a string I'd hooked to it. I fastened my safety belt, leaned over in the owl's direction, and took a picture at eight



feet with a small telephoto. The fill-in flash was blinding, but she never winced. Marie tossed me more bulbs and I made seven more pictures before leaving.

The nest was a remodeled crow nest; unlike most long-ear nests, the owls themselves had added a large number of sticks and small dead spruce twigs. Strangely, the male flew to the other end of the spruces in silence at our approach. Long-ears frequently try the broken wing ruse, or become very vocal at least, but these birds were unusually quiet.

*April 24*—Checking my aquarium to-

day I found the male newt had deposited his spermatophore, a gelatinous collar-button shaped structure attached to the bottom of the aquarium. The apex, a tiny cottony ball, contained his sperm cells. The female picks up these sperm cells with the lips of her cloaca to fertilize her eggs, which are later attached to underwater vegetation.

*April 26*—While planning an assault on the trout of White Deer Creek I saw a movement in the laurel across the stream, and a minute later a buck stepped out into the open. While he contentedly fed on some new plant growth among the streamside ferns I had a good look at his head. The new antlers were already an inch above the hair-swollen gray pads twinged with rust colored velvet, each with a whitish spot in the center. It's hard to imagine that in four months these could become trophy-sized antlers with beams two feet long.

*April 29*—Fishing the Tuscarora Creek at this time of year has become almost a ritual with us, as much for the floral treat as for the trout.

The flowers of the redbud, or Judas tree, are not red, but a beautiful and unusual pink, a shade that is not duplicated by any other flower I know. The individual blossoms are shaped much like tiny pea blossoms, and they are attached in clusters to the dark twigs. The leaves don't appear until the flowers have passed their prime, so there's no other color to compete with that delicate hue.

About two o'clock I wandered into a real picturebook spot along the creek—a deep, clear pool backed by a sheer, rocky, moss-carpeted cliff. A single redbud tree grew from a toe-hold among the boulders and the smooth water mirrored its delicate beauty. Then, to make things incredibly perfect, a nice trout rose in the middle of the reflection to suck in a drifting Mayfly, and I suddenly remembered the flyrod in my hand.



**HOMING PIGEONS**, such as this one, have served as message carriers since Biblical times.

## What Is a Homing Pigeon?

By Edwin G. Bigler

**A** HOMING PIGEON is a bundle of muscle, feathers and courage that returns to its home when released several hundred or a thousand miles away. Normally they average thirty to sixty miles per hour on their return flight, depending upon weather conditions and the direction of the wind. The cause of this desire to reach home and the method used to determine the correct direction are a mystery to modern science. Several very sensible theories have been advanced; however, all have loopholes or exceptions that cannot be explained. If the answer is ever discovered, it may open new avenues for a scientific exploration.

Pigeons have served as message carriers since ancient times. Biblical records indicate that a dove (a member of the pigeon family) returned to Noah's Ark with an olive branch as proof that the waters were receding. Pigeons carried news of Olympic triumphs to Greek city-states and news

of their legions' military triumphs to Rome. They were used as message carriers during both World Wars. Several thousand important messages were delivered and many lives were saved as a result of the rapid delivery of this information.

Pigeon racing, as we know it today, had its origin in western Europe where it became a popular sport about a hundred years ago. Several breeds of pigeons were crossbred to obtain a type that had a strong instinct to return home and the physical body to carry it swiftly over long distances. These birds passed desirable traits on to their young, who in turn were screened for physical and mental qualities.

As a result, a superior breed of pigeon has evolved that is capable of flying 500 or 600 miles in one day.

Homing pigeons were imported by newspaper companies of the 1800's and used to carry news items from reporters to the main office. When the



telephone, telegraph and modern transportation replaced the need for pigeons, they were sold to individuals who maintained lofts for amusement or for competition in local races, where favorite birds acquired local fans.

### **Lofts in Pennsylvania**

Pennsylvania is one of the leading pigeon racing states and has several thousand active lofts scattered throughout its many communities. These lofts afford an emergency communication system that can be utilized in times of local disaster or possibly during a national emergency. Some of these lofts provided pigeons for military service in the Signal Corps during World War II.

Various phases of this sport offer challenges to the veteran as well as the novice. Spring is the breeding season when the old birds build a nest, incubate their eggs and raise the squabs that will eventually become fliers. Later these old birds perform spectacular feats of endurance in the long races during May and June. Young bird shows are held throughout the summer by many clubs. Pigeons are judged on physical structure, color and quality of feather. The competition is always keen.

### **Fall Races for Young**

During August, the young birds are trained for the fall races, usually held in September and October. Old bird shows occur during December and January. Each of these events requires many hours of careful planning and grooming if top performances are expected. Many organizations interested in homing pigeons include some 4-H Clubs and the Boy Scouts who recognize the educational and recreational values of breeding, raising, training, flying and showing pigeons.

Several years ago Pennsylvania recognized the value of racing homing pigeons and established the following law under the state's Penal Code to protect them:

### **Homing Pigeons Protected**

Section 950 (of the Act of June 24, 1939, P. L. 872). Killing Homing Pigeons.—Whoever shoots, maims or kills any Antwerp or homing pigeon, either while in flight or at rest, or detains or entraps any such pigeon which carries the name of its owner, shall, upon conviction thereof in a summary proceeding, be sentenced to pay a fine of not more than twenty-five dollars (\$25), and, in default of the payment of such fine, and costs, shall be sentenced to undergo imprisonment not exceeding ten (10) days.

Pigeons deserve all the protection that sportsmen can give them. Too many gunners are unaware that such valuable stock occasionally flies over their heads while they are in the fields. All too frequently pigeons return with pellets in their bodies; many times they fail to return at all. This is not fair to the pedigreed racing homing pigeons or to the faithful fanciers who breed and care for them 365 days a year.

### **Common or Homing?**

In many areas the population of the common barn pigeon must be kept in check; however, it is recommended that a serious investigation be made before there is a mass execution of a flock. Not all flocks are wild pigeons and a few thoughtless moments could ruin some top performers in a team of homing pigeons. Such a loss might take a fancier three or four years of careful breeding to replace, before another well-balanced team could be ready for championship competition. Most racing pigeons are not fully mature and ready for the long races until they are two to six years old. It's a blow to lose a mature bird.

Anyone interested in learning more about homing pigeons should visit a loft in his area. Most pigeon fanciers are glad to display their pigeons and explain their hobby to those who express a genuine interest. If the bug bites hard enough, they will welcome you to the ever growing fraternity of racing homing pigeon fanciers.

# The Best-Laid Plans . . .

By Albert G. Shimmel

**M**ANY A SEASONED veteran of the hills and streams finds sleeping difficult on the night before open season. There is much pleasure in preparing and planning our field sports but seldom do the realities coincide with our plans. The experienced woodsman has come to expect the unexpected as a rule rather than the exception.

Behind the Home Hill is a little valley. The slope that faces north has a dense hemlock stand that merges gradually with the hardwoods as one climbs. On the south slope, the old fields are returning to nature with thickets of wild crab apple, thorn and greenbrier. Wild strawberries and clover still carpet the sunny openings. At the head of the hollow, a swale and a cold spring feed a tiny brook where diminutive native trout find a home.

## Good for Grouse, Squirrel

Across the swale, grapevines climb the maples and cover their tops with a tangled leafy canopy. This is an ideal spot to find feeding grouse, squirrel and, occasionally, a turkey.

The day had been soggy and overcast. I set out for the grape tangle in late afternoon, confident that the grouse would come in early to feed and give me a chance or two before dusk made shooting impossible.

I was pussyfooting along, watching the streamside thickets, when the edge of my vision picked up a grouse sailing in from the slope above. I swung ahead and at the crack of the little 20-gauge had the satisfaction of seeing it crumple. Immediately my eye registered a larger bird following the same flight path. Even as I swung and pressed the trigger I was aware that my target was a great horned owl. A cloud of feathers drifted into the

grapevines as the owl kited to the ground not far from the fallen grouse. This was one of the most satisfactory doubles that it's been my good fortune to make in four decades of shooting.



**THE FOX LEAPED . . . his jaws snapped together a fraction of an inch from the squirrel's whiskers. . . .**

When the pine was logged from central Pennsylvania, certain hillsides and plateaus grew up in low bracken and fern but remained barren of trees. The pine stumps, standing three to five feet above the ground, were the only indication that this had once been dense forest.

The open slope was covered with a foot of powdered snow. Above, the hilltop was dense with aspen and in the valley the second growth hemlock and white birch were nearing maturity. It was easy for a few drivers to push the deer from these wooded tops. The standers had open shooting as the





deer crossed from one thicket to another or crossed the treeless slopes on their way to the evergreens below.

One of the watchers, a youth making his first deer hunt, was placed where the deer broke into the open as they sought the safety of the hemlocks. Not satisfied to stand beside the stump that marked the trail, he climbed up and stood on the rotted wood, some three feet above the ground. A hundred yards above, some freak wind had broken and twisted a small plot of aspens into a tangled windfall.

### **A Bear**

Just as the drivers approached this tangle of downed wood, a bear broke out and headed down the deer trail. Its course was directly toward the stump on which the young hunter was standing. The hunter, excited by the approaching animal, shifted his position. The brittle shell of the stump gave way, sending the youth sprawling into the snow. The bear was but a few yards away. Surprised, it swapped ends in an explosion of snow and covered the distance back to the windfall in less time than he had made the down trip. The experience probably highlights the annals of both families.

The blue jay is the mischief maker of the woods. He delights in seeking out the solitary deer hunter and shouting his discovery in no uncertain terms. I have seen deer that were feeding undisturbed come alert at the first scream of this feathered hooligan. Occasionally, he works in favor of the still hunter by announcing the presence of unsuspected deer. From my stand at the edge of the cove I could command three deer crossings. The snow that covered the brushy old field below would silhouette them perfectly. I was content to wait. A number of jays searched the thorny tangles below, then moved up the hill. They passed me by. I was well hidden by the greenbrier tangle that grew from

the damp outcropping and clung to the maple saplings, and they apparently didn't see me.

Suddenly a blue jay screamed, then flashed by my hiding place closely pursued by a Cooper's hawk. They were traveling so fast I heard the rush of air that was parted by their effort. I could barely follow the action. Several strands of greenbriers stretched from the tangle to the first limbs of a maple. The jay slid between the taut strands without disturbing a feather. The hawk, his attention concentrated on the jay, crashed into the tough strands and was hurled backward to fall dead on the snow. Examination showed a broken neck.

Charley is an excellent woodsman, with a passion for turkey hunting. He is a specialist of the old school. He checks the flock during the closed season and even hunts predators lest some prized tom fall prey to these wild hunters.

A solitary gobbler haunted a certain river hill. A small creek formed one of the boundaries of his range, and a gravel bar where this creek entered the river was especially favored. When the season opened, Charley fretted lest some hunter might by accident kill this gobbler that he had marked for his own.

### **Waits a Few Days**

When the flurry that marked the beginning of the open season subsided and the turkeys resumed their normal routine, Charley planned his strategy. One day in the pre-dawn darkness he climbed to the big pine that guarded the route between the gravel bar and the grape tangles above. Here he settled his back against the tree and waited. Twice at long intervals he gently rubbed the cedar call. Just as the sun touched the top of the mountain across the river he sent a third soft inquiry. Minutes stretched into a half hour. Suddenly he sensed, rather than heard, a move-





**THE COOPER'S HAWK** crashed into the tough strands of greenbriers and was hurled backward, its neck broken.

ment to the rear of his stand. He turned his head slowly and there, a few yards away, crouched a bobcat, peering at him from the edge of the thicket. Charley tried to ease his gun into position but the cat simply melted into the laurel and was gone. Thinking he might get a shot, Charley leaped to his feet and ran to the spot

**THE EDGE OF MY** vision picked up a grouse sailing in. I swung the 20 gauge.



where the cat had vanished. Suddenly, from behind, came the thrashing of wings against pine branches and the very gobbler he sought planed away toward the safety of the valley. Charley admitted later that the shock of the double surprise was so great that he had not even lifted his gun.

Curiosity, according to some animal behaviorists, is a sign of intelligence. This trait at times projects both animals and humans into difficulty. Here is a case in point.

It was one of those gray, damp mornings in late November that softens the downed leaves and brings silence to the big woods. It was still warm enough to be comfortable, yet there was a subtle hint of the long, cold winter ahead. The squirrels were shucking tulip seeds and searching for the few remaining acorns and hickory nuts to add to winter stores. They worked through the leaves in a very businesslike way and without the usual friskings and chattering that mark the early hours. Suddenly all activity ceased and there was a scramble for hiding places. I searched for the cause and finally located a red fox, crouched at the foot of a huge oak, some distance below.

#### **Taunts Tormentor**

The squirrels were all in hiding except one brash fellow that hung, head down, a dozen feet above the fox, expressing his contempt in what I am sure was the height of squirrel profanity. Not content with vocal abuse, he inched down the trunk, jerking his tail and vocalizing in a most provocative manner. When barely a yard separated the two noses the squirrel fell silent. The two animals stared at each other as if hypnotized. The fox leaped . . . his jaws snapped together a fraction of an inch from the squirrel's whiskers . . . it leaped aside but missed its footing and fell to the ground. The fox leaped again . . . there was a flurry among the leaves

... the squirrel escaped to the safety of a high knothole, chattering in mortal terror. When I looked again the fox had also disappeared.

We had been hunting woodcock along the edges where an alder flat met the crab apple thickets of the hillside. My friend had flushed a bird that swung away toward the creek. He walked in the direction of its flight, hoping for a second flush. I walked ahead a few yards and stood along a woods path looking in his direction. As I waited I became aware of the pounding of hooves behind me and, glancing around, saw an adolescent buck coming in my direction. I had just time to spring aside. He saw me as he passed so near that I could have touched him. He swerved slightly and, still running, turned his head to determine what manner of creature had blocked his path. In so doing he crashed into a tree, striking his bowed neck with such force he fell to the ground. I felt sure he had broken his neck and moved to investigate. He scrambled to his feet, stood for several seconds, looking about in a dazed fashion. Finally he walked away into the thicket, apparently unhurt. . . .

One of the advantages of living near the mountains is that all seasons can be studied in connection with wildlife habitat. After hunting season a fairly complete census of the survivors can be made by tramping over the snowy hills. It is an interesting and fascinating pastime that sharpens the powers of observation.

I was following the trail of a large deer along the side of the ridge when I observed a snow-covered log in direct line with the tracks. Something was not quite right and after a few seconds it was apparent that the dark line extending above the snow-covered log was a deer's back. Reverting to boyhood, I scooped up some of the wet snow, packed it into a fair-sized ball and lobbed it in the general di-



**THE DARK LINE** above the log was a deer's back. I lobbed in a snowball, which fell directly on the animal. . . .

rection of the log. As if guided by some impish wood sprite, the ball fell directly on the animal as it lay, apparently sound asleep. The deer blatted involuntarily, left its bed in one of the longest leaps I have ever witnessed, then fled down the slope in a mad belly-to-the-ground run that took it out of sight in seconds.

Leisure time to ramble in the woods is seldom unrewarding. Experiences become small adventures, some with a twist of comedy to sharpen the picture. Such adventures come unplanned and are added dividends to days afield.

These are the happenings which live on in one's memory, to be savored in the quiet moments of life.

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## ***A Boy and His Shotgun***

**By Bruce Whitman**

**B**ILL SHAFFER knew he had to have the shotgun the first time he spotted it leaning, dusty and neglected, in Mr. Nordland's carpenter shop. It wasn't that the gun was anything so special. The boy just knew he wanted it for his own.

Wanting the shotgun and getting it, however, were two different things.

The year was 1914 and in those days teen-age boys like Bill weren't showered with everything they wanted.

Bill lived with his family in Edgewood, Allegheny County. His father was a chief crew dispatcher for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

At first the main attraction at the carpenter shop had not been a shotgun, but a fascinating mousetrap designed and built by Rufus Nordland.

The contraption was the kind that appealed to teen-age boys. It was wired for 110 volts house current and included a trap door which dropped the electrocuted mouse into a container of water.

One day while visiting the shop Bill spotted the shotgun in a corner. It was an old J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co. 16-ga. side-hammer model. The trigger was cocked by depressing a lever on the side of the weapon.

Since the gun had no safety, you either cocked it only when you were ready to fire, or had to carefully depress the trigger while letting tension off the cocking lever.

Mr. Nordland knew how badly Bill wanted the gun. He also knew the youngster had no money with which to buy it.



The old carpenter finally hit upon an idea. Bill could have the shotgun for his own, but he was going to have to work for it.

Mr. Nordland had 1,500 circulars advertising his carpenter business printed. If Bill would pass them all over town, he told the boy, the shotgun was his.



**THE OLD SHOTGUN** of Bill's was to prove to be more than just a hunting tool. It turned out to be the start of a long and useful career.

It took the lad several weeks to pass out the circulars. After working every afternoon after school and on Saturdays for what seemed like ages, Bill finished the job and claimed his shotgun.

Bill's next problem was what to do with his proud new possession. He couldn't take it home because his father might frown on a 14-year-old boy owning a firearm.

Finally, Bill decided to leave the gun with his friend, Joe Ingram. Joe was the caretaker at Edgewood Country Club and lived with his wife in a small bungalow on the edge of the club's property.

The Ingrams were a second family to Bill. He spent nearly as much time with them as he did with his own family. When Joe took the train to Butler County on a hunting trip, Bill

would meet him at the station when he returned to help carry game.

On just about any day after school you'd find Bill at the Ingram home, cleaning and polishing his shotgun.

One fall afternoon Mr. Ingram took Bill hunting in a big gully behind the bungalow. The gully, some 70 or 80 acres all told, abounded with squirrels and rabbits and it was there that Bill first got the chance to use his gun.

It wasn't long before Bill's father found out about the shotgun. Stern at first, the elder Shaffer finally allowed Bill to bring the gun home, but warned the youth never to use it unless in his company.

Bill never forgot the first hunting trip scheduled by his father. They were to leave Edgewood on the 5 a.m. train bound for Butler County. As the trip drew near, Bill could hardly contain his excitement.

However, the evening before the hunt was to take place it started to rain. Bill slept very little that night. At midnight it was pouring buckets. The rain hadn't slackened by early morning and Bill's father reluctantly called off the trip. It was a great disappointment to the boy. Still, he did get to hunt with his father soon after, and the old shotgun of Bill's was to prove to be more than just a hunting tool. It turned out to be the start of a long and useful career.

Bill grew to manhood and, like his father, went to work for the railroad. However, his feeling for the outdoors was to lead to entirely different work.

On September 19, 1926, W. C. (Bill) Shaffer was commissioned a Deputy Game Warden. It was the first step in a 39½-year career.

Before retiring last spring, Bill had various posts with the Game Commission. He was the Commission's chief of law enforcement for 14 years; deputy executive director for six years; acting director for several months; and also served as supervisor of the Commission's Ross Leffler School of Conservation.

# Winchester's Finest



By L. James Bashline

*Photos by the Author*

**THREE VERSIONS OF the Model 94 Winchester lever action: top, a full-magazine, octagon-barreled takedown; center, a short-magazine job with a half-octagon barrel; bottom, the familiar and popular carbine.**

**W**HEN I first began gun trading in earnest, my chief concern was collecting and keeping the guns I wanted, and perhaps making a few bucks on the swappers. Like many other "horse dealers" the condition of the bore was secondary. Then one fine September morning I bought an octagon-barreled 38-55 Model 94 Winchester. The outside condition of the gun was terrible. The rear sight was missing and the stock was hammered full of carpet tacks which traced the vague outline of a lightning bolt. The fore-end had been decorated with some miscellaneous didoes which looked like tooth marks and the bluing was nonexistent. In the deal I had also received 3 boxes of Remington ammunition.

This rifle was consigned to the "swapper division" until my father-in-law, an old Winchester bug from way back, happened to make an examination of the bore. He suggested that since I had the ammunition we should shoot it up. We fitted the gun with a Lyman tang sight and headed for the benchrest. I fired three preliminary shots at a black paster on a cardboard box from about 25 yards. I wasn't too

careful about the sight picture, so examination of the three bullet holes merely proved that the gun should hit the target at 100 yards. We moved back to that distance and touched off ten rounds at the standard 100-yard small-bore bull. This time the walk to the target was well worth the time. Nine of the shots nestled tightly in a two-inch group, with the tenth a scant  $\frac{3}{4}$ " away. After I recovered from this pleasant shock, I turned to Bob and said something like "Wow."

He smiled a rather knowing smile and remarked, "Almost all those old 94's will do that if they have good barrels and are not loaded too heavily."

From that moment I was a confirmed Model 94 shooter. Rather than collecting, I shot and loaded for every long 94 I could lay my hands on. I am still doing it and hope to continue for a long time—at least until the Winchester collectors gobble them all up.

It is generally accepted that the most popular high powered gun ever produced commercially is the Model 1894 Winchester carbine. Even to countless non-shooters the term "30-30" is synonymous with "Winchester





**THE OLD M94 carbine, a longtime favorite of cowpokes. Note saddle ring on action, and that front barrel band is ahead of sight, rather than behind as on today's carbines.**

Carbine." While it is true that this cartridge and the Model 94 carbine made up the combination that resulted in the record seller of all time, another style of this famous firearm deserves more than an idle mention. This is the fine shooting Model 1894 rifle, which has become a favorite of Winchester collectors during the past ten years.

Contrary to some beliefs, the M94 was first offered to the shooting public in calibers 38-55 and 32-40—not 30-30. These were the best of the medium caliber black powder loads of their day, and it was only natural for Winchester to chamber them in John Browning's newly designed (1894) rifle. The new action was found to be strong enough for smokeless powder, so Winchester obliged by developing two new loads to accommodate it, the 30-30 and 25-35. The 32 Special came somewhat later as a sort of improved 32-40.

The carbine's popularity was largely confined to the West in the early days of the Model 94, while the rifle was the gun most Eastern big game hunters wanted. Of course the carbine's claim to fame was its slick fit in a saddle scabbard. In spite of this, it always seemed a little peculiar to me

that even the early Western hunter couldn't see the advantages of the rifle model when hunting antelope, mule deer, sheep, and goats. Its longer sighting radius and extra weight for steady holding should have made a difference to him. On the other hand, it would appear that the early Eastern hunter should have preferred the short, quick-handling carbine for his hard-walking, snap-shooting style of hunting. Twenty years of gun trading in the mountains of Pennsylvania and New York have proved quite the contrary to me. I have swapped for and bought far more long-stemmed 94's than the short ones. I am speaking of guns under the one million serial mark. After about 1930 the sales of 94 rifles dropped off so badly that Winchester discontinued them in 1936. After that if a shooter wanted a long barreled 30-30 or 32 Special he had to go to the more expensive Model 64 Winchester, which was merely a refinement of the 94.

### **Give Fine Accuracy**

Because there are a lot of deer in my home stompin' grounds, it follows that there are a lot of deer hunters and deer rifles. This is definitely the case, and I know of no other section of the country where the Model 94 rifle is put to better use. In their heyday, the Winchesters came into this area by the hundreds. Most were the long barreled 94's and their reputation for good holding and fine accuracy was soon established.

Modern day benchrest shooters will perhaps scoff at the expression "fine accuracy." They have become so obsessed with their 20-lb. bull-barrel rifles, hand-swaged bullets and 30X scopes that the mere mention of any other type of rifle shooting well causes them to whip out the wallet and show you their latest aspirin-sized group. These fellows do shoot some fine groups, but consider this — a long tubed Model 94 in 25-35, 30-30, 32-40, or 38-55 (if it has a decent bore) will

shoot right along with most modern *sporting weight* rifles up to 200 yards, and you can carry one all day in the woods.

### Most Accurate Caliber

My tests have indicated that the most accurate caliber in the M94 is the 32-40. In a way this is really too bad, because the 32-40 is the hardest of all calibers to find coupled with a good barrel, as the cartridge was first loaded with black powder and failure to clean a rifle fairly soon after firing with such ammo usually results in damage to the bore. The 32-40 already had established itself as a target cartridge before the introduction of the Model 94. Some accuracy records were achieved with the 32-40 that are impressive yet today. These were set with single shot target rifles and cast bullets. In the Winchester 94's, however there does not seem to be much difference between cast and jacketed bullets. Very fine groups can be fired with both.

Next in line for accuracy is the time-tried 30-30. True, the 30-30 has never been overly praised for its grouping ability. This perhaps is a result of its popular association with the carbines. These short jobs are dandy tools for fast shooting at a running buck, but have never been noted for driving tacks on the target range. A good octagon-barreled 94 is another tale entirely. Even with factory ammunition I have seen several of these old lead slingers shoot groups which would run two inches or smaller at 100 yards.

The 38-55 is another of the famous old target cartridges that was (and is) capable of excellent groups. Model 94's in this caliber, like the 32-40, are also difficult to find with really good bores. For this particular cartridge a really fine bore is essential if those half-dollar groups are going to be realized. One reason for this is possibly the heavy weight (255 gr.) of the standard 38-55 bullet, requiring

good sharp lands to properly stabilize it. But don't feel too badly if your 38-55 isn't an X-ring puncher. If its accuracy is good enough to hit a buck in the chest cavity at woods ranges you won't have any problem filling the freezer with venison. This hang-over from the black powder days is still an excellent short range deer killer. That heavy soft pointed bullet punches a big hole on both sides but doesn't have the high velocity to spoil a whole lot of meat. At 100 yards and under it was the best of the Model 94 calibers and, for my money, still is.

The 25-35 is the most tricky of the lot. To make this cartridge perform well requires some serious handload-



**A TYPICAL Model 94 with tang sight shown with the prize most sought while carrying one of "Winchester's finest."**

ing experimentation. The 117-gr. soft point is the most widely used bullet in this caliber. I tried for years to find some way to make this bullet shoot for me, but never succeeded. I finally went to 100-gr. bullets and 20 grains of 4198, which worked well in my particular rifle.

The 32 Special, while a good short range deer rifle, never was much for real accuracy in the guns I shot. Ballistically it is nearly identical to the 30-30, yet each deer season finds opposing camps arguing heatedly about the superiority of one or the other. To be quite frank, I have always thought



that the word "Special" stamped on the head of the case was the big selling point for this cartridge. The 32 Special is another of those finicky shells which demand almost perfect bores if they are to shoot well. If the barrel is good, however, it's my experience that the 32 Special in a long Model 94 will put its shorter carbine cousin to shame when it comes to measuring group size.

The factory open sights on a long 94 were not made for target shooting. For real results at the benchrest you will need better equipment and an aperture (peep) sight is recommended. Drilling a fine old Model 94 with the two little holes necessary for most receiver sights throws Winchester collectors into violent spasms; however, if you expect to keep your 94 forever and ever and do not intend to swap it off, then a good receiver sight with click adjustments is your best bet. To keep the gun in original shape, a tang peep sight works fine and is easily installed in the tang holes already provided. Actually, many shooters prefer the tang sight on Winchester rifles, and their only real disadvantage is that they are rather easy to knock out of alignment.

#### Scopes Rarely Used

Scopes are popular on many of today's hunting rifles, but most lovers of Winchester lever actions turn pale at the thought of mounting one on their pets. I must concur with this. These fine old guns were never intended to be mounted with scopes. To do so requires an offset mount, which is a poor arrangement at best.

In handloading for tubular magazine rifles, the bullets must be crimped in the case to function properly. This is required for hunting, as a jammed rifle could result from a lightly seated bullet being shoved into the case by recoil. For target work, when you are single loading, best accuracy normally will be obtained if the bullets are simply seated friction tight. The

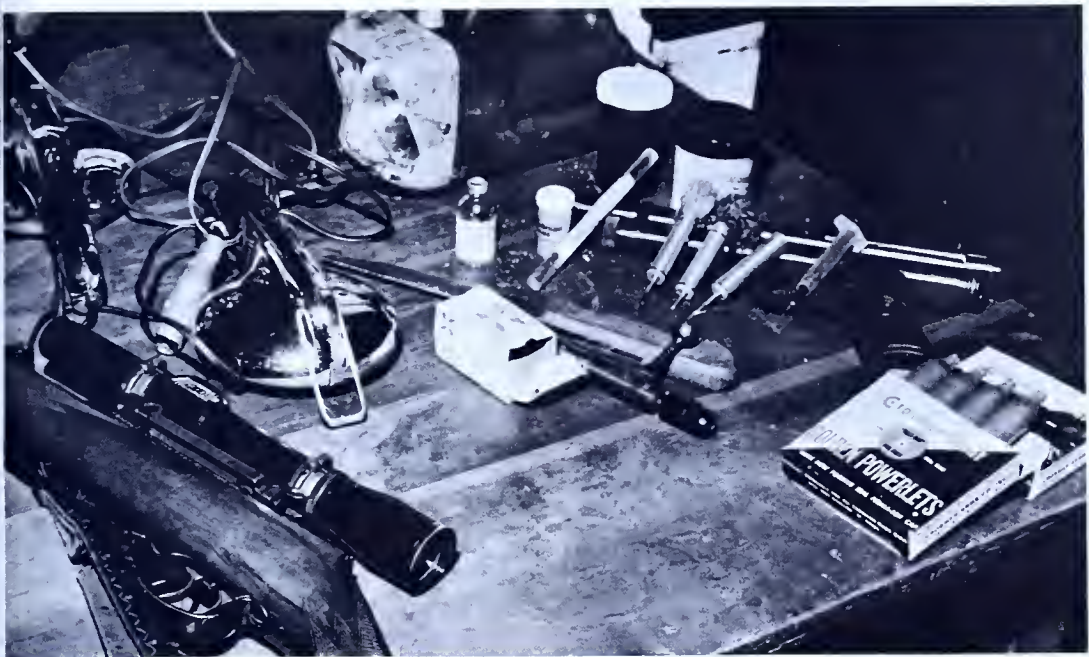
Model 94 calibers are not high intensity cartridges, and with low pressure loads the cases will last for many loadings, if neck sized only. When heavy loads are used, full length sizing is necessary and case life is shorter.

The accompanying table lists some loads I have found accurate in the old Winchester 94 calibers. Of course, all rifles are individuals and should be treated as such. These loads should therefore be used only as guides in developing your own.

### Loads for the 94 Winchester

<i>Bullet</i> (grs.)	<i>Powder</i> (grs.)
<b>30-30</b>	
150 Win. HP	25/4198
150 Hornady SP	28.5/4895
150 Hornady SP	29/3031
165 GC	21.5/4198
170 Win. Silver Tip	27.5/3031
<b>32-40</b>	
174 GC	14/4759
174 GC	15/4198
165 Factory	22.5/4895
165 Factory	22.5/3031
<b>38-55</b>	
255 GC	12/4759
255 GC	25/3031
255 Factory	31/4895
255 Factory	32/3031
<b>25-35</b>	
100 Factory	20.5/3031
100 Factory	18/4198
<b>32 Special</b>	
165 GC	25/3031
165 Factory	26.5/4895

HP—Hollow Point  
SP—Soft Point  
GC—Gas Check



**POACHERS WERE ARRESTED** with the aid of township police, and were found to have the above items in their possession.

## Cooperation Closes Case Quickly

**T**WO MEN who started out to look over a campsite for sale one evening found themselves on an all-night expedition that served to demonstrate the fine cooperation which exists between law enforcement agencies in Pennsylvania.

The two left their homes one evening in January and drove to the Ross Run area just north of Tionesta. They were in a car borrowed from a dealer, had a borrowed .22 rifle with a scope, and also took along twin spotlights, a hand light, an ax, a dart gun with darts and a butcher knife.

After they examined the campsite, they decided to look for deer. About midnight they killed two, placed them in the trunk of the car and started for home. About 4:30 a.m. Sgt. Anthony Berkos and Officer Charles Shaffer, of the Hickory Township Police in Mercer County, spotted their auto. They noticed that the license plate seemed to be quite low (from the added weight of the deer in the trunk), and they thought it strange that an auto

dealer would be driving at that hour of the night.

The officers gave chase and stopped the car. They spotted a loaded rifle on the seat and asked that the trunk be opened. They then found the two dead deer.

District Game Protector John Badger was called by the officers. After questioning, he filed charges before a justice of the peace, and by 10 a.m. the two men paid fines and costs totaling \$509.

In filing his report, DGP Badger wrote, "Although I felt this was a good case for the Game Commission, I felt the praise should go to Officers Berkos and Shaffer for their alertness and handling of the case and their assistance. They have rendered a great service to the sportsmen and nature-loving people of Pennsylvania, and I'm sure that sportsmen and others interested in the outdoors get a greater satisfaction from paying their local taxes when cooperation such as this is shown."



## The Need

**G**REENERY that dots the landscape has dropped their foliage. Now, for the most part, needle leaves lose less moisture year 'round.

We usually think of needle-leaved trees, indeed, needle-leaf evergreens, as sylvan, including one that deer hunters and outdoorsmen can't do without: oak, maple, birch, cherry, beech. Familiar with the needle foliage of important trees.

Shown on these pages are a few that grow in the Middle Atlantic States and summer. Can you identify



**1. DARK GREEN** needles one-half to one inch long, have pleasant odor. Widely planted as an ornamental and in reforested areas.

**2. DARK GREEN** needles, two per cluster, stout, twisted. Scales of young cones end in curved prickles. Thin, dark brown bark with scaly plates.



**3. FLAT NEEDLES**, green above, white lines on lower surface. Brown or purplish bark, deeply furrowed into broad, scaly ridges. Short needles.





# af Trees

er, after the broadleaf deciduous  
ome color to the outdoors. This  
vergreen trees. With less surface  
, dry wintry air, so most remain

and let it go at that. Pines are,  
ther needle-leaf trees in Penn-  
ach autumn. Since experienced  
many deciduous broadleaves—  
—they should likewise become  
ance to identify a few of these

erous needle-leaf trees that now  
ne, retain leaves through winter  
age 43 for answers.

**By Don Shiner**

*Photos by the Author*

**4. BLUISH-GREEN** needles, long, soft  
and flexible, occur in clusters of five.  
Bark gray or purplish, deeply fissured  
into broad ridges.



**5. NEEDLES** are dark green, three to  
six inches long, grow two per cluster.  
Reddish-brown bark. Cones about two  
inches long, without prickles.

**6. CLUSTERS** of soft needles, one to two  
inches long, persist only during summer.  
Scaly, reddish-brown bark, deeply fur-  
rowed into flat ridges.







# FIELD NOTES



## Half a Loaf?

**CAMBRIA COUNTY** — Numerous comments on the rabbit trapping and transfer program have been received over the years, but few as pungent as the latest one which claims that one of the agents uses only half of an apple for bait instead of a whole one. —District Game Protector Louis D. Mostoller, Johnstown.



## Hunts in Long Johns

**FULTON COUNTY** — Robert D. Oakman, of Spencerville, Ohio, returned to his former home in Fulton County for a hunting vacation. On the first day of the buck season he hunted near Kane. By noon he was soaked to the skin and nearly frozen. He removed his outer clothing, hoping the car heater would dry out his long johns on the drive home. Near Marklesburg he saw a 14-point buck in a field with some does. He grabbed his rifle and license. His first shot was a hit, but the deer got into timber. Mr. Oakman got his trophy after a lengthy chase, but states his exultation was dimmed by laughing hunters and motorists. —District Game Protector Carl E. Jarrett, McConnellsburg.

## Buck Laughs Last

**PERRY COUNTY**—Blake Auxt, of Duncannon, was hunting on his mountain land early one morning when a doe passed him and went into a field next to the woods. A few minutes later Blake heard a slight noise behind him. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw a small deer. Thinking it was the fawn to the doe, he remarked, "Your mother just went into the field. Get in gear and follow her." About this time the deer took off, passing Blake, and it wasn't until it was well on its way that Blake saw it was a legal buck. You might say Mr. Buck had the last laugh on Blake, and may have remarked to himself, "Sit and weep." — District Game Protector J. I. Sitlinger, Newport.

## Just What the Doctor Ordered

**LACKAWANNA COUNTY** — The Pennsylvania **GAME NEWS** not only makes excellent reading, but must have a medical effect on its readers also. While on duty at the Commission's exhibit at the State Farm Show in Harrisburg, many people asked me about renewing their **GAME NEWS Prescription**. —District Game Protector Thomas C. Wylie, Moscow.

## Trapping or Fishing?

**VENANGO COUNTY**—During the past muskrat trapping season, one excited trapper called to tell me of his big catch. Seems like he caught a muskrat and an 11-inch sucker, both in the same trap, at the same time. He asked if the muskrat might have been chasing the fish. I asked if the trapper had a fishing license. —District Game Protector L. E. Yocum, Oil City.

## You Get Paid Too?

**ERIE COUNTY**—Recently, I had the occasion to be introduced to the wife of one of my new deputies. After preliminary greetings, she asked "What do you do to earn a living?" I explained that I was a District Game Protector, and she exclaimed, "Is that all you do? And you mean you get paid for that? What do you do all day long?" I must admit that I did not know where to begin to explain the diverse nature of our work so I'm afraid that I just stood there with a not too intelligent expression on my face. I can't recall when I have felt so completely "shot down" in my life. If she doesn't know what we do, who does?—District Game Protector R. L. Sutherland, Erie.

## Quest for Higher Education?

**INDIANA COUNTY**—On Sunday, January 8, I received a call from the Indiana Borough Police that a deer had broken into University House, where male college students live, and that a radio car had been dispatched to the scene. Upon arriving there, we found a button buck had crossed busy U. S. Route 422 and crashed through the front door into the hallway. It finally entered a bathroom, and was found in the shower stall, where the police shot it.—District Game Protector Anthony J. Zaycosky, Indiana.

## Antlers and Chucks

**BUTLER COUNTY**—While releasing rabbits on State Game Lands No. 164 I noticed in a food plot that there was a nice big buck with at least 8 points on his rack. This was on January 27. This made me wonder because in the same food plot on January 14 I saw a woodchuck. This is strange, being that the buck should have long since lost his rack and at this time Mr. Woodchuck should be fast asleep.—District Game Protector J. D. Swigart, Butler.



## He Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet

**LANCASTER COUNTY**—While on duty at the Farm Show in Harrisburg, a gentleman came to our display and said he thought some of the stories that appear in the Field Notes of the GAME NEWS couldn't possibly happen. Had he been there five minutes sooner, he'd have heard about a hunter shooting a bear that was on a deer's back!—District Game Protector Henry G. Stankewich, Lancaster.

## Now, Here's How . . .

**SOMERSET COUNTY**—Early last summer, Mrs. Fred Geiger, of Meyersdale, called to ask advice about chipmunk damage, so I took a box trap to her and explained how to set it. When her trapping program ended in early fall, she had caught in her backyard 25 chipmunks, 1 skunk, 1 red squirrel, 1 rabbit and 2 sparrows. Not bad for a nonprofessional trapper. — District Game Protector David C. Snyder, Meyersdale.

## 18 Deer One Day

**MONROE COUNTY**—On January 25, 1967, I had 18 deer (13 does and 5 bucks) killed on highways. This represents the highest total of deer killed on highways in one single day in my district.—District Game Protector John Spencer, Mt. Pocono.





### Ghost Buck

**BEAVER COUNTY** — On January 19, 1967, I had to pick up a road kill deer near the entrance of Raccoon Park. The deer was a pure albino, to my knowledge the first one killed in Beaver County by any means. Neither local residents nor I can figure out where this deer was staying during the hunting seasons, because no one reported seeing it prior to January 14, 1967.—District Game Protector Harry E. Merz, Beaver.

### Antlered Doe

**BLAIR COUNTY** — Two antlered does were killed in this district this year, one by a nonresident from New York and another by a local hunter.—District Game Protector P. R. Miller, Bellwood.

### He Gets the Message

**SOMERSET COUNTY** — Three Somerset area men who had purchased one of the electronic callers used to break dogs from running deer were quite mystified when one dog often started howling for no apparent reason. Acting on a hunch they went to the house of a friend who lived nearby and who had a CB Radio base station in his home. As suspected, every time Harry transmitted on the radio, the dog would start to howl.—District Game Protector Edward W. Cox, Somerset.

### Misses Pennsylvania Hunting

**LYCOMING COUNTY**—Our oldest boy has been stationed in Germany since July of 1966. Each letter we receive is full of questions regarding hunting. He recently stated that hunting was one of the things that he missed most. He never realized how good our hunting was until he saw how some of the other countries have it. — District Game Protector P. A. Ranck, Williamsport.

### Miserable Weather

**SNYDER COUNTY** — The heavy rainfall on the opening day of the buck season brought about some unusual scenes. Among them, hunters trying to get through the brush with umbrellas and a hunter about to shoot at a buck, throwing off his glasses because they were rain spattered, and losing them in a mud puddle. The event that won the prize, though, resulted from a call to my headquarters that a hunter had been observed carrying a dead turkey from the woods. The message was relayed to me by radio and was overheard by Deputies Tyler and Fisher who were in the area with a portable radio. In a matter of minutes they had the turkey killer. The "turkey" turned out to be a bundle of black plastic and rope that the hunter had used as a shelter against the rain.—District Game Protector Kermit W. Dale, Middleburg.



## This Is Seven for Seven?

**SCHUYLKILL COUNTY**—On January 22, the first of two scheduled Controlled Crow Shoots was held on the Maidencreek Watershed area. The weather was unbelievably pleasant and over 3,000 hunters turned out to reduce the crow population. To say that many shells were fired would be the understatement of the year. One of the hunters came to the Izaak Walton League's tent to buy more ammo. He said he had seven for seven—that is, seven crows for seven boxes of shells!—District Game Protector Lowell E. Bittner, Tremont.

## Six Sharpshooters

**ARMSTRONG COUNTY**—In January the Armstrong County Hunting and Fishing Club held a fox hunt. Early in the morning about 20 men and 4 dogs started out to eliminate a few Reynards. The dogs struck trail but the fox holed. The second strike produced another holed fox. The dogs then were tied and the men drove the river hill, just like in a deer hunt. The drivers put out a fox and chased him through six watchers. All six got shooting—and all six missed! No foxes but a lot of fun.—District Game Protector Robert H. Muir, Kittanning.

## Must Have Been Tasty

**CRAWFORD AND ERIE COUNTIES**—On a recent overnight campout, Food and Cover Corpsman Ernie Palmquist was helping the Scoutmaster with fires and setting up camp. Ernie arrived at the leader's tent a little late for supper; in fact, it was quite dark and everyone was eating by firelight. Ernie prepared his plate and began eating. One leader went to put another piece of thinly sliced steak on to cook and couldn't find it. He picked up a flashlight and began looking for it. There were quite a few jokes when he found it—on Ernie's plate, nearly all eaten—RAW!—Land Manager J. C. Hyde, Townville.

## Umbrellas and Tarp

**BEDFORD COUNTY**—A female hunter in the Saxton area of Bedford County told me about seeing two hunters on the first day of buck season, walking through the woods carrying umbrellas. I don't really blame them too much because we really had umbrella weather. I did think it was rather strange at first, but the more I thought about it, the more natural it seemed. Another hunter told me that he had seen a large tarpaulin strung between four trees and a pole stuck up in the middle like a tent. Four



hunters were under this shelter, enjoying their day of hunting.—District Game Protector D. L. Stitt, New Enterprise.

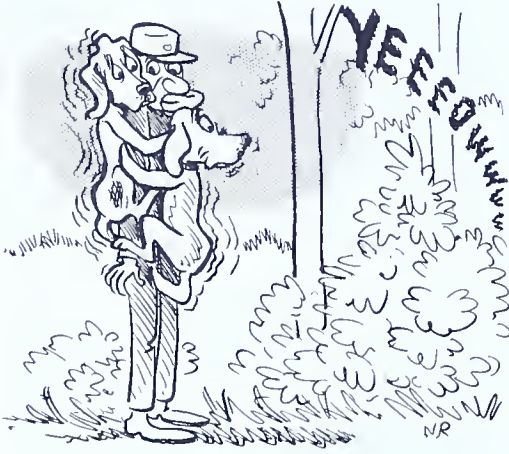
## Look Up for Rabbits

**BRADFORD COUNTY**—Clarence Hunt, Athens, R. D., may have the answer to why some sportsmen have trouble finding rabbits. He was hunting in Smithfield Township during the extended small game season when he happened to see a rabbit sitting on the limb of a tree. The limb was about 3 feet from the ground and on an upright tree without any object close by from which the rabbit could jump onto the limb. Possibly hunters should be looking up instead of down when hunting for rabbits.—District Game Protector A. Dean Rockwell, Sayre.



## Monster on the Loose

**PERRY COUNTY**—Throughout the fall, Deputy Frank Sheaffer and I received a number of complaints about a rare creature scaring the residents of



Laurel Run area. Some descriptions: (1) It ran through the water screaming; (2) "It's a Catamount," says a woman who saw the tracks. (3) From one of our noted coon hunters: it chased the dogs back into the pickup truck and they would not get out again. Presently, this "thing" is still at large.—District Game Protector B. D. Jones, Loysville.

## Forgot to Read

**MERCER COUNTY**—Anytime an officer advises a violator that he is doing wrong, he is prepared for just about any kind of an answer in reply, but Deputy Frank Okresik was a little surprised when he advised a college student that he had started hunting one hour before starting time and the student stood there shaking his head and replied, "Even with a college education, I'm still so dumb that I took the word of an old man as to starting time, rather than bothering to read the pamphlet that came with my license." I guess that old saying, "Experience is the best teacher," is still correct.—District Game Protector J. A. Badger, Mercer.

## Game Plentiful

**FOREST COUNTY**—While walking the creeks checking beaver dams and doing some predator control I've been seeing quite a bit of game. Turkeys run from 3 to 16 in a flock; grouse as many as 11 in one bunch, and deer in droves. Squirrels are spotty but are more plentiful than the last few years. Next year should even be better than the past hunting season. — District Game Protector D. W. Gross, Marienville.

## 16-Pound Red Fox

**CRAWFORD COUNTY** — Walter Lasch, of Conneaut Lake, claims the near-record size red fox. On January 15 he killed a male red fox which tipped the scales at a little over 16 pounds. Walter thinks the extra few ounces could be accounted for by the shot in the fox.—District Game Protector A. D. Fichtner, Linesville.

## Whoa!

**SULLIVAN COUNTY**—While on law enforcement patrol in Cherry Township, I happened to pass by a farm that is in the Safety Zone program. The cooperators's horses were in the pasture and my attention was attracted to one horse that was eating in a rather peculiar manner. When I realized the horse was watching something on the other side of the Little Loyalsock Creek, I stopped my vehicle to obtain a better view. This horse's stance would have done justice to a well-trained bird dog on point. The object of the horse's attention was a flock of turkeys feeding along a brushy fencerow on the other side of the stream approximately 150 yards away. When I told the horse's owner, an unsuccessful turkey hunter this past season, about the horse's ability, he gave me a big grin and asked if it is legal to use a horse to hunt for turkeys.—District Game Protector Donald J. Adams, Eagles Mere.



# CONSERVATION NEWS



## *Deer Measuring Dates, Sites*

The Pennsylvania Game Commission will again conduct a deer antler measuring program this year. Dates and locations for measuring of trophies have been established in each of the Commission's field divisions.

All antlers which have not been measured previously may be entered, if taken in Pennsylvania. Trophies of both residents and nonresidents are eligible. The program is a public service of the Game Commission.

Dates and locations for the measuring sessions follow:

April 2: Carlisle Fish and Game Clubhouse, 12 noon to 5 p.m.

April 2: Mt. Joy Sportsmen's Club, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

April 2: Bradford County Courthouse, Towanda, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 9: Lincoln Grange, Huntingdon County, 12 noon to 5 p.m.

April 9: Honesdale Armory, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 23: Brodheadsville Fire Hall, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 23: Game Commission North-central Division office, Avis, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 23: Mifflin County Ballfield and Playground, McVeytown, 12 noon to 5 p.m.

April 29: Game Commission Southwest Division office, Ligonier, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 30: Game Commission Southwest Division office, Ligonier, 9 to 5.

April 30: Game Commission Northeast Division office, Dallas, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

April 30: Chamber of Commerce, DuBois, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

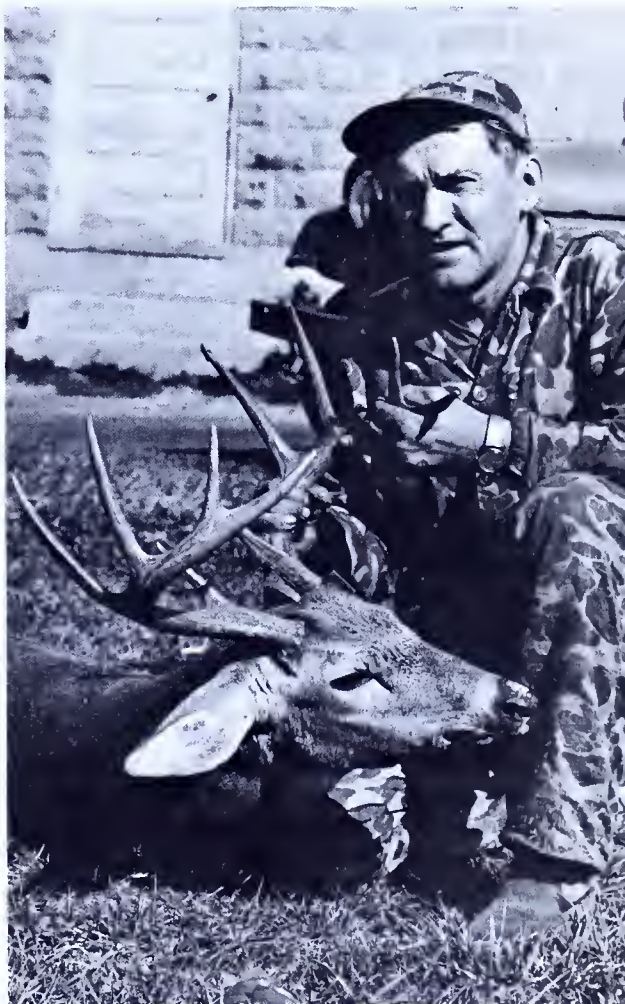
April 30: Butler Hunting and Fishing Clubhouse, East Butler.

May 7: Coudersport Community Building, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

May 7: Game Commission Northwest Division office, Franklin.

May 11: Corry Rod and Gun Clubhouse.

**A BEAUTIFUL TROPHY** such as this buck taken in archery season by Mike Goga of Central City is well worth measuring. Mike used a 50-lb. bow and connected from a distance of 60 feet.







**KEYSTONE STATE HUNTERS** took 58,722 bucks during the past season, but didn't get this one. Maybe he'll have an even bigger rack this fall!

## 118,753 Deer Taken in '66

**T**HE Pennsylvania Game Commission has announced that hunters reported they harvested 118,753 deer in the state during the 1966 hunting seasons.

The harvest, surprisingly high in light of the miserable weather conditions on the first day of buck season, is nearly 19,000 more than the 99,788 reported taken in Pennsylvania the preceding year.

The 1966 figure is the fourth highest on record. The only years in which the tally was exceeded were 1938, when 171,662 were taken; 1940, when hunters bagged 186,575; and 1949, when 130,723 were harvested.

Game Commission Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers said that the 1966 harvest included 58,722 bucks and 60,031 antlerless deer. The buck harvest was the second highest on record, exceeded only by the 1965 figure of 65,150.

Potter County, traditionally a leading deer producer, walked off with top

honors in 1966. Hunters reported harvesting a total of 5127 whitetails there. The figure includes 2525 bucks (also high for the state) and 2602 antlerless deer.

Other leading counties in total harvest included Bradford 4708 (including 1992 bucks and 2716 antlerless deer); Lycoming, 4666 (2300 antlered and 2366 antlerless); Centre, 4493 (2116 antlered and 2377 antlerless); and Huntingdon, 4357 (1970 antlered and 2387 antlerless).

In order, the leading buck producing counties were Potter, Lycoming, Centre, Clearfield (2027) and Bradford. In order, the leading counties for antlerless deer were Bradford, Potter, Huntingdon, Centre, Lycoming and Perry (2333).

A breakdown of the total harvest shows that 13,548 were spike bucks, 45,174 of the bucks had 3 or more points, and the antlerless harvest included 10,667 males and 49,364 females.

# 605 Bears Killed

**P**ENNSYLVANIA's bear hunters had their best season in 36 years in 1966 as they reported harvesting 605 bruins, according to the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

The total of 605 is an impressive jump over the 347 reported taken in the state during the 1965 season.

The harvest is the fourth highest since record-keeping on bears was started in 1915. The only years in which the 1966 figure was exceeded were 1924, when 929 were taken; 1926, when hunters bagged 660; and 1930, when 707 were harvested.

Game Commission Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers, in announcing the figure, said, "The harvest reflects the accuracy of preseason estimates on the size of our bruin population. Damage complaints, highway mortality and sightings indicated plenty of black bears were available."

He continued, "Our game manage-

ment objectives required a larger bear harvest in 1966. This goal was achieved, and I feel this reflects favorably on the Commission's decision to run the bear and turkey seasons concurrently in the northcentral part of the state, where there was a large supply of both species."

The harvest, Bowers said, does not include 86 bruins which were killed on highways, because of crop damage, etc. The size of the harvest hopefully will help to reduce this figure in 1967.

"While the harvest was rather high," Bowers concluded, "there is nothing to indicate that the bear population has been endangered by the hunting pressure."

According to Game Commission Technician Henry McCauley, who compiled the data on the bear harvest, the top five counties for bruins were Cameron, 86; Clinton, 67; Elk, 59; Lycoming, 55; and Pike, 47.

**THE BLACK BEAR** is considered Pennsylvania's top big game trophy by many hunters. The past season's harvest was the best in 36 years.







Governor Raymond P. Shafer signs his proclamation calling for Pennsylvania citizens to observe National Wildlife Week. Flanking the Governor are Seth L. Myers, left, state chairman for the observance, and J. F. Laudadio, Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs secretary. Standing, from left: R. S. Lichtenberger, PGC; O. A. Becker, PFSC; Carl A. White, assistant chairman, National Wildlife Week; R. J. Bielo, PFC; Glenn L. Bowers, PGC Executive Director; and Dr. Maurice K. Goddard, secretary, Dept. of Forests and Waters.

Mrs. Eleanor H. Bennett, president of the Pennsylvania Outdoor Education and Conservation Association, presents the organization's badges Numbers 1 and 2 to Dr. J. R. Rackley, Supt. of Public Instruction, and to Dr. John E. Kosoloski, Director, Bureau of General and Academic Education. Mrs. John H. Martin, secretary-treasurer of POECA, and John H. Martin, designer of the badge, look on.



## Letters . . .

Editor:

I am a former resident of Pennsylvania and wish to return to my home state in the future. With this thought in my mind I believe it is my duty to do whatever may come within my power to help preserve and promote wildlife conservation. I am a civilian government employe stationed in northern England, and this is the first deer season I have missed in nearly 15 years. The people of Pennsylvania, as well as other states, should appreciate and protect their rights as citizens to be able to hunt and fish without having to comply with a lot of private problems. Over here it is nearly impossible for the average person to hunt. First of all, even the right to own a gun is challenged. Having grown up in Pennsylvania as a member of an outdoor family, it gives me the "creeps" to think people of the U. S. A. are willing to accept some of the ridiculous laws various lawmakers are trying to impose upon them. I get the *GAME NEWS* and the *American Rifleman* over here, and am extremely pleased to read where many Pennsylvania and Federal officials are interested in our wildlife programs. Not being permitted to own or purchase a gun in England doesn't stop murders or robberies. Criminals either use crude methods or procure a makeshift weapon. The only thing that is different is the fact that law enforcement officers aren't armed. If they meet with an armed robber, they are at his mercy.

Sincerely yours,

R. E. Lingenfelter

### **Nature Quiz Answers**

- |                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Norway Spruce   | 4. White Pine     |
| 2. Scrub Pine      | 5. Red Pine       |
| 3. Eastern Hemlock | 6. American Larch |



Photo by Shahian

Robert S. Bell

## **Bob Bell Named GAME NEWS Editor**

**A**T THE January meeting of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, Robert S. Bell was named Editor of the Pennsylvania *GAME NEWS*. The vacancy was created when L. James Bashline accepted the position of Assistant Managing Editor of *Field & Stream*.

Prior to taking this position, Bell, a native of Bloomsburg and a graduate of Pennsylvania State University, was for three years associate editor of the *Gun Digest* and *Handloader's Digest*, published in Chicago, and for five years before that was associate editor on a national magazine published in Philadelphia. A frequent contributor to *GAME NEWS*, he also has written numerous articles for state and national outdoor magazines and monthly columns for several.

Bell, his wife, Terry, and daughter, Patricia Jo, now live in Mechanicsburg.



# Spring Pheasant Stocking



**THE PURPOSE OF THE** revamped pheasant stocking program is to put more birds into the hunter's game bag.

**T**HE Pennsylvania Game Commission's ring-necked pheasant stocking program, revamped somewhat last year, is undergoing further changes this spring, according to Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers.

Bowers said that 18,660 birds had been released in Pennsylvania in March. This is about half the number of pheasants released last spring.

The Executive Director said, "The modified program is designed to provide greater recreational opportunities and returns for the sportsmen during the hunting season. Pre-hunting season and in-season stocking with higher returns to the hunter will be emphasized to avoid low yield and poor return from spring liberations."

Bowers said, "Large-scale spring releases in areas with adequate winter carryover of breeding stock or in mar-

ginal range are being de-emphasized in favor of large releases of cockbirds prior to and during the open season."

The stocking of pheasants in Pennsylvania has been under close study since 1961, and Harvey A. Roberts, Chief of the Game Commission's Research Division, says that results of these studies show that widely-distributed, large-scale spring liberations put little in the game bags of hunters who finance the program.

Roberts said, "Even in Pennsylvania's very best pheasant range, only one and one-half percent of the cockbirds liberated in the spring are recovered by gunners during the hunting season, and their contribution through reproduction is almost negligible. Similarly, figures concerning survival and reproduction of spring-liberated hens are equally poor."

"On the other hand," he said, "hunter recovery of cockbirds liberated in October and November exceeds fifty percent in many areas."

Experience has shown that it is futile to release game farm breeding stock in areas that do not normally support pheasants, according to Roberts. "Even though our game farms produce the best quality birds possible, these pheasants cannot match wild birds for stamina and wariness," he said. "Consequently, when released in the spring in poor pheasant range, game farm birds contribute little or nothing as breeding stock."

He added that despite the harvest of large numbers of male pheasants, there are always adequate numbers available as breeders. Male pheasants rule large harems consisting of many hens, he said.

The research chief explained that ringnecks are hardy game birds capable of maintaining themselves and producing young if the habitat is suitable; if pheasants do not survive and reproduce naturally, it's because the habitat will not support them.

During the last eight years over 500,000 pheasant breeders have been stocked during the spring months in the state, according to the Executive

Director. "If sheer magnitude of numbers, rather than environment, had an appreciable impact on the overall pheasant population, there would be a super-abundance of ringnecks," he explained.

Habitat and weather are the keys to pheasant populations, chiefly through their effect on reproduction, Roberts said. "The inability of newly liberated breeding stock to survive and reproduce, even in the most hospitable environment, is borne out by the fact that over 95 percent of the annual hunting season bag in primary range is made up of wild birds," the research chief added.

"Spring stocking of thousands upon thousands of game farm birds in areas of adequate winter carryover or in marginal pheasant range is only a waste of the sportsmen's money, and gains nothing," he concluded.

In summation, Bowers said, "The business of game management is much like farming in the sense that the main concern is high production and harvest at the lowest possible cost. Toward this end the Commission is modifying its pheasant stocking program so as to put more of what it produces into the hunter's bag. And that is clear gain."

## BIRD AND MAMMAL CHARTS

*By Nationally Known Wildlife Artist* **NED SMITH**

### SET NO. 1—\$2 (tax included)

Winter Birds  
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Birds of Prey

### SET NO. 2—\$2 (tax included)

Birds of the Forest  
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**THOUSANDS OF RABBITS** trapped by authorized agents are released annually by cooperating sportsmen and Game Protectors on lands open to public hunting. Above standing, Mike Davitts, secretary of Lackawanna County Federation of Sportsmen and DGP John Altmiller; kneeling, Bill Caswell and DGP Thomas Wylie. Below Larksville sportsmen Tom Smith, Stan Piekanski, DGP Edward Gdosky and Ernest Quinn, releasing cottontails in Luzerne County.

*PGC Photos by Steve Kist*



# Good Game Carryover

**R**EPORTS of good game carryover and game in good condition have been received from most parts of the state, according to Glenn L. Bowers, Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

Bowers said, "While hunters enjoyed excellent harvests of turkeys, bears and deer, field personnel and woodsmen report good numbers of all three species remain."

"The goal of the week of concurrent turkey and bear hunting in northcentral Pennsylvania," Bowers said, "was to realize a better harvest of both species." Additional bears were taken and the harvest of turkeys was improved in some areas, he reported.

Recent reports show good flocks of wild turkeys over most of the range. Deer hunters reported seeing numerous bears shortly after the close of the bruin season.

The final tally of the reported deer harvest undoubtedly surprised many hunters. Some might think that a harvest of such magnitude might have seriously depleted the deer herd, but Bowers said that all indications from

the field point to a heavy carryover of deer in many areas and a good carryover almost everywhere.

"In fact," Bowers said, "too many deer remain in some semiurban and farm areas, creating continued highway kill and crop damage problems."

In the primary pheasant range there are no bad or poor reports on pheasant carryover, and some districts report excellent holdovers. Quail have been showing up well in the parts of the state where the bobwhite normally abounds.

"Numerous cottontail road kills have been observed and the rabbit signs during periods of snow cover indicate a good over-wintering supply," Bowers said.

There was little severe weather to work hardships on game last winter. Brief nasty spells of weather were interrupted by warmer days.

"These optimistic field reports and observations should herald another excellent fawn crop and take us into the production season for small game with a good supply of breeders," Bowers concluded.

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## BOOK REVIEW . . .

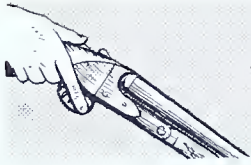
### Writers Instruction Book Now Available

Thirty members of the Outdoor Writers Association of America have collaborated to produce "Outdoor Writers Instruction Manual." OWAA, made up of over 1,000 professionals in outdoor communications, is interested in making the way easier for those who wish to enter the outdoor communications field. Most men and women in this line of work have had to learn their art the hard way, by trial and error.

This 190-page book should stimulate increased attention to outdoor writing in schools as well as fill a void in reference material. Perhaps more schools will offer outdoor writing courses with this type of instruction material available.

John Gartner, OWAA president and editor of *Western Outdoors*, in writing the first chapter, gives the ten basic fundamentals for writing, learned in 40 years of professional writing—20 of those spent teaching creative writing. He sets the high tone which is followed throughout the thirty chapters. The soft-cover book is priced at \$3 each; \$2.25 on orders of 10 to 24; \$1.80 on orders of 25 or more from OWAA, Outdoors Building, Columbia, Mo. 65201.





# HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



## Permanent Lesson

By John C. Behel

PGC Hunter Safety Coordinator

**O**CCASIONALLY we receive a letter calling our attention to an unfortunate experience with firearms which the writer would like to share with other GAME NEWS readers. In addition, a report of a hunting accident experience may prevent serious injury to others by alerting them to danger.

Some time ago a man was involved in a hunting accident and explained how it could have been prevented. "I was shooting at a woodchuck across a railroad track in an open field," he wrote. "The chuck was about 75 yards away, and I was kneeling about 6 to 8 feet back of the railroad track when I fired the first shot, which was a miss. Thinking I had shot over him, I moved up a bit closer and killed the chuck with a second shot. Not until I had started home did I discover a small wound in my upper arm. I later found that my first shot had struck the rail in front of me, causing a small fragment of the bullet to come back and strike me. I was using a scope sight on the rifle and did not realize at the time that even though I could see the woodchuck clearly in the scope, the muzzle of the rifle was low enough that the bullet hit the rail at close range. This is because the line of sight does not intersect the bullet's path until some distance ahead of the gun,

the exact amount varying with the cartridge used, the range at which the rifle is zeroed in, etc. This is something for hunters to keep in mind."

A report of a man who had shot himself in the foot read that after he had tracked some deer into a cove, he went around the east side to find a nice place to sit down. "I figured they'd mill around so I could see them in a little while," he said. "Then, I went to sleep and got to dreaming about the deer. I dreamed a big buck was standing right across from me. I know the safety was on when I sat down, but I must have flipped it off. When the gun went off it hit me instead of the deer."

Not a hunting accident, but a GAME NEWS reader called our attention to an incident with a revolver while target shooting. One of the shells did not fire in the proper manner, and the bullet lodged in the barrel. He stated, "Though I noticed the difference in sound of this shell, I proceeded to fire another round, not realizing the previous one had stuck in the barrel. The gun barrel burst. It not only scared me half to death, but narrowly missed injuring my face and arm. A story explaining what happened may help to caution other gun handlers who are GAME NEWS readers."

---

### *Big Eater*

The weasel possesses a healthy appetite. It will eat about one-third of its weight in meat every twenty-four hours.



PGC Photo by Ralph Cady

**NEW AID TO HUNTING** safely with bows was developed by Dr. Frank Anthony, shown, left, with John Behel, Hunter Safety Coordinator, and Clayton Shenk, executive secretary of the National Archery Assoc. Dr. Anthony's study includes an attitude inventory and a slide lecture.

## Bow Handling Study

**P**ENNSYLVANIA'S novice bow handlers soon will be given advice on how to properly use a bow. As an aid to hunter safety training, a study is being developed by Dr. Frank Anthony, Associate Professor of Agriculture Education, The Pennsylvania State University, in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Rural Safety Council.

The study, called the "Attitude Inventory for Beginning Bow Shooters," has been made possible by a grant from the Pennsylvania Game Commission and the Pennsylvania State Archery Association. It includes an attitude inventory, which has been completed, and a slide lecture for teaching, now in production. In constructing the at-

titude inventory the well-known "Ten Commandments of Shooting Safety" were drawn on, with additional emphasis on the hunter's responsibility. Landowner-sportsmen relations, game identification, sportsmanship, game laws, and conservation are also included.

To measure the effectiveness of hunter safety training on students, the attitude inventory was given before and after completion of training. Besides being helpful in determining the attitude with which each student accepts the safe handling of a bow, the inventory also creates questions for discussion on change of attitudes and provides group opinions.



Old English Remains in . . .

## Archery Tackle Talk

By Keith C. Schuyler

Photos by the Author

**AN EXPRESSION DERIVED** from archery which has survived the centuries to remain part of our modern language is "barbed shaft." Its derivation is obvious from this illustration.

**"IF** YOU want to pick a quarrel with me, you had better brace yourself. I've been keeping tabs on you for a long time. Just because you're high strung, don't make the mistake of overshooting your mark. I can keep up my end, and the upshot of this may simply be that you will become the butt of every barbed shaft that the rumormongers fire point-blank at you. Remember this, a fool's bolt is soon shot although it may sometimes hit the mark."

The above paragraph has no particular meaning other than to pull together some common phrases. But, if any of the expressions sound familiar to you, you may enjoy checking their origin with me. For, not one of the above sentences has less than one, and one sentence has five, expressions which have lived with us for hundreds of years, and all of them originated in archery. In total, there are 12. The oldest, according to A. E. Hodgkin in

*The Archer's Craft, A fool's bolt is soon shot*, came from the year 1225.

### Familiar Phrases

But, let's go back to the first paragraph and take out the more or less familiar phrases which have survived the centuries to continue as a part of the (American) English language. . . . *pick a quarrel . . . brace yourself . . . keeping tabs on you . . . high strung . . . overshooting your mark . . . keep up my end . . . upshot of this . . . butt of . . . barbed shaft . . . point blank . . . fool's bolt is soon shot . . . may sometimes hit the mark.*

When I first came across some of these everyday expressions with a reference to their origin, it came as a *bolt from the blue* that I had never associated them as such despite more than half my lifetime of archery activities. I sat *bolt upright* in my chair and decided then and there to pass some of them along to you.

It is not surprising that these and other phrases should have originated with archers. Nor is it startling that they have continued as expressions. A further look reveals how very well they *hit the mark* in conversation.

### English Birthplace

Since our language and most of our knowledge of the bow and arrow came from England, it is natural that the expressions we are concerned with here came with them. But, there is more to it than that. Henry VIII apparently was interested in more than the ladies and was an avid archer himself. Recognizing that the use and knowledge of the bow was important to the security of England, even though gunpowder was gradually blasting its way to prominence, Henry issued a statute which decreed that every fit man up to 60 years of age, with certain exceptions, and every boy of seven years upwards, were to have and use a bow and shafts. In 1510, Henry ordered 10,000 bows from London and 40,000 more to be imported from Venice. As early as 1252, Henry III decreed that all who were capable of bearing arms must do so, and the bow was specifically mentioned. Even the poorest was to have one. (However, if a man dwelt in one of the royal forests, he was required to use only blunt points to render him incapable of killing the king's deer.)

But, enough of history. What about today? Do you want to *pick a quarrel*?

You might have a tough time finding one. Three modern encyclopedias failed to reveal anything although it is common knowledge among archers that a *quarrel* is a short heavy shaft with a four-sided head which is shot from a crossbow. Hodgkin believes

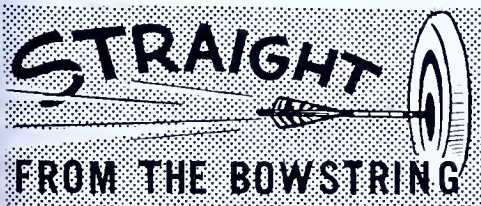


**MAKING ARROWS** straight was a problem in the old days, and since performance depended on quality, good ones were valued. The expression, "straight as an arrow," thus gained special significance.

that the expression came from the actual choosing of the best quarrel in the quiver before confronting one's favorite enemy. He quotes from Skelton, Bowge of Court, "First pick a quarrel and fall out with him then." Consequently, we must disassociate the more common definition of the word which means an argument or a petty fight and comes from the Latin language. Our quarrel here comes from Old French.

To *brace* oneself is easily associated with a bow which is braced. Bracing and stringing a bow mean exactly the same thing. A bow that has no string, or which has the string hanging loosely, is out of action. When it is braced, it is ready for business. When you hear someone say, "Brace up, man," you know he is urging another to pull himself together and show the qualities expected of manhood. This can be either mental or physical.

To *keep a tab* on something is easy to interpret for the archer. He knows that he must wear a tab or a glove to stay in action for any length of time. Without one, he would soon be forced to quit and would no longer be a part of the shooting. It is much easier to follow things if you are a participant.







**MOST OF OUR** archery expressions come from England, but "point blank" is derived from the French "point blanc," and results from the use of a white aiming point.

So, to keep a tab on anything indicates that you are keeping track of the person or the activity. It might be carried a bit further in that to *keep a tab on* something normally means a rather loose but definite interest in it. A tab is much smaller than a regular shooting glove, so the parallel is further strengthened.

The expression *high strung* is certainly not difficult to associate with the emotional climate of today. It means, of course, a person who is under severe nervous tension. Frequently, such persons are apt to break under the strain and mental problems that develop. A bow which is high strung is simply one which has too short a string for its length. On such a bow, fistmele, or the distance between the string and the belly of the bow, is

more than that recommended by the manufacturer or the exercise of common sense. The bow is overtensioned even while it is at rest, and there is an excellent chance that it will break before it shoots many arrows.

### **Exaggeration . . .**

To *overshoot the mark* means just what it says. Many of us have been guilty of this one in describing our exploits with the bow among other things. We start out telling of an experience with every intention of stating the truth and nothing but the truth. We take aim on the actual happening, but it somehow becomes a bit embellished in the telling. Exaggeration sets in; we overshoot the mark. Well, maybe not us; but some archers have been guilty.

He *kept up his end*. When we use or hear this one, we normally think in terms of someone who did his part of the job well. This one is believed to have originated in the fact that an *end* in archery is the number of arrows shot by one person before scoring and removing them from the target. It would naturally follow that a person who kept up his end would have contributed well to his own or the team's score.

The *upshot* is an expression which is a mite more vague than some of the others in that its original meaning has been corrupted over the years. Today, the upshot of something is generally thought of as the result of an event or an endeavor. It may not even be the planned result. In early England, the expression was used to denote the best shot made during a match. It was not the outgrowth of any particular planning, and the expression could be used at any time during competition to denote the best shot made up to that moment.

We often have heard the expression, "He was the *butt* of everybody's jokes." A quick thought makes this one of the more obvious expressions laid to archery. And, the historical back-

ground is much in evidence today. No gun intended, but The Butts is just that—a background or mound of earth which is a place still to be found today in some English towns. It was sort of a communal shooting area where targets were placed against the soft earth to protect the arrows. Today, we have found that straw or excelsior makes a more practical butt for target backstops.

Less used but easily understood is the expression *barbed shaft*. It is common today to hear the expression, "He got the shaft," but the connotation seems to have become somewhat clouded through military usage. "He got the barb," is just as common. But, no matter, they both originated with an expression that archers were using before gunpowder. Adding the barb to the shaft, when used literally or figuratively, makes the wound as deep as another, but the projectile stays in place to further fester and prolong whatever hurt was intended.

### Most Interesting

The most interesting historically of all the expressions listed so far is one which has slipped considerably away from its original meaning although it has to do with shooting—*point blank*. Point blank range today is thought of as a distance from which it is impossible to miss, hence very close and without any obstructions to arrow or vision. However, in the true meaning of the original expression, my personal point blank range is somewhere around 55 yards, if I am using a 45-pound bow with field arrows. It will vary for everyone, depending upon the weight bow and arrows employed.

Here's why. In the Old English, the center of the target, or the target itself, was known as a prick. Sometimes, a piece of white material was simply fastened to the butt to serve as a prick, and such shooting was known as "shooting at the pricks." For each combination of archer and bow and arrow, there is a distance at which,



**A BOW BRACED** above *fistmele*, as shown, was considered "high strung" and in danger of breaking, leading to the term's use today in referring to a nervous individual.

when the head of the arrow is pointed exactly at the prick, or the exact center of the target, and the shot is well made, the distance at which this is possible was known as *point blanc*. Blanc comes from the French, meaning white. Literally, then, this perfect combination was *point white*, or today, point blank.

There are a number of expressions which have survived in some degree from the more familiar *bolt*, which like the quarrel, was a short, heavy shaft shot from a crossbow. It differed from the quarrel only in that the head was a round knob rather than the four-sided, sharp head. Probably the best known of references to the bolt is simply, "He shot his bolt." Because stronger crossbows must be cocked mechanically, and even the weaker ones require use of the feet, this is time consuming. Consequently, once a military archer had shot his bolt, he was quite vulnerable until he managed to get another bolt on the string. Nevertheless, because the crossbow is and was extremely accurate, many other expressions have survived in various degrees: He bolted for the door (swiftly); A bolt from the blue





**OBVIOUSLY, WHEN a bow is braced, or strung, it is ready for action—hence the expression, “brace yourself.”**

(unexpected); She was . . . uprighte as a *bolt* (Chaucer, 1386).

We can add to the preceding other quite common expressions such as *rule of thumb*. This one comes from the rough approximation of the proper distance to hold the string from the belly of the bow when it is braced. This is determined by clenching the fist, placing it on the belly of the bow and extending the thumb—fistmele. Obviously, not everyone has the same size fist or thumb. So, it is a rough estimate at best, but close enough for the old self bows in most instances. Today this distance is usually mea-

sured in inches, and it is provided under recommendations for bow care by the manufacturer.

As *straight as an arrow* is so commonplace as to be obvious. Yet, there is more behind this than meets the eye. In the days of crude equipment it was necessary for an archer to constantly check his arrows for straightness. A bent shaft could flit off in most unexpected directions and become an unintended hazard. What we take for granted with the better arrows today was a major problem with the early archers. Actually, it has only been a matter of a relatively few years that we could buy metal and fiberglass arrows with the guarantee of a straight shaft. The term also had reference to the flight of an arrow.

And so, with the revival of archery as one of the country's leading sports these terms take on new significance. About us and among us are those who undoubtedly owe their very names to the sport and the more grim military aspects of archery. Check your telephone book or your local directory to see how many might be continuing to perpetuate proper names which are again being dusted off as common terms wherever archers assemble. How many Archers, Bowmans, Fletchers, Arrowsmiths, Broadheads or Broadheads and Stringers can you find?

One problem which has arisen today, because many archery tournaments are held on Sunday, is absenteeism at the little white church. Although there are evening services available in most churches, those who shoot the morning half on Sunday might be considered suspect. No defense is offered here for such backsliders, but there is an Old English saying—

*The man of God is better for having his bows and arrows about him* (1659).

## *Feathers Equal Birds*

All birds have feathers. There is no animal with feathers that is not a bird.



**DEER HUNTER USES** one space-age blanket to keep his legs warm, with another strung up to act as a windbreaker.

# Weightless Warmth

**By Don Shiner**

*Photos by the Author*

**F**EW, IF ANY, sportsmen in this century will voyage to Mars or other orbiting planets, but this is no deterrent to their putting space gear into field use on inhabited earth. Already hunters are using two new blankets, by-products of the space program, to add new comfort and dimension to their outdoor sport. I'm referring to the new, almost weightless, metalized plastic blankets developed specifically for insulating cryogenic containers, thermal control of space suits and electronic components aboard spacecraft. The good news to sportsmen is that this superinsulation material is now available in blanket-size sheets called "Space Blanket" and "Rescue Blanket."

Variations of this metalized plastic blanket material were used in suits worn by Astronauts McDivitt and White in the Gemini IV mission and Cooper and Conrad for the Gemini V mission. Let's examine these space-age blankets and assess their value to the typical hunter who currently hikes across the Pennsylvania countryside.

The basic layer of the heavier of the two new blankets, the Space Blanket, is a tissue-thin half mil (.0005") thick. It weighs 11 ounces, measures 56 x 84 inches, but folds into a compact 8 x 5½ x 2-inch package which fits nicely into a game pocket. Made of the metalized plastic material in three colors—hunter's red, marine blue, and bright silver—it is said to be tough,





**RELATIVE SIZES** of two blankets discussed in text are shown by comparison with penny. Smaller one weighs but two ounces, the larger one, eleven ounces.

tear-proof, resistant to mildew and water, snowproof and warmer than wool. The reflective material retains as much as 90 percent of body heat normally lost through radiation. This model is bound along the edges and fitted with grommets in the corners.

The Rescue Blanket is made of a similar superinsulating metalized-plastic material, but is only a quarter of a mil thick. It is almost weightless, weighing a mere two ounces; it measures 56 x 84 inches, but folds to handkerchief size. It is available in silver color, or orange on one side and silver on the other. The orange is an effective contrast against snow, while the silver reflects searchlights at night to aid in rescue operations. This material is also tough, flexible, windproof, waterproof and impervious to mildew.

Both blankets strike us as practical accessories for the hunter, camper and outdoorsman in general. The lightweight blankets reduce bulk and weight in knapsacks carried by backpackers and campers. We had one occasion to use the heavier space blanket as a ground cloth beneath a sleeping bag. Folding the loose end over the bag itself, we slept warmly and comfortably in temperatures that dipped to 33° F. No doubt we would remain comfortable at temperatures

far below this. The metalized plastic remained pliable in the cold weather though it proved a bit noisy when crumpled in the hand.

The superinsulating material works on the principle that the plastic is windproof while the bright metallic surface reflects body heat normally lost through radiation. This suggests that the Rescue Blanket is suitable for use by the hunter while on stand for deer, to wrap feet, legs and upper torso to ward off the cold and dampness that set in. The reddish-orange color on the outside of the blanket signals your presence to other hunters but is of no consequence to game. The reflective silver color on the reverse side reflects body heat to keep you snug and warm in below-normal temperatures.

Fishermen likewise can set up these blankets between poles to serve as a windbreaker on the ice. With this effective barrier against the biting wind, they can tend holes in greater comfort than is usually experienced.

#### **Suggested Uses**

A brochure from the manufacturer shows this space blanket being used by outdoorsmen in numerous ways. It suggests using the blanket as a canopy to give shade to occupants in a boat. Since the blanket reflects light, it itself does not become warm, but projects cooling shade. In connection with this boat accessory, I asked the manufacturer whether or not the tensile strength of the blanket would permit it being used as an improvised sail to propel a canoe or other boat in an emergency. He replied that the material is tough enough to be made into a litter to support a 200-pound man. Grommets may tear out, but if all corners are securely tied, it would indeed provide an effective sail to bail boaters out of difficult situations.

I also asked whether plans were afoot to produce a blanket with a camouflaged color pattern. The maker replied: "Because this is not a woven

material, such a complex pattern would require the plastic base material to be colored. This presents problems in making the film which comprises the base." I personally see no reason why the hunter could not ab paint—which dries flat and without luster, providing it is not a lacquer base—on the blanket and come up with his own camouflaged pattern for portable duck blind.

Neither the Space nor Rescue blanket may be placed near an open campfire. On the other hand, hunters cannot sit on top of a roaring fire with cotton, wool or synthetic fiber blanket draped around their bodies. Further, no attempt should be made to use on these new space-age blankets. They withstand temperatures of only 100° F. before melting takes place. Radiant heat from a fire or the sun poses no problem as the blankets remain cool and do not absorb heat rays. The slightly heavier, bound and rommet-fitted Space Blanket appears to be better for all-round use by hunters and campers. The lighter model appears best for policemen, firemen and rescue workers who need a lightweight, expendable — by virtue of its

cost—blanket for rescue operations.

Though this column is written well in advance of publication, the manufacturer assures us that both blankets will put in an appearance in almost every sporting goods store in the country by the time this column hits print.

### Space Program Benefits

These new, almost weightless blankets show a case of sportsmen today benefitting from the U. S. space program. Even though they themselves may never voyage beyond, say, 10,000 feet altitude, sportsmen can use the new blankets for camping, tent shelters, hunting blinds, wind breakers, cockpit canopies, skiing, ponchos, or you name it.

If you have need of a blanket for any of the above-mentioned activities, or others that you might think of, investigate these new space/reflector blankets. They are short on cost, but long on use, and seem destined to prove their worth to outdoorsmen. I fully intend to have one in my hunting coat pocket the next time I head for the north woods in deer season. It could make a cold night comfortable.

**MERGENCY USE OF THE Rescue Blanket in a simulated situation. Patient is kept warm and dry, even in extreme temperatures.**





## BOOK REVIEW . . .

### "Hunting the Wild Turkey"

This 54-page book by Tom Turpin has been reprinted with its original down-to-earth language. It is especially helpful to those who wish to ba their turkey using a call.

Dr. Roger Latham, Outdoor Editor for the *Pittsburgh Press*, writes in his introduction, "Tom Turpin was one of the old-time greats and knew wild turkeys like few other men ever have . . . he was a hunter, not a journalist . . his instruction is sound; his methods proved."

Published by Penn's Woods Call Company, Box 41, Delmont, Pa., the book is priced at \$1.70.

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### *Recreation, Park Conference*

The Pennsylvania Recreation and Park Society will hold its 20th annual conference from April 30 to May 3 at the Holiday Inn Town, Harrisburg. The theme of the conference will be "Forces for the Future."

---

**DURING THE EARLY** grouse and squirrel season the 525-pound pig shown here was shot with a 12-gauge rifled slug. This senseless act was committed on Farm Game Project No. 117 in the vicinity of Robinson Church, Robinson Township, Washington County. District Game Protector Don Madl was called and cut the rifled slug out of the pig. The animal's owner has kept his land in the Farm Game Project, which shows a lot more sportsmanship on his part than was displayed by the unknown hunter. This is the sort of hunter we would gladly do without.

PGC Photo



*A Trophy Was Lost . . .*

# For Want of a Trigger

By Don Lewis

Photos by Helen Lewis



USING A SCALE, gunsmith adjusts trigger's pull for specific hunting needs.

THE JANGLING of the telephone put a sudden halt to the noisy conversation at our supper table.

"I'll answer it," sang out Carol, our teen-year-old daughter. "If it's not for me, it'll be for dear ol' Dad. He's probably put a scope on upside down, and the poor fellow thinks all the deer are lying on their backs."

"Answer the phone," was my only comment. My daughter is not too well versed on the nomenclature of guns and scopes.

She was back in less than a minute; her eyes were wide with amazement. It is for you, Dad, and it really is

about a scope you put on," she exclaimed in a breathless voice. "Hokey smokes, I *can* see into the future. I'm getting to be quite a peer."

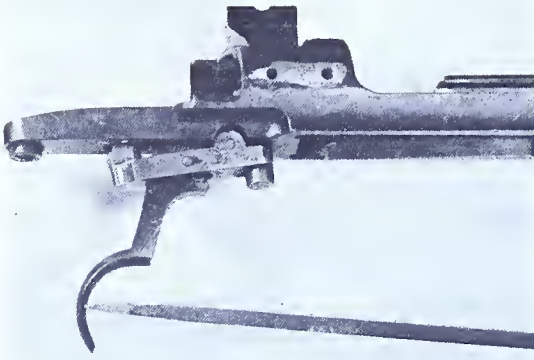
"Seer," I corrected her, "but if you don't peer a little more into your school books and come up with some better grades, there will be a day of. . . ."

"Restitution, Daddy, and I'll be horribly punished."

"Retribution," I said wearily, as I picked up the phone.

My pleasant greeting was not returned. The caller simply gave his name and said, "You know that scope





**COMMON** military-type trigger. Notice the large amount of backward movement and lack of adjustments. It is less than ideal for hunting.

you put on my 30-06? Well, in case you're interested, I lost the biggest buck I've ever seen because it wasn't mounted right. I shot two deer with my old 35 Remington that had this same scope on it, and if you had put it on this rifle properly, I'd have gotten a trophy buck."

#### Angry Hunter

I could tell that this man was really angry. He laid the blame for his miss squarely on my shoulders, because I had drilled and tapped his rifle and installed the scope. He lost no time when he came home in letting me know that I had spoiled a once in a lifetime shot.

Evidently while he had me on the phone, he intended to give it to me good and proper, and he started firing questions along with answers that I felt someone else had prompted him to say. During this lecture, I began to recall some of the details surrounding this particular job. I remembered that I had installed the scope but had not shot the rifle in. This was a job he wanted to do himself so he would be certain it was right. When I had the opportunity, I reminded him of this important fact. I brought to his attention that I had wanted to fire the rifle so the necessary scope adjustments could be made, but that he had taken the rifle as soon as I had tightened

the last screw.

He was ready for me on that statement.

"You did have a chance to sight in the rifle with that gadget you stuck in the end of the barrel," was his comeback. "A fellow down here who knows all about rifles told me he knows a gunsmith who has the same thing, and he doesn't have to shoot the gun. He can do a perfect sight-in job with the little device, only he knows how to use it."

#### How to Help?

There are times when we must baffle our friends with our own mistakes. This was one of those times. I felt that I was not to blame. I could not think of anything I had done that would have caused this man to miss his deer. I was sorry he had failed and, since I wanted to help him with his problem, I did not retaliate sharply or sarcastically. I convinced him my work was fully guaranteed and that he should bring the rifle to my shop so I could determine what the problem was. The conversation that had started so explosively ended with an assurance from him that he would come out the next afternoon.

When he arrived, he apologized for his attitude on the phone. He was especially embarrassed over his comment that I didn't know how to use the sighting device. I waved the matter off. I was more interested in the rifle than in trying to put him to shame.

I put the rifle in my bench vise and placed the bore sighting device in the barrel. A moment of study through it showed that the rifle should be on target. I knew these sighting devices were not absolutely accurate, but I



so knew they generally were precise enough to put a bullet fairly close to the bull's-eye.

"I can't understand it," I finally said. The scope lines up with the bore sight, and it should be within three or four inches of the aiming point at a hundred yards. You certainly couldn't have missed a deer if you had a decent shot."

"It was just about that far away," he said, a trace of bitterness in his voice. "I doubt if I'll ever forget the size of that buck's rack."

"I'm sorry about that," I told him, and I understand why you're concerned over the installation of the scope." As we walked out to my range, I assured him we would soon know what was wrong.

### Military Rifle

The rifle was a military model, and nothing had been changed except the bolt handle and a new low-swing safe. It was just another one of the thousands of mass-converted military rifles that are flooding the market. Inexpensive, but of unknown quality.

As I set up the spotting scope and placed the sandbags on their stands, I wondered what I would say if results proved the scope was out of alignment. This man had been led to believe that the bore device was infallible. Experience had taught me that even though the sighting device shows the barrel and scope to be in alignment, the rifle may not be precisely zeroed in. In many cases, it requires a good bit of shooting and scope adjusting to put the bullet on the target. I decided to cross that bridge when I came to it.

When the cross hair reticule centered the 4" black square, I began to squeeze the trigger. Holding my breath, I squeezed until I realized that the safety must still be in the "safe" position. A quick check showed it was in the firing position, so I went through the sight routine again and applied several times more pressure

than on the first attempt. The rifle still did not fire.

"Did you shoot this rifle after you left my shop?"

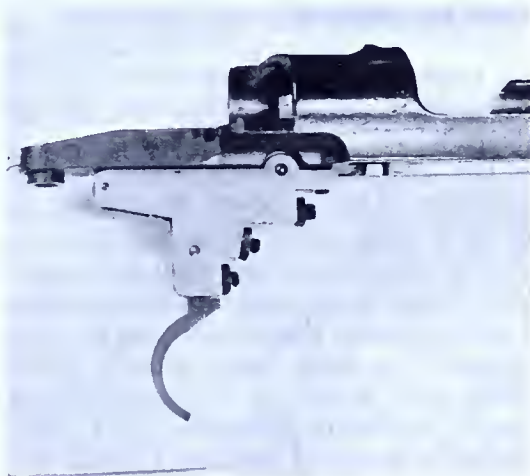
"No, I wanted to when I went home, but my neighbor said I wouldn't have to if you had bore sighted it with one of those optical devices."

"How did it act when you shot at that buck?"

"It wouldn't shoot the first time I tried, but after I yanked hard on the trigger, it fired."

"I think I know what your problem is, and I don't believe it has anything to do with your scope. Let's go into the shop and do a little checking."

Before getting up, I unloaded the rifle and closed the bolt. Pointing it down range, I pulled until the firing



**THIS IS AN adjustable trigger installed on a military action. It can be set at almost any desired weight and still remain safe.**

pin fell; it was the hardest pulling trigger I've ever encountered.

Back in the shop I removed the stock, placed the barreled action in the vise and hooked my weight scale to the trigger. I pulled the scale to its maximum of five pounds. Nothing happened. Holding this pressure against the trigger, I pulled with my left index finger until the firing pin was released. I have no idea how many pounds of pressure it took, but it was enough to make anyone miss





**TO GET A** crisp, lightweight pull on this Remington trigger, simply turn adjusting screws until desired weight and movement are obtained.

his target. When my customer yanked the trigger, he pulled his rifle off the deer.

The owner thought it would be just a matter of filing down the trigger to make it work easier. Filing of triggers should be left to those who are qualified. There is no way of guaranteeing a safe job and the results can be disastrous. An hour later, after a little filing and a lot of honing with a nearly worn-out piece of crocus cloth and a hard rib of leather, I could release the trigger at just above five pounds. A drop of jeweler's grease on the sear reduced the pull to about five pounds. I assembled the rifle, fired a dozen shots, and with a few minor adjustments on the scope I had the rifle zeroed in. My customer now knew the answer to his problem.

After many years of handling guns, I'm convinced that the trigger is the least thought about part of a firearm. Everyone believes the stock must be altered, the action glass bedded, and a new sighting arrangement installed, but who cares about the trigger? Everyone knows where it is and that to fire the rifle it has to be pulled.

What's wrong with this? Nothing,

except that how you pull and the pressure needed to pull can spell the difference between success and failure.

### Communication by Trigger

The trigger is the only means of communication the shooter has with the shot he is about to fire. All the effort spent in choosing the perfect shot, getting into a proper position and aligning the sights will be of no avail if the shooter cannot release the firing pin with only a minimum exertion at the moment he wants to do so. Any extra effort or time lost in the trigger pull usually will spell defeat. *The pulse of any fine rifle is in the trigger!*

I have always thought of trigger as being compatible with certain shooters. My wife, for instance, uses a double set trigger on her chukar rifle. She enjoys the extremely light touch required to set off the trigger mechanism. This suits her philosophy of the art of precision varmint shooting. She is unable to make long, difficult shots if she has to struggle with a heavy trigger. A lanky, six-foot friend of mine who has large hands finds a three-pound pull on his chukar rifle to his liking. I don't want to give the impression that the size of a person or the strength in his hands is the only factor that determines the proper trigger setup. The weight of pull is not the only aspect of a trigger to be considered. There must be some guidelines that can be followed when deciding what type of trigger you should have.

Generally a trigger setup is a combination of three things: free play, pull and override. Free play is the backward movement of the trigger until it releases. Pull is the pounds of pressure needed to release the firing pin and override is the continuing movement of the trigger after the firing pin has been released. To obtain a really fine setup that allows the shooter to fire his shot precisely requires that free play movement be eliminated, the

ll be reasonable, and the override reduced to a minimum. When this done, the trigger will be crisp. As the finger engages it, there will be no movement. When the firing pin is set back, the trigger will not travel backwards, pulling the shooter off his mark. To many shooters this type of trigger will actually feel hard. They may think the pull is greater than it is before the adjustments were made. It won't take long to realize the benefits.

With free play and override out of the picture, we come to grips with the pull. This will be decided by our personal desires and the type of hunting we intend to do. I feel that any pull above five pounds is excessive in any trigger setup. The big game hunter, who will often shoot with gloves on, would not want a light trigger pull on his rifle as it would doubtless go off before he felt it. A five-pound pull would not affect his shooting, and he would have a trigger that would withstand the hazards of big game hunting. The hunter who uses his rifle for varmints as well as big game may desire a four-pound pull. This will still be a safe trigger for rough hunting, and it will permit him to use his summertime experience on a big game shot. Nothing below four pounds should be used on rifles for large game, I believe.

#### Varmint Shooting Needs

Varmint hunters and crow busters will drop below the four-pound mark since there is no element of hurry in this type of hunting. It is slow and precise. Many chuck hunters carry an empty rifle until the chuck has been sighted, and do not load until they have placed the rifle in a shooting position.

Unfortunately, not too many factory produced rifles have good triggers. Most of those that do cost well above one hundred dollars. These include the long-popular M70 Winchester and the newer Remington M700. There is



**THIS ADJUSTABLE** trigger has an integral safety, as does the Remington shown elsewhere. A good trigger is necessary on a varmint rifle and highly recommended on a big game rifle.

no point in installing a new trigger on these fine rifles.

Many of today's rifles have glossy stocks with fancy pressed checkering; the trigger guards are etched in a white design, and the sighting arrangement may be unbelievable in its appearance. Still, with all that it has to offer to the eye, it's very possible that, until the trigger is changed, it will not allow the user to make precise shots. How much better it would be if some of the money spent on glamorizing the stock would be used to install an efficient adjustable trigger.

Check your varmint or big game rifle to see if it has some of the drawbacks I have mentioned. Have a competent gunsmith examine it. Go strictly on his advice and, if necessary and possible, have a new adjustable trigger installed by him. Most military and bolt actions will accept some form of an adjustable trigger. On other types of rifles such as levers and pumps some polishing by him may reduce the pull. Remember, it's more truth than fiction that many a trophy has been lost for the want of a *good* trigger.



## Conservation by Mail

Cornell University is now offering two correspondence courses in conservation topics. The first, entitled "Conservation of Natural Resources," is concerned with biological and historical reasons for management of our natural resources. The second, "Current Topics in Conservation," tackles pesticide pollution, wildlife management, etc.

Instruction is on the college level and the fee is \$10 per course. More information can be had by contacting Professor R. J. McNeil, Fernow Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

## OWAA Scholarship Fund

Filling a definite need in the conservation field, Outdoor Writers of America Association has granted its first \$500 scholarship award to Gary Haden at Kansas State University. A second award at Michigan State and a third at-large award are now being considered by the scholarship committee.

The fund was started in August, 1965, with the purpose of stimulating interest in outdoor writing and developing competent writers prepared to serve all the mass media.

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# IT'S THE LAW



NOT ALL GAME LAW VIOLATIONS ARE INTENTIONAL. AS A SERVICE TO COMMONWEALTH SPORTSMEN, GAME NEWS, IN COOPERATION WITH THE DIVISION OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, TAKES THIS MEANS TO BRIEFLY CLARIFY SOME OF THE MOST FREQUENTLY MISUNDERSTOOD OR LEAST KNOWN GAME LAWS.



**QUESTION:**

IN RAINY WEATHER I OFTEN SLIP ON RAIN GEAR. MUST MY LICENSE BE VISIBLE UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES?

**ANSWER:**

YES. YOUR LICENSE TAG MUST BE DISPLAYED ON YOUR OUTER GARMENT WHILE HUNTING OR TRAPPING.

**QUESTION:**

I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT ONE'S HUNTING LICENSE CAN'T BE REVOKED FOR THE FIRST OFFENSE. IS THIS TRUE?

**ANSWER:**

NO. BOTH HUNTING AND TRAPPING PRIVILEGES CAN BE REVOKED FOR THE FIRST VIOLATION OF A GAME LAW.



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### COVER PAINTING BY J. M. ROEVER

The otter, once fairly common in Pennsylvania, has pretty well gone the way of the wolf and the panther. These are animals which disappear rapidly when wilderness areas become civilized. There are still a few otters left in our state, but they're so scarce that they have been protected by law since 1952. That brookie will make a good meal, but, actually, otters do not take as many game fish as some might be led to believe. For more information on this furbearer, see the first story in this magazine.

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# Where We Stand

**T**HIS is my first editorial for GAME NEWS. As such, it seems fitting to give some comment on the magazine and some inkling of the path we hope to follow in the future. My association with it, as a reader and contributor, goes back 20 years, so my feelings should be obvious. I like it and am proud to be working here. Just as obviously, you must like it, too, for your interest has made it the most popular publication of its type in the country. I hope you'll continue to find stories in it that please you. You may be sure that presenting such material is the primary goal of the staff here. If you think we're failing—or succeeding—let us know. Your opinions are valued.

I'd like to go on talking about the magazine, but space is limited and there's another subject on which I want to make a stand—the anti-gun business. By now everyone must realize that certain widely read propagandists want to take our guns away. "Disarm the gun people," some of them put it, as if we were an enemy military force. They delight in lumping us willy-nilly with the criminal part of the population, and claim that all gun ownership and use should be severely restricted if not abolished.

This is a gross insult. Forty million Americans, including a million-plus Pennsylvanians such as you and I, are hunters, target shooters and gun owners. *We are not criminals.* The record proves this beyond all question. I object to being categorized with criminals and am absolutely opposed to the people who say that owning a gun makes me one. Their claims are false and I'm dubious about their motives. It's irrational to persist over a period of years, as they have, in a point of view which honest statistics and all logic prove wrong.

These people talk about reducing crime through the removal of guns, but won't punish those who use guns in a criminal fashion. They prefer to believe that the gun is responsible for the crime instead of the person. (If true, there would have been no crime prior to the general availability of guns—beginning about 250 years ago—would there?)

They talk of protecting us against ourselves, by removing a source of accidents, ignoring the fact that, percentagewise, guns cause few deaths.

They make countless other accusations against guns and "gun people," most being as pointless as the ones mentioned. Listening to their statements makes me wonder. *Why* are they doing this? What do they *really* want? An ignorant person might believe their claims—even parrot them—but these persons aren't ignorant. Their possible motives frighten me. And if they end up taking away our right to guns, they can take away any other constitutionally guaranteed right . . . such as that of free speech. Think about that for a moment.

Of course, if we aren't willing to fight for our rights, maybe we deserve to lose them. I prefer to fight. Where do you stand?—*Bob Bell*









# Waterways and Otterwise

By J. M. Roever

**A**LMOST all young animals play at some time or another. Fawns have been observed playing follow the leader and even chasing butterflies; bear cubs wrestle and romp for hours and young foxes earnestly pounce and twist in preparation for their roles in nature's rodent control program. Almost everyone has seen or heard gray squirrels as they scurry and bounce through the treetops in a seemingly endless game of tag. But the most frivolous of all nature's creatures hides his playground along some secluded waterway, where few people are lucky enough to observe him.

## Adult Otters Play

With his companions, the happy-go-lucky river otter probably devotes more time to the fine art of having fun than any other animal, and unlike other wild creatures, he doesn't give up his rough and tumble games when he reaches maturity. Like a troop of bewhiskered old gentlemen giving in to their second childhood, a family of otters can while away most of the day at their favorite slide, which is located on a steep bank that slopes down to a quiet waterway. Mud-slick in summer and ice-slick in winter, the slide is worn smooth by the otters as they take turns at their favorite sport. Pushing off from the top on their stomachs, all four feet stretched out behind them, they hurtle down the slippery embankment into the water; when they surface, the otters scramble back up the bank where no time is wasted at the top in idle relaxation—those waiting wrestle and tumble in the grass and quite often a free-for-all takes place again at the bottom of the slide when five or six otters churn the water into a foam as they twist and turn in a mad underwater chase.

In winter every snowbank is a potential slide and the otters do belly-whoppers down a slick slope like little children on their sleds. Otter slides are a natural refinement of the method by which the animals travel whenever the going is wet and slippery. With heads held high and forelegs trailing alongside the body, otters scoot



**THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY** river otter probably devotes more time to play than any other animal.

through mud and snow, occasional thrusts of their powerful hind legs providing the motive power. Next to being soaking wet, the otter likes nothing better than being absolutely dry. Near the slide, and in scattered locations along favorite waterways, are rolling areas where the animals gather to roll themselves dry in the tall grass. Here the mother and young may take turns grooming each other's fur. Starting at the head, they comb with their clawed forefeet and work down the back, often conversing in low mumbling tones. Usually "scent posts" are located near these rolling





**HIS DIMINUTIVE LEGS** hamper his ability to observe the world around him, so when his curiosity is aroused the otter sits up on his hind legs, supported by his outstretched thick tail.

areas, where a twisted tuft of grass and a few drops of musk leave indication from one otter to another of its presence in the area. Except during the breeding season, the otters range over a large territory as they search for food. Whenever possible an otter travels by water, but on dry land he humps along on short dachshund-size legs like an awkward inchworm. With his long streamlined body, he is truly a fellow that has trouble making ends meet; however, if he is hard pressed, the otter can easily outrun a man. His diminutive legs hamper his ability to observe the world around him, so when his curiosity is aroused, the otter sits up on his hind legs, supported by the thick tail stretched out behind him. Forelegs hang limp as he leans slightly forward, straining to see what is going on. This begging attitude has naturally endeared him to zoo-goers everywhere. The otter's

entire anatomy is adapted for travel by water, and in that medium he can hardly be surpassed for grace and speed. With short muscular legs and all four feet webbed, he can propel himself at amazing speeds. The otter's long head is broad and flattened on top, with small round ears placed well back on the side; the nose is large and surrounded with long thick whiskers. Like many members of the weasel family, the otter has an exceptionally long body, and his seems more so as it tapers off into the long thick tail. No wonder that from the blunt end of his nose to the tip of his tail the otter has the appearance of a well-furred torpedo.

Since he dives into his favorite swimming hole as eagerly in January as he does in June, nature has provided the otter with two coats. Under the skin a layer of fat insulates the entire body. The rich brown pelt is

made up of a soft dense underfur overlaid with long guard hairs. The throat, muzzle and underparts are lighter in color, almost gray. The stomach is covered with a special protective layer of coarse, close-set overhairs which possibly are intended to keep the otter from rubbing the skin bare with his constant sliding.

Captive otters are reputed to make wonderful pets; however, it cannot be forgotten that they are one of the largest members of the weasel family (the Mustelidae) and small cousins of the fearless wolverine. In his book *All Creatures Great and Small*, Pennsylvania author Daniel P. Mannix vividly relates the bloodletting attacks of his son's pet otter; an otherwise gentle and affectionate animal, the otter's weasel instincts became too strong at certain times and friendly nipping sessions grew into furious attacks.

#### Defends Domain

When the otter was slapped back to reality, it once again became a loving companion. My own first experience with an otter was just short of terrifying. I had been fishing with my son from our pram on a secluded waterway, when we spied an otter on a nearby bank. I maneuvered the boat closer so that the boy could get a better look at the elusive animal, when, as I expected, the otter slid off the bank into the water. I was totally unprepared, however, for its sudden reappearance just off the bow of the little boat. Giving a coughing, guttural snarl, it curled its lips back over glistening white teeth and studied us with fearless eyes. I remember reaching for the paddle, positive that the animal would at any moment hurl itself into the pram, but it dove under the boat and came up again about twenty feet away. There it remained, watching us, only its head and neck showing above the water. I lost no time in starting up the motor and retreating from the otter's domain, for it suddenly occurred to me that the month

was April, and the otter was no doubt a female, with her pups likely hidden in a den close by.

No animal should be condemned for the natural instincts which insure its survival, and the otter's occasional ferocity can be overlooked in view of its many qualities. Fishermen at one time accused the otter of heavy predation on game fish, but studies show the otter has as much difficulty catching trout as many fishermen do, and more often takes less desirable fish which compete with trout for natural foods. The predation by otters on ducks, muskrats and beavers has also



**GIVING** a coughing, guttural snarl, the otter curled its lips back and studied us with fearless eyes.

been an issue. Studies made on the otter's food habits indicate that although these animals are taken by an occasional otter, they are not relentlessly sought out. More often they are come upon by accident as the otter explores his territory.

Trapping and misunderstanding, polluted streams and expanding cities have driven the otter out of most of his Pennsylvania homeland. Those that survived have been afforded protection since 1952. Someday, perhaps, careful management and determined conservation efforts will bring them back.





**THERE IS NOTHING** in the new Dodd-Celler bill to please the person interested in owning and using firearms for lawful purposes, such as this deer hunter.

## Federal Firearms Legislation

By Alan S. Krug

**O**N SEPTEMBER 22, 1966, conservationist-sportsmen won a hard-fought victory when the Senate Judiciary Committee reported out a substitute measure for the Dodd anti-firearms bill, S. 1592. This substitute measure was S. 3767 by Sen. Roman L. Hruska of Nebraska, and would have banned interstate sale of handguns to juveniles, required prospective mail-order purchasers of handguns to make sworn statements of eligibility, subject to state or local police verification, and established a seven-day waiting period before shipment of the handgun could be made by the dealer.

By reporting out the National Rifle Association-approved Hruska bill, the Senate Judiciary Committee sent the Dodd bill into oblivion. Thus ended all chance for the enactment of restrictive firearms legislation by the 89th Congress of the United States.

The victory was short-lived, however, for on January 11, 1967, Sen. Dodd introduced his bill in the 90th Congress, where it was given the designation S. 1, and referred again to the Committee on the Judiciary. Once again the battle lines were drawn over what is currently perhaps the number one conservation issue—firearms legislation.

Chances are that S. 1 would have met much the same fate as did the previous Dodd bill. However, a new gun bill crisis was created by Sen. Dodd and Rep. Emanuel Celler when they introduced new, even more restrictive, anti-firearms legislation. Introduction of this legislation followed President Lyndon B. Johnson's message on crime to the Congress on February 6, 1967.

In the Senate, the newly-proposed firearms legislation became Amend-

ment 90 to S. 1. In the House of Representatives, it was designated H. R. 5384, and referred to the House Committee on the Judiciary, which Rep. Celler chairs. Shortly after this bill was referred to his committee, Rep. Celler announced that he would hold hearings on it in the very near future.

### **Preamble Opinion, Not Fact**

There is nothing in the new Dodd-Celler bill to please the person interested in owning and using firearms for lawful purposes. It begins with a preamble, a "findings and declaration," which sets forth the orientation of the bill by seeking to establish Congressional policy that the ease with which firearms can be acquired "is a significant factor in the prevalence of lawlessness and violent crime in the United States . . ." and that "there is a causal relationship between the easy availability of firearms and youthful criminal behavior . . ." and that the importation of surplus military weapons has "contributed greatly to lawlessness and to the nation's law enforcement problems. . . ."

*The content of this preamble is significant in that these are statements of biased opinion, and are not supported by the facts.*

H. R. 5384 continues by prohibiting outright the interstate sale of handguns, rifles, and shotguns to individuals. All mail-order sales of all firearms would be outlawed, except those between Federally-licensed dealers.

In a statement to the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency on the original Dodd bill in 1965, the writer listed eight reasons why a total ban on mail-order sales of firearms would be undesirable:

1. Millions of Americans do not have convenient access to a firearms dealer. To prohibit mail-order sales of firearms to these individuals would indeed be placing severe and unreasonable restrictions upon them. This situation would become even more acute should this legislation succeed in re-

ducing the number of legitimate firearms dealers.

2. Dealers only carry certain lines of firearms. Often, a particular firearm that is wanted must be ordered by mail, as no local dealer is able to supply it.

3. Many sporting rifles and shotguns are custom built. They are not available from any local firearms dealer, and can be obtained only by mail order from the gunsmith who manufactures them. The same situation exists with respect to many handguns used in competitive target shooting.

4. Prohibition of mail-order sales of firearms would give local dealers unfair bargaining advantage over customers in sales transactions. Fair competition would be eliminated, as would freedom of choice.

5. Firearms manufacturers having the available resources to effect wide distribution of their products to local dealers would have unfair advantage

**PROPOSED legislation would set a minimum age limit of 18 years for the purchase of a rifle or shotgun.**





over smaller firms with more limited resources.

6. Prohibition of firearms sales by mail order would result in an inefficient utilization of resources and a financial loss to many individual firearms owners and dealers. There are hundreds of different types of firearms, each suited to a particular use



**THE DODD-CELLER bill would put restrictions on handgunners which now apply only to criminals.**

in a particular time and place. In many instances, efficient distribution of pre-owned firearms can only be accomplished through the mails. Mail-order restrictions would immobilize these resources and cause a depreciation in value when a particular (specialized) firearm had to be sold locally in a geographic area where its potential use was limited in scope.

7. The right to engage in interstate commerce can be considered a basic right of all American citizens. The arbitrary denial of this right to a select group, i.e., firearms owners, is not to be taken lightly.

8. Professional conservationists seem to be in unanimous agreement that enactment of a total ban on the sale of firearms by mail order could have a highly detrimental effect on the conservation movement in this country. The ownership of firearms by legitimate persons would be discouraged, and this would be reflected in a sub-

stantial decrease in the monies available for conservation programs, as well as in a decrease in the sociological and political forces supporting the conservation movement. Any initial decrease in these areas would be increased through an induced multiplier effect. The ultimate effect on conservation could truly be serious, especially when combined with the end results of other proposed anti-firearms legislation.

Perhaps the biggest objection of all to a complete ban on the sale of firearms by mail order is that it really is not necessary; other means for solving existing problems with the mail-order sale of firearms are available. The Hruska bill is such an alternative, and there are others.

#### **Minimum Age Limits**

The Dodd-Celler bill would set minimum age limits of 21 years for the purchase of a handgun and 18 years for the purchase of a rifle or shotgun. Many sportsmen believe that these age limits are too high. In any case, they say that such age limits are a matter for the individual states to decide, and should not be set by the Federal government.

Under the Dodd-Celler bill, the cost of a Federal firearms dealer's or gunsmith's license would be increased from the present one dollar (\$1) per year to \$25 for an initial license (or for the first renewal subsequent to the enactment of the bill) and \$10 for each subsequent renewal. The Federal license fee for a firearms manufacturer would be increased from the present \$25 per year to \$500. Such an increase in the license fee would quite likely put many small manufacturers of custom sporting firearms out of business. In prior hearings on proposed Federal firearms legislation, proponents of the Dodd bill admitted that this was indeed the avowed purpose of the increase in license fees—to reduce the number of dealers and manufacturers for administrative convenience.

Amendment 90 and H. R. 5384 state that the Secretary of the Treasury *may* (not "shall" as stated in the present Federal Firearms Act) issue to an applicant a Federal firearms license if he meets various eligibility criteria. The license shall not be issued if the applicant is "by reason of his business experience, financial standing, or trade connections, not likely to . . . maintain operations in compliance with this chapter" (act). Just what is meant by "business experience, financial standing, or trade connections" is anybody's guess, for nowhere in the proposed law are these terms defined. For example, what is to happen to the inventor starting a new business on a "shoestring," or to the businessman who has had a previous business failure?

### Imported Guns

The two bills prohibit, with certain exceptions, the importation of firearms. Exceptions, *with the permission of the Secretary of the Treasury*, are: (a) firearms for scientific or research purposes, or for use in connection with competition or training under the program of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice; (b) unserviceable firearms (not readily restorable to firing condition); (c) firearms generally recognized as particularly suitable for sporting purposes and, in the case of surplus military firearms, rifles and shotguns; and (d) a firearm taken out of the United States by the person returning the firearm to the United States.

Regulations governing bazookas, mortars, anti-tank rifles, bombs, mines, and other so-called "destructive devices" are included in the Dodd-Celler bill. Sportsmen have long supported Federal controls on such armament, but have argued that such control should come under the National Firearms Act of 1934, the Federal law which controls commerce in machine guns, firearms silencers, and other "gangster weapons." They say that



Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III

**THIS PENNSYLVANIA hunter is one of 40,000,000 Americans who would be directly affected by proposed gun laws.**

there is no good reason for mixing the control of "destructive devices" in with regulations governing sporting firearms used by the law-abiding citizen in his pursuit of sport and recreation.

Incidentally, a thorough search of available literature failed to disclose a single personal injury caused by the misuse of any bazooka, mortar, anti-tank rifle, or other "war souvenir" of this type in the last twenty years in this country. Crimes committed with such weapons number four, and in two of these cases there is an interplay of odd circumstances which might negate any supposed blame on the weapon used or the dealer who sold it. Therefore, it would seem that the "destructive device problem" exists more in people's minds than anywhere else. Could it be that the "destructive device" issue has been raised by the proponents of anti-firearms legislation in order to stir up the emotions of the general public in support of their position?





Photo by Don Shiner

**THIS HUNTER** endured winter's cold to hunt predators that lived off game herds. Should his efforts be pointlessly hampered?

Nevertheless, because "destructive devices" are not suited for sporting purposes, and because they may represent a potential hazard to the public welfare, sportsmen continue to advocate controls on them, and in fact have initiated specific legislation in Congress which would accomplish this (e.g., S. 3878, 89th Congress, by Sen. Hruska).

Under provisions of the Dodd-Celler bill, *it would be unlawful for any person (other than a Federally-licensed importer, manufacturer, or dealer) to transport into or receive in the state where he resides any handgun, purchased or otherwise obtained by him outside that state.* It would also be unlawful for any person to transfer, sell, give, transport, or deliver to any person (other than a Federally-licensed importer, manufacturer, or dealer) residing in any state other than that in which the transferor resides any handgun. Now, let that sink in!

Under the provisions of the Federal Firearms Act of 1938, it is a Federal

offense for any person who is under indictment or who has been convicted of a crime punishable by imprisonment for a term exceeding one year or who is a fugitive from justice to ship, transport, or cause to be shipped or transported, any firearm or handgun ammunition in interstate or foreign commerce, or to receive any firearm or handgun ammunition in interstate or foreign commerce. The possession of a firearm or handgun ammunition by any such person "shall be presumptive evidence that such firearm or ammunition was shipped or transported or received, as the case may be, by such person in violation of this chapter."

In hearings before the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency, hundreds of cases where such individuals had *illegally* obtained firearms via mail order were documented and cited as evidence *in support* of the Dodd bill. Yet, the above mentioned provision of the Federal Firearms Act has never been enforced. Such individuals continue, even today, to obtain firearms through the mail-order process in violation of the Federal Firearms Act. *Let that sink in, too.*

The Dodd-Celler bill, if passed, might affect about 40 million Americans. Each of them will be expected to clearly understand its provisions as written, and to obey them. If you are one of these 40 million Americans who own and use firearms for lawful purposes, and wish to read Amendment 90 or H. R. 5384, you can get a copy from your Senator or Congressman, respectively. You can get his name and address from your local postmaster.

If you read the bill and don't like it, you can let your Senator and Congressman hear about that, too, by sending a letter. Legislators are interested in learning how their constituents feel on important issues—and this is certainly important—so write. This is not only a sportsman's privilege, but also his duty.

**Everyone Likes to Spend Time Outdoors,  
But We Should Never Forget . . .**



**RHODODENDRON is beautiful in bloom, but all parts are poisonous if eaten and are known to have caused death.**

## **Some Plants Are Poison!**

**By Joseph B. C. White**

*All line illustrations from "Flora of the United States," by Britton and Brown, courtesy of the New York Botanical Garden.*

**E**VERY good woodsman respects danger. He is careful with his rifle, ax and knife. He chooses his path with care to avoid the possibilities of a fall, and he checks his map and compass regularly in strange country. Yet few of us realize the danger represented in many of the common plants of field and forest.

Admittedly, most experienced adults do not make a regular habit of browsing during the hunt, but the unconscious action of chewing on a twig or leaf may lead to trouble. More important is the danger to children, especially when camping, when ordinary curiosity leads them to sample berries, leaves and flowers just because they look good to eat. Campers and hikers may not realize the importance of selecting the right tree branch for a wiener roasting stick.

Some plants are poisonous to the touch. Nearly everyone knows poison ivy (*Rhus radicans*, L.) and the irritating, itching blisters it can cause. Its poison is not confined to the dark oily green leaf of summer. Recently a Pennsylvania hunter climbed a tree in the dead of winter and in doing so came in contact with a poison ivy vine. He was in agony for days. Nor is poison ivy a respecter of past immunity. Another man swore he was immune to ivy poisoning and frequently rubbed his hands in the stuff to prove his point. After one of these displays he was hospitalized with a terrible case of ivy poisoning. Other plants are milder in the discomfort they cause. Stinging nettle (*Curtica* sp.) when touched usually causes only momentary itching.

Other plants, when eaten, can be





**Wild Black Cherry**



**Jack-in-the-Pulpit**



**Poison Ivy**

fatal within a few hours. Poison hemlock (*Conium maculatum* L.) for instance. This plant was used by the ancient Greeks for execution purposes. It was this plant that killed the famous philosopher Socrates. Certain species of mushrooms and other fungi can cause death and do so regularly in areas where wild mushroom gathering is popular.

The purpose of this article is to list some of the most important poisonous plants in Pennsylvania with some of

the recognizable symptoms of poisoning and some basic instructions on treatment.

Accidents, especially poisonings, happen most frequently at home. No one knows what a frightening experience this can be until his own child is involved. Watching one's child having his stomach pumped is not a pleasant thing to endure.

Below are some of the common poisonous plants found in gardens and yards in our state.

## Plants of the Garden

### **Castor**

(*Ricinus communis*)

Seeds are fatally poisonous. These seeds are commonly used to make necklaces or rosary beads.

### **Poinsettia**

(*P. pulcherrima*)

Leaves and juice are toxic. One leaf can be fatal to a child.

### **Rhubarb**

(*Rheum* sp.)

The green leaf is deadly poisonous cooked or uncooked, although the familiar pink stalk is regularly eaten both raw and in a variety of cooked dishes. Symptoms: convulsions, coma, death.

### **Nightshades**

(*Solanaceae* sp.)

The shiny green or dull black berry is attractive to children, but all parts—leaves, berries, stem and roots—can be fatally poisonous. Symptoms: intense digestive upset, nervous excitement.

### **Oleander**

(*Nerium oleander*)

Leaves and branches are poisonous. Affects heart and digestive system. Has caused death.

### **Hyacinth**

(*Hyacinthus* sp.)

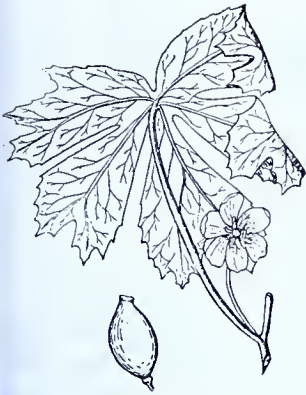
### **Narcissus**

(*Narcissus* sp.)

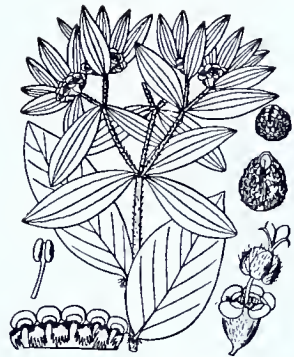
### **Daffodil**

(*Narcissus pseudo narcissus*)

Bulbs of these three common flowers are poisonous, possibly fatal.



**May Apple**



**Snow on the Mountain**



**Bittersweet Nightshade**

**Mistletoe**

(*Phoradendron flavescens*)

Berries have been known to cause death of children and adults.

**Larkspur**

(*Delphinium sp.*)

Young plants and seeds are poisonous, may be fatal.

**Monkshood**

(*Aconitum sp.*)

Roots are poisonous, causing severe stomach upset and nervous excitement.

**Crocus**

(*Crocus sp.*)

**Star of Bethlehem**

(*Ornithogalum umbellatum* and *O. nutans*)

Bulbs can cause vomiting and nervous excitement.

**Lily of the Valley**

(*Convallaria sp.*)

Leaves and flowers cause irregular heartbeat, digestive upset and mental confusion.

**Snow on the Mountain**

(*Euphorbia marginata*)

Yields a poisonous nectar that is worked into a poisonous honey by bees and a milky sap which if applied to the skin causes intense itching and inflammation. Contact in the eye causes swelling and burning.

**Lords and Ladies**

(*Arum maculatum*)

All parts are dangerous.

**Golden Chain**

(*Laburnum anagyroides*)

Seeds are dangerous.

**Foxglove**

(*Digitalis purpurea*)

Leaves cause stimulation of the heart. This plant, also called digitalis, has been used medicinally for years, but is dangerous if taken without a doctor's direction.

**Belladonna**

(*Atropa belladonna*)

All parts are deadly.

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**Plants of Field and Forest**

**Dutchman's Breeches**

(*Dicentra cucullaria* L. Berhn.)

Foliage and roots are known to have poisoned cattle. Should be considered poisonous.

**Laurels**

(*Lauraceae sp.*)

**Rhododendron**

(*Rhododendron sp.*)

**Azaleas**

(*Rhododendron sp.*)

All parts are poisonous and are known to have caused death. Symptoms: nausea, vomiting, coma.

**Yew**

(*Taxus sp.*)

The berries, correctly called arils, contain a highly poisonous seed. The leaves also are poisonous. Death usually occurs suddenly and without



symptoms. (This is a common ornamental evergreen.)

**Cherries**  
(*Prunus sp.*)

Both wild and cultivated varieties can cause poisoning. Twigs, seeds and foliage have caused fatalities. Symptoms: gasping, nervous excitement and prostration within minutes. Fruits are edible and delicious, but twigs, seeds and leaves develop highly toxic cyanide poisoning, especially after exposure to sun or heat. Wilted leaves of cherry branches frequently kill cattle and sheep. *Never* use a cherry branch for a wiener stick. The same applies to the wild plums.

**Oaks**  
(*Quercus sp.*)

Foliage and acorns may cause damage to kidneys—sometimes weeks after eating. Not fatal.

It should be noted that the American Indians used the oak acorns extensively in their diet, making a kind of flour from the ground acorn meat. It was usually the custom, however, to boil the acorns before the meats were extracted. This same precaution should be followed in using acorns as part of a survival diet and children should be cautioned not to eat acorns.



**THE DEADLY NIGHTSHADE**, tragically, comes by its common name honestly, for its berries are attractive to children—and can be fatal. Even the leaves, stem and roots are poisonous.

**Christmas Rose**  
(*Helleborus niger*)

Root is a violent heart poison.

**Henbane**  
(*Hyoscyamus niger*)

The juice is deadly.

**Buckeye**  
(*Aesculus l.*)

Seed is poisonous. It has been used in southern states for poisoning fish. It is extremely toxic and can be fatal.

**Jack-in-the-Pulpit**  
(*Arisaema atrorubens*)

All parts can cause severe irritation and burning of mouth and tongue. Not fatal.

**May Apple**  
(*Podophyllum peltatum L.*)

Fruit, roots and foliage have at least 16 toxic principles; although the ripe apple is frequently eaten in small quantities, it is highly toxic before ripening.

**Water Hemlock**  
(*Cicuta maculata*)

**Poison Hemlock**  
(*Comium maculatum*)

Both fatal, especially the roots, which are sometimes mistaken for wild parsnips. Symptoms: violent and painful convulsions followed by paralysis and death.

**Buttercups**  
(*Ranunculus sp.*)

All parts can injure the digestive system.

**Jimson Weed [Thornapple]**  
(*Datura stramonium*)

All parts are toxic, causing nausea, convulsions and temporary insanity. Can be fatal. Seeds particularly toxic. Dilation of eye pupil results from eating or if eye is rubbed after handling the plant.

**Poison Sumac**  
(*Rhus vernix*)

Effect is similar to that of poison ivy. Plant grows in wet, swampy

places, has white berries. Do not confuse with harmless staghorn or smooth-branched sumac distinguished by their bright red seed clusters, sometimes used to make wild "pink lemonade."

### **Poison Oak**

(*Rhus diversiloba*)

The effects of poison oak are similar to those of poison ivy. The plant is actually a sumac and is more or less confined to the Coastal Plain, extending from New Jersey south to Florida and Texas. No official finding of the plant has been reported in western Pennsylvania.

### **Pokeweed**

(*Phytolacca americana*)

Root is poisonous, causing nausea, vomiting, and purging. Not often fatal, but should be regarded as dangerous.

### **White Snakeroot**

(*Eupatorium rugosum*)

Frequently fatal to cattle and horses, although apparently not so in all locations. When eaten by cattle, the poison is passed on to the milk, hence the name "milk sickness" referred to commonly in pioneer days. President Lincoln's mother is said to have died from this sickness.

### **Moonseed**

(*Menispermum canadense*)

A grape-like vine, with drupes resembling wild grapes. The flattened seed has sharply-angled ridges which can puncture intestines and can be fatal.

### **Elderberry**

(*Sambucus canadensis* L.)

Leaves and sap are poisonous although the berries are excellent cooked or used as a flavoring. Many persons report eating raw elderberries without ill effect, but in every case reported to the writer the berries referred to were quite ripe.



**POKEWEED**, though not usually fatal, should be regarded as dangerous, as its root causes nausea and vomiting. A coarse perennial herb, it is common in this country and should be recognized by everyone without trouble.

Many other plants can cause poisoning of one kind or another under certain conditions. Wild garlic (*Allium* sp.) sometimes poisons cattle as do bracken fern (*Pteridium aquilinum*) and horsetail (*Equisetum* sp.). The leaves of the white hellebore (*Veratrum veride*) are poisonous and the roots of the trillium (*Trillium* sp.) act as a powerful emetic.

There are seven basic rules that should be followed to avoid being poisoned by these or other plants:

1. Know what you have planted or what is growing in your garden and yard.
2. Gather all wild food with great care.
3. Wash all garden vegetables thoroughly.
4. Teach children not to eat or handle plants that have not been prepared for consumption.
5. Avoid eating any domestic or wild plants growing near a heavily traveled highway. (Because of the poisonous lead from exhaust fumes.)
6. Follow recipes or directions carefully and cook only those parts specifically recommended by reliable authorities.





**White Oak**

7. Call a doctor if any poison symptom occurs.

The best way to avoid plant poisoning is to avoid poisonous plants. But if you do get into poison ivy or poison sumac, wash the affected parts thoroughly with strong laundry soap or dishwashing detergent. Avoid touching shoes or clothing that may have touched the plants. Consult your doctor if poisoning is severe. Do not let it go untreated. Stay out of the smoke if poison ivy or similar plants are being burned. It can cause severe poisoning, especially to eyes and face.

If a poison plant is eaten, call a doctor immediately. Give patient water or milk to dilute poison. Two standard antidotes should be kept on hand at home and in camp—activated charcoal and syrup of ipecac. Do not administer either one without a doctor's directions, but tell him you have them. Activated charcoal has amazing ability to absorb poison. Ipecac induces vomiting. In emergency, preferably with the doctor's advice, mix activated charcoal to consistency of thick soup and have the patient drink it. Do not use ordinary charcoal or burnt toast. They do not have the absorbent qualities of activated charcoal and are essentially worthless.

Follow standard first aid procedure. Do not attempt to induce vomiting if patient is in a coma or in convulsions. Do not induce vomiting if there are obvious burns in mouth or throat (such as in lye poisoning). Get medical attention promptly.

If it is known that a person has ingested a specific plant, bring a sample of the plant to the doctor or hospital. Put it in a plastic bag and wash hands thoroughly.

Wild mushrooms are in a class by themselves and deserve treatment in a separate article. In general it is wise to avoid picking or eating mushrooms or other fungi unless they have been carefully checked by an expert.

The descriptions of the major poisonous plants of our state given here are meant as a helpful means of avoiding trouble. The fact that they exist should not deter us from enjoying the outdoors or fearing the world of nature. Knowledge is the key to these problems and common sense and caution will help avoid them.

#### **Further Reading on Poisonous Plants**

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**Moonseed**



# BEAR FACTS

By Vic Shaffer

**S**NAPPING flashbulbs six feet from a black bear's nose or feeding one bread and honey from your hand hardly seem like good ways to longevity, yet these are performances you might occasionally observe in some of our more forested areas. Several years ago in the vicinity of Marienville, two bears came out daily to the highway to eat bread and honey fed them by the curious. Several tourists were heard to exclaim, "They aren't really wild, are they?"

One rather portly individual had to beat a hasty retreat to the sanctuary of his automobile after depleting his stock of bread and honey, when the larger of the two bears he had been feeding began seeking more of this delicacy. Mr. Portly soon came to the realization that bears really are creatures of the wild when this big one reared up on its hind legs, placed two big paws on the car roof and peered in at him, with nothing but a thin sheet of glass between.

*Euarctos americanus*, the black bear, while the smallest of the bear family,

still remains the most unpredictable. Although small by comparison to its cousin the grizzly, the black bear reaches a top length of about six and one-half feet. When fully grown, the black bear has a shoulder height of two to three feet and usually weighs between 200 and 300 pounds, although black bears over five hundred pounds have been recorded. Here in Pennsylvania the black bear ranges over most of our northern and northcentral counties.

Mating in early summer usually produces one or two cubs, although families of three, four or, very rarely, even five cubs have been observed. The young are born almost hairless, blind and toothless in January or February, while the mother is in hibernation. This, however, is not considered a true hibernation with its resultant changes in pulse rate, metabolism, etc., but more of a period of deep sleep.

During this period the cubs nurse and develop until the time, usually in April, when they burst forth into the





bright outside world as little black balls of fur and mischief. Then comes a period of motherly instruction and introduction into the ways of the wild and learning how to properly feed and take care of themselves. A young bear can climb well, although far from steady on its feet, and scurries up a tree at the first sign of danger—usually announced by a warning grunt from the mother. If a cub does not move fast enough the mother cuffs it with a huge paw. Bears are not known for their keen eyesight, but acute senses of hearing and smell more than make up for this and usually enable the mother to avoid danger for herself and her cubs.

Obtaining food, of necessity, is one of the first things which must be taught the cubs. Where to find the best roots and berries, acorns and nuts, where the most field mice, what to do when a bee tree is found—all these things are taught, according to the season of the year. The mother bear had been shown these things by her mother and now must pass this knowledge along to her young ones.

The cubs are shown the trees that they will claw to keep their nails sharp. These trees serve as bulletin boards that tell that other bears live in the neighborhood and their size, for a bear always places his marks as high on the tree as possible.

*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III*



At the end of the first summer, the cubs are ready to settle down for the winter sleep after filling up on all manner of foods. When they awaken the next spring, the mother is beginning to lose interest in them. She is now ready to mate again—bears mate only every second year in the wild—and the young ones, now fourteen to fifteen months old, are ready to strike out on their own.

### **Man Is Only Predator**

During the normal twelve to fifteen years of a wild black bear's life, the animal has few predators to worry about. Man is without a doubt the bear's greatest predator. As a game animal here in Pennsylvania, the black bear is most elusive but one of our most coveted trophies.

Feeding the bear has become something of a national pastime around some of our national and state forests and parks. Disregarding warning signs, many misinformed, although perhaps well-meaning, persons go right on taking chances with this very unpredictable animal. As a result many are bitten, clawed or, perhaps worse, frightened into beating an inglorious and somewhat hasty retreat to their automobiles or the nearest tree.

Hunger is one of the most compelling urges of either man or beast and in some cases will lead a bear into close contact with man. Consequently, the bear loses much of his fear of man and leads man to believe that this certainly is no wild animal. Nothing could be further from the truth! Although most black bears will run the other way upon meeting a man, the animals are very unpredictable, particularly where they have had contact with people. Due to the inherent wildness born into the bear he is not always gentle when hungry.

In many of our national and state parks, warnings point out: "The feeding, touching, teasing or molesting of bears is prohibited." It is wise to keep this admonition in mind.

Who Hasn't Made Some . . .



**INCREDIBLY**, there dawned on my sight, head-on and motionless, a burly stag, shaggy and wild.

## ***Gunning Goofs***

**By Archibald Rutledge**

**T**HOUGH a hunter may keep the business to himself, he knows that, if he has spent much time at all in the woods, he has pulled some awful boners. When every reason in the world called on him to be smart, he acted goofy. When he had a perfect chance to be a hero and a maker of sporting history, he acted like a boob to end all boobs. I know these things are true. I've been a jackass myself. And I have seen friends of mine—some of them good hunters, too—do things that would make a hound dog howl in anguish, yowling his very heart out.

You know what I mean. If I tell of a few of the messes I have made and have seen perpetrated, you probably will be able to call to mind some of

the similar lickings you have taken. It is a wholesome kind of discipline for us to remember these mishaps. To do so puts a curb on our cockiness and, as you know, the hunter who is most likely to fail to click at the critical moment is the one who is too self-satisfied. Conversely, a hunter who is duly humbled by a consciousness of some of his past botchwork is likely to become a pretty careful, cool and successful man when hunting in the woods.

On one occasion I was walking through a cornfield with a friend of mine. As he had taken up hunting late in life, and was in my judgment a careless man with a gun, I had him on purpose walking about fifty yards ahead of me. I pretended that I



wanted him to have the first chance at anything that got up. As you probably know, some men are just the finest and safest fellows in all the world until they happen to get guns in their hands. Then, if you want to kiss your wife again, you had better keep your distance.

Now, the kind of cornfield I refer to is not your clean cornfield of the North and West in November, with the shocks standing like wigwams in the mist of the morning. My friend and I were in a southern autumnal cornfield. Most of the stalks, though tawny and tattered, were still standing; also there was a dense knee-high growth of cowpeas, sheepburs, crabgrass, redroot and other wild and luxuriant growths. Through such a field a man has to fight his way valiantly and patiently. You might wonder why we two, at such a time, be-

fore the really hard frosts had had time to kill that lush undergrowth, were crossing that field at all. Well, the truth is, a lot of doves were there, as well as several coveys of quail, and I had seen several deer beds and the tracks of at least one old wild gobbler. The field was about twenty-five acres in area, and at the time of year I am describing was the kind of place to harbor almost any kind of game.

As luck would have it, out of a particularly dense growth of coffee-grass, I walked up a wild turkey gobbler. Such an old wily veteran will not readily take wing; in most cases he prefers to escape by running. I believe the place was so thick that he just felt himself cornered. At any rate, up he got and headed in the general direction of my friend, who had never killed a wild turkey. The great bird was far enough to one side

**I YELLED, "Look out, Will! Wild turkey! Turkey!" But all he saw was the turkey buzzard.**



to afford me an easy shot, but, of course, I wanted him to have it. As he had been making a lot of noise fighting through the weeds and grass, he did not hear the gobbler rise. Seeing in an instant that he did not know what was going on, I yelled, "Look out, Will! Wild turkey! Turkey!"

### A Turkey?

It happened that at that time, about one hundred yards directly over my friend's head, an old turkey buzzard was lazily and aimlessly wheeling. Hearing my warning cry, Will violently whirled around about three times. When excited he had a way of holding his gun in a present-arms sort of way, gripping it fiercely and rigidly until his knuckles were white. He now put on this dance of the wooden soldiers; then, just as the gobbler passed, flying not more than fifty feet high and about the same distance to his left, he jerked his gun up and let drive at the turkey buzzard with both barrels.

Some two hundred yards beyond my friend, the river flowed. This wide barrier the old gobbler crossed in safety. The try at the buzzard was a clean miss.

Then there was that cold November morning in the hills of southern Pennsylvania when, instead of staying home by the fire like a sensible man, I was hunting grouse. I had put up a fine cock, and he had gone straight ahead of me, toward the crest of a ridge, where a very tall, slender pine was standing. It was the only evergreen in sight.

At the time it was blowing, sleeting, and snowing, and in such weather grouse don't fly far. You know, too, how partial to an evergreen this bird is. Only once in all my experience have I ever seen one alight in a bare tree. The last I saw of the bird this day, he was heading straight for the top of that dusky pine. I followed confidently. Though the top of the hill was fairly open, I felt pretty sure the



**OCCASIONALLY**, a hunter loses a shot while crawling through a fence, but this can't be considered a mistake.

bird, counting on this high dark cover to conceal him, would let me get close; then, when he tore out, I would have the goods on him. While heretofore I had been cold and discouraged, I now felt warm and full of fatal certainty. In fact, I already had that grouse on the table, with my wife beaming on me as if she were saying, "What a man!" You know how it is.

It was rocky on the crest of that bleak hill, and I had to feel my way along with my feet, my gun at ready, and my eyes never off the dusky top of the pine. I was so anxious not to make a floozle of this chance that I would not even use one hand to wipe the snow off my face. I kept trying to blow it off. Of course, the grouse just might not even be in the pine but my mind told me that he was; moreover, as I came up almost under the tree, I was amazed at how comparatively thin the foliage was. This probably meant that I could see the bird on his perch—you know how slim and tall he stands, with all his feathers drawn in tightly about him.

Now, it is generally a bad thing in hunting to be so obsessed with one







idea that you are oblivious to everything else. I just didn't have anything in my head but grouse. Therefore, when a huge black bird launched himself out of the darksome pine right over my head, I supposed a buzzard had taken refuge there from the storm, and I hadn't lost any buzzard. It was not until the fugitive was some seventy yards away and going strong that I recognized it as a wild turkey! I then threw up my gun and fired vainly at it. And then I became aware that at the sound of my futile blast the old cock grouse had gone out of the pine top in the other direction. Was I a hunter or a fizzle? You guess.

Very early one December morning I went into the big woods with my good deer-driver, Prince. We had mapped a little campaign that I hoped would net us some venison. I would post myself at a famous buck stand or crossing, while he would go about a mile down toward the river, then turn and drive back toward me. This drive is a long, narrow peninsula and is an exceptional place for bucks. The stand I took was on a fallen log in the middle of a dry cypress pond. I had killed a good many bucks at that same place.

I sat down and loaded my gun, but I did not really expect any action until Prince began to drive; and I knew it would take him at least twenty minutes to reach the point of the peninsula. However, on many occasions, long before the drive has started, an old buck, hearing some noise or winding the driver or a stander, has come sneaking out far ahead of schedule. It pays a man to be alert on a deer crossing. Time and again I have had friends lose perfect chances by fidgeting, walking up and down, smoking, and even reading newspapers "while waiting for the drive to start." Often the finest old bucks don't wait for it to start. One such disconsolate hunter tried to offer me an alibi for having bungled what would have been the opportunity of a

lifetime. "He came to me before I was ready for him," he said.

In my case I was ready—yet in a way I was not. For even while I was all set, watching the silent open woods in front of me, through which I could see several hundred yards, on a cypress tree behind me some fox squirrels began to have some kind of a fracas. I turned my head to watch them, and had it turned perhaps three or four minutes. I was holding my gun across my knees.

### Old Man of the Woods

When I finally faced front again, I did not immediately see anything. Then, incredibly, there dawned on my sight, dead ahead of me and only forty yards away, head-on and motionless, the thrilling apparition of one of the Old Men of the Woods—a burly stag, shaggy and wild, with what looked like a record rack on his head. His neck was somewhat outstretched toward me, his black nose was twitching as if he had winded me, and I felt certain he had seen me turn my head. A deer will always see you move.

The buck had stopped in what was for me a rather unfortunate place. Immediately on his right were three big pines, and close to him on his left were half a dozen good sized cypresses and gum trees. He, therefore, stood in a rather narrow opening. If he made a swift turn either way, the trees would shield him from a shot. Measuring the distance carefully with my eye, I realized that, as he stood, he was within good range of my gun. The only trouble was that I did not have it on him.

It was at that moment that I made the wrong move. Under the circumstances, I did the very worst thing that could have been done. Afraid that if I jerked the gun up, he would duck and I would miss, I thought I could move it at least part of the way so imperceptibly that he would not see me. Pshaw! I hadn't moved the tip of the barrel half an inch before





**ONCE IN AWHILE**, when clicking-time comes we just don't click; as hunters, we are clowns.

he saw it, and the instant he made out the movement, he was gone. He just vanished behind the cypresses. It still seems incredible how a creature so huge could be so fast.

Now, of course, my mistake was in not waiting. It was distinctly his move. I was not positive he had seen or winded me; that is, his attitude indicated being puzzled rather than alarmed. Deer are curious. He might have come a little nearer to make certain of what he suspected. If so, he would have cleared the trees on either side of him; then, even, if he did make a wild dash for freedom, I would have had an open shot, and I am sure I could have killed him. There's no use denying it: I zigged when I should have zagged. And ever since that memorable break on my part, whether to move or not to move has become for me a very important question in wildwood strategy.

There are a good many actions a hunter takes for which he really is not to be criticized. For example, he walks around one side of a dense little mountain laurel thicket, and a grouse goes out the other. He doesn't even

see it. To cross a wire fence, he lays his gun carefully on the ground on the other side. When he is about halfway through his operation, a covey of quail gets up practically under his gaiters, flies across an open field, and crosses a broad deep creek over which there is no bridge. I've seen that very thing happen. Or, a man has his choice of electing to cover one of several deer crossings. He naturally takes the one he thinks is best. But the old buck with the craggy crown loafes in a walk over one of the open stands. Things like these seem to be mishaps, but in one way they are fortunate. They prove that the ways of wild game are often unpredictable. If we could figure every chance out with mathematical exactness, there would be neither any game nor any sport left for anyone. The element of chance is essential to all sport.

The kind of defeat I have in mind is the one due to some kind of arrant stupidity, to mental and physical floundering. I mean that for some reason when clicking-time came, we just didn't click; as hunters we were fine clowns. We fully qualified ourselves to be masters of fiascos.

Anyone familiar with the nature of a white-tailed buck knows that if he is uneasy, yet not in full flight, he will, in maneuvering for an escape, do a lot of skulking, and will deal in much shadowy subterfuge. At such a time he makes the very least possible display of himself. Sometimes, such is his strategy of concealment that he will do things that hardly seem credible. Yet, as we know, things happen in human life and in nature that no writer of fiction would dare to invent.

One morning I was on a deer stand on a level straight stretch of sandy road. Just off the road, running parallel to it, was an old barbed wire fence. Really, there was nothing left to it but the old posts and a single strand of wire about three feet above the ground. I was standing beside a big pine near the fence. A hundred yards

from me in plain sight was another stander. He, too, was leaning against a tree on the line of the fence. The drive was coming toward us, and the woods in front of us were quite open.

He and I saw the buck at about the same time. He was coming to cross the fence just about thirty yards beyond my friend, and to all appearances he was going to be afforded a perfect shot. I was glad to see my fellow hunter get his gun to his shoulder the second the buck appeared, though he was then some distance away. This was good judgment. It is always a wise maneuver to get your gun up before a deer can see you move. To jerk it up at the last minute is likely to throw you off balance, and at the same time scare the daylights out of the buck.

I saw that my friend had his gun leveled down the line of the fence and about two feet above it. It was clear that he had his mind fixed on shooting just as the deer jumped the fence. But it's risky to make plans that are too perfect; you always have to figure that at the very last second the whole situation may change. A man may have a scheme worked out that appears foolproof; then, in the moment of crisis, some little unexpected variation may make a boob of him. It is hardly ever possible to preconceive a situation exactly, especially when you are dealing with intelligent wild game in the mysterious wilderness. That is what adds the spice to a huntsman's life and requires him to keep on his toes.

#### Up . . . Or Down?

This buck, unsuspecting the presence of any hunters, came along easily and jauntily, giving me the impression that, while he had not made up his mind on any definite course of action, he was ready for any cunning sort of swift and wary stratagem. If you don't think a deer is artful, and especially so at the critical moment, guess again. He always seems to me more capable of pulling a fast one than a man is.



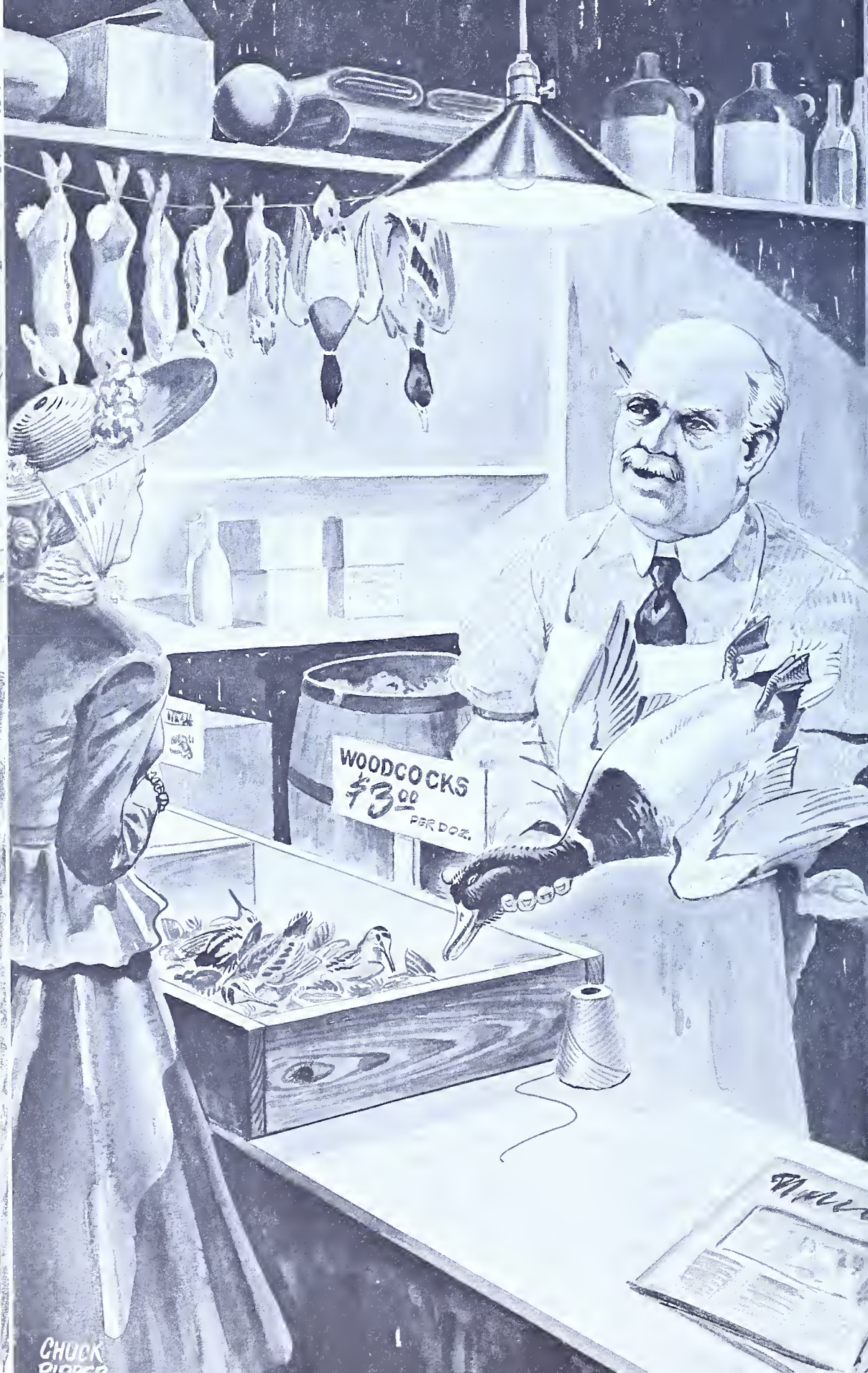
**SOMETIMES** an old whitetail leaves a hunter with nothing to do but stamp wildly on his hat!

My friend was so absolutely certain that the buck would jump the wire that, at the exact moment when it seemed the deer must be just above the fence, he fired. But I, watching with the detachment of one who is not doing the shooting, saw what the hunter himself at the critical moment completely missed: With sinuous grace, the buck went *under* the wire! Then I had a vision of a tall white flag rocking off through the woods—and a hog-wild hunter throwing his hat on the ground and jumping up and down on it, calling on high heaven to witness that a buck had no business to act like that.

They come back to me—the follies we commit, the idiotic things we do.

Deep down in our hearts we know some of the crazy things all of us have done: things which, if people really knew about them, would convict us of being lunkheads. But that isn't the whole story. It's just that, even as hunters, we remain human, and therefore fallible.





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# SLAUGHTER UNLIMITED

By Wilbert Nathan Savage

**W**AS THE market hunter of bygone times a menacing sacker of bulging 19th-century game fields? Was he a selfish plunderer—a greedy fee-snatcher anxious to wax fat via his environmental horn of plenty? Or was his killing simply a case of doing what came naturally in this then unforbidden course of earning a livelihood?

Back over the decades market hunters en masse have been thoroughly stung by blistering accusations whose abundance eclipsed most attempts to justify the behavior of selling game-takers who operated seventy or eighty years ago. For instance, "The market hunter's trademark featured a hot gun barrel and a cold conscience." Or this typical disapproving contemporary note offering a more detailed analysis: "The market hunter has his own code-book definition of *fair share* and *equality afield*. His dimension of interest in self is robust; his concern over game depletion, *nil*. And even whispered hints of proposed bag limits are always good for a hearty guffaw!"

## Their Reasoning

Although roundly outnumbered, upholders of the yesteryear practice of taking game for market purposes usually parried with claims that game was then generally over-plentiful; that it was a matter of economic good sense to make the fullest use of it; that the professional market hunter rendered a vitally important supply service to a young land bustling with builders and travelers.

It is basically true that many of the first market hunters did play a significant part in the country's early period of growth. History recognizes

the original market hunter as "an efficient and trustworthy tradesman with honest motives and a legal contract. . . ." But with the arrival of cross-country rail systems that transported a dependable supply of domestic meat animals, the heyday of the truly essential market hunter quickly became a frontier memory.

## Bison to Pigeon

Shamefully, another kind of hunting-for-profit had been going on all the while—a type that far too often characterized the worst in fee hunting excesses. Reckless killing and disgraceful waste helped to form the widespread unpopular images of greedy fee hunters. They gave no trace of thought to a coming day of reckoning, and the most abominable kind of senseless devastation was carried out against wildlife ranging in size from the majestic bison to the passenger pigeon—both of which were long-ago inhabitants of Keystone Territory.

The bison had moved west when it was overtaken by the calculated orgy of avarice. But, regrettable to record, vast numbers of passenger pigeons were netted or mercilessly clubbed to death while closely packed at their roosts in Penn's Woods where, as was the unsavory custom elsewhere. . . . "Only choice birds were picked up, the remainder being left for farmers' hogs and wild creatures of prey. . . ."

Close indeed came the bison to total extermination, while the less fortunate passenger pigeon was bludgeoned all the way to complete extinction. As these vicious happenings were continuing to run their scandalous course, the mockers of sensible sportsmanship already were busy projecting on their





**GUNNING FLOATS**, resembling piles of leaves and branches, were used by many market hunters after wildfowl.

doom screens a precarious future for certain species of ducks, swans, cranes and other water birds. Indeed, when we fully examine the besetting perils that stalked the very existence of many furred and feathered creatures, it seems little short of miraculous that they managed to weather the onslaught at all. Instances of ruthless market hunting are dramatically described in A. W. Eckert's book, *The Vanishing Americans*. A representative sentence: "Wild ducks were sold in barrels by the millions on the open market, at little cost. . . ." (Extensive mention of the heath hen, Eskimo curlew and other game birds does not fit in here, but many a well-read Pennsylvania sportsman is keenly aware of their sad fate.)

As incredible as it was unexplainable, the general movement among hordes of selling hunters in the late 1800's seemed to involve a kind of mad-pace competition. Aside from instances where various game multiplication cycles had established numbers able to withstand high-count kills, the pursuing of common market hunting abuses almost invariably meant that bleak scarcity would swiftly supplant plenty.

One of the principal reasons for loud outcries against market hunting was the ever-present factor of foolhardy decimation. Couple the bagging of fantastically large quantities of game with primitive refrigeration accommodations, and the result was a situation which often shouted bold hints of unfit commodities. Wintertime protection against spoilage was fine as long as the weather remained cold, but an unexpected warm spell frequently ended with the dumping of huge lots of overripe game. One writer of the period tells of "large numbers of frozen fat geese which spoiled when an unseasonal thaw and a two-day rain set in. . . ."

Quantity killing and selling by the hunters and quantity buying by retailers often resulted in the overstocking of marketplaces large and small. Outdoor displays by retailers of long strings of rabbits, birds, squirrels and other game "sometimes strung from lamppost to lamppost and becoming most offensive when temperatures happened to rise above safety levels . . ." were common. If a warming trend was suspected, or already in progress, game inventories often went on sale at such ridiculously low prices that heavy financial losses were incurred.

#### Like a Foolish Contest

Nevertheless, the no-limit hunting craze went on like a foolish contest singularly devoid of either foresight or hindsight.

"It somehow became fashionable to kill, kill, kill!" wrote one eastern observer. "The recognized prowess of a market hunter more often than not appeared to hinge on his ability to slaughter by fair means or foul an unreasonable amount of game."

Among other devices cunningly designed to increase bag totals, camouflaged "gunning floats" were built to resemble piles of drifting leaves, branches or other debris. One hunter relates this sample accomplishment of

the arrangement in the May, 1902, issue of *Hunter-Trader-Trapper*: "I have used the shooting float to approach large flocks of waterfowl, and with both barrels loaded with No. 4 shot I have succeeded in mowing down 18 shelldrakes and 5 black ducks at one firing. A neighbor got 21 whistlers and 2 black ducks in the same manner. The method works admirably." Admirably? Indeed!

### Community Status

Any attainment afield during the fling of the market hunter seemed to peculiarly attach itself to such standard queries as, "How many did you get?" Or, "Did you count 'em yet?" Actually, the community status of the market hunter revolved around quantity killing to the degree that young hunters strived to elevate their reputations by establishing high-count seasonal totals at any expense. Example: A youthful Pennsylvanian told in an outdoor magazine dated April, 1900, of killing 34 gray squirrels without moving out of his tracks. This is scarcely worthy of note when another man boldly records this tally: "I find on looking over my diaries that at twenty-six I have killed 12,085 head of game."

Some of the latter-day market hunters were so set on whopping takes afield that their mood occasionally spilled over to influence restaurant and hotel owners. Whenever this happened, menus would very often feature extravagant game feasts. Some of the immoderate adventures in gluttony are on record, and one inordinate affair, lavishly referred to as a "Procession of Game," included venison, multi-game broth, ham of bear, buffalo tongue, five different kinds of ducks, woodcock, quail, wild turkey, wild goose, rabbit, raccoon, sandhill crane, opossum, elk, squirrel and other edible wildlife. Remarked one paying guest: "Partaking of variety, heedless of waste, seemed from the outset to mark the diner's primary resolution. . . ."

Pennsylvania's participation in the marketing of game was, according to one observer, focused on "nearly everything from woodcock to deer, the latter being hunted with dogs the year round . . . and finally becoming so scarce that by 1888 whole winters would go by in many Pennsylvania counties without anyone seeing a single deer track. But they were to become even scarcer statewide before a sensible era of watchful regulation and management put them on the 'come-back' trail. . . ."

Available evidence firmly indicates that ducks bore the brunt of the market hunter's firing piece in Pennsylvania. They were killed by the tens of thousands on Keystone rivers, particularly the Susquehanna. Selling hunters generally hired boatmen, or "paddlers," and were thus free to concentrate on their grim mission. An expert boatman could actually "herd"



**ONLY THE CHOICE** passenger pigeons were picked up . . . the remainder being left for farmers' hogs.

certain kinds of ducks by the simple device of skillful maneuvering. Sometimes a small flock would be entirely wiped out in this manner, and it was not at all unusual for a boating huntsman to come ashore with a hundred or more birds.



As a rule, ducks were sold by the pair. The larger ones retailed at about a dollar a pair; smaller ones for 75 cents or so. But when the horn of plenty was overflowing, prices often sagged. Then mallards would go at \$3 a dozen; teal for \$2, etc. Amazingly, one outdoor publication of the market hunting period listed wild geese at just \$4.50 a dozen! To make that quotation even more ridiculous, the minute woodcock—delight of the gourmet—was listed as high as \$3 per dozen. Still another contrast: In 1873 quail could be had for \$1.37 per dozen; jacksnipe for \$1.25. The grouse market was “sound” at fifty cents each. Prairie chickens, shipped into Pennsylvania and other eastern states, also brought fifty cents each. But William Horna-



**SENSELESS** devastation was carried out against wildlife ranging in size from the majestic bison to the passenger pigeon.

day tells in one of his books of seeing the Eskimo curlew going by the wagonload at just six cents each!

Pennsylvania, especially during the wind-up years of market hunting, witnessed considerable activity by game “peddlers.” That is, the hunter either sold his own game or wholesaled it to street-corner hawkers. Even farmers got into the act. One showed up in Philadelphia huckstering 96 woodcock

which, he claimed, represented one day afield—alone!

Game peddlers occasionally got into price wars—much to the glee of buying housewives. At such times forty-cent squirrels could be had for a quarter, and seventy-five-cent rabbits for less than half a dollar—unskinned, of course. Various game birds also went at “cut-throat” prices. But deer, when purchasable, normally held at \$15 to \$20 each. By the pound, good deer steak could be had for less than thirty-five cents. Rough dressed bear usually brought a minimum of fifteen cents a pound.

Some market hunters took as many as 200 deer annually, so it is easy to see why their earnings generally were greater than those of miners, lumberjacks, etc. Part-time hunters, including venturesome boys, regularly plucked their share of “easy money” from dwindling wildlife.

A variety of mammals and birds—mostly prize specimens—brought in extra revenue through the sale of complete hides, heads and feet to taxidermists who almost always had a waiting list of customers peculiarly agog over prospects of receiving some glassy-eyed stuffed creation. The offices of many professional men, including doctors, simply weren’t complete without an assortment of mounted animals.

#### Even Songbirds

As the scarcity of game became increasingly noticeable, a new black mark was put on the record of *Homo sapiens* by turning on songbirds. In one area (to the credit of Pennsylvanians it was not quite within Keystone boundaries) 120,000 robins were slaughtered in short order and sold at five cents a dozen. Even thrushes, bobolinks, meadow larks, bullfinches, orioles, flickers, black birds, blue jays, and other members of the feathered world were slaughtered in large numbers for market purposes!

The dark day of reckoning at last

arrived when alarming wildlife deficiencies occurred where abundance lately had been in evidence. To help drive reality home, the scarcities highlighted report after report from many widely separated places. It may mock the most elementary kind of reasoning, but in truth practically nobody then believed that game would ever become permanently scarce. Like fruit orchards, the game fields might suffer low-yield years, but a lasting denial of plenty—why, it was unthinkable!

Confessed one old market hunter: "I was brought up to blindly believe that forest and field produce game in the same way that the good earth gives us yearly crops of wild grapes, berries and assorted fruits—and no limit on the take. Now I know just how wretchedly wrong I was!"

#### No Organized Protest

How relentless decimation of game could go on year after year and be condoned as a norm for characteristic deportment afield goes begging for rational explanation. Of course, crusading individuals did denounce from time to time the whole scheme of market killing, *but there were no organized voices of protest*. If responsible publishers of newspapers and outdoor magazines disapproved of no-limit market hunting, they remained mute.

The first public outcry known to the writer against the merchandising hunter appeared in an editorial in *Forest and Stream* in 1895. The sentiment clicked, and as a delayed but direct result the Lacey Act of 1900 gave Federal backing to state efforts to eliminate market shooting.

Complimentary to American game seekers in general, and market hunters in particular, it must in all fairness be stated that once an enlightened outlook had conclusively disrobed favorite arguments for extension of limitless gamefield slaughter, opposition to the long-standing practice steadily picked up steam, . . . "like a hostile searchlight focusing for a re-

tributive kind of fulfillment. . . ."

Quite understandably, there were some grumblers and rebels among market hunters, but their utterances were lost in the aroused sound of a new clamor that happily included such terms as scientific management, refuge proposals, trained wardens, special care for threatened species, sensible regulation, supervised recovery programs for hunted-to-death sec-



**WARM SPELLS** often ended with the dumping of "overripe" game.

tions, rewards for methods to help make good sportsmen even better, halting of exploitation, sane bag limits, equal privileges afield, adequate protection, etc.

After a careful pro and con review of the turn-of-the-century revolution in hunting practices, one 70-year-old market hunter declared: "Call me a convert to law-controlled limits on game kills if you wish. But I say I am more than a convert—I'm a disciple. For I have just now come to understand that there can be a lot more to hunting than mere slam-bang engagements in boundless slaughter. Quests for elusive wildlife can be an ennobling 'time out' for every man willing to uphold measures guarding the future sharing in this great sport."

With this all sportsmen agree.





# Browse

By K

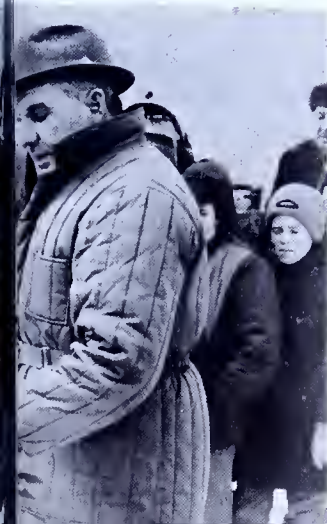
**A**PPROXIMATELY 250 Westmoreland and E winter's browse cutting op field, Elk and Cameron by personnel from the G. partment of Forests and V and many sportsmen. The ceived instructions in dee cation and survival metho 10-degree weather while sportsmen. Many took ti services in area churches, Scout training and outdoo





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# FIELD NOTES



## Tough Life in the Colonies

**SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY** — Our first contact with the English war bride was when she phoned to report a monkey in a tree near her home. It turned out to be a large porcupine eating leaves in an aspen sapling. When next we heard from her it was to remove a beaver from the backyard swimming pool. The beaver turned out to be a muskrat. Then there was the spring when the premises became infested with rattlesnakes. These proved to be harmless milk and garter snakes.

One night a bear tried to break down the door. Last time she insisted she saw a mountain lion and its screaming kept her awake at night.



She was even more positive when she found paw marks and her chickens began to disappear. Then something carried her dog away.

Uncertainties of life in Pennsylvania's primitive wilderness proved too much and she decided to return to the staid safety of her homeland across the ocean.—District Game Protector D. G. Day, Hallstead.

## The Otter in Suburbia

**LACKAWANNA COUNTY** — Modern civilization does not seem to affect the otter here in the Northeast. During the first two weeks of the beaver season, four otters were accidentally trapped and turned in to my office. All of these animals were taken within 15 miles of the city limits of Scranton.—District Game Protector T. C. Wylie, Moscow.

## Smokey Who . . . ?

**MERCER COUNTY** — When a sportsman called me about a dead deer and was advised by my wife that I was out, his neighbor who was sitting nearby advised him if he wanted to talk to me just to drive out to the end of his road, as my car was parked out there with a picture of Smokey the Bear on top. The sportsman was a little puzzled by this, so he checked on the car and it turned out to be one belonging to an artificial inseminator at a nearby farm and the picture of Smokey the Bear turned out to be Bossy the Cow. Let's hope that this neighbor never decides to buy a cow or take up hunting.—District Game Protector J. A. Badger, Mercer.

## It "Grew" After It Died

**CENTRE COUNTY** — A wildcat, weighing in at 18 pounds, was killed approximately a half mile east of Port Matilda on Route 322 by a car driven by Roy Weller, of Philipsburg. The cat, a nice male, is being processed by Wilbur (Bud) Gilham and his biology class at Philipsburg Senior High School. Present reports have the cat weighing up to 55 pounds.—District Game Protector M. Grabany, Philipsburg.

## That's the Way to Go

**MONTGOMERY COUNTY**—While on patrol along a dirt road in the Furnace Hills section of Lancaster County, I came to an electric company right-of-way. Among other parked vehicles was a horse-drawn buggy, tied to a transmission line tower. Lancaster County is well known for the Amish, and this one thought enough of his deer hunting to ride his horse and buggy to the place he wanted to hunt. —District Game Protector W. E. Shaver, Harleysville.

10 . . . 9 . . . 8 . . . 7 . . . 6 . . .

**ERIE COUNTY**—The space age has entered practically every facet of life today. Recently one of our wood duck nesting boxes disappeared from storage. It was found by a young lad who decided it must be some sort of rocket. "What else would have such a shape?" Deciding that gray was a rather poor color for a rocket, he made some changes. When Patrolman Ronald Peck of Wesleyville Police Department returned the box to me, it had a black nose cone with yellow stripes and a bright yellow fuselage. If mama wood duck rears a brood in this box, no telling what this type of environment may create. Instead of migrating north and south, we may have the first ducklingauts in orbit. Perhaps they will winter on the moon. — District Game Protector R. L. Sutherland, Wesleyville.



## Just Visiting

**FRANKLIN COUNTY** — During January a northern visitor moved into Chambersburg and caused quite a bit of excitement. It was a snowy owl, which caused a traffic jam when people stopped their cars to look at him sitting on the roof tops. I received numerous calls and the borough police were swamped. One person was afraid the owl would carry off his champion miniature dog, while a lady was worried it would starve. She wanted the Game Commission to get a helicopter, capture the owl and take it back to its natural habitat. I told her the owl was having no trouble finding food, as I had seen it eating several pigeons, and that when it got ready it would move on. — District Game Protector J. D. Mort, Chambersburg.

## Tough!

**LYCOMING COUNTY**—During the past deer season Deputy Williams killed a buck. He cooked the heart and, as he was slicing it, struck a hard object. Examination disclosed a piece of bone approximately one inch long and one-half inch wide. The bone apparently had been in the heart for quite some time, as it was completely surrounded by hard gristle.—District Game Protector P. A. Ranck, Williamsport.

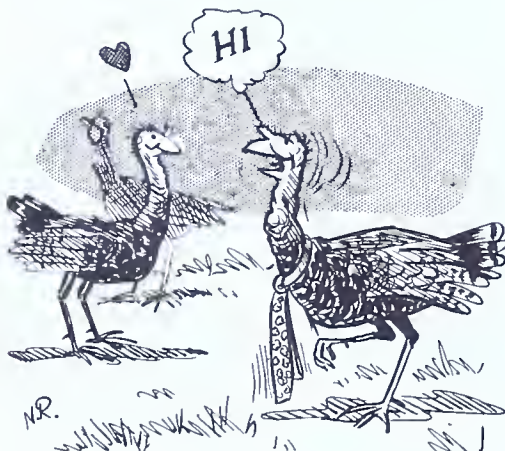


## Tinker to Evers to Chance . . .

**CUMBERLAND COUNTY**—During the past month I received an urgent phone call to go immediately to a farm in Middlesex Township, where a game law violation had taken place. Arriving minutes later, I was escorted to the scene by a farmer in a pickup truck. There, blocked in a pasture, was a car with the violator inside. Investigation revealed that the farmer had witnessed the violation and used the Citizens Band radio in his truck to contact another CB operator in Carlisle, who reported the violation to me. This is an outstanding example of speedy cooperation between interested farmers and their conservation agent. The violator paid \$50 and costs.—District Game Protector E. F. Utech, Carlisle.

## Real Dudes

**CENTRE COUNTY**—My wife received a phone call the other day and the person at the other end explained that she has been feeding scratch grain and sunflower seeds to the squirrels and birds, but would like to have a bag or two of ear corn to give the eleven turkeys she is also feeding. When asked if there were any toms in the flock she replied, "I believe so, as four of the larger birds were wearing neckties."—District Game Protector M. Grabany, Philipsburg.



## Post-Christmas Benefits

**BUTLER AND LAWRENCE COUNTIES**—Each year members of the Lions Club of Slippery Rock gather the discarded Christmas trees in the borough and haul them to one central location. When this project was first started the thought was to burn them. I suggested that instead of burning these trees we pick them up at one location, haul them to the nearby Game Lands and use them for wildlife cover. This was the second year for this project and they are benefiting some wildlife.—Land Manager W. E. Portzline, Slippery Rock.

## The Spice of Life

**CRAWFORD AND ERIE COUNTIES**—While on vacation at my wife's home in Bedford County recently, we saw some very interesting wildlife. As we started over the ridge to her home we saw a bald eagle feeding in the field about 100 feet from the road. As we stopped it flew to a nearby tree. Farther up the ridge in another field 36 deer were feeding on winter wheat; and at the top of the ridge a flock of 16 wild turkeys was feeding in the road on leftover acorns. Quite a variety in a mile's drive.—Land Manager J. C. Hyde, Townville.

## What's Going On Here?

**LYCOMING COUNTY**—We have a young wild tom turkey here that has taken a liking to a certain milk truck. The truck comes in every other day and the turkey comes up to the driver's side and gobbles all the time the truck is here. When the truck leaves, he follows it out of the drive and up the highway until the truck picks up speed, then the turkey leaves the highway and goes back into the woods. He will not come out for any other truck.—District Game Protector L. R. Whippo, Williamsport.

## A Real Hunter

**FRANKLIN COUNTY** — Ronald Keefer talked to a deer hunter in the Fort Loudon area. This hunter had a truck run over him, breaking one leg and smashing the other foot several weeks before the deer season. The hunter had to use crutches in order to get around, having his friend carry his rifle for him. Where Mr. Keefer met him, the hunter had to walk across a swinging bridge nearly 100 feet in length. The hunter said that it takes more than this to keep him from hunting deer.—District Game Protector R. E. Schmuck, Greencastle.

## Just Wait Till Next Year . . .

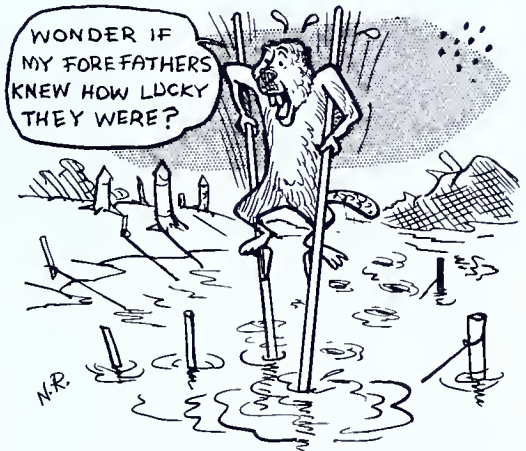
**MONTGOMERY COUNTY**—While home in Centre County for a few days, my insurance agent stopped me and wanted to know if I had any applications for an "Almost Triple Trophy" Award. It seems he had missed not only his turkey, but also his bear and buck this past season. On top of this, he also missed his doe! He was smiling about the whole thing. I wonder how many other fellows would confess they had missed these trophies and be sportsmen enough to admit they had an enjoyable time.—District Game Protector Ronald G. Clouser, Lansdale.

## Start 'Em Young . . .

**ERIE COUNTY**—Cheryl Hamilton, 8-year-old daughter of industrial arts teacher Ralph Hamilton, trapped several muskrats this past season in a stream near her home. She skinned and stretched the pelts herself and sold them. With the proceeds she purchased a pair of boy's insulated boots. Both her father and brother are enthusiastic trappers and Cheryl wants to be a trapper also. She goes trapping with her dad and brother, even though it means a hike of several miles, just for fun.—District Game Protector E. D. Simpson, Union City.

## Eeny, Meenie, Miney, Moe . . .

**ELK COUNTY** — While checking beaver traps near St. Marys I found one congested trapping area which would cause any beaver to leave home. One small dam on West Creek had eight different trappers with twenty-two traps located around it.—District Game Protector H. D. Harshbarger, Kersey.



## Autograph-Seeking Deer?

**BEDFORD COUNTY** — It seems that the rock and roll craze has finally spread to our wildlife population. Deputy Melvin Boore related the following incident to me: Roy Hinson, of R. D. 1, New Paris, a member of a local group known as Dick & the Countdowns, was driving on Route 96 from Schellsburg to Manns Choice and as he crossed the bridge over the Pennsylvania Turnpike he noticed a deer standing on the left side of the road. He slammed on the brakes and in the process stalled the engine. As he reached down to restart it, the deer ran into the side of the car and put its head in the open window, hitting Mr. Hinson on the shoulder. He started the car and pulled out and the deer ran alongside for about 50 feet before it left the road and went back into the field. Perhaps the deer just wanted his autograph.—District Game Protector Charles J. Williams, Bedford.







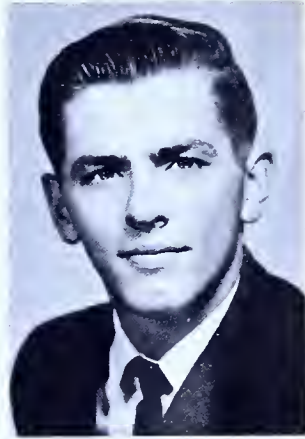
# CONSERVATION NEWS



Leonard Sedlock



Fred Shoop



Gerald Holt

## *Wildlife Conservation Awards for 1966*

The three top winners in the state-wide FFA Wildlife Habitat Improvement Contest for 1966 have been announced by the Pennsylvania Game Commission. The first place award in this competition, which is a cooperative wildlife restoration program sponsored by the Game Commission and the Pennsylvania Department of Public Instruction, went to Fred Shoop, of Port Royal. Second place winner was Leonard Sedlock, of Brockway, and third place went to Gerald Holt, of Clearfield.

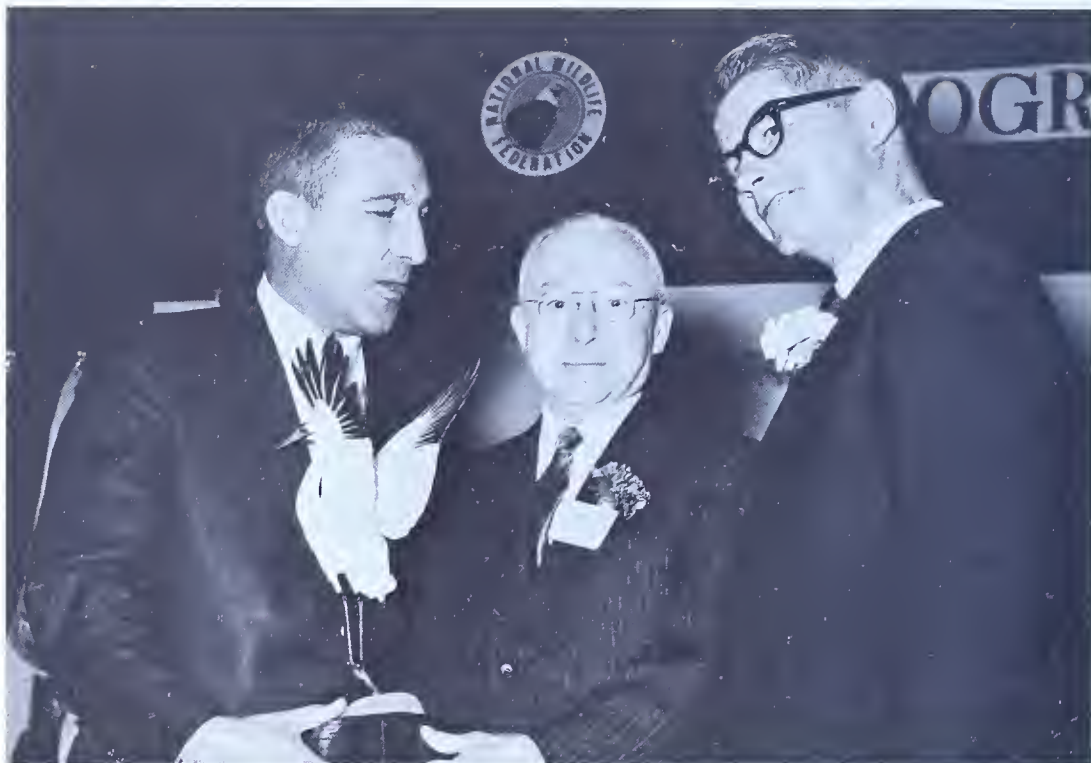
This program is open to vocational agricultural students throughout the state. Participating youths set up a work plan stressing useful procedures such as land management, protection of nesting wildlife, predator control, firearms safety, pond, stream and marsh development and conservation education. The plans are approved by the student's area adviser of Vocational Agriculture, his Vo-Ag teacher and the local District Game Protector. When the project is completed, repre-

sentatives of the Game Commission and the Department of Public Instruction make on-the-ground surveys of the area and compare it with photos taken before work started. This enables them to make an accurate judgment of the student's accomplishments.

Fred Shoop's program included feeding game, border cutting, planting seedlings and wildlife food, trapping and predator hunting. Leonard Sedlock was interested in improving wildlife habitat, and cut many field borders and built brush piles to increase browse and cover. Gerald Holt built many feeders, lean-tos and nesting boxes, and improved various pond and marsh areas for wildlife usage.

In addition to these young men, three winners were named in each of the Game Commission's six field divisions. One thousand dollars in prize money, provided by the Game Commission, is divided among the 21 winners. Our congratulations go to all and our thanks to all who took part.





**PRESIDENT OF THE Western Pennsylvania Conservancy, Dr. Charles F. Lewis, center, is congratulated by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall and Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman, as he accepts national award for his organization.**

### ***Western Pennsylvania Conservancy Named National Conservation Organization of Year***

The Western Pennsylvania Conservancy, a 6000-member private organization with headquarters in Pittsburgh, has been named Conservation Organization of the Year in the second annual nationwide Conservation Achievement Program conducted by the National Wildlife Federation under a financial grant from the Sears-Roebuck foundation.

The Conservancy received the national award during the President's Conservation Achievement Program in the Presidential Ballroom of the Statler-Hilton Hotel, Washington, D. C. The award consists of a unique whooping crane statuette, symbolic of America's endangered wildlife, plus a grant of \$1000.

Under the leadership of Dr. Charles

F. Lewis, president, and educational director Joseph B. C. White, the Conservancy has made a major contribution to the cause of conservation through its land acquisition and conservation education programs. Since its establishment 34 years ago, the organization has acquired about 18,000 acres of outstanding areas of natural beauty or of botanical, geologic, or historic interest. Among major land acquisitions which were turned over to the Commonwealth for development as state parks were McConnell's Mill, Moraine State Park, and Ohioypyle State Park.

The Conservancy was nominated for national recognition by the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs.

## **NRA Announces New Air Rifle Program**

The National Rifle Association has announced a new national shooting program for air rifles. Its purpose is to permit participation in the organized sport of target shooting with the least possible effort and equipment. It is intended to be a "home shooting program," in which the participant trains and enters national competition, at home, without the necessity of traveling to a shooting range.

Since the end of World War II, the air rifle has grown from a "BB" gun into a high-precision rifle with most of the capabilities of smallbore firearms. Air rifle courses have been fired as optional events in the World Shooting Championships for several years, and a proposal to make them permanent medal events for national teams and individuals has been approved by the Executive Committee of the 90-nation International Shooting Union, governing body of all International and Olympic shooting.

Air rifles, or pellet guns, fall into three classes: spring operated, compressed air, and gas. All will be eligible for the NRA program.

The air rifle is non-lethal, and therefore can be fired under the least restrictive conditions. However, participants in the NRA program will be required to observe all basic rules of firearm safety.



**A 2/C Harry "Butch" Gardner, son of Lehigh County Deputy Game Protector Hap Gardner, shows that he received his GAME NEWS and other Game Commission publications regularly while stationed in Tan Son Nhut, Saigon, Vietnam.**

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## **Deer Measuring Dates, Sites**

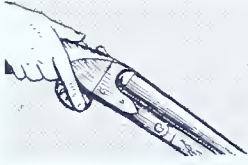
The Pennsylvania Game Commission is again conducting a deer antler measuring program this year. All antlers which have not been measured previously may be entered, provided they have been taken in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Trophies of both residents and nonresidents are eligible. The program is a public service of the Game Commission and no charge is made. The remaining dates and locations for the measuring sessions are:

May 7: Coudersport Community Building, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

May 7: Game Commission Northwest Division office, Franklin.

May 14: Corry Rod and Gun Clubhouse.





# HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



## Hunter Safety Refresher Classes

By John C. Behel

Hunter Safety Coordinator

As a result of the successful hunter safety refresher classes provided for Pennsylvania hunter safety instructors, the Pennsylvania Game Commission has approved additional training for 1967. Don Miller, Superintendent of the Ross Leffler School of Conservation, has scheduled classes for May 21-24 and June 18-21 at the Game Commission School of Conservation in Brockway.

### Class, Range Instruction

Classroom instruction will be presented by the National Rifle Association, the Pennsylvania Rifle and Pistol Association, and the Pennsylvania State Archery Association. A three-day relaxed schedule will be followed. However, a full training program will be presented with the latest aids for teaching hunter safety education. A shooting program with rifles, handguns and shotguns is planned for the afternoon sessions. Representatives from Winchester and the Browning Arms Company will be on hand with expert advice on shotgun handling and the safety features of arms. Archery instruction and shooting will help familiarize each instructor with the basic knowledge of safe bow handling.

All hunter safety instructors will be asked to report on Sunday, May 21, between 2:00 p.m. and 4:00 p.m. for a briefing session following the evening meal. The program will terminate after lunch Wednesday.

Some members of previous classes have said they would like to attend refresher classes in hunter safety train-

ing. Of course, preference will be given to those hunter safety instructors who have not attended. Accommodations at the Conservation School will provide for 30 trainees, with the Game Commission's six field divisions selecting five men for each class. If you are interested, contact your District Game Protector for additional information.

### 100,000 Safe Hunters Certified

Pennsylvania's Hunter Safety Program has certified 108,696 hunters to date. Approximately 25,000 of these students received their training during 1966. Hunter safety instructors, sportsmen's clubs, civic groups and schools continue to cooperate with hunter safety training in providing instruction for the hunter in safe gun handling.

Many schools have presented firearms and hunter safety as a part of the school's curriculum in safety education to remind students of gun safety in the home. This is vitally important, as over half of all firearm accidents occur in the home. Knowledge of safe gun handling has been presented to the entire student body of many schools as a four-hour course. In addition, approximately 700 one-hour hunter safety programs were presented to school assemblies by Game Commission personnel during 1966.

### Fatal Hunting Accidents Down 50%

With final statistics to be completed, Pennsylvania's 1966 fatal hunting accidents showed a 50 percent decrease from the previous year, and non-fatal accidents were down slightly. A total



**PENNSYLVANIA-TRAINED** Hunter Safety Instructor William K. Braund (standing, no cap) has introduced a safety program at Slidell, La., where he now lives. To date, 125 students have completed the course, which includes both lectures and actual small-caliber rifle shooting.

of 486 accidents was reported for 1966, 471 of these being non-fatal and 15 fatal. Of the 15 fatal accidents, five were self-inflicted. In 1965 there were 492 non-fatal and 30 fatal accidents.

The state's first fatal archery accident was recorded when a hunter fell on an arrow after climbing a tree to watch for deer. Other bow hunters were involved in 13 non-fatal accidents. There was no report of an accident involving a gunner and archer during the combined early grouse and squirrel season and archery season for deer. A general breakdown of the 1966 accidents is given in the table.

	Fatal	Non-fatal	Total
Preseason	1	21	22
Woodchuck	3	35	38
Archery	1	13	14
Small game	4	332	336
Big game	6	70	76
Total	15	471	486

As a matter of interest, on a nationwide level there were 29,000 accidental deaths in American homes last

year, according to the National Safety Council. This is an increase of 1000 over 1965.

Falls were by far the greatest cause of home deaths, contributing 42 percent of the total, while fire and burns accounted for almost 25 percent, the council said. Poisoning, mechanical suffocation and firearms were among other causes of death listed. The firearm total of 1100 deaths during the year was less than deaths due to poisoning, according to the council.

Consider these facts:

Of the nearly 2 million Americans who die each year, one in three passes away of heart disease; one in six is taken by cancer; and one in 38 dies a motor vehicle fatality.

But only one in 195 dies from a shot fired accidentally or willfully and unjustifiably. Only one in 2329 fatalities is caused by a criminal shooting during a crime. The odds against an American being maliciously or accidentally killed by a firearm are more than 26,000 to one. Only 2 percent of all accidental deaths involve firearms.





**WINTER OR YEAR-ROUND** use calls for a heavily insulated sleeping bag. Goose down is the best insulation for cold weather sleeping, and a waterproof groundcloth beneath the bag helps.

## Beds for Camping Comfort

**By Don Shiner**

*Photos by the Author*

**A** GOOD DEAL of misinformation exists today concerning camp beds and sleeping out of doors. This stems, in part, from television and movies. Hollywood cowpokes, in popular Western films, roll in a single blanket, lie on bare ground and use tough leather saddles for pillows. This implies rugged individuals well adapted to frontier life. But you and I, as experienced campers, know that sleep gained in this fashion is seldom refreshing. More likely, the camper or cowpoke becomes so sore and cold after a few hours in this hard bed that he soon elects to sit up most of the night shivering around a campfire. Even the physically fit person becomes red-eyed, weary and bone tired

from such an ordeal. There is simply no substitute for a warm, soft and comfortable bed on the trail. When you consider that one-third of the time spent camping—or, for that matter, one-third of life—is spent sleeping, this routine part of existence takes on new dimensions. Sleep must be restful and relaxing to enable the camper to enjoy outdoor life fully.

The compact, highly portable sleeping bag is today's most popular outdoor bed. Some writers believe that the warm, insulated bag is partly responsible for the surging interest in camping. More and more manufacturers are producing lightweight sleeping bags, air mattresses and accessories. The future is certain to unveil others,

nsuring no end to the variety of beds offered to campers and cowpokes alike.

Most models consist of blankets of insulation, of one sort or another, packed between moisture-resistant covers. All have comfy, cozy appearances, yet the various models can differ as much as day and night. Take an experience involving our family as an example.

### Needed Sleeping Bags

When our two growing boys spilled over into the camping age, we decided to include this activity again in our summer-fall outings. Our initial investment included a new tent to replace an old moth-chewed model, pots, pans and stove. To complete the gear, we shopped for sleeping bags, hoping to find a special bargain by buying in lots of four. We explored both mail-order catalogues and local shops. Finally, we settled upon one brand of bags containing 2½ pounds of artificial fiber packed between luxurious soft coverings imprinted with pictures of deer, pheasant and waterfowl. The outer shell was tightly woven poplin treated with a water repellent. A free air mattress for each bag clinched the deal.

Assured that we were now well outfitted, we set out to a ridge in northern Pennsylvania for a camping outing in early May. As luck would have it, the weather turned unseasonably cold. Each morning during the brief outing found the water pail skimmed with ice. We nearly froze! Our sleeping bags had the warmth of tissue paper.

The retailer who sold us our bags had remarked that campers usually roast in heavily insulated models. We discovered that you also come close to freezing to death in others!

Manufacturers make some bags specifically for summer use. They also make others suited for summer-through-fall camping, and some especially intended for cold winter camping. We had, in effect, purchased bags



**THE MODERN** sleeping bag is the best insurance that a camper will sleep comfortably on the trail.

suited for the usual mild summer temperatures and used them at a time when traces of winter still stirred across the countryside. To add to our misery, the bags were cut skimpy. They fitted the youngsters adequately, but barely covered my 6-foot frame. The foot area proved so small that I felt tied and bundled for shipping to Rangoon or some other distant point. These inexpensive bags proved no bargain.

Buying a sleeping bag besets the neophyte with problems. With more bags than shotguns offered to hunter-campers, how can one buy sensibly? There are, for example, quilted bags filled with exotic goose or eider down. Others are filled with dacron or other synthetic fiber. Still others are packed with wool, kapok or cotton insulation blankets. Moreover, bags vary in size. Some are cut over skimpy patterns





**BE SURE TO** get a sleeping bag that's big enough to be comfortable. Some of the less expensive ones are on the small side for six-footers.

while others, of generous size, are roomy enough for extra tall or husky sleepers. Some, though not all, have snap or zipper fastenings which permit fitting two together to form double beds. Obviously one cannot dash out and buy the first bag in sight, or he will find himself shortchanged on the outdoor trail.

Space on these pages in **GAME NEWS** limits our discussion, so we will confine our comments to one facet, namely warmth of bags.

The Federal Trade Commission reportedly prohibits manufacturers from rating bags according to temperatures.

This is just as well. Ratings are misleading anyway. Governing factors include humidity, wind velocity, ground vs. off-ground, and people themselves. Kenneth Bevirt, vice-president of H. Wenzel Tent & Duck Co., one of the better known manufacturers of sleeping bags, made several interesting observations in a letter forwarded to me. His comments mentioned that "zero" at Canton, N. Y., is a more comfortable climate than "zero" at Bridgeton, N. Y., because of *less humidity*. Moreover, a sleeper protected from wind (tent, cabin, lean-to, trailer, boat) will be more comfortable than one sleeping beneath a canopy of stars. Air mattresses, cots, floor of cabins and pine boughs also make a difference in sleeping comfort. Off-the-ground sleeping is warmer than lying on bare ground. Finally, some people naturally sleep warmer than others. The dual controls used with electric blankets best illustrate this variable.

A few manufacturers set guidelines to assist retailers in recommending bags of proper warmth to prospective buyers. Those for Pennsylvania and the Northeast vicinity are shown in the accompanying table.

More poundage of wool, kapok and cotton, increasing in that order, are required to give equal warmth. These are less effective insulators than down or some synthetic materials.

Kapok, a natural fiber, is considered by many campers to be a poor insulator and is less popular now than in years past. It is liked, however, by campers who travel by canoe. Kapok-filled sleeping bags double as excellent life preservers in an emergency. Cotton is least acceptable. Long cotton

#### SLEEPING BAG GUIDELINES

Summer	Fall	Winter
2 to 3 pounds of synthetic fiber. to +32° F.	3 to 4 pounds of synthetic fiber, or 1½ to 2 pounds of down. to +20° F.	4 to 6 pounds of synthetic fiber, or 2¼ to 3 pounds of feather down. to -20° F.

iber retains some warmth, but it compresses quickly under the weight of the sleeper, thereby excluding the trapped air spaces. Even more troublesome is moisture which cotton collects and holds. This causes campers to grow chilly from natural perspiration.

Choice of bag boils down to the preference of season(s) for camping. "Year-round" or winter bags are best for camping summer through fall, and for use in December at the deer camp. Lighter weight bags are suitable only if your camping activities are confined to the warm months.

#### Price Range

Amount and type of insulation tacked into bags, together with shell coverings and workmanship, govern the price. A few summer-weight sleeping bags are sold for less than \$10. Others, specifically designed for winter, are most costly, ranging upward to \$160. Consider a sleeping bag a lifetime investment. Your grandchildren may one day sleep in the same bag, providing, of course, it receives reasonably good care over the years.

**DAILY AIRING** of sleeping bags keeps insulation fluffed up for warmth and comfort, postpones necessity for dry cleaning.

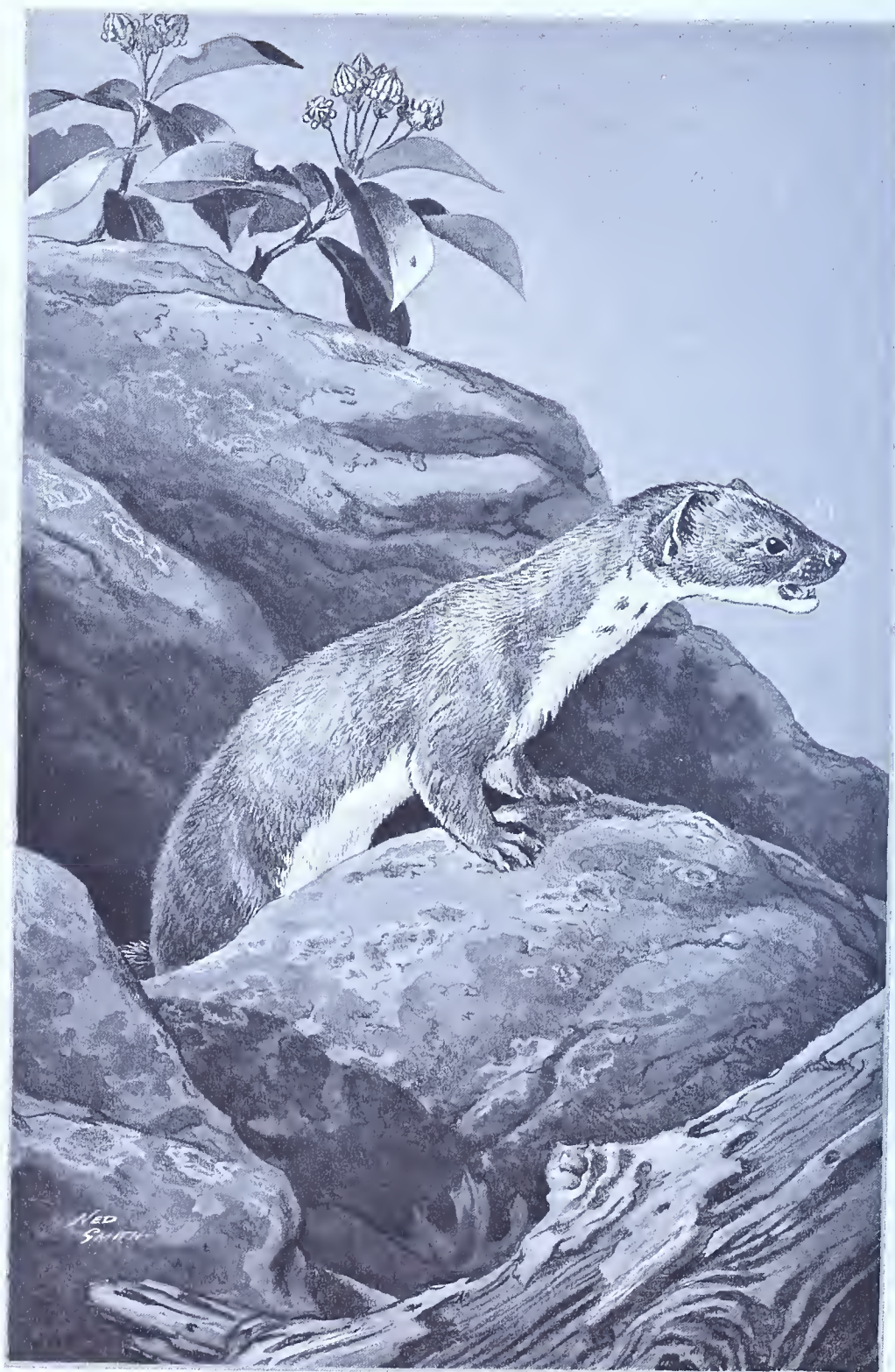
This brings up one last point worth mentioning.

Bag cleanliness is of utmost importance. Since the human body perspires even in cold temperatures, sleeping bags should be aired daily. Old Sol has a particular way of dealing with moisture and odor-causing bacteria that accumulate in blankets. Sunlight and air soon return the bed to its original dry fluffiness and odor-free condition. It is pure pleasure to crawl beneath warm, dry folds of a well-aired sleeping bag as overhead stars begin to twinkle. Then the pine-scented air, far-off cry of a whippoorwill and crackling sound of dying embers in the campfire soon lull the camper asleep. Even the most rugged cowpoke will readily admit that a soft and warm sleeping bag is by far a better asset on the trail than a thin blanket and hard leather saddle. Admittedly, a good one is fairly expensive, but with it you'll be at home in the outdoors.

Investigate these luxurious sleeping arrangements. Then invest wisely in one for your camp bed.









By NED SMITH

*Migrating birds are May's obvious feature. Singing toads, a brassy weasel, and the debut of a ruffed grouse family are treats reserved for the observant sportsman.*

**W**HEN my drawing or writing is going well I often keep working into the wee hours and, like most burners of the midnight oil, I can stay in bed half the morning without a twinge of conscience. Except in May. Something about this month, its springtime sounds and smells, has me up and about before the first robin has finished his second verse. With binocular in hand, I head for the woods, and have even been known to miss a meal or two.

Birds do this to me! I know that the spring migration is at its peak, and on a May morning I'll undoubtedly see more different species than at any other time of the year. They'll be singing their heads off, and if I keep an attentive ear cocked I might even track down a rare one or two. As the month progresses I'll get to know the local songsters and learn where most of them build their nests. But if work keeps me indoors too much in May I'll feel cheated for a whole year.

I used to worry about that condition, but have since learned that I'm not the only male so afflicted. I know several burly Game Protectors and Deputies, a truck driver, quite a few farmers, a bunch of factory workers, a

heap of hunters, and at least one former jacklighter who have become confirmed birders. They keep binocular and bird book within reach, and sneer at ignoramuses who call red-tailed hawks "chicken hawks." They put out seeds and suet in winter, and make Hawk Mountain or Presque Isle their Mecca.

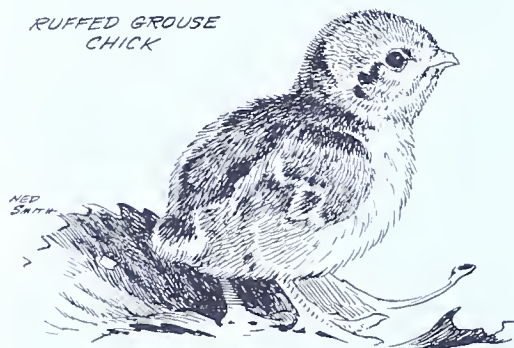
To anyone else, a bird watcher is something of a kook. But instead of selling them short, I've got a better idea. Buy a good binocular (it won't go to waste—once you've used it you'll never be without one), get a bird identification field guide from your local library, and put yourself in the hands of your neighborhood bird watcher for a day during the May migrations. If you aren't surprised at the beauty of our birds close up, if you aren't amazed at their variety, if you don't find that a knowledge of birds adds interest to your days afield, if you don't have a darned good time—you may write me a nasty letter to that effect. I probably won't answer it, but I assure you I'll read it—and put you on *my* private kook list.

*May 2*—A five-day rain has produced an incredible crop of the small mush-



rooms known as mica caps. I picked a mess in the old orchard behind the house, and in Millersburg I'm sure I could have gathered half a bushel along the curb, wherever old maple stumps remained in the ground.

Mica caps are named for the minute, glistening particles dusted on the caps. These, plus the finely grooved caps and tightly packed gills that dissolve into a black, inky mess



in two or three days, provide identification. Like other members of the genus *Coprinus*—the inky caps and the shaggy manes—they can cause illness in sensitive persons when eaten with or before alcoholic refreshments! Otherwise they are safe and delicious.

May 5—Rabbits never tire of play, especially when feeling romantic. This morning we watched one female (I guess) leading two males (I guess) on a dizzy chase all over a wheatfield for a full fifteen minutes, and she was still playing hard to get when we turned from the window.

Home base was a brush pile at the base of a locust tree in the middle of the field. From its shelter she would ramble in huge circles across the bare field, sometimes as far as the fence-row a hundred yards away, followed by her two suitors in Indian file. Time and again she returned to the brush heap, only to start off again in a different direction. She was a real cutup—on three occasions she deliberately

ran at and flushed an indignant killdeer, and once she put a robin to flight.

May 8—Tonight I heard a familiar sound coming from the vicinity of the pond—the sweet trilling of toads. Taking a flashlight and camera, I hurried down and found eight or ten male American toads squatting in silence on the shore and in the shallows. When they failed to resume their song after several minutes' wait I wet my lips and trilled my best *Bufo* serenade. Immediately, the nearest toad leaned back, inflated his throat like a toy balloon, and trilled for half a minute. Before he stopped the others joined in, and from then on they sang almost without interruption. I had no trouble making flash close-ups of their performance, illuminating them for focusing by laying the flashlight on the ground beside them.

A pickerel frog in the far end of the pond occasionally added his comment—a single, soft snoring note.

May 10—Much of the starling's success can be attributed to its willingness to adapt. Today I found one nesting in a hollow fence post. What made it unusual was the fact that the hollow interior of the post was less than three inches in diameter except near the bottom, and the nest was at ground level, four feet below the top of the post. How she crawled in and out of that vertical tube I'll never know, nor do I understand how she intends getting her young ones out of there.

May 11—While looking for a squirrel in a dead chestnut tree I nearly backed into an incubating grouse. She scurried from her nest beneath a fallen branch at the last instant, whining and dragging her "broken" wing in the old, but often effective, trick to lure me away. The clutch consisted of twelve grouse eggs, and one pheasant egg!

*May 14*—I crossed a rusty old fence this morning and found a patch of last year's milkweed stalks still standing among the briars on the other side. As I hoped, they had produced a crop of eight-inch shoots—just right for eating—and I collected a bundle. If you like asparagus you'd enjoy these very similar wildlings. Use those of the common milkweed—the one that bears the fat pods stuffed with silk—and you'll not mistake them for slender dogbane, or Indian hemp. Milkweed shoots are thick-stemmed and un-branching, with large oblong leaves that hug the stem in pairs. Discard all but the small terminal leaves and cook the shoots like asparagus.

*May 15*—I checked on the grouse nest today, and it's good I did. One egg was pipped and two had their caps nearly cut free by the chicks inside.

Returned at 6:15 this evening with a friend, and we photographed the hen on the nest. When she vacated the nest we moved in quickly to find most of the eggs had already hatched. Several chicks were completely dry, and two or three were still struggling to get out of the eggshells. We quickly snapped what should be some dandy pictures and left, planning to get additional pictures tomorrow morning before they leave the nest.

*May 16*—We arrived at the grouse nest before daybreak and watched from a distance until six o'clock. When the hen left the nest at our approach four of the chicks scampered out and hid beneath the leaves, but we gently replaced them and went to work taking close-ups of the fuzzy brood. All but one grouse egg and the ringneck egg had hatched. The chicks were all dry now, of course, and incredibly cute. Unfortunately, they soon adopted us as their new mother, and at each movement would pour out of the nest and crowd beneath our squatting forms. The only way to keep them in the nest was for one of us to "brood" them beneath his outstretched hand

while the other focused his camera. One quick exposure was all we could manage each time they were uncovered, but we should have gotten some good ones.

We left for an hour so the hen could return and brood them, then went back for the last time. What a change! She must have given them a crash course in survival, for when she fluttered from the nest all but one of the chicks scattered and hid. The remaining one poked his head beneath a leaf that had fallen into the nest. I picked him up and, finding no hiding place, he flattened himself out in the palm of my hand and shut his eyes. We put him back in the nest and left them in the care of their mother, who seemed to be making good progress with their



education. Before the day is over she'll lead them from their nursery, never to return, but we'll have a photographic record of the highlights of their first fourteen hours in the world.

*May 18*—Judging from the rattlesnakes I see, there must be a denning area in the Game Lands where I do a lot of nature snooping, but as yet I haven't found it. While hunting for it again this afternoon I heard a strange sniffing sound, then some leafy rustling, beneath the big flat rock on which I was standing. The sound moved toward the edge of the rock, and as I watched expectantly a weasel poked out his head two feet from my foot. Seeing me there, he opened his mouth



and hissed, then darted back under the boulder.

Familiar with the boldness of these animals, I sat down ten feet from the rock with my camera gun aimed at the burrow, and waited. In a few seconds the rustling and sniffing began again, moved toward my side of the rock, and suddenly there was the weasel! He fixed me in a beady stare, his triangular head weaving from side to side, then he was gone. He re-



MILKWEED  
SHOOTS

peated this routine several times, and I could see he was a long-tailed weasel with a rich brown coat and pale sulphur chest. Unfortunately, there was a shadow over the hole, and he wouldn't venture out into the sunshine where I could take his picture.

I finally made the squeaking sound bird students employ to attract birds, and he came rushing out *too* close to focus. I backed up and tried it again. This time he came out and posed beautifully, if briefly, in the sunshine, where I snapped him. More squeaking

brought him out a half dozen times before he tired of the game, so I should have some good pictures.

*May 26*—It's always a thrill to see the gleam of the headlights reflected by the eyes of some unidentified creature in the road ahead. This evening it proved to be a red fox pup, which scampered out of the way, then sat down twenty feet inside the woods to watch us watching him. He was an innocent-looking little rascal, more sauerkraut color than red, but with a white-tipped tail that left no doubt as to his identity. He seemed reluctant to leave, but after making several false starts he trotted off into the darkness.

We started up the road and nearly ran into another pup we hadn't noticed before. This one beat it without a second look.

*May 28*—Each year at this time our balcony is the scene of some interesting traffic. Certain black wasps—smaller than the familiar mud-daubers—suddenly appear, each carrying an inchworm which has been paralyzed by its captor's sting. Landing beside the window, they drag their victims deep into the channels between the siding and the window frame, to serve as food for the larvae that will hatch from the wasp eggs laid therein. The caterpillars are carried upside down, grasped behind the head by the wasps' mandibles.

A pair of curtains hung out on the balcony to dry brought many of the flights to an abrupt end, but the wasps extracted themselves and their cargo from the gauzy folds, reset their compasses, and buzzed directly to their nests.

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## Light Sleepers

Chipmunks do not go into complete hibernation. They usually disappear by October, awake from a torpid condition at intervals to feed from caches in the burrow and occasionally venture forth in midwinter during warm spells. By mid-March they are over their winter sleep.

There Is Much to Be Said . . .

## About the Arrow

By Keith C. Schuyler



**FOUR TIMES** all-events Pennsylvania State Champion George Slinzer pulls arrows from 80-yard target at State College. It takes top-grade arrows—as well as ability—to produce a target like this.

*Photos by the Author*

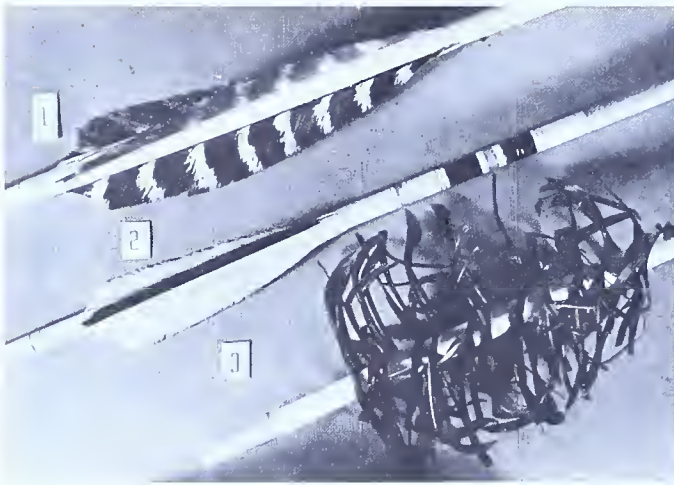
**I**N THESE days of aluminum and fiber glass shafts, plastic vanes and nocks and deadly hunting heads, we are inclined to take the arrow for granted. If we want to shoot target, we order arrows of personally preferred material in the knowledge that they are as nearly perfect as modern machinery can make them. If it is hunting arrows we want, we know we can buy a delicately matched dozen with little fear of getting one bad one in the lot. As long as the bow fits us, we don't worry about getting arrows as soon as we find the proper spine and length. They can be ordered to fit us and our bow. It's as simple as that.

It wasn't always so simple. Not by a long shot.

Today, since arrows can be bought like bullets, few archers have any particular need to extend their arrow vocabularies beyond the word "arrow." Oh, most know there are feathers, a crest and a head on an arrow. But how many, aside from a relative handful of experts and serious students of archery, are familiar with such terms as shaftment, pile, stele, footing, chested, bobtailed, barreled? Although practically every archer uses self arrows today, how many know why?

Some of these terms are no longer needed in archery. Yet, they are part of the tradition and history of the sport. Already, some have been dropped from modern dictionaries, and you will have a tough time find-





Three common types of fletching: 1—Dark, over-sized feathers on hunting shaft for carrying heavy big game head; 2—Light hen feathers to make target arrow easy to follow in flight; 3 — Plastic fletching on flu-flu arrow, which causes it to lose momentum rapidly.

ing them in encyclopedias. In this approach to the arrow as a subject, we are going to revive some of these terms if only for the record. Others should be known by all bowmen as a part of the language that belongs to archery.

#### Machine-Made Arrows

There was a day, not so long ago, when it was considered a greater feat to build a handful of good arrows than to build a good bow. Only through the use of machinery are we able to easily obtain good arrows. Yet, incorporated into the construction of today's arrows are the lessons learned over the centuries by trial and error. Ultra-fast cameras have only illustrated for easy study the arrow problems which plagued the bowyers who had to build equipment for medieval armies of Europe. Bow development itself has been an important factor.

There are three basic parts to an arrow—head, shaft and fletching. Put these three together, and you have an arrow—of sorts. But, balance the head and the fletching on a shaft which is properly spined and maybe tapered for its weight and length, and you have a projectile which can do things never dreamed of only a few decades ago.

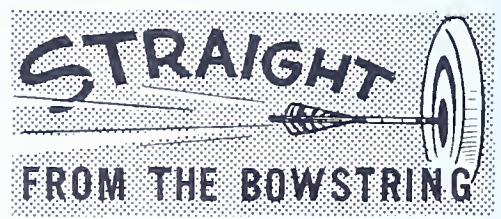
Roger Ascham, the Elizabethan don who had his famed *Toxophilus* published in 1544, put it another way:

"A shaft hath three principall parts, the stele, the fethers, and the head." His advice on the selection of wood for arrows is as true today as it then was: "A stele must be well seasoned for casting, and it must be made as the grain lyeth, and as it groweth, or els it will never flye cleane. . . ." One of the last references to the main body of the arrow as the stele or shaft is in A. E. Hodgkin's *The Archer's Craft*, published in London in 1951.

However, an arrow is much more than that. Selection of the stele is only the first step in choosing one.

Shafts are made of wood, glass or aluminum. They are priced in that order with wood being cheapest. If we consider the very best available in these materials, we find that accuracy also finds the same order. Yet, there are many reasons other than price to make a choice.

For example, the beginning archer would do well to buy relatively cheap woodens since he is going to break and lose plenty of arrows before he can keep them on the target with some consistency. If he stays in wood,



**Some common arrowheads:**  
 1—Straight pile for targets;  
 2—Inserted target head for  
 fiber glass and steel shafts;  
 3—Field and small game  
 head; 4—Rubber blunt; 5—  
 Fish head; 6—Broadhead with  
 fixed auxiliary edges; 7—Two-  
 bladed broadhead adaptable  
 to inserts.



he can move from \$5 a dozen to a matched set of six field and six broadhead arrows at around \$16 a dozen in Port Orford cedar.

If he moves to glass, the price moves with him to well over \$20, and up, depending much upon what head he selects. If he goes in for top tournament accuracy with aluminum alloy, he can pay as much as \$40 for a dozen arrows.

Why the difference? Aside from the basic material used, the price boost comes at either end of the arrow.

That portion of an arrow from the nock to the opposite end of the crest is known as the shaftment. Between the nock and the crest is, of course, the fletching.

Starting with the nock itself we have an important part of the arrow and an item which can influence the price. Prior to the development of plastic nocks, four methods were used. Simplest was to cut a notch in the end of the arrow and give it support by binding the shaft with cord at the base of the cut to keep the wood from splintering. Later, a fiber insert was added to beef up the nock and the wrapping was no longer necessary. Another development was the addition of a wedge of hardwood, fiber or bone into the end of the shaft to make a more durable nock. Then came metal tubular nocks of duralumin or pyrolin. If properly rounded, they

were a great improvement, but sharp edges were rough on strings. Advent of good plastic nocks was the final and best answer, although some real plastic junk is still on the market. Most archers want a nock of a size that will just hold an arrow by tension when the shaft is permitted to swing freely from the string. A comparatively new development is the nocking ridge, a raised ridge of plastic which can be felt with the thumb to determine by feel how to nock the arrow.

#### **Fletching Is Important**

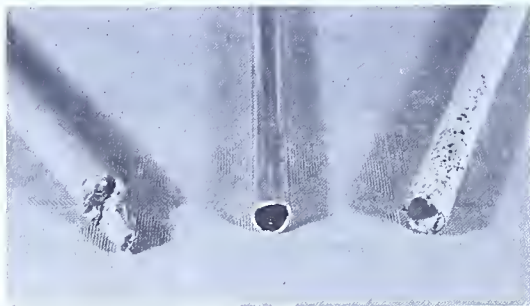
Fletching can be very important although it is sometimes overemphasized. Generally speaking, the same fletching used by the ancients is still the most popular today, i.e., three feathers. One of the greatest advances in fletching is not in the vane itself but in the adhesives used to hold the vane to the shaft. Some of the first feathers used came from the wing of the peacock. Later, goose feathers became popular. However, it was, and still is, the turkey feather which has survived hundreds of years against man's ingenuity and manufactured substitutes. It is true that plastic vanes are popular with some of the top target shooters, but they have a critical performance which necessitates perfectly matched bows and arrows.

There have been many experiments with various shapes in fletching. How-



ever, practically all makers have returned to the common semi-parabolic form seen on most arrows. At one time the triangular, or sail-like, fletching was popular simply because it was easy to cut with the less sophisticated equipment then available. It is practically never seen today.

All feathers must come from the same wing of the turkey for any in-



**BREAKAWAY** shows construction of three contemporary arrow shafts: cedar, aluminum and fiber glass.

dividual arrow, and should, if possible, for all of a matched set. The only difference in the feathers generally is in their size. Larger feathers are needed to carry heavier shafts or to support heavier heads on the opposite end when in flight. Where accuracy is not so important, as in flight shooting for distance, small feathers are used to cut down drag. The controversy rages on as to the amount, if any, of spiral needed and whether or not the addition of an extra feather is advisable for accuracy.

My personal preference leans toward the conventional three feathers with a modest spiral or helical position. While I think some turning of the arrow is desirable to maintain accuracy, excessive spiral or the addition of feathers is certain to slow down the shaft to a point which may be inconsistent with the desired results.

A fletching normally consists of a cock feather and two hen feathers. At one time, the cock feather was always of a different color, usually

white, so that the archer could readily see how to nock his arrow so that the cock feather would be at 90° to the vertical of the string. With the nocking ridge now serving the same purpose, any color feathers can be used. This is important in hunting where white feathers are undesirable.

The crest, which is simply the prettily patterned set of vari-colored stripes below the fletching, is an item which has fallen somewhat in importance from its original intent. As a practical matter, it identifies the individual's arrows, where more than one person is shooting at the same target. As a personal matter, it can be the one thing that identifies the shooter wherever he goes. An archer should acquire a crest and stick with it as a matter of pride. This was important to the old-timers who usually made their own equipment.

#### Material for Stele

Now let's consider the stele, or shaft, as a unit before moving to the business end of the arrow.

Bamboo was among the first woods which had great appeal to archers. Speaking of it, Ascham says, "... there is nothing so common as reedes." J. Maurice Thompson, who left us a legacy of his exploits in southeastern United States in his *Witchery of Archery*, published in 1878, tells of using reeds which may have come from bamboo shoots. "The reed is cut when green, held in a flame till hot and straightened, one end nocked and feathered, the other end sharpened and charred. . . ." He also claimed, "A man can make ready for feathering two hundred of them in a day." His brother, Will, telling of a trip to the Okefenokee Swamp in the year 1866, mentioned, "Our arrows, about three hundred in number. . . ."

Among the woods most popular early in archery, ash was much preferred for its durability, but practically all woods were utilized to some extent. In America, birch, Norway pine,

Douglas fir and Port Orford cedar had their periods of popularity. For a time, compressed cedar was in the running, but it proved too heavy. Port Orford cedar is the current favorite.

### Self Arrows

A self arrow is one with a shaft made entirely of a single material. Consequently, practically all arrows today are of the self variety. Yet, it was in fairly recent years that arrows were footed. Footing was the addition of harder wood, sometimes at both the nocking and the point ends, although more commonly the latter, to make the total shaft more durable and to add weight. Beefwood was a favorite for this, but some preferred lemonwood.

Since wooden shafts lend themselves to tapering, they are still preferred by some target shooters. There are four basic types of shaft. The cylinder, used in cheap wooden arrows and the most expensive aluminum and glass, is a straight section of material, round in cross-section and of uniform thickness. A barreled arrow is one which tapers upward from just ahead of the nock, reaching its maximum thickness just short of the arrow's middle, and then reduces gradually toward the point. This is the favorite of many target shooters. A chested taper is one which makes an arrow like a miniature pool cue with the fine end toward the point, or pile. A bob-tailed arrow has the opposite taper with the thin end at the nock. Neither of these latter two have much acceptance today.

Because aluminum and glass have scientifically inherent qualities of stability and strength, there is no need to taper these shafts. They are preferred by target shooters because of these qualities.

There remains for our consideration the business end of the arrow—the pile, the point, the head. The word pile, which means point, was used to

denote the common bullet jacket type and the straight pile — both target heads. Today there are a number of target heads as illustrated here.

For regular target shooting, the most common head is the old straight pile. Field archers prefer the field point to ensure penetration into what are sometimes ragged butts. Blunts are frequently metal heads which are squared off. They resemble the primer end of a cartridge case, and one of these is frequently used as a very effective substitute. Other blunts have rubber heads. Blunts were designed for roving and small game hunting. Fish heads are made with barbs to hold the prey by a line so it may be hauled in by hand or played from a fishing rod. There are a number of variations in this head. Broadheads offer the widest choice and are the big guns in archery since they are de-



**PENCIL** points to raised portion of nock which lets user tell arrow's position by feel.

signed to bring down the large game species. Most are fair to good, and all of them can be effective in the hands of a skillful hunter. With experience, each bowman comes to have his own favorite design.

This brings us to the end of the arrow. There seems to be little leeway to change the basic design of the missile. For, despite the considerable improvements which have been made in materials to construct an arrow, the projectile itself has changed little since it was invented thousands of years ago.





THE FOUR BASIC components which make up a cartridge are, from left: primer, cartridge case, powder and bullet.

## Handloading? It's Easy

By Don Lewis

Photos by Helen Lewis

**T**HE RADIO in my shop filled the air with beautiful organ music as I cleaned off my workbench. I snapped it off when I heard a car in my driveway. Several days before, a man had called and made an appointment for this evening. Since he did not elaborate, I had no idea what he wanted.

A minute later, the door opened and a rather elderly gentleman stepped in, carrying a bundle of magazines and a small briefcase. Seeing the empty workbench, he placed all this material on it. He introduced himself and told me he had come for some beginner's advice on buying handloading equipment.

"I've spent over two weeks going through these catalogs," he said, "and

I'm as far from knowing what to do now as I was when I started."

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked.

"I don't really know. I became interested in handloading several years ago, but I thought it was something I couldn't do. I felt it would be too tedious for me, and, in fact, I felt it was just too technical for an old codger like myself."

I laughed. "There's no age limit in the world of handloading. I can't think of any reason why you shouldn't enjoy many years of this fine pastime."

"I don't know," he replied hesitantly. "If I can't figure it out any more than I can these catalogs, I'll be hopelessly lost."

Opening the briefcase, he brought

out a thin sheaf of papers. At first I thought it might be a community budget. Page after page of figures. He handed them to me and I studied them for perhaps a minute. This man had really gone after information. He had listed a variety of presses and a horde of components. Everything was priced and totaled. It was as fine a piece of research as I had ever seen.

"You certainly dug up the facts. I wouldn't mind having a copy of this material for my own files. What's all the uncertainty about?"

"I just don't know what to buy. I'm confused by all the different types and styles of presses, and the advertising claims are hard to understand since I don't know what they're talking about. I thought perhaps you could make it easier for me to choose the right setup."

While he bit off the end of a cigar and began to light it, I studied my visitor. He was well dressed, and I felt that money would not be his problem. In fact, it could be the very factor that had him confused. I felt he might be trying to over buy.

"You know," he continued after getting his cigar lit, "I want the very best. I don't care what it costs as long as it's the finest on the market. If it takes top material to be a good hand-loader, then that's what I want."

Leafing through the pile of papers, he handed me a sheet that added up to well over one hundred dollars.

"Unless you know of something better, this is the one I think I'll buy. What do you think?"

Not wanting to puncture this man's theory that loading equipment alone is the answer to becoming a good reloader, I suggested that we examine some of my equipment and even load a few cartridges for his caliber. This appealed to him, and he was surprised to learn he himself would actually load some shells before leaving.

At my loading bench I explained the various steps in producing a hand-load. He was quick to learn, and also

quick to admit that he certainly had been off on the wrong foot when he thought that expensive equipment was the only answer. His moment of happiness came when he loaded a handful of 243's and shot them from my bench-rest. He seemed sincere when he told me he had learned more about loading in the short time in my shop than he had from all the technical stuff he had read.

One of the common misconceptions about loading equipment is that you must spend a lot of money for it, and that you must have an array of tools that would fill a large room. The truth is that fine handloads can easily be turned out on very simple setups costing only a few dollars. Good hand-loading is up to the individual, not his equipment.



**LUBRICATING block is easily made, speeds up process of adding lube to a large number of cases.**

A handloaded cartridge represents a part of the person who has done the loading. To become proficient in hand-loading demands that a handloader have more sincerity than equipment. His concern for the product that he turns out is as essential to proper loading as any piece of equipment he can buy. When you are ready to accept this philosophy, you have taken the first major step on the road to good handloading.

The necessary tools for the average loader will not fill an entire room, nor





**FORCING CASE** into die resizes and de-caps it. New primer can be inserted, as shown here, on downstroke of tool.

will they impose a severe financial strain. A simple C-type press can be bought for under \$20, a set of dies for \$13.50, scales for less than \$15. A deburring tool, a funnel, a loading block to hold your empty cases, and a pad to lubricate the cases cost only a few dollars altogether. All in all, your total outlay for all of this will be little more than \$50. Add a pound of powder, 200 primers and bullets to this, and you still won't have invested more than \$65. When you think that this will give you 200 rounds (ten boxes), the whole cost is not much more than that of ten boxes of factory loads. Considering that the equipment will last indefinitely, the shells you load will cost only the prices of their component parts. Your equipment soon pays for itself.

"I like to handload, but I don't have any place to set up the loading tools." This is the genuine feeling of thousands of people. They have been led to believe that a handloading outfit requires a special room. What most

of these people won't believe is that regardless of where they live, there is a place in their home that will be ideal for a compact loading setup. If you have a dry corner in your basement, an oversized clothes closet, or a small area that you can spare on your garage workbench, you have all the space needed for loading. A friend of mine who is confined to a wheelchair has a heavy table in his bedroom. He sits in his wheelchair and produces loads that make him king of the chuck hunters around here. Another pal of mine, who lives in a very small house, built a dazzler of a setup under the basement stairs. The most unusual I know of is a steel plate about two feet square welded to a support post in a basement. The loading equipment is fastened to this plate, and a small cupboard on the wall holds all the components. Finding a place to reload is not a major problem if you give it some thought.

#### Size of Bench

If you have the space, the loading bench should be about four feet long. The width can vary, but if you fasten it to a wall for strength, it should be about two feet wide. A shelf some twelve inches wide should be placed a foot above the bench to hold your scales. At this height, the scales will be convenient to use and easy to read. If you buy a powder measure, it should be put on this shelf. The bench's height above the floor depends on whether you prefer to work standing or sitting. Just make it comfortable.

Measurements can vary, but it's nice to have a bench large enough to allow ample working space. Two-inch planks



n any width will serve the purpose. Cover them with a piece of plywood or a smooth surface. For added strength, place a brace directly under the loading press if force is applied on the downstroke. If on the upstroke, install a 2 x 4 between the bench top and a sill in the floor above. This will keep the bench from lifting during case resizing. Do your best to build the bench level and strong.

### Die Set

A rifle die set consists of two separate dies. One is a decapping and resizing die, the other a bullet seating die. Since most presses of the single stage type hold just one die at a time, it's simplest to do all your resizing, decapping, and priming before you change dies. After you have done this and charged each case with powder, you will change to the seating die.

Much ado is made over full length resizing of the empty case. Many experienced handloaders argue that this overworks the brass. They prefer to resize only the neck of the empty. Their argument is that if the case came out of a given rifle, it will go back in without resizing. They point out that the case will last much longer since the brass has not been subjected to the stresses and strains of resizing. This part of their argument is true, but I can't agree with them on getting the shell back into the chamber. Sometimes neck sized cases show a little resistance going into the chamber. I full length resize all my cases every time I load them. I do inspect each case carefully. If I notice any tiny cracks, bulges or other defects, I dispose of it immediately.

### Loading Manual

One of the most important items a handloader should buy is a loading manual. This manual will show you step by step loading procedures; it will list all the calibers and the various powder charges and bullet weights to use, and it will give you the correct

lengths for the finished product, as well as much other information. No one, regardless of his years of experience, should ever load without first referring to his manual. There must be no guesswork in handloading. Those who concoct loads or stray too far from proven ones will sooner or later run into trouble. For best results, stick to the manual; it was written and proven by experts.

As far as the actual loading procedure goes, it is fairly simple. The first step is a complete examination of the empty cases. To prevent the empty cases from sticking in the resizing die, the empty must be lubricated lightly.



**LIGHTLY chamfering inside and outside of case mouth makes bullet seating easy and prevents damage to the bullet's base.**

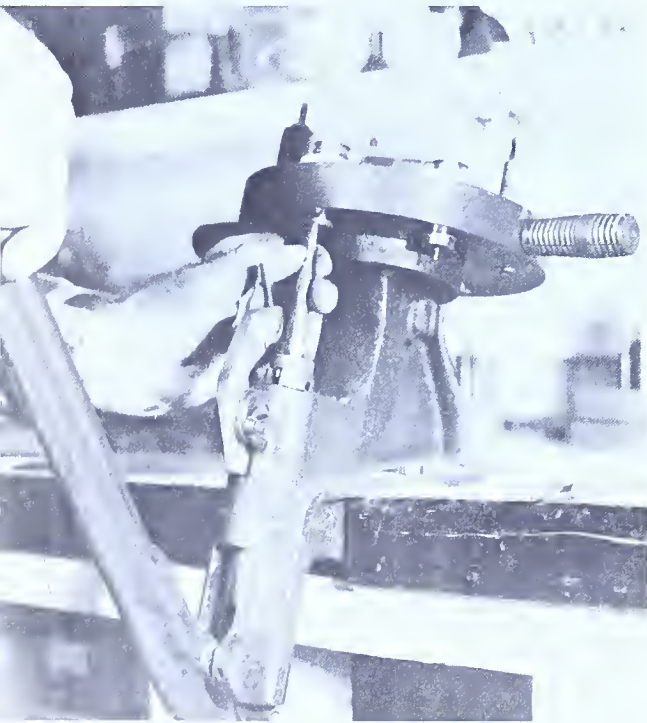
A piece of thick cloth stretched over a 6- x 10-inch board will make a dandy lubricating pad. Moisten the cloth with castor oil, being careful not to use too much. This first application will last for weeks. Place half a dozen cases on this pad and roll them back and forth with the flat of your hand. A 30-caliber cleaning swab moistened with castor oil can be used to put a slight—very slight—amount of oil in the mouth of the case. This lubricates the expanding plug that slides down into the neck of the empty.

Put the case into the shell holder of the press, guide it into the resizing die and force it completely into the die, which has been screwed into the



press so that it just clears the shell holder when in topmost position. Since this operation also removes the old primer, you will have to install a new one. This can be done as you remove the case from the die, but it's better to check the primer pocket first and do the repriming as a separate operation. A residue, much like carbon around engine valves, will build up in the primer pocket. This sometimes prevents the primer from being seated to the bottom of the pocket as it should be. Clean the primer pocket with a screwdriver ground to fit or one of the commercial tools used for this.

After you have resized the case and seated a new primer, use the deburring tool. Place the pointed end



**BULLET** is placed on case mouth and held in place by fingers until it enters die during bullet seating.

squarely in the mouth of the case and rotate gently. This will cut a small bevel inside the mouth and will allow the bullet to enter easily. Reverse the tool and with the pronged end remove any rough edges on the outside

of the case mouth. Do this before charging the cases with powder.

Weighing the powder demands precision. Your scale must be level to work properly. To determine this, set both sliding weights on the scale's beam to zero. If the scale is level, the beam pointer will point to zero or the reference markers. If it's not level correct with the adjusting screw in the base of the scale.

#### How to Weigh

After you have chosen a moderate load for your cartridge, set the scale for the powder weight called for. A tiny measuring spoon will serve to add powder to the scale pan. Weigh each charge exactly, following the instructions which came with the scale. If you use a powder measure, adjust it to throw the desired charge and weigh every tenth one or so as a check. Handloading requires exactness.

When all the cases are charged check them visually to see if there is any noticeable variation in the amounts of powder. If a case looks too full, weigh that charge. If normal, a little tapping will usually settle the powder to about the same level. If it doesn't, that case is thicker than normal and should be discarded.

#### Depth of Seated Bullet

The correct depth of the seated bullet can be determined several ways. Either adjust the seating die by gently screwing the seating plug down on a factory load, or just seat the bullet about the full length of the case's neck. An inexpensive vernier caliper is unbeatable for determining the correct length of the finished shell. Use a factory load of the same bullet weight and measure it in the caliper. Lock the caliper and seat the bullet in the handload until it measures the same length as the factory load. Do not exceed factory length if the cartridge is to be used in the gun's magazine, and do not seat the bullet out so far that it sticks in the rifling when a



**VERNIER CALIPER** is a good tool for checking overall length of a loaded cartridge.

loaded round is removed from the chamber. This dumps powder through the action and it's a nuisance to remove the bullet.

The shell is now loaded. If you have followed the suggestions in the manual, and if you have used care, there is no reason why you shouldn't have a reliable load. Even though it seems awkward at first, the entire operation will smooth out after you have done a few boxes. Repetition is the answer to it all. Do the same things to the last shell that you did to the first.

Handloading is not filled with mystery and intrigue. It sets no age limit, nor does it belong to a handful of gun experts. It's not beyond the reach of anyone who will earnestly attempt to use care and caution. There is a place in the fraternity of handloaders for you. You not only will turn out good ammunition cheaper than you can buy it, but you also will have the satisfaction of entering a new dimension, the world of handloading. . . .

## **New Shooting Center**

The Berks Lehigh Winchester Public Shooting Center, the state's newest trap and skeet facility, has opened for business in Berks County. Serving the Allentown-Harrisburg-Philadelphia area, it features a modern clubhouse, lighted fields, ample parking—all the conveniences.

Several skeet and trap fields are already in operation, and work is under way on rifle, pistol and archery ranges, a fishing lake, swimming pool, etc. Owned and operated by Gun-N-Fun, Inc., a local corporation franchised by the Winchester-Western Division of Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, the club is situated on Route 662, two miles north of U. S. Route 222, near Moselem.

Clay birds fly regularly Tuesdays through Fridays 2 to 10 p.m., Saturdays 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and Sundays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Shotguns, ammunition and free instruction are available on the grounds. Shooters who use their own guns and ammunition are charged only for clay targets.



## **Faster . . . . Quicker**

Antelope fawns develop much faster than young deer and, when only a day or two old, are able to run about 25 miles an hour for short distances.





**PENNSYLVANIA GAME NEWS** will be going to Clay R. Wile, Fisher Road, Oxon Hill, Md., for the next 32 years! Mr. Wile is shown here getting his subscription—the longest ever sold—from District Game Protector W. A. Griffie at the State Farm Show in Harrisburg.

*PGC Photo by R. H. Myers*

### Notice . . .

*Shown at left is a red pine; at right is an American larch. We call this to the attention of the few readers who did not notice that in last month's center page photo quiz the captions of these two pictures were transposed. We assure you the person responsible will be reprimanded—as soon as he stops running!*



### *Temple Conservation Course*

A three-credit course, "Conservation of Natural Resources," will be offered at Ambler Campus of Temple University August 7-25. The course will provide elementary and secondary schoolteachers with the latest information on the state of water, land and atmospheric resources, and to help fulfill an in-service and community need for more effective conservation education. Problems and practices in the management of natural resources will be explored. For further information, write to Dr. Herman C. Kranzer, Conservation Workshop, College of Education, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa. 19122.

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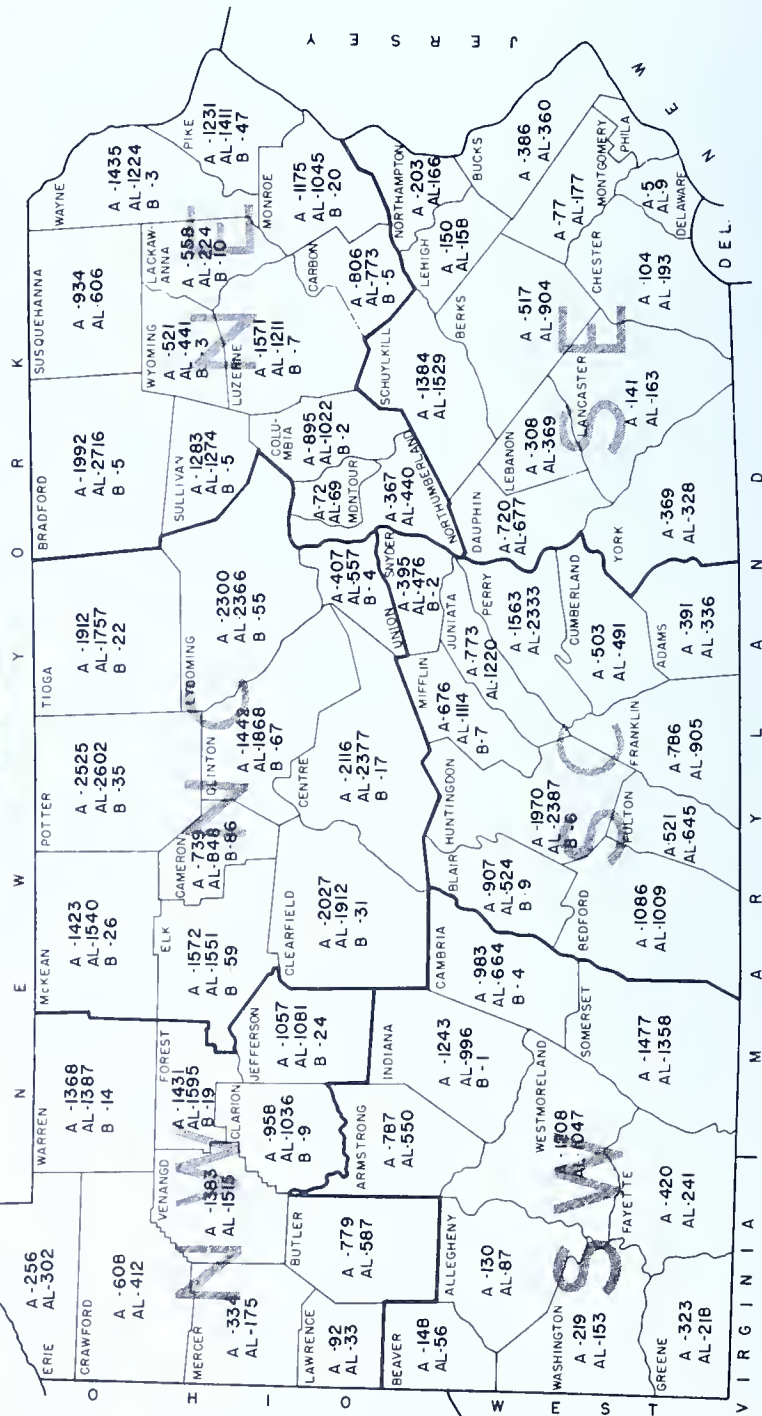




1966  
DEER & BEAR HARVEST

PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION

◎ 2014年5月1日起实施



**ANTLERED DEER  
(SYMBOL-A)**

**ANTLERLESS DEER**  
(SYMBOL-AL)

REGULAR SEASON	57,550
COUNTY UNKNOWN	280
ARCHERY SEASON	892

**Grand total BEAR kill.....605**  
**(SYMBOL-B)**

**Grand total DEER kill.....118,753**

# *Pennsylvania* **GAME NEWS**

JUNE, 1967

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## COVER PAINTING BY CHUCK RIPPER

Most bird hunters have their favorite flying targets, but dyed-in-the-wool quail hunters will give grouse, pheasant and woodcock proponents an argument any day over which is the most elusive game bird. The bobwhite pair on this month's cover will be busily rearing from 10 to 20 cute chicks at this time of the year, which is the most difficult period for young quail, as they are probably more vulnerable to adverse weather and predation than any other young game birds. For more information on Pennsylvania quail, see page 13.

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## Don't Take Them Home

**"HOW WOULD** you like it if you came home from the grocery store and found one of your children missing?" the Game Protector asked. His voice was respectful—but serious. "How would you feel?"

"Why . . . why it isn't the same thing at all," the woman exclaimed. "We were doing the fawn a favor. It was lost and alone, goodness knows what might have happened to it if we hadn't found it and brought it to you. We were only trying to help and now you seem to be criticizing us."

"I'm not criticizing your intentions, ma'am. I'm sure you acted for what you thought were the best reasons. But the truth is, though this little fawn was alone for the moment, it wasn't at all lost. Mother animals no more misplace their young than you'd ever misplace that cute little tot I see in your car. That doe knew exactly where she left her fawn, and now she's out there in the woods, trying desperately to find him. How do you think she feels?"

"Well . . . you can take him back, can't you? I told you where we found him." The woman's voice changed. "And even if the doe doesn't find him, well, animals don't feel the same way about their young as a human mother does about her child. There's just no comparison, that way."

"I'm glad to hear that," the Game Protector said, as the woman turned back toward her car, leaving the wobbly-legged fawn gazing pathetically over the edge of the pasteboard box in which he'd been delivered. "It's sure a help to positively know what animals think and feel."

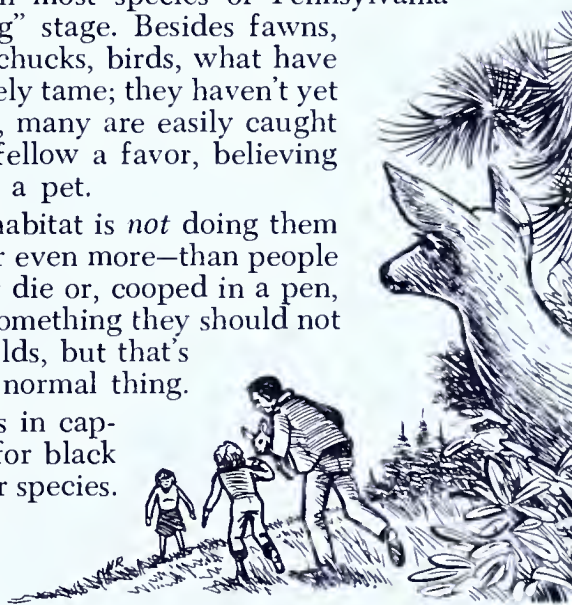
He was talking to himself by then, as the station wagon already was moving down the driveway, leaving him with another instance of a problem that's far too common about this time of year—a wildlife "orphan."

After a long cold winter, thousands of people can't resist the urge to get out of the city and into the woods when nice weather finally arrives. This is fine with us. But this is also the time when most species of Pennsylvania wildlife have young that are in the "toddling" stage. Besides fawns, there are also baby rabbits, 'possums, coons, chucks, birds, what have you. These innocent creatures are comparatively tame; they haven't yet learned they aren't people! As a consequence, many are easily caught by persons who either want to do the little fellow a favor, believing it to be abandoned, or just want to acquire a pet.

Taking such creatures out of their normal habitat is *not* doing them a favor. They *belong* in the woods, as much—or even more—than people belong in houses. Taken away they will either die or, cooped in a pen, live what amounts to a life of slavery. This is something they should not have to face. Admittedly, many die in the wilds, but that's the way of nature. To live or die there is a normal thing.

Furthermore, keeping most of these species in captivity is illegal, punishable by a fine of \$200 for black bear, \$100 for deer and lesser amounts for other species. So don't take those "lost" creatures home. It could kill them, and be expensive for you.—

Bob Bell









# God and Guns?

**By Gary L. Anderson**

*Photos from the Author*

**I**T IS because of guns that I am studying to become a minister. I never would have made this decision if it were not for my experiences in competitive target shooting. If this is what "an inordinate interest in guns" means, then I thank God that I have this interest.

When I speak about firearms, I make no attempt to conceal the fact that guns are used in crimes and that people are killed in shooting accidents. Because God is concerned with lives that are lost by accident or damaged by crime, the use and misuse of guns is the proper concern of Christianity. As a Christian, a gun owner, and a competitive shooter, I welcome and encourage such concern. My hope in writing this article is to demonstrate that there is more than one side to this issue.

## **Gun Problem?**

Because I love the sport of shooting and have gained so much from it, it disturbs me when I read magazine articles that feature the so-called "gun problem." Their attempt to link the shooter with the likes of Oswald, Whitman, and the Minutemen causes me to surmise that the articles' authors did not know the real sport of shooting.

Guns are usually publicized only when they appear in crime or accidents. When I think of the people whom I have known in shooting, I become concerned that their story, which represents the overwhelming majority of shooting activities, is seldom if ever heard. The variety of occupations of the people I have competed with illustrates how ordinary the typical gun owner is. Former

Olympic shooting team captain Emmett Swanson is a dentist in Minnesota. Women's national rifle champion Mrs. Inez Sargent is a Texas housewife. Former women's national champion Mrs. Lenore Lemanski was a college homecoming queen and now teaches English in Michigan.

World pistol champion Makhmoud Umarov of Russia is a physician. American Olympic gold medalist Lones Wigger comes from a wheat ranch in Montana. Another Olympic teammate and medal winner, Martin Gunnarsson, was an immigrant from Sweden. These are the people who I feel represent the real gun owner.

Guns have been described as "murderous" or "lethal" weapons whose purpose is to kill. This description completely overlooks the existence of shooting as a sport. A gun is a weapon when it is used by a policeman or soldier. For the sportsman, the gun is an item of equipment just as a bat is used for baseball and a helmet for football.

## **Oswald a Target Shooter?**

Accounts of firearms accidents often characterize horseplay with guns as "target shooting." Various reports told how Lee Harvey Oswald and Charles Whitman practiced "target shooting." The attempt to associate the criminal or negligent use of guns with sport shooting cannot be made so easily. Target shooting is target shooting only when it is adequately controlled and is conducted on a safe range.

Rifle, pistol, and shotgun shooting events are included in the Olympic program. The worldwide popularity of shooting is demonstrated by the fact that of all the twenty Olympic





**OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL** winner and seven times world champion in rifle marksmanship, Gary L. Anderson is now a student at San Francisco Theological Seminary.

sports only track and boxing had more participating nations in the 1964 Olympics at Tokyo. The 39th World Shooting Championships, held in West Germany this past summer, had more than one thousand competitors from fifty nations. Victories by the American teams in the last World Championships and Olympics have established us as the world's top nation in shooting.

#### **Unimpeachable Safety Record**

In our own country target shooting is a popular participation sport with an unimpeachable safety record. There are more than 100,000 rifle and pistol competitors, 30,000 trapshooters, and 15,000 skeet shooters registered with their respective national associations. In my nine years of target shooting I

have attended hundreds of competitions, but not one shooting accident has occurred. Trapshooting began in 1890 and has never had a single shooting fatality in official competition. Skeet shooting has recorded no fatalities and only one gun-inflicted injury since it began in 1929. How many other sports can point to such a safety record?

As a shooting sport, hunting is even more popular. In 1965, there were fourteen million hunting licenses sold and an estimated twenty million hunters. The rapid growth of hunting is confirmed by the 80 percent increase in these numbers since 1942.

#### **Are Hunters Killers?**

The attempt to label the hunting gun a "killer" is equally unsuccessful. The hunter is no more a killer than the man who has hamburger for lunch. If anything, I believe the average hunter's contact with wildlife gives him greater respect for life and God's creation. If man has been given dominion over creation, then this obligation to preserve and enjoy nature must include sound hunting and conservation practices. The hunter has always been among the leaders in the conservation movement.

The hunter is also deeply concerned over hunting accidents and the abuses of the small percentage of hunters who have no regard for the rights of farmers and property owners. The efforts of sportsmen to enact hunter-safety legislation show that they, more than anyone else, are trying to do something about this problem.

Another important shooting program is the National Rifle Association's junior rifle club program. Under qualified adult supervision, young people are taught firearms safety and are introduced to shooting competition. The value of this instruction in terms of accident prevention and the personal development which comes from competition is considerable.

In contrast to these legitimate and

beneficial uses of firearms, several recent articles have been trying to show that guns are bad, that they should be feared, and that the only answer to this problem is restrictive legislation. These articles submit an array of statistics, but they are selected to tell only part of the story.

### **Blame Guns for Suicides?**

For instance, it is stated that 17,000 people are shot each year. It is not disclosed that this figure includes 9,500 who shot themselves as suicides. Blaming guns for suicides would be like blaming the Golden Gate Bridge for the deaths of people who have jumped from it.

The assumption is made that New York City's tight gun controls prevent murder since only 27 percent of that city's homicides are committed with firearms. No direct correlation between murder rates and firearms control emerges from homicide statistics, however. The San Francisco Bay area and Dallas both have less rigid firearms controls than New York, but the murder rate in San Francisco is much lower than New York's, while it is higher in Dallas. In New York the criminal has used other weapons. Forty-two percent of the murders were committed with knives and another 20 percent with plain physical force. Throughout the country, sharp instruments, blunt objects, and parts of the body all outrank guns as weapons used in aggravated assaults; yet we hear no outcry against knives, clubs, or fists. The real causes of crime lie much deeper.

### **How Many Accidents?**

The big effort to establish a fear of guns is done by emphasizing accident figures, but the assertion that firearms accidents are commonplace is not borne out by all statistics. Twenty-four hundred people were killed in firearms accidents in 1965, but National Safety Council figures show that this was just two percent of all fatal

accidents. Motor vehicles (46 percent), falls (18 percent), fires and burns (8 percent), drownings (7 percent), and railroad accidents (2.5 percent) annually kill more people in accidents than firearms, yet we hear no impassioned calls for greater legislative controls against cars, ladders,



**OF THE TWENTY sports which make up the Olympic program, only track and boxing had more participants than shooting in the latest competition at Tokyo.**

or boats. Significantly, the firearms accident death rate per 100,000 people has fallen from 2.3 to 1.3 in the last sixty years.

My purpose in quoting these figures has been to show two things. First, the case for the "menace of firearms" is overstated in order to evoke an irrational emotional response against



guns. Second, firearms are only one of the tools used in crime and only one of many factors involved in accidents.

Nevertheless, no legitimate gun owner wants to divert attention from the accidents and crime which do involve firearms. There is a problem here, but it is not a "gun problem." There is a crime problem and an accident problem.

### **Remember Prohibition?**

Unfortunately, the solutions to these problems which have been most publicized are the ones which have already proven themselves ineffective. The desire to ban all firearms is invalidated by our experiences with prohibition in the 1920's. Requirements for gun registration and licenses to purchase or carry guns have been unsuccessful. In March of 1965, Philadelphia passed an extremely restrictive firearms-control law. Yet FBI statistics indicate both the crime rate and the murder rate went up during its first year of operation. One city councilman who voted for this law now calls it "a joke." He says, "The answer to this crime problem is not to attack the gun; it's to attack the causes of crime."

**THE AUTHOR AND his wife, Ruth Ann, immediately after his victory in the 300-meter championship rifle match.**



Articles about Charles Whitman's murders in Austin, often cited as evidence of the need for increased control, do not mention that he was violating the National Firearms Act of 1934 by possessing a sawed-off shotgun. This already existing statute did not stop him, nor would any other existing or proposed firearms-control law in America have saved his victims.

The access which minors and criminals have to guns through the mail is one area where proper control could be successful. But the unreasonably restrictive Dodd Bill introduced in the 89th Congress is not the answer. The compromise Hruska Bill would have achieved the same objective without restricting the individual citizen. It required that a notarized statement attesting to the person's age and qualifications accompany the order for a gun and that this application be reviewed by a local or state law-enforcement officer. Persons under twenty-one would be prohibited from ordering a pistol. Destructive weapons such as mortars, bazookas, grenades, bombs, and mines would be included in the prohibitions.

### **Repairs by Mail**

When I prepare my rifles for competition, I often send them through the mail to have them repaired or altered. Under the Hruska Bill I could continue this, but under the Dodd Bill it would be stopped. Many legitimate shooting activities like this would be penalized by the Dodd Bill.

The vast majority of gun owners support reasonable legislation and would willingly accept more stringent controls if they would actually reduce crime or accidents. But gun control does not reduce crime, and other measures have been more effective in preventing accidents.

The opposition of sportsmen to unreasonable gun controls has been substantial because there are so many people in America who are genuinely interested in guns. There has been a



**AT 300 METERS**—about three and one-third times the length of a football field—the target is a tiny speck inside those small white squares! Not only superb physical ability but incredible mental control is necessary to win this event.

determined effort to discredit this opposition. This endeavor was characterized by one writer who described the National Rifle Association as having “lavish headquarters—within gunshot of the White House.”

#### **Play on Emotion**

This play on emotion also focuses on the assistance which Congress provides NRA-affiliated clubs through the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice. The allegations that this agency passes out “free guns” to NRA members is not true. The anti-gun articles also do not mention a study of the civilian marksmanship program which the Department of Defense commissioned Arthur D. Little, Inc., the largest management consultant firm in the country, to do in 1965. The conclusions of this study completely upheld the program as beneficial to the youths involved and to the national defense effort. It found

no valid instance of the misuse of rifles and ammunition provided by the NBPRP and recommended that the program be expanded.

If one in every two American households owns at least one gun and 42 percent of our male high school students own a rifle or shotgun, this does not say that something is wrong. This is not a “gun craze” but rather the demonstration of a massive fundamental interest. The most sensible thing we can do is to encourage a healthy interest instead of a dangerous negative curiosity.

#### **Sportsmen Accept Obligation**

Sportsmen and the NRA have accepted this obligation by initiating and conducting firearms-safety and hunter-safety courses. Thirty-eight states now have hunter-safety programs. Most of these programs are directed toward minors, but New York requires anyone getting his first



hunting license to pass the course. A study made in New York compared the accident statistics of the twelve years prior to the start of the state's hunter-safety program with the twelve years the program has been in effect. Although there were 30 percent more hunters during the latter period, there was a 10 percent reduction in accidents and a decrease of 351 in fatalities. Utah began hunter-safety training in 1956 and consequently reduced hunting accidents from 128 in 1956 to 27 in 1963. The percentage of accidents caused by minors was decreased from 79 percent to 12.8 percent. Since making hunter-safety training mandatory for hunters under twenty-one,



**ANDERSON** is congratulated by second-place winner **Alexander Gerasimenok, USSR**, after 300-meter match.

New Jersey has cut its hunting fatalities in half. This is the kind of effective gun legislation that the NRA and gun owners support. Teaching a person gun safety reduces accidents. Teaching a person to fear guns increases the chance he will be involved in an accident.

The relevance of the shooting sport

for the church arises because recreation and safety are two areas where Christianity can demonstrate its concern for all phases of life. Many churches have become involved in teaching young people how to shoot by sponsoring junior rifle clubs. If your church has one or two target shooters among its members, this may be one way to utilize their talents and at the same time promote sports participation and safety among the young.

### Other Ways to Help

There are other ways that churches and Christians can do something about these concerns. There were 115 church camps which sponsored rifle shooting activities in 1965. Communities where hunting is done should zealously encourage hunter safety. When large numbers of young people receive guns for Christmas, for instance, there should be some kind of firearms-safety instruction for them. Housewives and people who never do any shooting should be encouraged to learn how to handle a gun safely, even if they never intend to shoot or own a gun. Home safety, which includes firearms safety, should be a concern of every community.

Very recently, a man was holding a pistol which he thought was unloaded. His seven-year-old daughter playfully ran up to him and said, "Shoot me, Daddy." A few hours later she was dead. What makes this so-called accident so tragic is that anyone who has been taught gun safety learns that a gun is never loaded except on the range or in the field and that *a gun is never pointed at anyone under any circumstances*. An accident involving a recklessly driven automobile would not be the fault of the car. This accident was not the fault of the gun.

Accidents like this would never happen if people were taught to use guns safely. The impressive safety record of shooting competition and firearms-safety instruction verifies that shooting can be among the safest of sports.

# Don't Sell the Long Dog Short

By Albert G. Shimmel

WE DROVE down the long lane, parked at the end of a contour of harvested corn and uncased shot-guns. Just ahead a hunter chirped to a beautiful Wiemaraner and motioned her into a red station wagon. He closed the door and walked over to greet us, eyeing our diminutive dachshund with a twinkle. Hans was working off his excitement by racing around us in tight circles, his ears streaming back like tiny banners.

"Does he really hunt?"

I had anticipated the question. To the uninitiated, the dachshund is a ludicrous creature, a companion for children and aging dowagers . . . a house pet . . . a show dog. But a hunter? Unthinkable.

The dachshund had its beginnings in France but was adopted and modified by the foresters and gamekeepers of Germany, who trained it to hunt vermin and created such popular acceptance for it that it became the national dog of that country. To all but the fancier who has researched the subject, this little dog is a German product even to the name. *Dachs* (badger) and *hund* (dog) are from the language of the country of its adoption.

After Hans worked off his excess energy, we entered the corn. Our new acquaintance, declining our invitation to come along, stood by his station wagon to watch. Hans quartered slowly after the manner of a spaniel. Every tuft of grass or tangle of stalks came under his methodical investigation. Within a few yards his tail began to whip excitedly.

"Mark!"

A cock bird erupted from the corn and flew away toward the swale, his long tail streaming back in derision as the three shot charges we hurled in his direction failed. My son and I exchanged sheepish grins as we re-loaded. Who can shoot well in front of spectators?

Hans looked back over his shoulder and questioned us with his eyes a moment, then went about his business. We begged his pardon and followed. Again came the tail whipping and a yip that changed to round tongueing. A bunny broke from the corn and headed across the grass. This time we did not miss and equanimity was restored.

## First Rooster

Two hen birds flew away unchallenged, and then at the end of the contour a fine rooster cackled raucously as he rose. He swung a quarter left and my son downed him easily. We crossed the grass to the next contour and started back toward the lane. Ahead, birds rose wild, but before we came to the end of the strip another cock was put out by Hans and fell to the gun.

We field dress all game immediately. While performing this ritual, our friend from the station wagon came across the grass to praise Hans and express his admiration for the dog's ability. I could see that respect had replaced the earlier humor in his eyes. In his turn Hans eyed the stranger, his head cocked to one side and his face wearing the expression of polite reserve he shows to individuals outside the family. When the stranger





turned away, still smiling, he remarked, "Guess it wouldn't be ethics to ask a man what he'd take for such a dog." I'm glad he didn't ask. I couldn't have put a price on Hans.

A dachshund is a paradox. With strangers he is dignified, aloof, even shy. With his owner he is gentle, affectionate and happy. He is inclined to be a one-family dog, with special loyalty for one particular person. In the field he is an industrious hunter of game and a killer of vermin.

### Unquestioned Courage

The dachshund's pointed muzzle, heavy jaws and unquestioned courage make him an effective fighter at close quarters. Above ground, he tries to roll a smaller animal off balance, hold it with a quick shoulder block and pin it to the ground. He then reaches around with the sharp muzzle and kills with a quick bite across the shoulders that is accompanied by a quick jerk and a snap. The action is one fast continuous motion.

With larger animals the dachshund prefers the role of underdog. He cuts and slashes with his teeth while raking away at the opponent's body with both front and hind feet. The dachshund's loose skin, which fits as if it were three sizes too large, gives him a surprising advantage when infighting.

Our first dachshund was Ritzie. We acquired Ritzie when her master was transferred to the Pacific from an Air Force base in Texas. She was three years old. When we took her hunting she showed absolutely no interest, despite all our efforts. We were about to give up in despair when she scented her first grouse. In that instant she became a bird dog.

Ritzie's technique was unusual. When she winded a grouse, she tensed, sniffed loudly, and then moved forward with the slow intentness of a stalking cat. This slow approach seemed to have a hypnotic effect on the birds. They seemed glued to the

cover. When a bird flushed and was killed, she located it without difficulty. She did not touch it, but danced and barked excitedly. When the rare cripple hid in the thickets, her keen nose led her to the spot. She would break its neck with a bite and then, if the cover was thick, drag it into the open and bark until we retrieved it.

Ritzie had found her mission in life. She was a specialist. To her, grouse were the Alpha and Omega of hunting, the grand passion. She found birds for us when other hunters returned empty-handed. One morning, when an inch of snow powdered the rhododendron thickets, she flushed nine birds for us, and we bagged four. Yes, Ritzie was a hard-headed specialist. We mourned her passing.

Not long afterward, we acquired Hans. He was smaller than his littermates and inclined to be shy. The training season was closed that fall because of dry weather so we had no chance to work him. When the season opened we took the 22 rifle and headed for the nearest timber. Hans came along, untried but willing. He had not gone far until a gray squirrel

**RITZIE SCENTED her first grouse. She tensed, sniffed loudly, then moved forward like a stalking cat.**







**WITHOUT HESITATION,** Hans charged the animal that was almost as heavy as himself.

dodged away and up a tree. Hans followed the trail to the tree and paused, puzzled as to where the creature had gone. As he sniffed about the base of the tree, the squirrel grew nervous and exposed the tip of his shoulder. I squeezed off a shot and it dropped to the ground, not quite dead. Hans poked it with a curious nose—and the reaction was instantaneous! A sharp nip transformed his curiosity into anger, and the squirrel was shaken and flung aside with the jerk and snap that is characteristic of the dachshund. After the next squirrel was treed Hans sat expectantly and dispatched it instantly when it fell. No more cut noses for him. By the end of the season he was an efficient squirrel dog, he was fair on rabbits and he was working grouse with some promise. I was a happy hunter, certain that many good days were ahead for us, and the following months proved me right.

One incident of that season shows the temperament of the breed. We were running rabbits in a side hill bramble field when Hans made a strike in the heavy cover. Instead of the expected cottontail, a gray fox thrust his head above the bushes. A charge of shot sent him tumbling and

squalling. Without hesitation, Hans charged the animal that was almost as heavy as himself. The fox was too near death to retaliate, but Hans didn't know that when he grabbed the gray. His only thought was to prevent the quarry's escape.

### **Dislike for Woodcock**

After gaining some skill with grouse in heavy mountain covers, Hans' transition to ring-necked pheasants was accomplished without difficulty. And last autumn we took him into woodcock cover, where he adapted successfully. As with many other dogs, he apparently did not care for the odor of the bird. Nevertheless, he flushed nine from the late season covers. He did object with insulted dignity when we insisted on photographing him with a brace of the birds—dogs have some rights, you know!

A short time later we were hunting an exuberant young pup with the more experienced Hans. The young dog chanced to corner a big gray squirrel. In the melee the squirrel bit into the pup's pad and refused to let go. In answer to the pup's yells of distress, Hans rushed up. He bit the squirrel across the back, killing it instantly, then sat back with lolling tongue while the pup licked the bleeding pad. Normally he would have given his quarry a shake or two. The balance of the day the pup hunted with undiminished vigor but on three legs.

When I see dachshunds pattering listlessly along city streets, their nails clicking on the pavements, jeweled collars and neatly piped blankets shining, I am moved to pity. Most of them would benefit from exercise. The dogs suffer greatly in contrast with our lean, alert, bright-eyed hunters. Old German gamekeepers would rise to haunt us if they knew we had turned their field dogs into pampered, listless conversation pieces. If *you* have a dachshund, please . . . don't sell the long dog short!



*Parson and Pumpgun Produce . . .*

## Those Blasted Bobwhite!



*PGC Photo by Ted Godshall*

**PASTOR JOHN FREHN, his Model 12—Ol' Dependable—at the ready, moves in for a flush, while Mick holds steady.**

**By Lee "Lucky" James**

**B**ECAUSE my early outdoor training took place in northern Pennsylvania, I grew up thoroughly believing that the only two game birds in the whole world were grouse and woodcock. These two drably dressed individuals still rate right up there in my book, but a brand-new thrill in wingshooting fell upon me a few years ago when I discovered bobwhite.

Now you Rebels among the flock may go off and chuckle to yourselves. You've always known what fine sport quail hunting was. In fact, down below the Mason-Dixon line when they talk about bird hunting they are talking about just one bird—and that bird is the quail.

A certain Methodist preacher was responsible for my belated introduc-

tion to Pennsylvania quail shooting. I strongly suspect that the Reverend John Frehn, of Camp Hill, wears a pair of 8-inch hunting boots under his black robe. I certainly hope that no one will be offended when I say that the Methodists may be in a bit of trouble if Sunday hunting ever becomes legal in Pennsylvania, because Pastor Frehn really loves to hunt! He enjoys his setters too, and he's got just about the slickest working pair I've ever seen. Which brings me to a conclusion: A good pointing quail dog is not necessarily a good grouse dog or vice versa. My grouse thicket back-ground taught me that a wide ranging bird dog was strictly for field trials and of no use to the hunter who wanted to bring home some game.





PGC Photo by Ted Godshall

**THE PASTOR'S three setters do their mechanized traveling in the car trunk, but prefer their own legs!**

And besides — but I'm starting to ramble. Let me tell you about my first day of honest to goodness quail hunting in Pennsylvania.

We—the preacher and I—met at a predetermined spot a few miles south of Gettysburg. As he opened the trunk and freed two of the three setters from their traveling cage inside, John explained that advance permission had been received to hunt this particular tract. The setters made a few preliminary maneuvers, as dogs do upon hitting the bare ground after a riding session, then turned to their master for directions.

"Whoa! Just a minute. Wait till we get loaded up and ready to go." John spoke to them like old friends, which obviously they were, and the dogs stayed put until he waved them off.

The male dog of the brace, Mick, made a mad race down the left side of a wild hedgerow, while the older female, Cotton, ambled up the opposite side, looking like she couldn't care less. What a pair of dogs these would make on grouse, I thought. The speed merchant would scare out everything in half a county, while the other one didn't even know why we were out there.

Then it happened! While I was in mid-thought, Mick swapped ends and

locked up tight in a pretzel stance, and Cotton crossed the hedgerow to honor the point. The Reverend motioned me in on the dogs.

I held the stub-barreled double Ithaca at high port and stepped forward cautiously. Then — explosion! Right off the end of Mick's nose, those blasted bobwhite went everywhere—left-right-straightaway—and a couple came right back over my head! I skillfully missed one going to the left with my first barrel, but one bird made a wrong guess and flew right into the pattern thrown by barrel number two. John had fired too, but in the excitement I hadn't heard his shot. A straggler from the covey had popped up right in front of him and his rather chewed-up Model 12 had made short work of it (more about *that* gun later).

We pocketed our birds and held a brief war council to decide our next move. "I've jumped these birds before," John said, "and I'm pretty sure I know just where they went." I nodded, and took off after him.

### Honeysuckle Demon

We crossed a corn stubble field and plowed through some waist high briars guarding a patch of pole timber. This was the place John figured the quail to be. Now, ordinarily, a stand of pole timber is pretty easy to walk through, but don't count on it in southern Pennsylvania. A demon called honeysuckle has a way of tangling both boots and swinging gun barrels. The dogs performed well in this patch. They pinned down several singles, but the shooters just didn't seem to be standing at the right spot when the flush occurred. The Reverend did manage to drop another one as it twisted through the honeysuckle latticework, and I had to admit that this kind of shooting was as challenging as any I'd ever come up against.

After John decided we had pounded this cover thoroughly enough, we rounded up the dogs and moved down the farm lane road for about a mile.

Along both sides of the road were vast expanses of wheat stubble, bounded by a belt of idle field containing mostly goldenrod and ragweed. Not likely looking cover for the kinds of game with which I was familiar, but this was the preacher's party and he was producing, so I kept all comments to myself.

There was a third dog in the trunk that day, a young pup that John had saved from his last litter. Old Cotton was retired for this part of the hunt and her son, Buck, was freed for the first time this day.

"I just know—well, I think I know—there are at least two coveys of quail in this field. The young dog should do well on them, and besides it's wide open here and that will let us keep track of him." John was sort of talking to himself, and the dog was already two hundred yards out in the middle of the field, crisscrossing like a veteran.

We just sauntered across the field. "No need to hurry," John pointed out. "If the dog nails down a covey, he'll wait for us. If the birds flush wild, or they aren't there in the first place, well, it doesn't do any good to run."

At this site the dog saved us a lot of walking. The birds were just not there. The stubble field on the opposite side of the road was a different

matter. Young Buck charged into the center of the field and from full gallop skidded to a dramatic halt with head and front shoulders shaking like a winter calf. The young beginner held well, for it took the pastor and me at least two minutes to get into shooting position.

### Mother Lode

The dog had found the mother lode! Ten birds lifted off at the same instant. (I swear they must count one, two, three—go!) John Frehn, working that slide handle like a precision-made machine, dropped two only feet apart. My first shot was good and I was so elated over scoring that my chance for a double was muffed. I admired my first shot so long that the second bird was a shade too far away for my improved cylinder, and I never cut a feather. This wasn't the end of the action, however. The sound of my second shot triggered the next flight of brown-speckled jet fighters, and what must have been an entirely separate covey bounced into the air. I stood there with an empty gun, and John, with his daily bag limit already filled, waved them on. A typical hunter's tale!

But this was our day, and a glorious one it was. We were not to be denied. The birds were ahead of us in the

**WHEN FIRST RELEASED from their traveling pen, the setters like to stretch their legs before settling down to the serious business.**

*PGC Photo by Ted Godshall*





vast stubble field, and Buck delivered beautifully in quickly locating a couple for me to finish up with. Yes, I'm proud to say those last two birds fell to consecutive shots. A great hunt! Fine dog work, with a top-notch companion and guide to take me on my first Pennsylvania quail hunt.

Quail have been seen at one time or another in every county in Pennsylvania. We are not talking about huntable populations here, but just that bobwhite have been seen or heard. In most of the northern half of the state the sighting of a quail would be almost as unusual as seeing a flamingo in Allentown (which actually happened a few years ago). While there are a few pockets of quail in the Pittsburgh corner of the state, and a covey or two over in the southeast quadrant, the southcentral portion of the state has the bulk of the available quail shooting. While some fair to good shooting is available in Juniata, Mifflin and Perry Counties, the good stuff is in Cumberland, Adams and Franklin Counties.

Since my introduction to Pennsylvania quail shooting I've had the opportunity to sample bobwhite hunts in other states that brag up this sport as their top drawing card. Well, now, I'll have to admit that some of those states to the south of us do have a lot

to offer. But think about this for a minute. On one day, a short one at that, during legal hunting hours, one companion and I working with two setters put up 116 birds in Adams County! This was done during the 1966 season. No—I'm not going to pinpoint the location, 'cause I want to be invited back.

Not too long ago I believed, as many Keystone hunters do, that the quail all but disappeared back during the winter of '37 or '29 or whatever age you might belong to. The ice and snow got 'em, or some peculiar fit overcame the whole population and they all took off for Ohio. The same thing was said about the grouse in the northern part of the state.

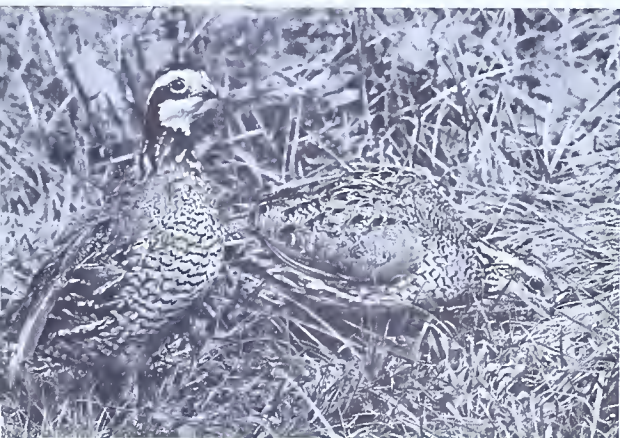
### Changing Environment

In the case of the quail, which is what we're concerned with in this epistle, I believe it's the age-old story of a changing environment. Some birds and mammals adapt to radical changes over a period of a few years, while others do not. Our clean farming practices of today do not offer much in the way of protection for bobwhite. The last twenty years have also seen the much increased use of chlorinated hydrocarbons in the form of pesticides on our landscape. I feel that this adversely affects game, and that each day finds us closer and closer to the time that we must severely regulate the use of chemicals applied to our farm produce.

Like pheasants, quail can be pen-reared successfully. Unlike pheasants, however, the stocked birds don't offer much in the way of sport unless they are planted right in front of the gun. In isolated cases, the stocking of quail in our northern states has done some good, but in practice the best thing we can do to preserve quality shooting in the traditional quail country of Pennsylvania is nothing more than not to overshoot the coveys.

Because quail are gregarious birds, a broken covey will almost invariably

**A PAIR OF ADULT bobwhite quail—the world's top target for wingshooters, according to many.** Photo by Karl Maslowski



get together before nightfall. A good shot with a good dog could really raise havoc in a specific area—but normally he won't. The quail hunter who likes his game and spends the effort and money required to produce a top-notch dog, is not about to shoot himself out of his sport. When a covey has been gunned enough, he'll move on to another area or hang it up for the year. The dogless hunter whose infrequent contact with a covey is when it half scares him to death when he least expects it, is no threat to the quail population, either. Prior to my experience with the pastor, this was my normal method of encounter. Because of sheer shock I seldom enjoyed braised quail. In the right kind of cover, however, if the hunter is extremely quick-eyed he can follow the flight of two or three singles, and then, if he marks them well, he can play the role of bird dog for himself.

A few paragraphs ago, I made special mention of the shotgun that my companion was using. Knowing he owned a beautiful collection of fine doubles, I was thunderstruck when he dragged, from beneath a jumble of hunting equipment stuffed into his auto trunk, a very badly beaten-up 16 gauge Model 12 Winchester. Just exactly how this gun was choked would be difficult to determine, because the barrel has been lopped off at least twice. Legally, the gun is acceptable, but by all other judgments—No! Through the years, John Frehn has taken, and I'm sure enjoyed, a great deal of kidding about this scarred smoothbore. His rationalization is, "It's the only gun I can consistently hit quail with." This is hard



**A FINE DOUBLE** and a limit of the little bombers symbolize the end of a perfect day in the hunting field.

to dispute. Once you have seen John in action with that old corn-sheller, you stop laughing at the gun immediately. Only one hunter I ever knew was faster, and that was a shirttail cousin of mine named Gib Parish, and I don't believe he ever killed a quail in his life (he has made a couple of doubles on grouse, though).

The grouse is a trickier flyer, and for sheer brain power the ringneck is the honor student, but the bobwhite has a little chunk of both qualities plus something else. That covey flush, with birds going in all directions and traveling just as fast right now as they are out a few yards, will give any hunter some keyed-up moments. Trying to decide just which bird to shoot at before all thunder out of range can be a major problem. Problems like these we can stand a lot of, and I hope to be right there in Adams or Franklin County this fall attempting to solve one or two of them!

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### Broiled Quail

Clean your quail thoroughly (pluck, don't skin) and split down the back. Place the birds, one per person, on a broiler rack and brush with butter seasoned with salt, pepper and marjoram. Broil about 10 minutes, basting with melted butter.

Garnish the quail with watercress and a thin slice of lemon. Serve with buttered peas, baked potatoes, and a green salad with an oil and lemon dressing.



# Is It the Quest?

By William W. Britton

**B**EFORE leaving home on Election Day to return to my native heath to vote, my wife handed me a toaster that had been acting up. She thought maybe one of my former pupils—who is now pushing 60 and makes his living as an electrician—could fix it. I'd known this man most of his life, but he'd always been a bit of a puzzle to me. Though he lived in wonderful country, he never took to hunting as so many of his classmates and I had done.

From his back porch he can look at Clark's Knob, the highest point on the Kittatinny Mountains, and he once told me that for years he wondered just what he'd find if he climbed to its very top. Someday, he would do it. Well, the years came and went, but work always prevented him from fulfilling his little dream. I was remembering this as I parked in front of his home.

As he answered his doorbell I was met with a grin that could only come from one who has had some pleasant experience he wants to share with someone who will understand and appreciate it. For he knew I was well acquainted, not only with the Knob's terrain, but also with the stories and legends of this giant which have been handed down from generation to generation. It was well up on the Knob that George Weaver killed a bobcat with his pocketknife after the cat had killed his little dog. The slashed carcass of the cat and Weaver's clawed and bloody arms, chest and abdomen bore witness to the truth of the encounter. It was also the location of the late George Reitz's buckwheat field where I killed my first wild turkey at the age of 14. Yes, he was going to

have a patient and interested audience in me, and he knew it.

The conversation started like this: "I'm glad you stopped. You remember I always wanted to climb to the top of Clark's Knob? Well, this year I went. I bought a hunting license and a shotgun, and I went."

"Fine! Tell me about it. What did you see? What kind of a gun did you buy?"



**HIS GRIN INDICATED** he expected to have a patient and interested audience in me, and he was right.

"I don't know the name of it. I got it from Sears—a repeater. Anyway, I started out on opening day, about a half-hour early. I mean a half-hour before shooting time. I went out the road toward Letterkenny Depot and near the boundary fence I saw two



CHUCK  
RIPPEL



ringneck roosters going into a high-grass field. I waited until it was shooting time and then kicked back and forth through the field, but never saw them again. Then I went up along the fence to the mouth of Big Hollow and climbed the steep bank up to old Lawyer's Road, near where a little stream of water crosses."

"That's Iron Run."

"I didn't know that. But just above this little run, toward the Knob, I saw a beautiful buck. He kept watching me and I kept watching him. It was sort of a peekaboo game we were playing. Finally, he turned and flipped his tail and was gone. I went in the same direction but never saw him again, either. Then about halfway up the Knob, I saw a gray squirrel. He must have seen me about the same time, 'cause by the time I was ready to shoot he was gone."

A little impatient to know whether he had bagged anything, I asked "Did you get any game?"

"Just a minute, I'm not through."

**HE SAW TWO ringneck roosters going into a high grass field, but though he kicked through it, he never saw them again.**



That phrase made me chuckle. I told my friend it reminded me of the time I was a Game Protector and a young man had come to my home to confess some violations. He had just attended a revival meeting and wanted to clear his conscience. I cautioned him that anything he said might cost him money, but he was a determined fellow and kept on talking.

#### Full Confession

"Two years ago I killed a rabbit in the field across from our house the day before the season opened," he said.

"The fine for that is ten dollars," I told him.

"Just a minute," he said, "I'm not through. In the field back of our house I killed two more."

"Well, that amounts to thirty dollars."

"But I'm still not through. I was husking corn one morning and saw a ringneck hen. I ran to the house, got my gun and killed her."

I told him that was \$25 more, for a total of \$55.

"All right," he said, "now I'm through. But there's one problem I'd better tell you about."

"What's that?"

"I don't have fifty-five dollars."

Asked when he would have it, he thought in about two weeks. Well, that was the longest two weeks I ever waited. In fact, it is now over 30 years. I have never heard from him nor seen him since. I only hope he's still traveling the straight and narrow path or has sold his gun.

After patiently listening to the story, my friend continued his narrative.

"I finally reached the top of Clark's Knob, and my, what a view! I never realized the Cumberland Valley was so beautiful."

I was a little saddened. Here was a man who had lived his entire life in a beauty and glory he did not know existed. It was not until he had sur-

veyed the countryside as far as the eye could see that he realized he had been too close to it to really appreciate its aesthetic value.

"I started down the west side of the Knob," he went on. "It was rough traveling over the rocks. Once my feet flew out from under me and I fell flat on my back, but I wasn't hurt. When I reached an old road I saw a ruffed grouse standing on it. He seemed to be stretching his legs or preening his feathers. He put one leg back and then the other. I watched him for a long time. Then he must have noticed me, because he ran off the road into the brush. Later, I saw him standing behind a little pine tree and I figured the shot would never get through if I flushed him, so I didn't bother.

#### Good Samaritan

"I worked on down to the public road, then climbed to the top of the other mountain and walked north for more than two hours. I'd often wondered whether it was wide or narrow on top. I soon found it's more narrow than wide, and the traveling quite rugged. I went down the mountain and came out at Sweet Spring. I was tired, but I never realized there was so much satisfaction to be found in watching wild game in its natural habitat. I never fired my gun all day, yet it was a thrilling experience. Then as I was walking up the road toward home a Good Samaritan came along in his car and hauled me the last mile. I'm certain he could tell I was about bushed. I told him what I'd been doing and he seemed quite happy that I'd taken up hunting so late in life. He's been a successful hunter for many years."

My friend sat back with a sigh. "I know I've got a lot to learn about hunting, but just to observe game, and get to know it, maybe I don't need a teacher. I never expect to climb to the top of Clark's Knob again, nor to the top of the other mountain, because



**HE SAW A ruffed grouse that seemed to be stretching its legs, but he didn't bother flushing him.**

now I know what's there. But I'm glad I did it once. Otherwise, I'd still be wondering what it's like up there where wildcats and bears are supposed to roam."

"I'm glad you went, too," I told him, and I meant it sincerely.

"By the way, I bought a rifle. A bolt action."

"Oh? What caliber did you get?"

"An 8mm. I got it off a fellow in Roxbury. I guess he brought it home after World War Two."

That was about the end of our conversation and I left a few minutes later. My friend didn't tell me why he bought the rifle, but I know the reason, and I'll lay you six to one that on opening day of deer season you can find him near Iron Run, where he played peekaboo with the big buck. But if he should see the deer, will he shoot at it? Or will he just watch, as he did with the ruffed grouse that was stretching its legs? Your guess is as good as mine, but there's one thing we can be sure of—he'll be enjoying himself to the nth degree.





*PGC Photo by F. H. Servey*

**A SIXTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD HUNTER, Henry J. Laux, above, was Pennsylvania's third Triple Trophy winner. He's shown here with his buck, bear, and the fan from his turkey, all taken during the past season.**

## 67 Triple Trophy Winners

**S**IXTY-SEVEN Pennsylvanians qualified for the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Triple Trophy Award during the first year of the program, according to Game Commission Information and Education Division Chief Roy W. Trexler.

The Triple Trophy Award is available to hunters who bag a wild turkey, an antlered white-tailed deer and a black bear during the same hunting license year. It is the only award of its kind in the nation. In fact, Pennsylvania is one of the few states where it is possible to harvest all three species.

By geographic area, 32 of the award winners reside in the northcentral part of the state, ten in the southwest, eight in the northeast, seven in the southeast, and five each in the southcentral and northwest.

Seven communities had more than

one award winner. Williamsport, Montoursville and St. Marys each produced three winners, and Claysburg, Mill Hall, Blossburg and Custer City each had two Triple Trophy Award winners. The first hunter to qualify for the award was Robert Metarko, of Blossburg (see *GAME NEWS*, March, 1967).

Based on estimates of populations of the three species in the state and chances for hunter success calculated from studies of past hunting seasons, the number of winners is surprisingly high, observers commented. "The fact that there were 67 award winners indicates a number of hunters deliberately concentrated on the eligibility requirements," Trexler said.

"It is also possible that in addition to hunting harder for their trophies, the winners might be better-than-average hunters," Trexler continued.

"And it might be that some sportsmen are just a little luckier some years than others," he added.

Hunters reported harvesting 605 black bears in the Commonwealth during the 1966 hunting season. This means that more than ten percent of the successful bear hunters also bagged a turkey and a buck.

A shoulder patch and a certificate signed by the Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission are presented to each Triple Trophy Award winner.

Here are the first 67 winners of the Triple Trophy Award:

Bennett, Carroll O., 61 Crestview Drive, Lebanon.

Black, Harry F., R. D. 1, Claysburg.

Bottomf, T. E., R. D. 2, Box 377, Mill Hall.

Brown, Lester, R. D. 5, Kittanning.

Campbell, Harmon E., 7 Haas Avenue, Sunbury.

Carlson, William S., 222 Shaffer Avenue, DuBois.

Catherman, Ralph J., Moshannon.

Clark, Charles, Jr., 110 Commerce Street, Lock Haven.

Clayton, Ralph L., R. D. 1, East Waterford.

Coble, John A., Proctor Star Route, Williamsport.

Confer, Richard, Box 10, Custer City.

Croyle, Charles R., 215 Rowland Avenue, Philipsburg.

Dillen, Albert L., 700 N. Third Street, Bellwood.

Dively, Vernon, R. D. 1, Claysburg.

Dorman, Ralph W., R. D. 1, Mifflinburg.

Eltona, Mel, 719 E. Pine Street, Olyphant.

Falls, James H., R. D. 1, Beech Creek.

Fila, Louie L., R. D. 3, Reach Road, Williamsport.

Fortney, Dean A., 109 Brook Street, Titusville.

Gillen, Hugh, R. D. 1, Siecker Road, St. Marys.

Greening, Richard E., R. F. D. 1, Milford.

Grimes, Telford J., R. D., Ashville.  
Haldeman, Aaron S., R. D. 1, Annville.

Hartwick, Denver C., R. D. 1, Box 329, Smithfield.

Heberling, Norman Lloyd, R. D. 1, Box 47, Creekside.

Hoover, Dale N., R. D. 1, Lykens.

Huffman, James B., Jr., R. D. 2, Montoursville.

Hunter, Homer Alvin, R. D. 1, Williamsport.

Kirkpatrick, Wilbern, R. D. 2, Middlebury Center.

Kulbacki, Bernie B., 1007 W. Pine Street, Shamokin.

Kusch, Charles, R. D. 1, Scenery Hill.

Laux, Henry J., Box 83, Ruffsedale.

**FIRST TRIPLE TROPHY winner was Bob Metarko, shown with his fine black bear taken in Tioga County.**

*PGC Photo by Ralph Cady*





Lemmo, Sam, 1130 W. 28th Street, Erie.

Lundy, Donald, Jr., No. 2, Muncy.

Manning, Richard, Lewis Run.

Martell, Floyd C., Lecontes Mills.

Mattern, Delbert M., R. D. 1, Meadow Road, Seneca.

Merrey, Dennis, 716 Park Avenue, Clearfield.

Metarko, Robert, 123 Main Street, Blossburg.

Miller, Gaylord E., R. D., Ulysses.

Miller, Thadd A., Box 101, Ralston.

Moyer, Ivan, 907 Front Street, Ridgeway.

Nero, George A., 119 Maurus Street, St. Marys.

Pentz, Earl H., R. D. 1, Montoursville.

Rhinehart, Paul A., R. D. 2, Loganton.

Rohrbaugh, Harvey A., R. D. 1, Glenville.

Ross, Donald L., Jr., 1242 Allegheny Street, Jersey Shore.

Sachetti, Edward, Central Avenue, Avis.

Salansky, Paul, R. D. 5, Box 215A, Shavertown.

Scandrol, A. G., 49 Lincoln Street, Pittsburgh.

Schwenke, Ronald W., R. D. 1, Evans City.

Seaman, Paul S., R. D. 2, Montoursville.

Shellenberger, Herman, 500 Rear Mill Street, Catawissa.

Shields, Richard, 331 Pine Street, St. Marys.

Smith, Warren C., R. D. 5, Box 325, Sinking Spring.

Sredy, Ralph, R. D. 1, Somerset.

Steinhauser, Carl L., Custer City.

Stiffler, Warren H., R. D., East Freedom.

Stiver, Adam L., R. D. 2, Box 431, Mill Hall.

Suchta, Steve A., 201 William Street, Lilly.

Swartz, Robert L., 1216 Worth Street, Reynoldsville.

Thomas, John M., R. D. 2, New Albany.

Van Fossan, Harold, 415 Ohio Avenue, Midland.

Waldeisen, Robert B., Hillsgrove.

Wojcik, Francis E., 138 Taber Street, Blossburg.

Woland, James F., 1327 Kittatinny Street, Harrisburg.

Yunker, David G., R. D. 1, Bethel.

**PROBABLY THE YOUNGEST Triple Trophy winner is Dennis Merrey, 17, of Clearfield, whose bear tag is being checked by District Game Protector Donald Benner.**

*Photo by Edward E. Morgan*



# *"It's Only My Opinion, You Guys, But . . ."*

By Susan M. Pajak

**B**EFORE you approach a fellow hunter in the woods this year, whack him on the back and ask, "How's it goin', Buddy?" you had better take a closer look first. That expected him might be an unexpected her!

Although at this time there are no records as to the actual number of licensed female hunters in the state, it seems safe to assume that more women than ever are nowadays tramping the fields and forests with their husbands or boyfriends. It's an accepted happening.

But at one time—let's say in the "old days"—the mere mention of the wife going hunting with her spouse would bring frowns, scowls and mumblings from him about needing her brains rearranged. Ladies that had no outdoor interest whatsoever would utter cries of sheer nonsense and look at her as if she were some show-off!

The picture is changing. Oh, yes, indeed! Today, a lot of girls not only know how to launder, iron, sew and cook, but they also know how to clean, load, carry and use a gun. They learned and they are quite proud of it. To a woman who hunts, it is a natural duty to count her shells as carefully as she would her pennies.

## **Motivation?**

What makes the little woman take to the woods? Many of the fair sex that do enjoy a bit of bunny-bustin' or watching for deer say they go once in awhile to get away from the household chores. Others confess that they are just curious, and still others declare they do not like being left home alone.

One petite housewife, standing five feet three inches tall and barely weighing 105 pounds, cheerily told

me, "Strange as it may sound, I like to hunt. Not that I ever got my limit of game per season, but because I simply love to be outdoors.

"Every woman should try hunting at least once," she continued, "just to see what it's like. If she doesn't like it, she can go back to her kitchen."

Even if some males do grumble a bit about women intruding on their so-called "private property," they have only to remember that it was probably they themselves that taught their helpmates about guns and things in the first place . . . so there!

Learning the how-to's and the what-for's of hunting are slightly different for a girl than for a rugged male. In both parties the brain power is there, to be sure, but the brawn power just

**TODAY, A LOT of girls not only know how to launder and cook, but they also know how to use a gun.**











**MALES HAVE ONLY** to remember—they were the ones who taught their helpmates about guns . . . so there!

isn't. (I have yet to see an "Amazon Annie" trudging the trails.)

At times the equipment can be terribly heavy and the necessary hunting clothes can and do become cumbersome after perhaps hours of trailing or tracking. And let's face it: A dead deer is a load for a guy to get out of the woods, let alone for a girl . . . with or without devices. That's where some muscle power would come in handy—and really fellows, it hasn't been said that we can do without you!

Women do have stamina though; they also have never-ending patience, and most employ the courtesy of keeping quiet on a hunt. These attributes make the lady in your life worth having along, don't you think? But give her this much credit: She earned that spot by your side by diligently learning what she can about, what is to her, another world. To be a hunter is not some instinct that *she* was born with!

To the little woman it is a period of time in her life when she must learn and do things concerning hunt-

ing that she had possibly never done before, such as the cleaning of a rabbit during the small game season. Every hunter, male or female, knows this rule: *You shoot it, you clean it!*

It is also an endless parade of first time events for her, such as witnessing a real live deer play hopscotch over logs in his haste to leave her presence.

No longer is the backyard the limit of today's energetic woman's outdoor adventure. She is revealing just how wonderful it is to go hunting and why most members of the opposite sex come down in the fall of the year with an assortment of fevers such as "bunny," "buck" and plain ole "mountain" fever. Funny how both sexes of the human race can get it.

So, c'mon girls, get away from the kitchen sink and get that man of yours to take you hunting with him this year. You can swing it! Just whisper the idea in his ear some evening after he loads up on one of your sumptuous dinners and watch his reaction.

There's no doubt about it, he'll probably jump for joy!

**EVERY HUNTER**, male or female, knows this rule: *You shoot it, you clean it! No exceptions.*







**YOUR CAMP CROWD** may laugh at your first baking efforts, but they'll soon be shouting, "Pass the biscuits, Pappy!"

*For Stick-to-the-Ribs Fare . . .*

## Go Sourdough!

**By Ed Van Dyne**

*Photos by the Author*

**F**OR SOMETHING different in hunting camp fare, try baking with sourdough; the boys may be glad you did.

To the old-time prospector, woodsman, mountaineer and cowpoke, sourdough pancakes, biscuits, bread and cornbread were practically life itself. Loss of his sourdough starter could be as serious for a lonely shepherd as the raid of a wolf pack. The word sourdough has become a part of the language, to describe the colorful, grizzled old Forty-Niners who, with their burros, can still be seen in parts of the West—like Disneyland, that is.

Good sourdough bread should have a little heft to it and should actually

assay a little sour. Sourdough cornbread has much more character than the store-mix product. Pancakes, at least those made from the recipe I got from, of all places, *Gourmet Magazine*, are so light they seem to leave the griddle and hover over it.

My personal introduction to sourdough cooking came during a Wilderness Society pack trip in the Pecos Wilderness Area in the high country of New Mexico. Wes Adams, the packer, of Cowles, N. M., a lean, square-jawed, level-eyed outdoor hombre, baked a batch of sourdough biscuits in the Dutch oven, over coals. They hit the bull's-eye.

After that, Wes had to bake biscuits



**SOURDOUGH BISCUITS** make top eating, keep you going on a long cold trail. And they're not hard to make.

just about every evening, and they went just as big every time, which was good because it was cold, wet and often blowing snow up there and the dudes needed cheering up.

Your camp crowd may laugh the first time you step up to the flour bin, but if your sourdough products turn out as well as his did—and mine sometimes do—the cry, “Pass the biscuits, Pappy,” will ring out as at a bayou political rally, and a loaf of bread will vanish as would a young grouse at a fox’s banquet.

In short, your sourdough bread can be as good as anything Grandma used to bake.

But one word of warning: sourdough cooking is mostly done by ear. There are countless things to go wrong. Variables include the thickness, sourness and state of fermentation of your starter, humidity, barometric pressure, maybe even altitude. Don’t try it in public until you have perfected it in private!

Sourdough starter may be bought mail order, but it’s easy to make, like this:

#### **Sourdough Starter**

Boil a peeled potato, drain and reserve water. Mash the potato. In two cups of potato water, dissolve one cake (or package) of yeast. Stir in the mashed potato; add a tablespoon of sugar; let stand in a warm place

(80-85 degrees F. is ideal) for a couple of days, stirring occasionally. Store in the refrigerator or other cool place (it may be frozen for extended storage) until needed.

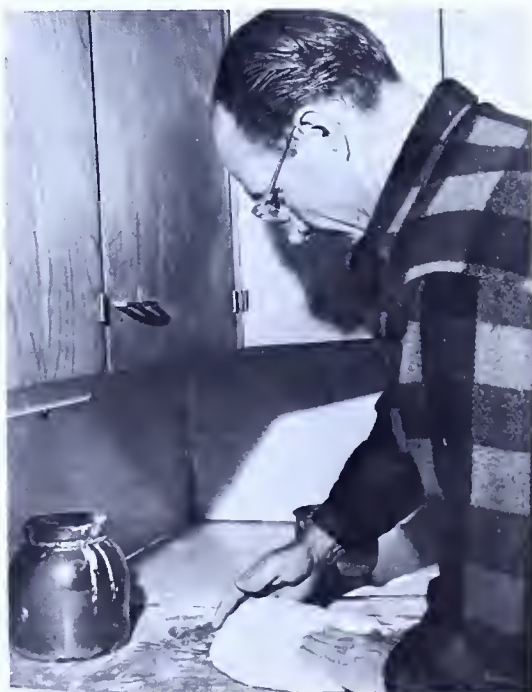
Since sourdough will work on metals, your container should be of glass or crockery. Do not fill full as the starter expands while working. By all means never cap tightly or you’ll have a small bomb to contend with when pressure builds up.

It is permissible to wash the outside of your starter pot occasionally, but never discourage the yeasts by cleaning the interior; let it ripen and mature.

Now, a pot of starter at hand, you are ready for the range. The evening before use, remove the starter from storage to the warm place and stir in flour and water in equal parts in the amount you plan to use. By morning you should have a smooth batter, covered over with small bubbles and giving off a fine yeasty smell.

Failures in sourdough baking are

**SOURDOUGH COOKING** is done mostly by ear. Trust your instinct—but do some practicing in private!





often due to low ferment or lack of sourness in the starter. Strong fermentation is especially important in bread making, for here the dough must double in bulk after kneading, and that takes push.

Trial and error seems the only way to hit the right medium. I often pour off the required amount of starter and let it stand an extra 10-12 hours. Yeast may be added in a pinch.

I test sourness by taste; if the mix is so tart it shocks the jaw hinge, just below the right, or stuffed-up, ear, it's ready.

Anyway, after you pour off the starter called for, return the crock to storage.

Many outdoor cookbooks have sourdough recipes, but I like those I found in Louise Shattuck's article, "Sourdough and Sourdoughs," in the February, 1965, issue of *Gourmet*, best. They call for a minimum of ingredients and hew, I think, closely to the traditional lines. Here are four good ones:

### **Sourdough Bread**

Put 2 cups of active starter in a bowl. Mix in 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and 2-3 cups sifted flour (the amount of flour will vary with the thickness of your starter; work flour in until you have a light but unsticky dough). Turn dough out on a floured board and knead long and well.

Clean mixing bowl, warm it with hot water, dry and coat with a little cooking oil. Flip ball of dough in bowl to coat it with oil; cover loosely and let stand at the 80-85 degree temperature until it doubles in bulk (about an hour if your starter is right).

Turn out again and knead 2-3 minutes, return to bowl, recoat with oil, let stand again until double in bulk. Turn out, form loaf, place in loaf tin, coat with butter or Crisco and let stand in warm spot until it rises to near loaf size. Pop into moderately hot oven (about 375 degrees) and bake until top is golden brown (about ½ hour).



**PANCAKES, TOO, can be produced from sourdough — and they're so light you gotta stick 'em to the plate with molasses.**

### Pancakes

Beat 2 egg yolks with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt and stir in 2 cups starter. In separate bowl, beat 2 egg whites until stiff and beat in 2 tablespoons sugar; fold together. Just before baking, dissolve 1 teaspoon baking soda in 2 teaspoons water and stir carefully into batter. Cook on hot griddle.

These hot cakes should be so light they can't be turned unless kept small. A tablespoon of batter is about right for one cake. A hungry man will eat these by the dozen.

### Biscuits

Sift 1 cup flour with 2 teaspoons each baking soda and cream of tartar and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Cut in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup shortening. Stir in 1 cup starter to make soft, workable dough. Knead briefly. Flatten to  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thickness and cut into rounds. Place on greased sheet and bake in hot oven (425 degrees) until golden brown (10 minutes or less).

### Cornbread

In a bowl mix 1 cup cornmeal, 1 tablespoon sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Scald 1 cup milk and in it dissolve  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter and pour over dry mixture. Let cool to lukewarm, then stir in 1 cup starter, 1 beaten egg and 1 teaspoon each baking soda and cream of tartar. Pour batter in greased 8-inch

pan and bake in hot oven (425 degrees) until light brown and shrinking slightly from sides of pan (to 30 minutes).

Sourdough products really "stick to the ribs." A breakfast which includes sourdough bread or biscuits will help you stand the longest and coldest deer watch on a December morning.

One final warning: as stated before, sourdough cooking can misfire in all



THIS IS WHAT it's all about.

sorts of peculiar ways, some obvious, most mysterious. If sourdough baking seems a little complicated at first, there's a reason for it: it is.

Don't try it on the camp gang right away; maybe not even the first season. Try it on the wife and kids—a captive group is safer!

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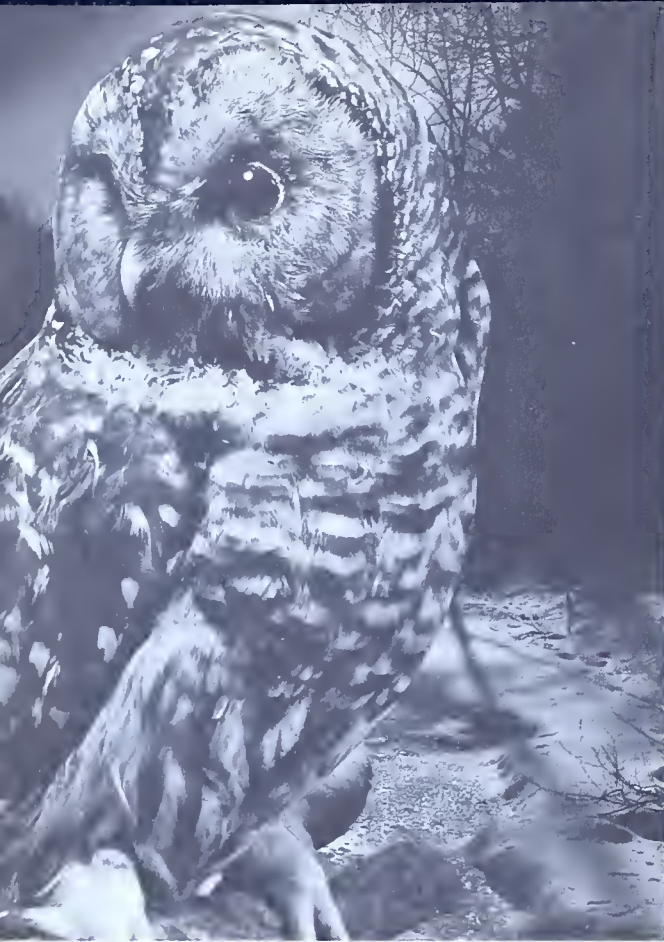
## Two New Hunting Books

Two new digest-size outdoor books in the Field & Stream Guide series are now on the newsstands. Field & Stream managing editor Clare Conley, in his book *Upland Game Birds*, covers hunting techniques, where to find the various birds, plus sound advice on guns and ammunition.

*Deer Hunting* by gun editor Warren Page offers information on deer guns, cartridges and scopes. How and where to hunt, tips on the whitetail, blacktail, and mule deer are covered, in addition to dressing and field care of venison.

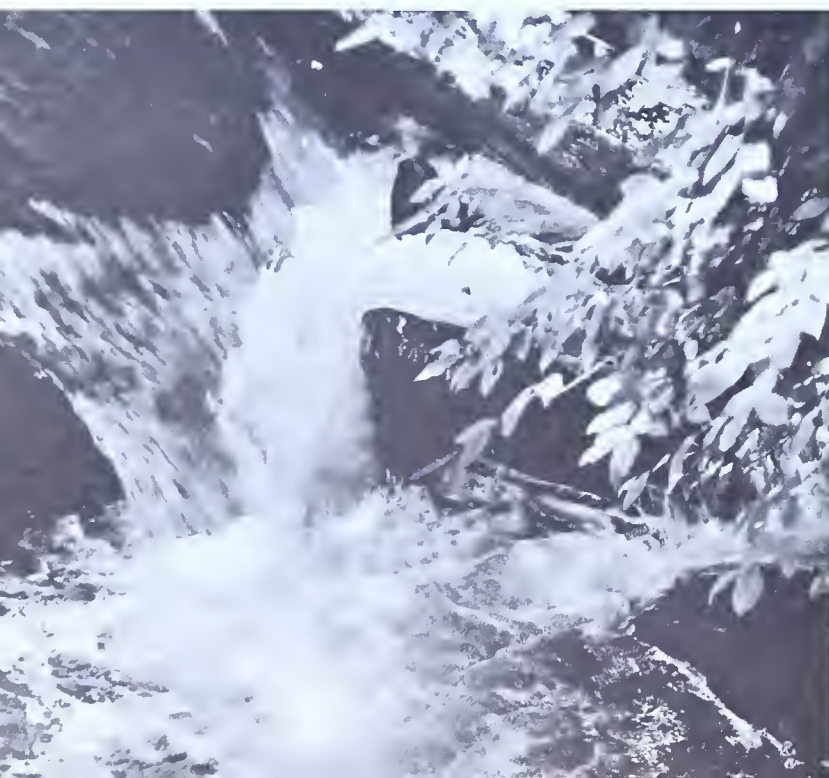
The books are published by Holt, Rinehart, & Winston Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York City, and sell for \$1.25 each.



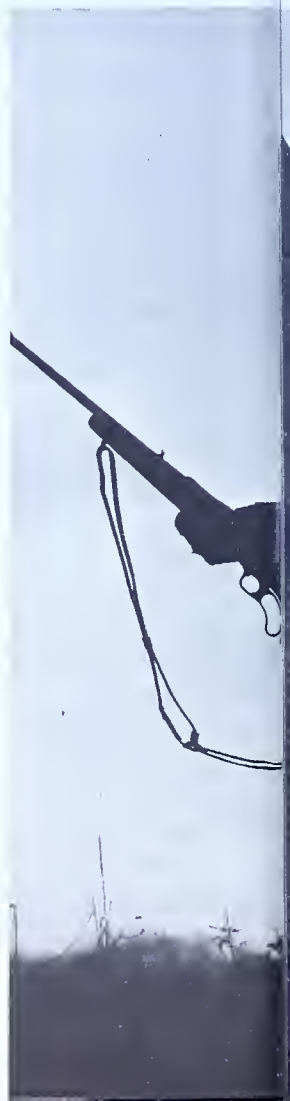


**TRY TO HEAR** an owl hoot at dusk.

**ENJOY** the musical roar of a waterfall.



**LISTEN TO THE** redwings  
the shore of a lake or r





A bird flits above the reeds on



HEAR the rhythm of a woodpecker hammering on a tree trunk.

## Listen . . .

**H**OW LONG is it since you've paused during a hunt to listen to the sounds that fill the outdoors? Only at sea on a dead-calm day does an utterly silent world greet the ears. Then the world is a vacuum without stimulation, but such a moment is the exception. Nature has not overlooked our need for audio stimulation. She has contrived an infinite variety of melodies to delight all who take time to listen—the roar of a waterfall, the honk of passing geese, rain on a tent top. . . . Why miss these choruses which nature plays for you? Stop a moment . . . and listen.

**By Don Shiner**

*Photos by the Author*

**PAUSE** on your way home at twilight to listen to the cadence of peepers, frogs and toads.







# FIELD NOTES



## Just Stubborn, That's All

**CLEARFIELD COUNTY** — While at a sportsmen's meeting in late March, George "Skip" Sanky, of Osceola Mills, told me he had just seen a six-point buck and two eight-pointers near Wallacetown. I have had various reports from throughout my district of bucks that have been reluctant to shed their antlers. Not only were they smart enough to escape the hunters during the season, now they seem to be rubbing it in!—District Game Protector J. R. Furlong, Ramey.

## Fine Work

**ALLEGHENY COUNTY** — Ed Black, of the Carrick Sportsmen's Club, recently conducted a Hunter Safety Course and certified over 100 boys as Safe Hunters. On March 25, Milt Redenbaugh, of the Coraopolis Sportsmen's Club, also certified over 100 Scouts, both boys and girls, as Safe Hunters. These two clubs are doing a very good job in our Hunter Safety training program. — District Game Protector J. W. Way, Coraopolis.

## Here's How

**LUZERNE COUNTY** — Generally, picking up a highway killed deer is a messy, time-consuming service, especially at night. Quite often, due to poor directions, I am unable to find the deer, but recently a man called about a dead deer and gave such precise directions that a person totally unfamiliar with the area could have found it. This Bear Creek hunter gave my chief deputy, secretary and wife (all one and the same) the following directions: Travel south on Route 115 until you cross the bridge at Bear Creek Village. Turn left on the first road, pass between two stone pillars and four-tenths of a mile from the stone pillars, stop car. Twenty feet from the right side of the road, you will find the deer under a sheet of white plastic. Now, finding a deer in the brush is almost impossible, and I had my doubts about this one, but I followed his directions to the letter and sure enough there it was. If I hadn't seen it, I would have fallen over it. I tip my hat to this gentleman for the concern, time and patience (he must have been generally blessed with this virtue, as I think you husbands will understand!) spent in giving these precise directions.—District Game Protector C. E. Burkholder, Wilkes-Barre.

## Deer in Good Shape

**ELK COUNTY**—The deer are beginning to move out into the fields to feed now that the snow is going and the grass is getting green. They seem to be in excellent condition, thanks to another mild winter.—District Game Protector H. D. Harshbarger, Kersey.

## Problems . . . Problems

**WAYNE COUNTY**—The day following a heavy snowfall, I was snowshoeing into a beaver dam about one-half mile from the road. The snow was still soft and unmarked, and the woods was quiet. On three occasions before I reached the dam, grouse exploded from underneath the snow almost immediately underfoot. While this always presents a thrill, it's hard on the coronary system! — District Game Protector F. G. Weigelt, Galilee.

## Turnabout

**CENTRE COUNTY**—I have seen many automobiles stop to look at a road killed or injured deer, but here's a switch. Recently, along Route 45, a big semi-trailer was bogged down in the mire of the berm. Ferguson Township Chief of Police Ellenberger had stopped two other "semi's" going in the opposite direction, and the flashing red light of the patrol car and the head and tail lights of the trucks made the area look like the Northern Lights. In the adjoining field, a dozen deer were very much interested in the night's confusion. They stood statue-like, watching with great curiosity. It almost seemed they were extending the same sympathy toward the vehicles as many of us feel when we encounter one of their species lying along the road.—District Game Protector J. L. Wiker, Pennsylvania Furnace.

## Learn and Live

**YORK COUNTY**—Many of the same hunters that complained last season of not seeing enough pheasants have been asking me, "Where are all the pheasants coming from that we're seeing along the roads now?" They were there last season, fellows, but they learn how to hide when they're being hunted. Wouldn't you?—District Game Protector R. L. Yeakel, Red Lion.

## Attic Antics

**SULLIVAN COUNTY**—I received a phone call from a woman complaining about a colony of flying squirrels in the attic of her home. The lady stated that at first only a few squirrels were present and her family enjoyed watching their antics. But now the squirrels had started to fight during the night and it kept everyone awake. I provided a trap and told her to take the squirrels, when trapped, to a wooded area a mile or so from the house and release them. Two weeks later I received another call from the lady, asking if I thought the squirrels could find their way back to the house. She said she had followed my instructions, but there was no decrease in the squirrels in her attic. I told her to continue trapping, she would run out of squirrels eventually. The following week my trap was returned with thanks. After 21 days and 23 squirrels, peace was restored once again to this lady's household.—District Game Protector D. J. Adams, Eagles Mere.



## To Each His Own

**CRAWFORD COUNTY**—In most places the people say, "Spring is here, I saw a robin today." In Crawford County they say, "Spring must be here, I see the ducks are coming back."—District Game Protector J. R. Miller, Meadville.



## Where the Grass Is Greener

**MERCER COUNTY** — During the past beaver season, Paul Shipton, of Fredonia, trapped a 38-pound beaver along the Shenango River. This flat-tail was wearing ear tag O D W 160. I checked with Ohio Division Wildlife and found that their officers had trapped and tagged this animal on a tributary of Pymatuning Creek, Ash-tabula County, in July, 1965. At that time he weighed 17 pounds. By checking Ohio and Pennsylvania maps it is apparent that if this traveling beaver went by waterway he moved approximately 38 miles. If he went overland the distance would be about 22 miles. Wonder what he was looking for?—District Game Protector R. J. Wolz, Greenville.

## How Much?

**SCHUYLKILL COUNTY** — While paying me a visit, Bill Yost, of Tamaqua, told me that last fall, as he unloaded his deer killed at the Algering Hunting Camp, Cedar Run, Lycoming County, two neighborhood youngsters asked where he got it. He told them up at the hunting camp. The one boy nudged the other and pointed to the tag on the deer. "He didn't shoot it," the kid whispered. "He bought it. There's a price tag on its ear." — Deputy Game Protector W. J. Schlosser, Tamaqua.



## Unusual Tragedy

**ERIE COUNTY** — Peter Simons, R. D., Waterford, reported finding the carcass of a buck deer hanging five feet above the ground in the crotch of a tree, near LeBoeuf Creek. Evidently the deer swam into the crotch during a period of high water and was unable to extricate itself. The water dropped, leaving the animal hanging in the tree where it died after a long struggle. — District Game Protector E. D. Simpson, Union City.

## Aw, Shucks

**CLARION COUNTY**—One evening while doing some reports I received a call from a local sportsman. He wanted to know the tentative opening dates for the general small game and the antlered deer seasons. After supplying him with the information the discussion turned to the **GAME NEWS**. This individual voiced a complaint which I have heard many times. He said, "You know, there's only one thing wrong with that magazine—it's too darn small."—District Game Protector D. W. Brown, Knox.

## Interested in Outdoors

**WASHINGTON COUNTY** — While on duty at the Western Pennsylvania Sportsmen's Show at the Civic Arena in Pittsburgh, I noted that high interest was shown in the Game Commission's exhibit. Many intelligent questions were asked by the viewers, all of whom were interested in hunting, fishing, camping or conservation in general. Our great horned owl was a big attraction, as it usually sat perfectly still on his perch until just about the time the watching people had decided it was a mounted bird, and then he would either move his head or twitch his eye. One husband and wife came back to the cage four different times before they saw Mr. Owl move. —District Game Protector D. C. Madl, McDonald.



### First, Catch a Tiger

**FOREST COUNTY**—I just read in one of the new farm magazines that a foolproof repellent to keep deer away from crops is lion, tiger, or leopard manure. We could sure use a lot of it.—District Game Protector D. W. Gross, Marienville.

### Real Cooperation

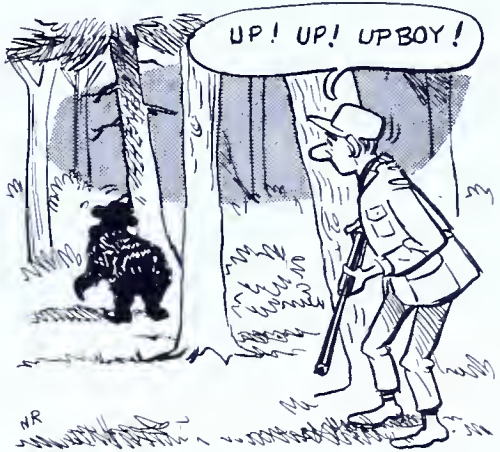
**ADAMS COUNTY**—From January through July we are asked to help the Research Division by checking road-killed female deer to see if they are pregnant and the number and size of the embryos to determine the date they were bred. This in turn helps to predict the size of the deer herd for the following season. I guess I am one of the few Game Protectors who doesn't have to do all of this, because my wife is very interested in it. I just pick up the deer and she does the rest.—District Game Protector D. C. Beach, Gettysburg.

### Snoozin' Bruins

**TIOGA COUNTY**—Three different bears have been observed in hibernation in my district. One was found by a local fox hunter when he was running his dog, and two others have been found asleep. One bear had twins and the other had a single cub.—District Game Protector F. A. Bernstein, Knoxville.

### Round 'n' Round

**MIFFLIN COUNTY** — A truck driver told me that as he was driving away from the plant one day a gray squirrel ran across the road and under his truck. He heard no bump, nor did he see the squirrel continue on his way. This bothered him as he expected the wheels to hit the squirrel. He drove on for about three miles, but at a red light he got out of his truck just to look for a possible hitchhiker. Sure enough, wedged between the dual wheels he found a dizzy, disheveled squirrel. After a little wiggling and prying the little animal got free, shook himself and staggered across the road toward the tall timber along the ridge, undoubtedly resolving to never try that again!—District Game Protector J. D. Moyle, McVeytown.



### Shades of Davy Crockett

**LACKAWANNA COUNTY**—While talking with a sportsman recently, the conversation turned to bear hunting. He told me of a large bear that frequented the swamp behind his home. "I hunted that bear every day of the season, and saw him every day," he said, "but no matter how I tried, he just wouldn't go up a tree so I could shoot him." I thought of suggesting that when he does get that bear up a tree, he might try grinning him to death.—District Game Protector T. C. Wylie, Moscow.



## Expensive Experience

**BRADFORD COUNTY**—A beaver trapper in my district chopped down, cut up and then used as bait for one of his beaver sets a poison sumac plant. Before the trapper returned home that day, he was feeling the toxic effects of the sumac. As a result of the severe case of sumac poisoning that followed, this unfortunate fellow's beaver trapping experience cost him about \$200 in doctor's bills and loss of work. Other members of his family also contacted the poison. This was an expensive lesson in tree and shrub identification for one Pennsylvania trapper.—District Game Protector R. W. Donahoe, Troy.



## Now Show Me a Cadillac!

**NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY**—The Reverend C. A. L. Bickell of Sunbury told me of seeing some deer in a field while traveling one of our highways. He was driving about 50 miles an hour and started to slow down when he saw one of the deer start for the highway. A Volkswagen came up behind him rather fast and passed, just as the deer hit the highway. The deer made one leap and cleared the VW! Reverend Bickell said it was the nicest hurdle he had seen in some time.—District Game Protector C. E. Laubach, Elysburg.

## That's the Question

**PHILADELPHIA COUNTY**—Deputy Paul Ludtke, of Philadelphia, reports to me that even wildlife is starting to protest in the cities. It seems as though blackbirds are flying down chimneys into the vent pipes of the hot water heaters and getting roasted to death. They obviously are protesting against something. Now if we only knew *what!*—District Game Protector R. G. Clouser, Lansdale.

## Predator Control

**SOMERSET COUNTY**—The Somerset County Sportsmen's League announced the results of their annual predator control contest. During 1966, participating clubs killed 1003 crows, 7 great horned owls, 31 unprotected hawks, 66 foxes, 18 weasels, 321 opossums, 86 skunks, 358 raccoons, 181 black snakes, 183 water snakes, 48 rattlesnakes and 3 copperheads.—District Game Protector E. W. Cox, Somerset.

## How's That Again?

**LUZERNE COUNTY**—Last hunting season Deputies Avilla and Knelly checked an antlerless deer hunter who anxiously told them why he was hunting where he was. "I'm trying to get one of those Palomino deer," he said. "I know they're here because my buddy saw them and one is about half white and the other just has white spots on it."—District Game Protector R. W. Nolf, Conyngham.

## ... Can't Be Choosers

**SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY**—A trapper does not always catch only the animal for which he is trapping. During the past beaver season, I know of the following animals being trapped by mistake and released: mink, muskrat, raccoon, opossum, dog, otter and snapping turtle.—District Game Protector D. G. Day, Hallstead.



# CONSERVATION NEWS



## Retired Game Commission Director Dies

**M**ERTON J. GOLDEN, 65, Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission from 1958 until 1965, died April 14 at Holy Spirit Hospital, Camp Hill, after a lengthy illness.

Golden was born July 18, 1901, in Jessup, Lackawanna County, and was schooled in Winton High School and Scranton Correspondence School. He worked for the Glen Alden Coal Company and the Conneley-Carey Lumber Company before starting his 36-year career with the Game Commission.

He began his Game Commission service as a Deputy Game Protector in Lackawanna County in 1929, and worked his way up the ranks of the Game Commission as District Game Protector in Berks County and then Southeast Field Division Supervisor in 1940. He moved to the Harrisburg headquarters of the Game Commission in 1949 as Supervisor of the Farm-Game Section of the Land Utilization Division.

In 1955 he was named Deputy Executive Director and held that position until January 3, 1958, when he became Executive Director of the Game Commission following the death of former Executive Director Dr. Logan J. Bennett.

Golden retired as Executive Director due to poor health on August 6, 1965.

During Golden's tenure as Director, the Pennsylvania Game Commission made considerable progress in the field of wildlife management. Among the outstanding accomplishments were the development of the Pymatuning



**M. J. GOLDEN**

Waterfowl Area in Crawford County, the acquisition of the millionth acre of State Game Lands and the approval for purchase of some 12,000 acres for wildlife and hunting under Project 70.

He had served on the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association, the Executive Committee of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, and was a high-ranking handgun marksman in national and international shooting matches. Survivors include three daughters, two sons, two sisters, two brothers, seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.



## ***Saylor Named Protective Association Medalist***



**REP. JOHN P. SAYLOR**

United States Representative John P. Saylor, Johnstown, recently was honored by the Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association for his vigorous, able and distinguished leadership in the preservation of the natural and wildlife resources of our nation. The 1967 Gold Medal Award was presented by President George W. Schneck at the annual banquet

commemorating the 85th anniversary of the Association.

Congressman Saylor was sponsor of legislation establishing the Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area, the Allegheny Portage Railroad Historic Site and the Johnstown Flood Memorial. He is author of legislation creating a National Wilderness Preservation System and co-author of the Land and Water Conservation Fund Act. In addition, he actively supported passage of the Water Quality Act of 1965 and the Clean Rivers Restoration Act of 1966.

In legislation presently before the House, Congressman Saylor has introduced his "Scenic Rivers" bill which would establish a national scenic rivers system, initially comprised of segments of seven large rivers in the United States. He is also author of a bill to preserve the beauty of Grand Canyon National Park and is co-author of House-introduced legislation to establish a 90,000-acre Redwood National Park in California. In addition, he has actively opposed unreasonable Federal firearms controls both in the Senate and the House.

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## **Pennsylvania Receives \$868,658 Pittman-Robertson Funds**

Pennsylvania's share of Pittman-Robertson Wildlife Restoration and Research Funds for the 1966-67 fiscal year totals \$868,658, a new record, according to the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

The state's final allotment of the Federal funds was \$327,387. This is added to Pennsylvania's initial allotment of \$541,271, received last summer. The Federal funds are used for the Game Commission's extensive wildlife development and research programs.

The 1966-67 share is considerably higher than the previous year's allotment of \$659,727, and well above the

former high of \$708,181 for the 1963-64 fiscal year.

Nationwide, the distribution totaled \$23,533,000, up from the \$19,236,000 provided in 1965-66. Each state's allocation is based on the number of paid license holders and land area.

Federal aid programs for wildlife restoration are administered by the U. S. Department of Interior, Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. Funds come from excise taxes levied on sporting arms and ammunition.

Under the program, states spend their own funds on approved projects and are then reimbursed up to 75 percent of the cost.

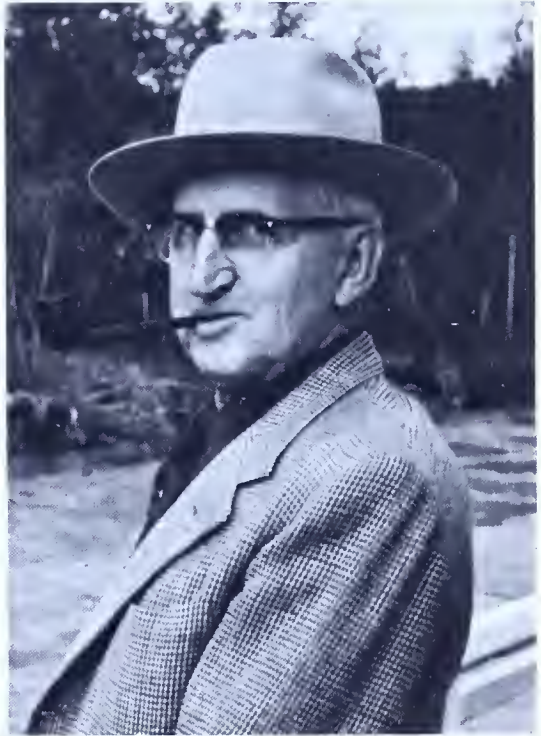
## ***Seth Gordon Wins Leopold Memorial Award***

Seth Gordon, of Sacramento, Calif., a powerful figure in continental wildlife and conservation affairs for more than 50 years, has received the coveted Aldo Leopold Memorial Award, the highest honor bestowed by the Wildlife Society, an organization of professional workers.

The award was conferred at the annual banquet of the 32nd North American Wildlife and Natural Resources Conference.

The award is presented to an individual selected for "outstanding service and distinguished contributions in the field of wildlife research and in furthering the cause of sound conservation."

Dr. Gordon, director of the California Fish and Game Department under Governors Warren and Knight, began his career as a Game Protector in Pennsylvania in 1913, becoming Director of the state agency six years later. He resigned in 1926 to become conservation director of the Izaak Walton League of America. In 1935 he assumed the presidency of the American Wildlife Institute, returning the following year to his native state to become executive director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.



**SETH GORDON**

In 1948, Gordon became a consultant to the California Wildlife Conservation Board and was appointed director of the new California Fish and Game Department three years later.

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## ***Forester of the Year***

U. S. Forest Ranger Laurence E. Stotz has been named Forester of the Year by the Allegheny Section of the Society of American Foresters. Stotz, of Warren, is District Ranger for the Allegheny National Forest. He is an outdoor writer, archeologist, anthropologist and community leader, and was chosen for the award from among 1500 Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Delaware and New Jersey members.

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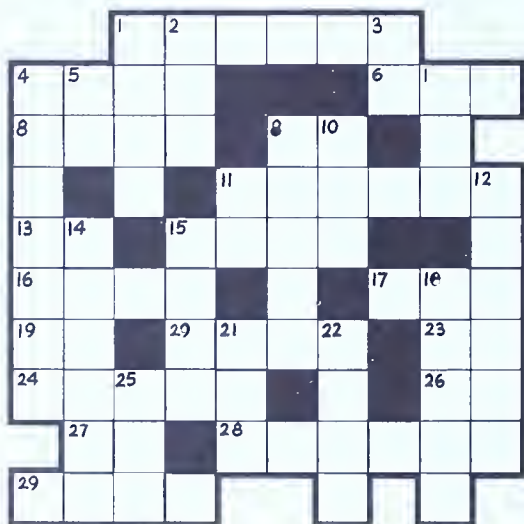
## ***Decline in Black Ducks***

Pennsylvania sportsmen will probably find their game bags contain fewer black ducks in the future, reports Ontario's Department of Lands and Forests. Biologists indicate a population reduction of 50 percent since the early 1950s. The suspected cause is pollution of the duck's food by agricultural chemicals in their wintering grounds. The immediate effect of such pollution is a reduction of young birds because of failure in either incubation or brooding.



# HUNTER'S CROSSWORD

BY JOHN F. CLARK



## Across

- 1—State game bird
- 4—"Ready, aim, \_\_\_\_\_!"
- 6—National Rifle Assoc.
- 8—Bullet metal
- 9—Shot size
- 11—Male ducks
- 13—Weight (abbr.)
- 15—Wild pig
- 16—"\_\_\_\_\_ load or -matic"
- 17—Wild \_\_\_\_\_
- 19—12 months (abbr.)
- 20—Musk \_\_\_\_\_ (pl.)
- 23—That thing
- 24—Shooting at clay pigeons
- 26—Myself
- 27—Hesitation sound
- 28—Type of rifle action
- 29—Canadian wildcat

## Down

- 1—\_\_\_\_\_ fox or squirrel
- 2—\_\_\_\_\_ fox or squirrel
- 3—Enfield
- 4—Routes of migratory game birds
- 5—Id est
- 7—Kind of European deer
- 9—Small goose
- 10—Browning Automatic Rifle (abbr.)
- 11—Accomplish
- 12—Irish \_\_\_\_\_
- 14—Wily game bird
- 15—Size of gun barrel
- 18—Pointed a weapon
- 21—Atom (abbr.)
- 22—Bullet
- 25—Sea eagle

Answer on page 64

## Changing Your Address? Don't Forget GAME NEWS

Send us your name, new address including your Zip Code, and your old address. Mail to GAME NEWS, Pennsylvania Game Commission, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120.

## Letters . . .

Editor:

The English fowling-piece was in great demand on the plantations of the Colonial gentry of Pennsylvania two centuries ago. Its early name was the "birding-piece."

The fowling-piece was the popular firearm of the nobility and gentry in England and Ireland from 1660 onwards, and its mechanical development was on a par with the service military musket in the art of gunsmithing. Richard and William Wilson, London gunsmiths of the 1760s, made fowling-pieces at a reasonable cost. These pieces were usually about 52" long, with blued, Spanish twist, iron barrels and polished walnut stocks.

The barrels were London proofed, and had a hook breech, bolt and bolt lock with an improved flash-pan. Oak leaves and acorns often were engraved on the lock plates and the crest of the fowler. These shotguns cost five guineas if plain, ten guineas if silver mounted.

In 1767 one Christopher Ludwick, who appears to have held office in the stores of the Colonial army at Philadelphia, imported through the agency of Captain John Montgomery fifty fowling-pieces from Wilson of London, for use "on the plantations of the Gentry of this Colony." He also imported from England barrels of gunpowder "made of the best Alder charcoal" at 140 shillings a barrel, purchased from the Messrs. Walton. With this consignment there was also imported goose shot, drop shot, and bar lead shot. Goose shot was cast 250 slugs to the pound of lead, while drop shot was that dropped and air cooled inside a lofty shot tower. As a result, the gentry and wealthy farmers of Pennsylvania went fowling two centuries ago with good shotguns from London.

Sincerely yours,  
C. J. Robb  
County Down, Ireland

# Archers Set New Deer Harvest Records

**A**RCHERS established new records again in Pennsylvania during the 1966-67 license year when they reported harvesting 2337 deer, according to the Game Commission. This is the third consecutive year that a new record for total harvest has been set by archers. In 1965 bowmen took 2119 whitetails, and in 1964 the reported harvest was 1600.

A total of 892 antlered deer and 1445 antlerless whitetails was taken. Included were 376 spike bucks and 516 males with three or more points. The antlerless total included 297 males and 1148 females. Overall, the harvest was approximately 50 percent male and 50 percent female.

Archers were most successful in Potter County, where they took 205 deer. Other leading counties were Lycoming, 140; Sullivan, 107; Bradford,

105; Forest and Schuylkill, 95 each.

Another new record was set when nonresident archers reported harvesting 304 whitetails. The previous record was 235, set in 1965. Resident archers accounted for 2033 whitetails.

Commenting on the figures, Game Commission Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers said, "Data such as this help to strengthen our conviction that Pennsylvania is the No. 1 hunting state. We have been recognized as a leading archery state for some time, and these figures can't help but improve our position. It's obvious that the word has spread through the hunting fraternity beyond our state's borders."

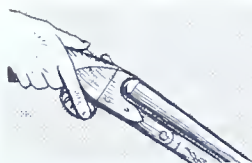
Included in the figures are all deer reported taken by archers during the regular and late archery seasons and the regular gunning season.

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**THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL** landowner-sportsmen banquet of the Delaware County Field & Stream Association was held recently to express appreciation to landowners who permit hunting or fishing. Among the 93 attending were, standing, Ray Bednarchik, Edward Fasching, Temple Reynolds, Miles D. Witt, Harold Lentz, Richard Feaster, Charles Lentz; seated, Pete Filkosky, Weldon Heyburn, James Van Valkenburg, Shorty Manning, Senator Clarence Bell and Paul Darlington.







# HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



## Coatesville Hi-Y's Trained

**I**N COOPERATION with the Pennsylvania Game Commission, the Coatesville YMCA recently presented a 10-hour Hunter Safety Course to Hi-Y members and other youths 12 to 17 years of age.

The course, conducted at Gordon Junior High School, was presented by Deputy Game Protectors James C. DiEugenio and James P. Fickosky, who are certified Hunter Safety Instructors. Arrangements were made by youth director Giff Tebbs of the YMCA, in cooperation with District Game Protector Pete J. Filkosky.

Through the use of sporting arms, films, and demonstrations, various aspects of hunting and firearm safety were presented. Afterwards, 60 students completed a written examination.

During the class sessions, it was stressed by Mr. Filkosky that firearm accidents could be reduced considerably by the following simple pre-

cautions: Treat every gun as if it were loaded; never handle a gun with which you are not familiar; never carry a loaded gun into a building, home, tent, or similar place; when handling a gun always keep the action open; store sporting arms and ammunition in separate places, preferably locked up. In considering safe hunting practices, a Game Commission film stressed that sportsmen should always be sure of their target, wear bright clothing, and always be certain of the location of other members in their hunting party.

A field day and shooting program was conducted by DGP Filkosky at the Atglen Sportsmen's Club Range.

Pa. Game Commission  
Hunter Safety Certified

To Date:

Instructors—7,601

Students—114,535

# State Hunting Accidents, 1966

	BOW & ARROW*	FATAL NO. PERCENT		NON-FATAL NO. PERCENT		TOTAL NO. PERCENT	
<b><u>TOTAL CASUALTIES</u></b>							
Self-inflicted .....	11	5	33.3%	139	29.5%	144	29.6%
Inflicted by others .....	4	10	66.7%	332	70.5%	342	70.4%
<b><u>SEASON</u></b>							
Open Season .....	15	15	100.0%	470	99.8%	485	99.8%
Close Season .....	0	0	0.0%	1	0.2%	1	0.2%
<b><u>AGES OF VICTIMS</u></b>							
Under 12 years of age .....	0	0	0.0%	9	1.9%	9	1.9%
12 to 15 years of age .....	1	1	6.7%	61	12.9%	62	12.8%
16 to 20 years of age .....	6	6	40.0%	99	21.0%	105	21.6%
21 years of age and over .....	8	8	53.3%	297	63.0%	305	62.7%
Age not reported .....	0	0	0.0%	5	1.2%	5	1.0%
<b><u>AGES OF PERSONS INFLECTING INJURY</u></b>							
12 to 15 years of age .....	0	2	20.0%	26	7.8%	28	8.2%
16 to 20 years of age .....	3	2	20.0%	59	17.8%	61	17.8%
21 years of age and over .....	1	6	60.0%	169	50.9%	175	51.2%
Age not reported .....	0	0	0.0%	78	23.5%	78	22.8%
<b><u>WILDLIFE OR ANIMAL HUNTED</u></b>							
Deer .....	14	7	46.7%	83	17.6%	90	18.5%
Bear .....	0	0	0.0%	0	0.0%	0	0.0%
Upland Small Game .....	0	4	26.6%	333	70.7%	337	69.3%
Woodchucks .....	0	3	20.0%	37	7.8%	40	8.2%
Migratory Birds .....	0	0	0.0%	6	1.2%	6	1.2%
Furbearers .....	0	0	0.0%	1	0.3%	1	0.2%
Predators .....	1	0	0.0%	10	2.1%	10	2.1%
Unprotected species .....	0	1	6.7%	1	0.3%	2	0.5%
<b><u>WEAPONS USED</u></b>							
Shotgun .....	0	4	26.6%	325	69.0%	329	67.7%
Rifle .....	0	10	66.7%	106	22.5%	116	23.9%
Pistol .....	0	0	0.0%	25	5.3%	25	5.1%
Bow and Arrow .....	15	1	6.7%	15	3.2%	16	3.3%
<b><u>CASUALTY CAUSES</u></b>							
Sporting Arms placed in dangerous position .....	1	1	6.7%	9	1.9%	10	2.1%
Accidental discharge of sporting arms in hands of hunter .....	6	3	20.0%	84	17.8%	87	17.9%
Ricochet or stray; shot, bullet or arrow .....	0	1	6.7%	115	24.4%	116	23.9%
Victim in line of fire .....	1	3	20.0%	176	37.4%	179	36.8%
Hunter slipped and/or fell .....	7	2	13.3%	39	8.3%	41	8.4%
Hunter dropped sporting arm .....	0	1	6.7%	16	3.4%	17	3.5%
Shot in mistake for game .....	0	4	26.6%	14	3.0%	18	3.7%
Firearms exploded .....	0	0	0.0%	15	3.2%	15	3.1%
Using sporting arm as club .....	0	0	0.0%	2	0.4%	2	0.4%
Unknown .....	0	0	0.0%	1	0.2%	1	0.2%
<b><u>WHERE CASUALTIES OCCURRED</u></b>							
Fields .....	2	4	26.7%	126	26.8%	130	26.7%
Brush .....	1	2	13.3%	122	25.9%	124	25.5%
Open Woodland .....	4	3	20.0%	79	16.8%	82	16.9%
Dense Woodland .....	3	2	13.3%	92	19.5%	94	19.3%
Water .....	0	0	0.0%	3	0.6%	3	0.6%
Conveyance .....	0	0	0.0%	5	1.1%	5	1.0%
Camp .....	0	1	6.7%	9	1.9%	10	2.1%
Woods road or public highway .....	5	3	20.0%	35	7.4%	38	7.9%
<b><u>WEATHER CONDITIONS</u></b>							
Daylight .....	1	3	20.0%	72	15.3%	75	15.4%
Clear .....	9	7	46.7%	272	57.7%	279	57.4%
Raining .....	4	0	0.0%	27	5.7%	27	5.6%
Snowing .....	0	0	0.0%	9	1.9%	9	1.9%
Fog .....	0	1	6.7%	4	.8%	5	1.0%
Cloudy .....	1	4	26.6%	70	14.9%	74	15.2%
Dusk .....	0	0	0.0%	11	2.3%	11	2.3%
Dark .....	0	0	0.0%	6	1.4%	6	1.2%

\*Casualties by Bow & Arrow hunters are included in the Fatal, Non-Fatal and Total columns.

## SUMMARY OF ALL CLASSES OF 1966 SHOOTING CASUALTIES

FATAL.....15 - 3.1%      NON-FATAL.....471 - 96.9%      TOTAL.....486 - 100%

1966 HUNTING CASUALTIES COMPARED WITH PREVIOUS TEN-YEAR PERIOD											
	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	Total
FATAL.....	30	14	27	17	27	23	16	18	17	30	219(A)
NON-FATAL...	446	489	453	496	525	454	341	412	492	492	4543(B)
											10 Yr. Av. 1966
											21.9
											471

(A) Of this total 25.1 were self-inflicted and 74.9 inflicted by others.

(B) Of this total 21.1 were self-inflicted and 78.9 inflicted by others.









## Everyone Loves A Good Outdoors Story

By George M. Dodson

**P**ERHAPS you have said to yourself many times, "No one can tell an outdoors story as well as Charlie. He hasn't had much more hunting and fishing experience than I have, yet he holds the fellows spellbound. It certainly is a gift."

In a way, you are right in assuming Charlie is gifted. Yet you might be surprised to learn that much of his skill has come through being a little more observant than most people. From that point on, he has polished his ability through practice. You can know one thing for sure: Charlie gets a lot of pleasure out of his story telling, and everyone else receives enjoyment from listening.

More important, you can earn the same kind of popularity by following a handful of suggestions as you develop the fine art of permitting others

to share in the fun while you spin your outdoors tales.

1. Watch for the right opportunity to tell a story. Groups of men have their moods, just as individuals do. When the current mood and the conversation shift around to form a perfect opening, everything seems to help put your remarks across effectively. Otherwise, save your story for some other day, because good timing very largely determines your degree of success.

2. Add as many details as you feel necessary to give your story a suitable background. Circumstances surrounding the incident may have had considerable bearing on the creation of its real interest. A young friend told us about a fishing experience, but when we hinted it would make a swell story he replied that it would



scarcely run more than a single paragraph. He simply overlooked the numerous details that are always present, and which not only add enough length to gain and hold attention but also build up the suspense.

3. Be sure you have plenty of time for your outdoors story. Even the finest yarn is likely to fall flat when told in a hurry. Your listeners look upon hunting and fishing as pursuits for their leisure hours, and they prefer their story telling to follow the same pattern. Keep it moving briskly insofar as action is concerned, but avoid signs of haste which seem to indicate you're eager to get it over with.

4. You may find some details have a tendency to grow hazy when you try to recall them some weeks or months later. Writing down all the facts as promptly as possible will enable you to snap the story to life again at the precise time when it will bring greatest fun and relaxation to your friends—and contribute most to your reputation as an excellent story teller! Refer to your notes as a refresher ahead of time, but of course not during the actual telling.

5. Don't exaggerate. A story doesn't

**DON'T FORGET TO listen when the other fellow has an outdoors story to tell.**

need to be sensational in order to be entertaining. Stick to the facts but be certain you do not rob the tale of its full interest by omitting anything that helps others to understand and feel the impact of your experience. We knew a man who would no doubt have rated as one of the finest outdoors story spinners for miles around, if only he had learned to stop before he stretched his listeners' imagination beyond the breaking point.

6. Once in a while your story may be truly humorous. If so, play up this angle for all it's worth. However, don't get the idea that only funny tales are appreciated. A light touch here and there is an aid in nailing down attention. But this can be done more effectively by clever imitations of the sounds and activities involved or by careful choice of colorful words and phrases, rather than by trying too hard to be uproariously funny.

7. If other sportsmen in your group have mentioned some of their own experiences to you, and particularly if they're too shy to recite the stories themselves, you may earn their gratitude by casual remarks such as, "I thought this never had happened to anyone except me, but I want to add an incident Fred recently told me." Friends soon will be passing along outdoors tidbits for you to combine with your own stories.

8. Recognize the value of knowing how to tell anecdotes well enough to command an audience any time you begin, "Now that reminds me of an unusual story." They are in the proper frame of mind because you are generally worth listening to. Be willing to practice and work toward perfection. As your ability increases, so will your personal satisfaction grow deeper and more lasting, for you will have gained the gift of bringing pleasure to others.

9. And don't forget to be an attentive listener when the other fellow has an outdoors story of his own that he wants to tell!





**A WEEK'S SUPPLY OF** concentrated foods is easily carried in a packsack.

## Featherweight Foods for Campers

**By Don Shiner**

*Photos by the Author*

**A**H CAMPING! The man who stops long enough to unstrap his pack and build a campfire along the trail finds, as nowhere else, relaxation and full measurement of the simple pleasures of life. Such experiences as pine scent in the air, mingled with wood smoke curling upward in curious patterns from his fire, and bacon sizzling in a pan, fill an insatiable need for man's well-being. Little wonder that today's highways leading to park and multi-purpose forest lands are jammed with campers intent upon spending weekends and vacations in quest of this recreation.

These fairly simple truths would not be worth restating except that we want to emphasize that part which wholesome, nourishing food plays in the modern camp. The outdoors sharpens appetites. Meet this biological need and campers are ready and able to enjoy in depth the many values found in nature.

Today's campers are an enviable lot. Whole lists of enterprises are catering to their needs. No less are the food processors who have campers centermost in mind. They are processing camp foodstuffs to reduce bulk, without impairing flavor or nutritious



quality of meals. These processors are turning out rations in such feather-weight portions that supplies for days or even weeks on the trail take up less room than a rolled sleeping bag. Dehydrated soups, cake mixes, powdered eggs, milk, potatoes and tomatoes, concentrated beverages, and canned meats are available now for preparing instant camp meals which delight even the most sensitive connoisseur.



**A GREAT VARIETY** of instant and dehydrated foods is available to campers today. They keep without refrigeration and are quickly prepared.

Dehydrated foodstuff is not exactly new. Pioneers who traversed the Western plains smoked and sun-dried foods to minimize water content. This reduced weight for the long haul and kept spoilage at a minimum. Smoking meats, including fish and fowl, and drying fruits and vegetables were family rituals, a heritage gradually lost as the country grew and prospered.

#### World War II Use

Food processors during World War II came up with concentrated field rations. Small, compact packages of food were air-dropped or otherwise transported to troops on the front lines of battle. These were no less nourishing than fresh steak and potatoes, though, admittedly, the tastes were not always the same. In the years since, much research has been spent

on perfecting new processes for achieving concentrated foods for both troops and civilians. Modern science has found ways to eliminate almost the entire water content of food, which normally constitutes up to 90 percent of its weight. Preparation of these "instant" foods in the field merely requires replacement of the original water. This saves on weight, bulk and space and the need for refrigeration. Foodstuff in sufficient amount for weeks on the trail can be packed into extremely small bags or boxes or backpacks.

#### Some Available Choices

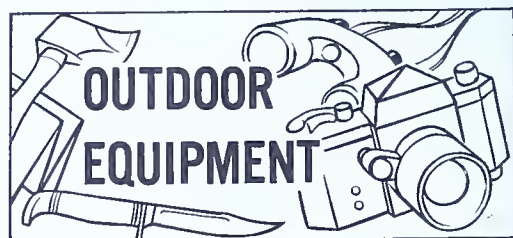
For the benefit of GAME NEWS readers, we recently queried numerous camp outfitters, food processors and food fairs, to learn the variety of concentrated foods available for campers. Later we field-tested a variety of this foodstuff and enjoyed some very delicious meals. A few of these dehydrated foods are listed here.

**Powdered Whole Milk** Pasteurized milk dehydrated without use of preservatives or adulterants. Soluble in cold or warm water, one 16-oz. (pint) jar makes two gallons of milk.

**Powdered Whole Egg** One tablespoon of powdered egg equals one whole egg. Eight ounces is equivalent to 18 fresh eggs. Can be used in omelets or mixes, the same as fresh eggs. An 8-oz. tin costs about one dollar.

**Mixed Vegetables** Fresh vegetables sliced and dehydrated for soups and stews. A 4-oz. container makes twelve average size servings.

**Dried Spinach Leaves** are cleaned, then dehydrated to remove water content. A 2-oz. plastic envelope of dry



spinach will give six servings. Priced at 50c per envelope.

**Powdered Potatoes** Instant potato powder. Add water and perhaps a bit of powdered milk, and this whips into instant mashed potatoes. A 6-oz. box contains about 12 portions.

**Tomato Flakes** Add water to these dehydrated flakes for stews or dressing. Flakes are packed in 4-oz. packages.

**Dried Beef** A 3-oz. can will yield three portions. Can be eaten cold or made into stews or meat dishes. One 3-oz. container costs about \$1.50.

**Dried Chicken** Contains same portions as that of dried beef. Makes good chicken and rice dishes for the camp.

**Corn Kernels** One 4-oz. package gives four portions by adding water. Cost is 70c per 4-oz. package.

Moreover, there are also dehydrated soups, packed in aluminum foil envelopes, for delicious camp meals. Beef noodle, chicken noodle, mushroom, pea, bean, vegetable soup and beef gravy mixes are available, to name only a few.

#### Concentrated Beverages

There are, in the beverage line, concentrated and powdered orange drinks, lemonade mix, instant chocolate, coffee, tea and nutrition boosters, fortified with vitamins and minerals. Included also in the camp foods are cake, biscuit and pancake mixes that prove ideal for the camp chef.

Several catalogs published by nationally known camp outfitters list high-quality "freeze dried" trail foods. Requiring no refrigeration, these foods are concentrated and packed as complete meals. The featherweight meal packages include the following:

- (1) Fruit cocktail, pancakes, syrup and instant cocoa.
- (2) Orange drink, scrambled eggs and biscuit meal.
- (3) Apricots, fried potatoes, oatmeal and coffee.



**CAMP MEALS NOW** amount to merely boiling a pot of water and adding it to these concentrated foods.

(4) Potato soup, chicken noodle dinner and carrots.

(5) Chicken and beef stew, biscuit mix and fruit cocktail.

(6) Beef hash, green beans, peach slices and instant chocolate milk.

(7) Baked beans, gingerbread, pudding and milk package.

(8) Pea soup, beef and noodles, corn bread and milk.

The above food packages weigh from twelve to twenty ounces and serve four adults. Prices range from \$2 to \$3.50. These camp meals retain fresh food texture and flavor for periods as long as two years.

#### Food Tests

We tested a few of these instant and concentrated foods during a pack-in trip to a northern Appalachian region. Our meals on the trail were delicious. We prepared such items as instant potatoes by adding water and powdered milk, whipping these together vigorously with a fork or peeled birch limb. We made tasty stews and nourishing soups. We even made puddings, pancakes, muffins and cakes, complete with chocolate icings.

Today's campers need not skimp on field rations. With the instant or de-



hydrated foods packaged in lightweight foil or plastic, rations for a week or more amount to about 7 to 10 lbs. per person. This is not too bulky for the backpack. If a car or trailer is used on the outing, provisions for the entire family of four can be packed in an ordinary size family picnic basket!

#### **Make Own List**

Most columns on food and camp cookery include list(s) of meals planned on a day-to-day basis. These are usually suitable only to those doing the compiling. So we'll stop short of this list, since this is hardly within the scope of an outdoor equipment column. Our intent here is to acquaint readers with the featherweight foods now packaged for campers, hikers, hunters and explorers. Readers can draw up day-to-day menus and buy those concentrated or instant foods which fill the list. This is something

each camper should do for himself.

Don't fail to include marshmallows, if there are youngsters in the group. Toasting these flavorful snacks tops the evening session around the campfire. Likewise, caramel-coated corn. Small boxes of sugar-coated popcorn are light to carry. All these satisfy the craving for sweets on the trail.

Newcomers to camping will do well to visit a neighborhood food fair, or browse through a camp outfitter's catalog, to discover the variety of instant foods available today. Most, if not all, are so easily prepared that camp cookery amounts to boiling a pot of water.

Concentrated foodstuff will meet your requirements for more calories at a time when activities demand more. Further, these instant foods will enable you to whip up delicious dinners in minutes, giving you more time to enjoy the other pleasures of camping.

**BE SURE TO INCLUDE marshmallows for those nightly snacks around the campfire which are so much a part of every outing.**



# Keep Hunting Heads Keen



By Keith C. Schuyler

*Photos by the Author*

**THE SHARPEST ARROW IN the quiver should always be ahead of the bow in big game hunting.**

**F**RAMED IN the trees near the spring on the long-abandoned farm, the doe offered a perhaps shot. It felt like 35 yards. So, I held quickly and touched her off.

The arrow landed about right, but the deer was gone. It had been in motion when I released. Alerted, the doe jumped ahead in plenty of time to avoid the broadhead. I pulled the arrow from the soft earth and looked it over. The point still looked sharp, and the blades still appeared to have a good cutting edge. Nevertheless, I snapped the used shaft onto my bow quiver and selected another arrow.

Anytime I pull up on game, I want the best arrowhead in my possession ahead of the bow.

Many times I have cautiously approached this same spring—now deep in a wooded valley which once was farmland before reverting to nature—

for one of the poorest shots I ever made was turned in by me here. Last season was only the second shot offered at this location, although it is common to see deer in the vicinity. Evidence of the former fiasco is still there, a badly rusted arrowhead buried halfway into a beech. It ended there when I horribly misjudged the distance to a big deer which stood beautifully for the shot.

The important point here is not that I made a perfect 40-yard shot on a 20-yard target, but that my razor sharp arrowhead buried itself so deeply into the tree that I couldn't remove it.

Too often game is lost because of dull edges on a hunting head. Even a dull point on the arrowhead may produce more vexation than venison.

It has been stated here that the best broadhead you can buy is one which



hits the target. That is only to say that there is not enough difference in big game heads to make me overly excited. Almost any of them will do a good job when properly placed in the target—if they are sharp.

But, while on the subject, a general statement relative to broadheads is in order.

Any departure from the conventional cutting edge is viewed with suspicion in this quarter. An arrowhead must first cut or slip through hair and hide before it hits meat. This can vary from the light summer coat of a white-tailed deer to the heavy mat of hair on a black bear heading for its winter den. It takes a sharp point to lead the way for the rest of the head. While varying the shape of the head, and/or changing the cutting surfaces from the conventional straight edge, may produce certain advantages once penetration is effected, my personal choice continues to lean heavily toward the slow, straight taper.

Of course, even after the head gets past the hair into flesh, bones are a factor to be considered. It is undoubtedly true that the more rounded taper will tend to deflect the head from bone without using up all the energy, thus permitting further penetration.

**A SMALL FILE** can eliminate nicks and straighten bent points, takes up little room in the pack.



This is good. But there is the question of whether such tapers rob the arrow of energy while getting through the hair and meat before bones become a consideration. Bear in mind, too, that there is a considerable difference between the coat of an October deer and the one you shoot in December or January.

### Complications

If you want to carry this further there is the added consideration of the arrow's passage through the air and its rotation when it hits the target. There have been complaints that some non-conventional heads tend to plane particularly on the longer shots. Add to your thinking the fact that a moving target presents another set of factors. Because of the arrow's relatively slow speed, it is important that penetration be as uncomplicated as possible.

As to the idea that certain heads break bones—forget it. Such a head may be, in itself, a fine one. Any reputed capability of bone breaking or penetration after slicing through bone may sound impressive, but it has no justifiable application. In the first place, few archers are capable of handling a bow which will send any arrowhead through heavy bone. Secondly, other than the ribs, there is no good reason to have a head cut through bone. Any good broadhead will, or should, cut through or slip between the ribs. This is desirable only in getting the arrow deep into the vital areas. Breaking or cutting through any other bones is not going to improve your chances of getting your quarry—not with an arrow. Conversely, this is highly undesirable since it much more often means a crippled animal rather than a kill. Bone-breakers are favored by gunners because such bullets develop tremendous shocking power which is absorbed by the animal when a heavy bone is hit. Bow hunters are, or should be, aware that an arrow provides practically no

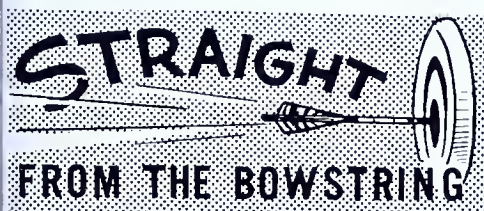
locking power of any consequence. In choosing your big game hunting head, select the one *you* prefer. The preceding is only to discourage this selection on any basis other than the need for maximum penetration into the body cavity of a big game animal. However, the metal employed in fashioning the head is important. I prefer heads of high carbon steel which will take a sharp edge and hold. I realize that such heads are more vulnerable to breakage because of their brittle nature. This is particularly true of the points. On heads of softer metal, points will frequently bend or curl before they will break. In addition, the blade edge on the softer metals will bend and dull rather than chip as with the harder steel. However, when we accept the responsibility of trying to down a big game animal with an arrow, we should do so as efficiently as possible.

A sharp arrowhead is the most efficient.

Most arrowheads come from the factory with a reasonably good edge. However, many bow hunters will not bother for the factory job. Even if the edge is keen when it comes from the grinder, it doesn't take much knocking around to dull it.

#### Broadhead Protection

Bow quivers provide the maximum protection to broadheads, but because most hold only a handful of arrows, they generally keep the spares in another receptacle. A regular arrow box or a carrying case will ensure that the extra heads will be protected. Too often, though, the extras are bunched in the trunk of the car or jammed into the back or a belt quiver.



**WORK THE BLADE forward on the stone to avoid a wire edge. A few drops of kerosene added to oil on the stone improves action.**

Aside from inviting dull edges, the trunk storage is dangerous to other equipment as well as to the hunters in that car. Flat quivers are safe, but they can be rough on arrowheads, particularly if they are overloaded. Few archers always have the ideal setup, so keeping heads sharp is a consideration—and it's often complicated by a habit of checking our aim on an old stump which is sometimes not as rotten as it appears.

The serious bow hunter carries equipment that will enable him to start the day's hunt with sharp arrowheads. It gives him something to do after the evening meal or during the dull hours in the middle of the day. Yet, unless he knows how to sharpen his heads, he may end up with a poorer job than when he starts.

Two tools are needed for the job—a good file and a good sharpening stone.

A fine file, one which can be easily carried in a quiver pocket, will provide an edge of sorts on any big game arrowhead. In fact, it is about the only practical instrument to use on the bodkin-type heads where it is difficult to use a stone on the three blades. But, at best, it leaves a rough





**YOU SHOULD AVOID** the temptation to shoot at stumps—they might not be as rotten as they appear, and can easily dull a broadhead.

edge. The file's best use is in reshaping broken points or in putting on a new edge where a blade is nicked. To get a really keen edge, it is necessary to follow up with the stone.

To avoid getting a wire edge on the blade, always work with the blade toward the file or the stone. Try to maintain the same cutting angle as the original. If you work the edge too thin, you will find it difficult to keep it sharp, and it won't hold its edge when it strikes the target—which is what this is all about in the final analysis.

How sharp? We'll leave this to individual preference. If the edge has no rough spots to the touch when you run your finger (gently) along it, you're sharp enough. It should push cleanly, without tearing, through the edge of ordinary typing paper held in the fingers.

Don't be tempted to sharpen your arrowheads on a bench grinder, unless you really know what you're doing. Because of the inherent thinness of a broadhead blade, it won't stand much grinding without losing its temper. Anyway, unless the head is set in a jig, it is extremely difficult to hold a constant angle.

Why be concerned with having the blade so sharp in the first place?

Primarily, we can go back to the prior discussion on the desirability for maximum penetration. The deeper the penetration, the more damage the arrowhead will do—at least until the arrowhead reaches the opposite side of the animal's interior. Beyond this the desire for continued penetration enters a gray area.

### Complete Penetration

Those who hold for complete penetration and emergence of the arrow on the opposite side cite the advantage of establishing two bleeding orifices. After all, what is better than gaining the maximum damage as the animal moves away?

A sharp head is the best answer to both. It is more likely to effect a complete pass-through because of its cutting ability. But if it remains in the animal, it will hasten death by continuing to work as the quarry rushes on after the shot. As a case in point several years ago I made a too-high lung shot, just behind the shoulder on a 130-pound doe. She went several hundred yards before dropping. When I reached into the body cavity to remove the paunch, I cut my hand on the arrowhead which had worked from the lungs back through the diaphragm into the stomach area. Nevertheless, I have also seen deer drop dead within 60 yards after a complete pass-through. Depending upon the angle of penetration and the size of the animal, whether it is moving or standing, and other variables, a pass-through might be precluded. Regardless, the sharper the head, the more damage it will do.

Another extremely important reason for a sharp blade is the toughness of arteries and veins. A dull blade might slide by one of these major vessels that a sharp one would open. Since an arrow kills by hemorrhage we want the head to cut the maximum number of blood vessels possible.

ere these vessels not so tough, either animals nor people would be ound long enough to cross trails in e woods.

If the approach here seems a bit old-blooded, quite the opposite is tended. It brings us to the final and ost important reason for arrowheads maximum efficiency. The sum of ay discussion on the killing of a wild nimal should be the conclusion that is is the most humane approach. A arp arrowhead will kill, and cleanly, n the same shot that a dull one might erely maim.

This is an important consideration the real sportsman, whether he is awing down on a tough old wood- uck or a regal whitetail buck. mong the readers are those who will et the opportunity to try for the gger quarry such as moose, caribou d brown bears. Or they may travel ven farther afield to other continents r even bigger targets. Some of these



**AN OILSTONE**, a fine file and a pocket Carborundum make it easy to keep your hunting points sharp.

animals take a lot more killing than our Pennsylvania species. But the requirements are the same whether you are after an aardvark or a zebra.

Keen hunting heads are basic.

## Game on Highway

During 1966 Deputy Game Protector H. Ross (Bud) Milliken, of Honey Grove, kept a detailed record of all animals he noted killed on Route 75 in Juniata County on the 17-mile stretch of road he traveled six days a week to work. Here is the record:

	Rabbit	Deer	Raccoon	Pheasant			Squirrel		Skunk
				Hens	Roosters	Opossum	Gray	Red	
January	12	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
February	25	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	2
March	26	1	1	3	3	9	1	2	7
April	15	7	0	13	4	3	0	0	3
May	15	3	2	2	0	2	0	0	1
June	23	5	7	7	3	8	6	4	3
July	18	5	5	18	0	5	2	4	7
August	12	7	4	4	0	2	0	0	4
September	10	8	2	6	0	9	1	0	12
October	15	10	2	4	2	8	0	0	9
November	15	8	4	3	5	9	0	0	8
December	21	6	0	2	0	2	0	2	0
<b>TOTALS</b>	<b>207</b>	<b>64</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>63</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>57</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>58</b>

*Grand total: 516 birds and animals*



Don't Overlook the . . .

# HUNTING HANDGUN

By Don Lewis

Photos by Helen Lewis

**T**HE FIRST streaks of daylight showed the hunter the spot he'd been looking for. A rotted log behind a high cut stump made a perfect seat and gun rest. This lookout was on the rim of a steep narrow valley that had the beginning of a small stream in it. When all the darkness had gone, the hunter studied the wooded terrain. Other than a few brushy spots, he had good visibility on the hillside across from him, and, even in the dull morning light, he could see a well-worn trail on the opposite hill. Satisfied that he had chosen an ideal spot, he felt this could be the day he had awaited so long.

Digging into a canvas bag, he pushed aside some sandwiches and a large Thermos and brought out a plastic-covered sack of sand. Brushing the snow from the stump, he placed the bag on it, and, after checking his firearm carefully, he laid it on top of his rest. As far as he was concerned, he was set! A good location, a comfortable setup, and his favorite firearm—a 44 Magnum revolver. All he needed was a legal buck and a half decent shot. This didn't seem too much to ask for.

As the morning sun rose in the sky, the hunter thought about his chances. He knew that comparatively few hunters used a handgun for big game, and he also knew that most hunters would consider it foolish to carry only a revolver. Too many people, he thought, considered the revolver inefficient, inaccurate, and powerless. These misconceptions stemmed from a lack of knowledge. Any person who had used a good handgun for a reasonable

length of time would realize its effectiveness. He knew the average rifle totter could do pretty well with his '00 or 30-30 but couldn't hit a five-gallon can at 20 yards with the revolver, so it was easy for him to understand their feelings. In his own case, he had grown up with a revolver. It had been a part of his life, and he had taken the time to become proficient with one. The 44 Magnum on the stump looked just as powerful to him as any rifle.

Looking back over the years, he realized he'd come a long way since the depression days, when getting a box of ammo for his Iver Johnson 22 Target Sealed 8 was a problem. From this simple, inexpensive 22 he had graduated to the larger calibers. Soon he was handloading and bullet casting. This cut down the expense and allowed him more practice. In fact, the Magnum on the stump had fired more than 5000 reloads. He was really a handgun addict, but with all this shooting and a lifetime of handgun experience to his credit, he had never killed a big game animal with a revolver.

He was so engrossed in thought that he failed to see the buck come to drink from the stream below. He came to his senses in a hurry and, while picking up his revolver, made a men-





**A GOOD ONE-HANDED STANCE** with a revolver, useful both on the target range and in the field, though many handgun hunters now use a two-handed hold for top accuracy.

al note to hold his fire until he was certain he could make a precise shot. At the moment, the buck was some 10 yards away—too far, he felt. All he could do was wait and hope the deer would move closer. With his heart pounding and his breath heavy, he had to smile when he remembered saying that he never got excited. Finally, the buck began to angle along the opposite bank, coming nearer. Cocking the big Magnum, the hunter held it in a strong two-hand grasp and waited. When the buck was about 40 yards away, the hunter moved the square-notched rear sight level with the front sight and followed the deer. When it paused for a moment, the handgunner swung his sight picture high on the rib cage, steadied it and fired. The flash of the muzzle was vivid, and at the crack of the powerful cartridge, the buck stiffened and

fell, killed cleanly by the single shot from the 44 Magnum.

Long overdue is some honest evaluation of the handgun. It has been over-glorified in the movies and on television as an incredible champion of justice in the hand of a good guy hero, or made a terrible instrument of destruction when used by the villain, but this does not portray a true picture. The handgun neither solved the complex problems of early Western days nor did it make the crime syndicate any more violent. It should not be loved or hated because of what it is or has been used for. The handgun is manufactured for pleasure shooting under safe conditions. Like any other powerful instrument, it is no safer than the person using it. This not only includes firearms, but chain saws, power mowers, automobiles, and a host of other items. The handgun, like any



other lethal instrument, is inanimate; it cannot think; its destiny is decided solely by the mind of a human being.

The handgun is usually classified in one of two ways: as a pistol or a revolver. The pistol is a semi-automatic clip-fed firearm that operates by recoil. The recoil of a fired round pushes the bolt backward, extracting the fired case from the chamber and ejecting

the trigger, which cocks the hammer and then releases it, or by cocking the hammer manually and then pulling the trigger — the same as the SA method. Although the double action is generally more popular, you will obtain better accuracy if you use your revolver single action. It takes about four pounds pull to release a single action trigger compared to ten or so



**THE MOST USEFUL** handgun cartridges available, in the writer's opinion: from left, 22 Long Rifle, 38 Special, 357 Magnum and 44 Magnum. The two larger cartridges can be used only in revolvers, while the 22 and 38 are also chambered in autoloaders.

it. The bolt, which is under heavy spring tension, feeds a new cartridge into the chamber on its return. As fast as you can pull the trigger, it will fire, eject and feed—until the clip is empty. One of the most widely known pistols is the Army 45 ACP (45-caliber Automatic Colt Pistol). It might be well to remember that it is not legal to use a semi-automatic pistol for hunting in Pennsylvania.

#### Revolver Types

The name revolver is self-explaining, since the cartridge container (the cylinder) revolves each time the trigger is pulled or the hammer cocked. This brings a fresh round in alignment with the barrel. Extraction and ejection of the empty cases is usually done by flipping the cylinder to one side and pushing out the empties with the sliding ejector rod.

Revolvers come in two types, single action and double action. The single action requires manual cocking of the hammer before each shot. The double action can be fired either by pulling

double action. It's difficult to hold a sight picture while setting off a ten-pound trigger pull.

The first problem for a new handgunner is choosing the right caliber. In the past the 22 led the parade simply because it was inexpensive to shoot. When handloading and bullet casting became common among handgunners, the centerfires made their move. For years the 38 Special held first place among the centerfires—and still does, except for big game hunting, where the Magnums come into the picture. Nearly every police force in the country armed its men with the 38 Special. From a 6-inch barrel it had a muzzle velocity of over 800 feet per second with the 158-gr. lead bullet, and a muzzle energy of over 250 foot pounds. This was considered pretty potent a few decades ago.

I can remember in the late '30s when the 32 Long held a place of distinction among the sidearm lovers. Smith & Wesson had a K-32 Target that was a beauty. It also had a 6-inch barrel, while Colt's version of the 32

ong, called the Pocket Positive, came  
t barrel lengths from 2 to 6 inches.  
t was primarily designed for carrying  
a woman's handbag or in a man's  
coat pocket. A friend of mine carried  
Harrington & Richardson No. 922  
Large Frame 22 on our trapline. He  
always referred to it as "Old Nine  
shots." It was as effective in his hands  
as a rifle was in mine. We used a good  
number of red squirrels for our wea-  
rel sets, and a squirrel didn't have  
much of a chance when he got one  
reel.

Today the handgunner is Magnum  
conscious. The popular models of by-  
one years are being replaced with  
the 357 Magnum, 41 Magnum, and  
the powerhouse of them all, the 44  
Magnum.

The 357 is particularly useful be-  
cause it is permissible to shoot 38  
Special ammunition in one, which al-  
lows cheaper shooting if factory am-  
munition is purchased, and convenient  
practice with a cartridge giving less  
recoil than the 357. This is possible  
because the exterior dimensions of the  
two cartridges are the same, except  
that the 38 Special is about 1/10"  
shorter. *It is not safe to fire 357 Mag-  
num loads in a 38 Special, even if in  
some guns it might be possible to  
chamber them* (a possibility which  
the longer length of the 357 was de-  
signed to preclude). Several other

shorter 38-caliber cartridges also may  
be fired in a 357, as most of the  
so-called "38s" are actually 35-caliber  
loads.

### The First Magnum

The 357 was the first commercial  
Magnum handgun cartridge, and early  
ammunition was loaded to somewhat  
higher pressures and velocities than  
today's. Nevertheless, from the long  
8 $\frac{3}{8}$ " barrel which many 357 fans pre-  
fer, today's commercial ammo is rated  
at 1410 fs for the 158-gr. bullet, which  
delivers some 700 fp of kinetic energy  
—quite a boost over the 38 Special!  
Of course, as barrel length is de-  
creased, velocity and energy also drop.

The 41 Magnum is the next step up  
in handgun power. The newest of the  
group, it uses either a 210-gr. lead  
bullet at a velocity of about 1000 fs  
and over 500 fp of energy, or a 210-gr.  
jacketed soft point at almost 1500 fs,  
for twice that much energy. These  
figures also depend on a rather long  
barrel, and are reduced in the more  
portable lengths.

The 44 Magnum is the most power-  
ful of the commercial Magnums. It  
kicks out a 240-gr. bullet at almost  
1500 fs from a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " barrel, for almost  
1300 fp energy. This is real striking  
power. At any reasonable range, a  
well-placed shot from this big 44 can  
cleanly dispatch any big game animal

**THE RUGER SUPER BLACKHAWK**, shown here in 44 Magnum, is a single action  
revolver built along traditional lines, but of modern materials to take the high  
pressure loading.





in this state—or most other places.

There are many calibers, types and sizes of handguns on the market, so it's easy for a beginner to choose one which might not be suitable for his use. Decide first what you expect from your handgun and primarily what it will be used for. If for hunting and target work, buy the target type with a long barrel and adjustable sights. This will give you an accurate outfit, and one on which it's easy to make sight corrections. You will enjoy using it and the more skilled you become, the more your revolver will be worth to you.

Revolvers designed for self defense and certain types of police work are usually short barreled with fixed sights. This type is compact and easy to conceal. Many times the sights are rounded so there will be no interference if a quick draw is necessary. Such guns have limited value in the hunting field as they can't be precisely zeroed in and due to their lighter weight are harder to hold steady than the target models.

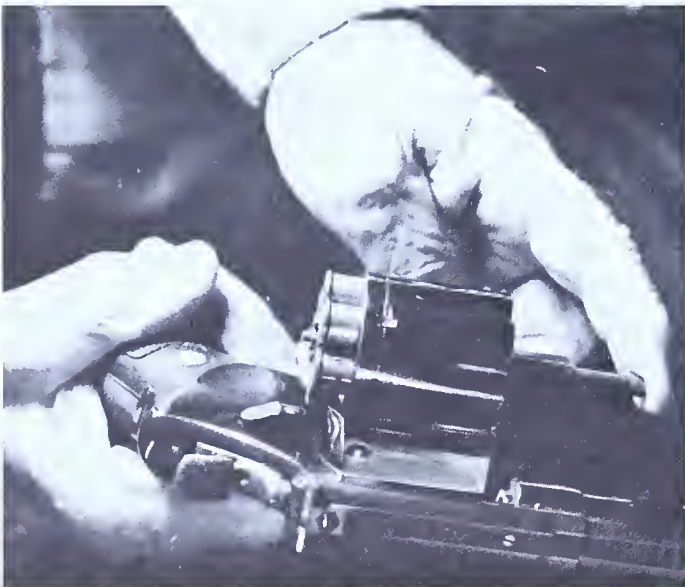
As far as caliber goes, if you want to join the growing ranks of handgun enthusiasts, *don't* start by purchasing a Magnum. It's almost a certainty that you will eventually own one, but, until you have learned some valuable

lessons in handgun shooting, begin with something less powerful. The loud blast and severe recoil of the Magnums could keep you from ever learning how to use one efficiently. The recoil will unnerve you and keep you from the necessary concentration for getting off a well-aimed shot. Be sensible and start with the common 22 rimfire. After you have mastered it and can put your bullets where you want them, then you can begin thinking about moving up the ladder. Handgunning is like everything else in life—you must creep before you can run.

### The Handloading Solution

Handloading and bullet casting have given today's centerfire advocates a big selling point. It's possible to turn out a finished round for less than two cents. This is no more than the cost of a box of 22 Long Rifle cartridges. This does require the handgunner to own a loading and bullet casting outfit. The initial outlay for equipment might seem a little steep, but it quickly pays for itself if much shooting is done.

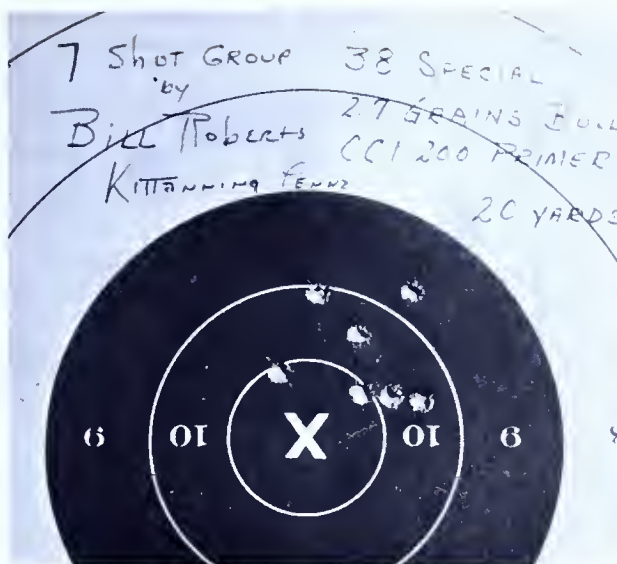
Mechanically, handloading revolver ammunition is very similar to that for a rifle (see "Handloading? It's Easy," in last month's GAME NEWS). How-



**EJECTION** of fired cases from a double action revolver is simply a matter of swinging out the cylinder and shoving back the ejector rod. In most single actions, they must be ejected one at a time.

ver, most men who reload for their handguns also cast their own bullets, instead of buying them, although it is possible to buy cast or swaged bullets from persons who make a business of manufacturing them. Most handgun bullets are simply made of a lead alloy, without the copper alloy jacket common to rifle bullets. To cast such bullets, several items of equipment are necessary—a heavy pot to hold the lead, a means of melting it, a dipper, and a bullet mould. These items are in addition to the regular loading outfit used to assemble the normal cartridge components. Space is too limited this month to go into the details of bullet casting, so that will have to wait for another time. In general, you simply melt a mixture of lead and tin (about 16 to 1 by weight, for normal revolver use) in the pot, flux it with a bit of beeswax or tallow to bring impurities to the surface where they can be skimmed off, dip about half a ladleful out and pour into the bullet mould, allow to harden, cut off the lead sprue and drop the bullet onto a soft surface where it won't be deformed. Some type of lubrication is later added, then these bullets are loaded into the handgun cases the same as jacketed bullets are put in rifle cases.

To use the revolver for hunting, you must have a regular hunting license



**A NICE GROUP** shot by Bill Roberts at 20 yards with his 38 Special.

plus a firearm's permit. To be certain you are complying with the law, it's recommended that you check with your local Game Protector.

The handgun has much to offer all gun enthusiasts. The entire family will enjoy target shooting. In a day when our very right to own firearms is being challenged, it's all-important that we prove to the public that owning a handgun does not make us irresponsible. If we prove this point, the American people will be less likely to believe those who would take away our right to own and bear arms.

## ***Hunt the World***

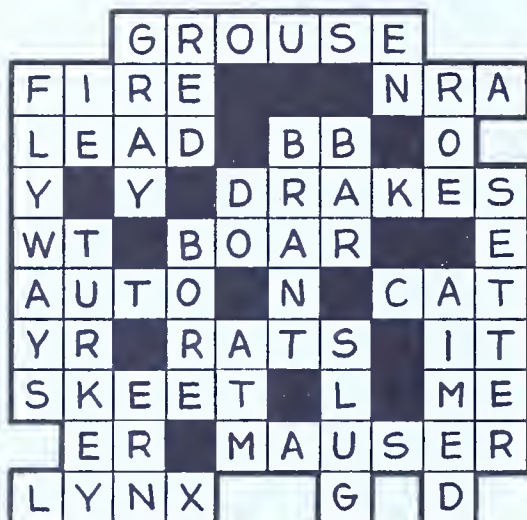
Sportsmen who wish to hunt overseas are now offered protection from questionable outfitters. Winchester World-Wide Safaris, a division of Winchester-Western, is cooperating with Sportsmen International, Inc., a travel agency that specializes in hunting and fishing tours. The purpose is to market hunting tours in any of nine countries plus Alaska and certain areas in Continental United States.

Arrangements will include licenses, gun permits, guides, beaters and interpreters. Some of the items in the itinerary are wild boar and puma hunts in Argentina, jaguar in the Yucatan, tiger in India, plus the hunter's dream, the African safari.

For further information contact: Winchester World-Wide Safaris, 275 Winchester Avenue, New Haven, Conn. 06504.



## Puzzle Solution



WELL, WHAT DO you think? Was it too hard or too easy? Would you like to see more of these in future issues?

## Youngest Reader ?



JODY GRAYBILL, two, son of Dale Graybill, McAlisterville, always has to see the animals before eating his dinner.

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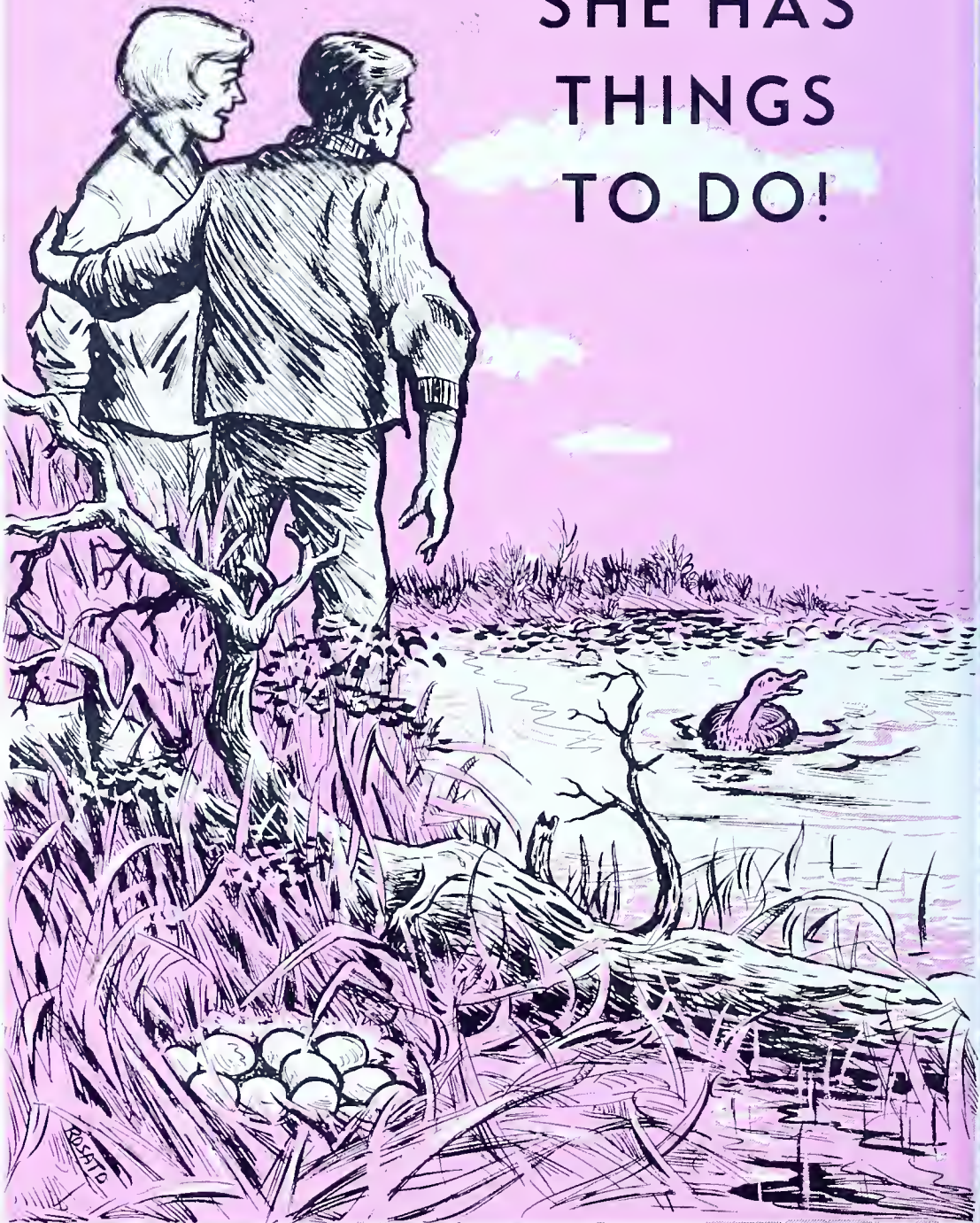
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### COVER PAINTING BY RON JENKINS

Something strange is going on in the world of the osprey, but nobody is sure just yet what it is. The fish hawk on this month's cover is seen in Pennsylvania primarily during April and May and in September and October, but is rare and local as a summer resident. This protected bird has a body up to two feet long with a wingspread of about five feet. When it dives into the water for a fish, it may completely submerge before rising to the surface with its meal held in powerful talons. For more on the osprey, turn to page 9.

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## Breathe Deeply? Not Me!

**J**UMP OUT of bed in the morning, throw open the window, take three deep breaths—and start off the day with a coughing attack. That's what our "fresh" air is likely to do to anyone foolish enough to think of beginning each new day with the health idea universally recommended just a few decades ago. The old phrase, "Things ain't what they used to be," is nowhere more obvious than in the atmosphere we breathe.

Time was, "air" was defined as "the invisible, odorless, tasteless mixture of gases which surround the earth." Who among us can go outside right now and breathe deeply, once through the nose, once through the mouth, and honestly report that air is odorless and tasteless? Who can look across to his nearest horizon, be it at a mountain range 30 miles away or a factory across the street, and state truthfully that air is invisible?

You say the outspewing of all those chimneys isn't air? Well, maybe it isn't—no more than the nearly invisible vapors made by the billion gallons of gasoline which annually pollute the atmosphere as a result of *simple evaporation* from gas tanks and carburetors—but we breathe it just the same.

Totally invisible, it seems, both physically and in the minds of the majority of us, are the pollutants from these same vehicles' exhausts. Every minute that we loaf along an expressway at 60 m.p.h., that crowning example of man's genius under the hood is pumping three quarts of nitrogen oxides into the air for the following driver to breathe. Now, three quarts of anything doesn't seem like a lot, but when millions of us cooperate assiduously, by the end of a year we have distributed 6,000,000 tons of automobile pollution over Pennsylvania.

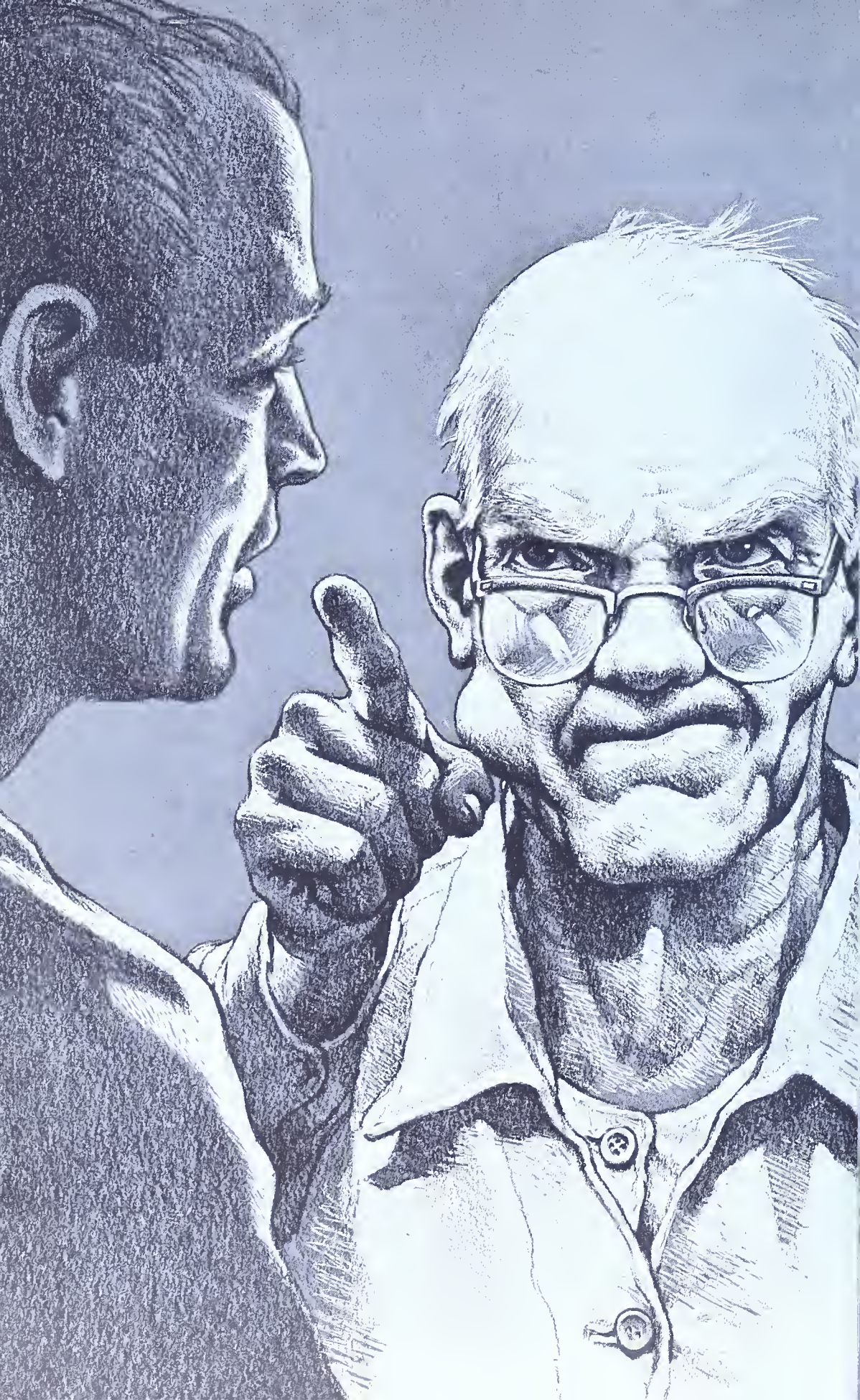
We don't stop at mere nitrogen oxides, either. At the same time we're spreading these around, we also blanket the state with sulfur dioxide, carbon monoxide, salts, aldehydes, death-dealing cyanides, oils, lead, fluorides, hydrocarbons, what-have-you. This is really something to be proud of, isn't it? What was it they used to tell us about air being made up of about 4/5 nitrogen and 1/5 oxygen? Those were the good old days, all right.

What's the result of all this? Eye irritation, respiratory diseases, poisoned plants, damaged soil and acid-pocked buildings, at the least. Combined on occasion with a temperature inversion which puts an atmospheric lid on the air layer near the ground, this breathable garbage stays right in town with us, rather than being spread over the countryside, and people start to die. More, that is, than normally. That's what happened in Donora in 1947, when 26 people and over 800 animals died. In London, 4000 people died from a "black fog" in 1952, and 400 from smog in New York City in 1963.

Why do we mention this in GAME NEWS? This is a conservation magazine, and we hope it's not out of line to consider conservation of human life. And that is what's at stake. Dr. Richard Prindle, U. S. Assistant Surgeon General, recently stated the fact clearly enough for anyone. "Deaths are occurring now," he said. "We already have episodes in which pollution kills people . . . and we're going to have an increasing frequency of episodes."

Methods of eliminating most air pollution are known. The big problem is paying for them. So, as always, the question for many is, "Can we afford them?" It should be, "Can we afford not to afford them?"—Bob Bell







## *That Strange Feeling*

By George R. Stahl

**"G**RAMPS, have you ever killed a bear on Blacklog Mountain?" The youngster was watching old Dan carefully clean and oil the glass-smooth action of his 30-40 Krag.

"Can't say I have, son, though I've drawn bead on most all kinds of critters in the sixty-some years I been huntin' these parts. I always wanted to get a bear, but they never been too plentiful 'round here. They fare better in the wilder counties up north. Oh, now and then a stray wonders down, like Big Black, but you can danged well bet that if that feller gets shot at and missed tomorrow, he'll make fast tracks for the tall timber again."

The old-timer shifted his cud from one cheek to the other, then expertly let fly a stream of brown juice that splattered and steamed on the smoldering ashes of the fireplace. "Dang it Jimmy, your ma's run off with my spittoon again! Go see if she hid it in the woodshed, like the last time. Dadblast these persnickety women and their meddling ways!"

The youngster, anxious to do his grandfather's bidding, pulled himself from the Morris chair and slowly made his way toward the kitchen, his game leg striving desperately to keep pace with the better half.

"Hold on a minute, boy," the old man called. "Let's mosey down to Wallhauser's and get some extra shells for your Springfield. While we're at it, we can find out what the fellas are planning for tomorrow's hunt."

Wallhauser's, like most country stores in those days, was a gathering place for all the surrounding inhabitants. Here they could buy their many needs—from horse collars to hardware,

groceries to galoshes, and fish hooks to firearms. Here, too, they could gab with old friends about local doings, and on a bone-chilling evening could bask by the warmth of the potbellied stove to hash over hunts long gone and look forward to those still to come.

When Dan and Jimmy entered, the talk was already progressing fast and furious among the crowd of hunters. The subject being discussed so heatedly was the maverick bruin, Big Black, and the strategy necessary to bring about his downfall. Everybody had a different idea as to how this should be done, but Frank Wallhauser, with a few bear hunts in Cameron County under his belt, appeared to be swinging most of the men to his way of thinking.

### Plans for Hunt

"Yep, I figure the old scrounger will be down at the logging camp dump looking for scraps first thing in the morning," Wallhauser was saying. "If we start our drive to the east side of it, he's bound to hightail it south for Meadow Swamp when we flush him. If we flank the edge of the swamp with enough men so's he can't slip through, we'll have him. 'Course, we'll station a couple watchers on the west end of the drive, and mebbe one or two flankers on the north ridge, just in case he changes his mind, but I'm almost certain he won't head that way."

"Sounds good to me Frank," seconded Herbie Feidt. "I saw that big critter down there twice this summer when I was picking huckleberries. It was just after he busted up all of Hank Jackson's beehives. He's smart





**PLACING** a gnarled hand on the youth's shoulder, he said, "Jimmy, there's things in this life that's hard to understand."

enough to know he's safe in that tangled-up chopping. Fellows, I move we appoint Frank as captain of this here operation. Everyone agree?"

Unanimous approval echoed the crowd's sentiments, and soon the newly elected chief was making out the rosters for the morning's hunt.

"Say Frank," old Dan broke in. "Before I forget it, you'd best give me a box of 180-grain 30-06s for Jimmy and two packs of Mail Pouch for yours truly. There's nuthin like a good chaw to calm the innards when you're on watch."

The storeman's startled look showed up like a neon light, and he only added to his confusion when he stammered out his reply. "Now Dan, no offense intended, but the going will be mighty rough out there tomorrow, and we wouldn't want anything to happen to you and the lad, now would we? Since I'm in charge, the responsibility's on my shoulders, so to speak, and I have to think what's best for the group. You understand, don't you Dan?"

To the onlookers standing close by the hushed silence that followed must have seemed an eternity, and the creeping burn on the old man's face appeared to accent his feeling of utter humility. Gripping the counter top with his gnarled fingers, and straightening his arthritic plagued shoulders Dan fixed Wallhauser with an icy stare. "Sonny, it 'pears to me you have a sight more livin' to do before you count a man out. Mebbe me and the boy ain't as spry as the rest of you, but we do all right, and we don't ask no favors from you neither. 'Sides, we ain't calculatin' on going with you fellows. We got our own ideas on how to snag Mr. Bear, and we sure aim to do just that. So cut out the chatter and gimme our things, we got no time to stand around and gab."

For several minutes after leaving the store, the man and boy walked along in silence, each wrestling with his own thoughts. Then placing a gnarled hand on the youth's shoulder, the grandfather softly spoke. "Jimmy, there's things in this here life that's hard to understand. Some folks have a harder row to hoe than others, through no fault of their own. But in their own way they usually manage to get the job done. At least they do their best, and no one can do more. Mebbe I shouldn't a burnt up and made the brag in there that we'd get Big Black. It sorta slipped out 'fore I could stop it. But we'll give it a try like we planned, and who knows—with a little luck we might just come through. Can't you just see the look on those faces if we do? That sure would do this old heart good."

#### **A Bear for Gramps?**

"Gramps, I'd give anything to see you get that bear." There was a noticeable catch in the teen-aged voice.

"I know you would Jimmy, but I'd rather you'd be the one to finish him off." Dan's fingers clamped down on the boy's shoulder, squeezed it affectionately.

Since the old-timer had moved in with his married daughter after the death of his wife, he and his grandson had been drawn together as if by a common need. The old man, who had left his mountain home reluctantly and deeply missed his wife's close companionship, at first found his new environment somewhat of a problem. But this was eased by Jimmy. The boy, having had no one with whom to share his deep feelings for the outdoors, was elated when he learned the old hunter was coming to live with him. Inevitably, as time went on, the two became almost inseparable. They fished and hunted together, the oldster imparting the wisdom of his years to the novice, whose eagerness and need kept the aging veteran alive and responding, thankful that he was appreciated and of some use in his twilight years. The boy's parents, witnessing the change in both, accepted this newfound association with gratitude. Jimmy's father, a kindly, understanding man, was especially pleased, for even though he himself had never cared to hunt or fish, he realized that his handicapped son drew a sustaining satisfaction from these sports, and he offered encouragement rather than objections to their many excursions afield.

### Bear Sign

Earlier in the fall, across the Blacklog Mountain from the logging camp, Jimmy and his grandfather had been hunting a beech grove for squirrel when they found fresh bear sign all over the area. Checking farther down the mountain at its base, they came upon a shallow ravine that supported a growth of thick scrub oak. In the gorge itself, the bear sign was even more apparent. They found black hair in profusion, more stool, tracks by a stream, and finally a hollowed out place in the side of the hill.

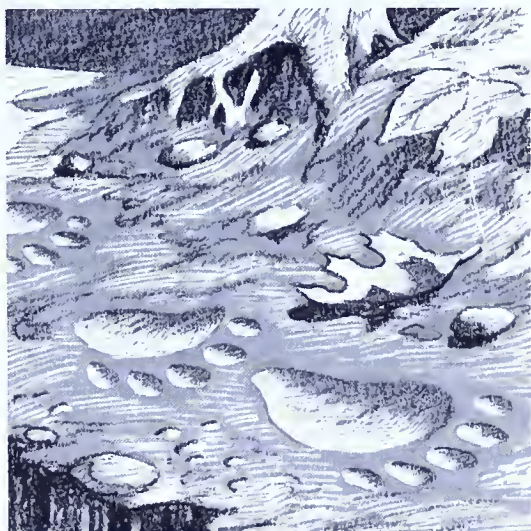
Dan chortled elatedly. "This is where the old codger is hanging out, Jimmy. He's got everything he needs right here, beechnuts, berries, grubs,

plenty of water, and a good hiding place! I remember my pa saying once that most bears seem to favor the north side of a mountain, and this find would prove him right. Come bear season, we'll be here to try our luck."

"Do you think he's the big one the men have been seeing here and there? The one they call Big Black?"

"Must be. There wouldn't be two whoppin' bear like that around here at once."

Now, early on the first morning of the season, the old man and the boy were up long before dawn, stoking themselves with buttermilk pancakes and sausage prepared by Jimmy's mother, who darted from stove to table with loaded plates, urging them to keep eating, as it would be a long, chilly day.



**THEY HAD FOUND fresh bear sign earlier in the fall while hunting squirrel—black hair and tracks by a stream. . . ."**

Brushing aside a fourth helping, Dan turned to his daughter and grunted, "Gosh Helen, you're going to load us up so's we'll bog down in our tracks from the weight of it. Come on, Jimmy, finish up an' we'll get a-movin'. We want to be on our stands before daybreak so we don't scare him off."

Minutes later, their gear in the back



of the Jeep, they started for the river road, headlights cutting through the pre-dawn darkness. Here, they would swing around the head of the mountain and come up along the north side by an old logging road that was passable only with a vehicle such as this time-proven standby. Dan had it rigged with block and tackle and a strong winch, equipment tough enough for a variety of jobs, including the loading of today's quarry, should Big Black come their way.

### Day Breaks

Some fifteen minutes later, about a half mile from the ravine, they parked and started to walk the last leg of their journey. Traveling quietly and slowly, the two arrived at the lower rim of the cut with plenty of darkness left to shadow their movements as they found their stands.

Dan touched Jimmy's arm and whispered, "Now, son, you work your way around the upper side of the ravine and get yourself positioned where I told you to. Don't make any noise a-tall. I'll scoot up this side to a little west of you. It's only seventy-five yards across, so we'll be close to each other. I don't have to tell you to be careful where you're shootin' and to take your time and make your shots count. Good luck, boy, I'll be here if you need me."

Jimmy nodded. "Okay," he whispered.

The old-timer waited a few minutes after Jimmy disappeared, then quietly made his way to the top of the gorge. Settling back against the bole of a hackberry tree, he crammed a fresh chaw in his mouth and waited the coming of dawn.

Day broke. A soft haze of early morning fog began to lift and filter through the forest, casting eerie shadows through the snagged scrub oaks. Soon the sharp rustling of leaves broke the stillness, and a chattering gray squirrel burst into sight, scampering jubilantly up the side of a scarred oak.

As if in reply, a noisy blue jay joined in with his scolding, and not to be outdone, a crow flapped from his solitary perch high in the jack pines and nasally cawed.

The boy, absorbed with the awakening of nature's creatures, hardly noticed the sun's rise over the horizon. And by the time it had emerged into full bloom, he was lost in admiration of a heavy-racked buck that trotted down the wooded slope and past his stand. Then, barely audible, the faint calls of Wallhauser's gang driving the other side of the mountain snapped him out of his reverie. The whitetail had probably been routed out by their approach, he thought.

Glancing in the direction where his grandfather was supposed to be, he saw a tiny glitter that quickly vanished, and figured it must be the reflection of the sun off the oldster's glasses as he turned his head. He hoped that wouldn't happen if Big Black should wander into the area. It could be enough to scare him clean away. No use suggesting that Gramps remove them, though. He couldn't see a lick without 'em at his age.

### Will Big Black Come?

Jimmy wondered if Big Black would come. The bear was in the area, that was for sure, but the woods were so big that it didn't seem likely he'd wander within range of a given spot on a given day. Wallhauser's outfit would probably have a better chance. There were so many of 'em, and they were moving, driving the hill. But still . . . Gramps had spent his life in the mountains, he knew lots about game, how it lived and traveled, and he thought they had a chance, 'specially since they'd found where Big Black seemed to be hanging out.

What if he *should* see Big Black? The way everybody talked, the bear was a monster, the biggest thing ever in these parts. Wouldn't that be something for a fella his age to get! He'd never even seen a bear in the woods—



**AND THEN HE SAW BIG BLACK.** The bear worked closer with alarming speed, and Jimmy moved his rifle to cover the huge animal.

didn't even know anyone who had got one, unless Wallhauser had, he wasn't sure about that—and now maybe he was going to have a chance. If he did, could he get him? Could he hold his cut-down Springfield steady enough, keep the sights where he wanted them, on the biggest trophy ever? He didn't know. But just thinking about it sent chills of excitement along his spine.

And then he saw the bear. High up on the opposite slope, but working its way down toward him with alarming speed, was Big Black. Jimmy felt his heart slam against his ribs, suddenly beating so fast he couldn't believe it. His hands felt sweaty on the walnut stock and he couldn't breathe. Big Black was coming right toward him!

Jimmy forced himself to breathe deeply, slowly. The effort brought sweat to his forehead, and he felt the

chill of its evaporation in the breeze. He swallowed the tightness in his throat, quietly turned the safety of his Springfield to the "off" position.

Big Black paused, his pelt shining in the early sun, muzzle up, suspiciously sniffing the air. Jimmy's heart climbed into his throat again. He'd been winded! The bear had. . . . No, it was all right, he was coming again. Slowly but surely the heaving giant lumbered toward the ravine Jimmy and Gramps had found weeks earlier. He would pass within yards of Jimmy's stand, and suddenly the boy's nervousness drained away, he felt cool, confident, absolutely sure of himself. He wasn't going to miss.

As the bear moved into a tiny clearing scarcely thirty yards away, the youngster's rifle was already raised. The front sight shifted easily onto the bear's rib cage, tight behind the thick-





**A CROW FLAPPED** from its solitary perch high in the jack pines and flew away, cawing nasally.

muscle shoulder, and Jimmy's finger eased the slack out of the military trigger. Three pounds' pressure . . . just three pounds . . . and the trigger would break, sending a 180-grain bullet smashing into the bear, and Big Black would be his. Jimmy's finger tightened slightly . . . and paused.

The events of the previous night flashed across his mind. Again he saw the moment of humiliation on his grandfather's face when they were denied membership in Wallhauser's group—the humiliation that was immediately erased by that ineffable pride. Again he heard the words *That sure would do this old heart good*. . . .

Jimmy's trigger finger relaxed. He lowered the Springfield and watched the bear go by. He'd wanted Big Black, wanted him with every fiber of

his being, wanted him more than anything else in the world—except to have Gramps get him. Big Black could restore the old man's damaged pride and confidence, could close the chapter on a lifelong dream. Maybe this was the moment for which the bear had been destined.

Jimmy knew it was less than a hundred yards to Gramps' stand, and that it wouldn't take the bear long to get there, yet it seemed an eternity until he heard the *boom* of the old Krag. There was no second shot. Only silence. And Jimmy knew that Gramps' meeting with Big Black was over. . . .

Not until they were homeward bound, Big Black's limp hulk overflowing the back of the Jeep, did the old man calm down enough to question the boy. "He musta come close to you, son, didn't you see him? Big as a mountain, he looked, comin' through the trees like a shadow. You musta seen him, boy."

Jimmy nodded. "I saw him, Gramps, anyone would've seen him. And I even raised my rifle to shoot. But I got this strange feeling and I just couldn't pull the trigger." He grinned happily. "I guess I had bear fever."

Gramps cleared his throat and looked away a moment. "Mebbe you did, son. *Mebbe* you did." His gnarled hand went back to rub Big Black's glossy fur, then slapped Jimmy's shoulder gently. "But we got him, son, we surely got him. An' won't it be somethin' to see the faces on them fellers when we drive into town? It sure will do this old heart good."

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## Mallard Manicure

All tame mallards must now have the rear toe on their right foot removed. Unmarked birds, according to the Federal Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, will be considered wild waterfowl and therefore will be governed by state and Federal hunting regulations. Young birds must be toe-clipped before they are four weeks old. The clipping is painless and can be done with scissors or common nail clippers. This new regulation is intended to make it easier to administrate the captive bird permit program by providing a quick identification of tame mallards.



Photo by Donald Heintzelman, from National Audubon Society

## Something Strange in the Osprey's World

By Donald S. Heintzelman

**T**HERE IS something strange in the world of the osprey, and scientists simply don't know what it is. *The Auk*, *Atlantic Naturalist*, *Audubon* and other periodicals, are carrying an increasing number of reports which suggest that the osprey is in deep trouble, and that it is rapidly disappearing as a breeding bird in many of the once major nesting areas in eastern North America, and that in areas where it still does nest observers find fewer eggs hatching and fewer nestlings being raised to adulthood.

Nobody understands exactly why this serious phenomenon is striking the osprey, what it is, or how it works. True, there has been much speculation, sometimes by highly reputable

persons, that insecticides such as DDT are rendering the large birds of prey sterile and thus forcing an insidious birth control measure on ospreys. This possibility does appear important and logical, but to date I know of no data which clearly and conclusively demonstrate that insecticides do indeed cause sterility in birds of prey. There is a great deal of data showing that these compounds can and do accumulate in raptor (carnivorous bird) eggs, but that is all that is demonstrated. Thus it is particularly significant that a recent report in one of our leading scientific ornithological journals, *The Condor*,<sup>1</sup> presented laboratory data which demonstrated, at least for the experimental birds





Photo by Donald Heintzelman,  
from National Audubon Society

# **ARE INSECTICIDES such as DDT affecting life cycle of the osprey?**

studied, that DDT in moderate levels in the diets of male bald eagles did *not* cause a reduction in the normal rate of spermatogenesis, and therefore sterility, in male eagles. The effects which this compound may have on female eagles is unknown at this time.

But let's stick to ospreys. Can some other subtle environmental factor affect ospreys, causing them to build fewer nests and raise fewer young as the years progress? It would be a tragic and ironic twist of fate if we blindly clung to a fascinating and seemingly obvious explanation, and completely overlooked the real cause of the problem.

As time goes on, however, one thing is becoming increasingly clear—the story of the osprey is a very strange one, probably for no better reason than that we simply do not have enough facts to fully understand the complete picture. Additional research is going on on many fronts, and the new data are exceedingly interesting. Some of this information is almost

bizarre, as it is so strikingly opposite to other data already available.

Let's look at some of these conflicting facts.

I am thinking particularly of recent information concerning the numbers of migrant ospreys which have passed Hawk Mountain Sanctuary and other well-known autumn hawk lookouts in eastern Pennsylvania. During the autumn of 1965, for example, observers at Hawk Mountain counted 444 ospreys for the season, according to the Association's News Letter to Members No. 37 issued in March, 1966. *This is the largest number of ospreys ever recorded for any season at Hawk Mountain.*

Now that is a pretty startling statement to make in view of the serious decline of nesting ospreys in many areas of eastern North America. Nor is this a freak situation limited only to Hawk Mountain Sanctuary. At Bake Oven Knob, another major hawk lookout in eastern Pennsylvania, my own research on autumn hawk migration has fully confirmed the spectacular increase in numbers of autumn osprey migrants.

## **Memorable Day**

One day was nearly unbelievable.

September 11, 1965, was a cloudy day with a maximum visibility from the summit of Bake Oven Knob of about 30 miles. Winds were from the northwest and about normal, running from about 5 to 15 miles per hour. Air temperatures were rather cool, reaching only 17° C. (about 63° F.) at noon. We were heading into the peak of the broadwing season and perhaps half a dozen observers were "on top," hoping to see large numbers of hawks, although to expect a major flight that early would be somewhat unrealistic. And, of course, we observed only 787 broadwings for the day. We saw other lovely sights, however, including an early immature goshawk, 16 sharp-shinned hawks, and various other species including one adult and three

immature bald eagles. The day was a fine one with a good variety of hawks and adequate numbers to add zest to the watch.

As the hours passed, it became increasingly clear that we were involved in a good osprey flight—indeed, somewhat better than we would normally expect so early in the season. By mid-afternoon our suspicions were confirmed. We were indeed observing an unusually large osprey flight, with 62 of these spectacular birds already counted. The next two hours, however, were truly unbelievable, and I shall remember them as long as I live. I wrote the following in my journal: “During the last two hours of observation no less than 40 fish hawks sailed past the point. As many as 7 birds were aloft in a line as they approached us. The day’s osprey count was an incredible, and unprecedented, 102 birds!” I have never before, nor since, observed such a magnificent spectacle, as almost bomber-like formations of ospreys approached at eye level and silently sailed past. That was indeed one of the highlights of my years of hawk watching.

But what of 1965? Was it some kind of a freak year or did it signify something of great significance in the fate of the osprey? It is still too early to draw final conclusions, but we suspect that something important and unusual is happening to these birds, because 1966 autumn watches at Hawk Mountain and Bake Oven Knob again produced unusually large numbers of ospreys. It is true that the 1966 total of 405 Hawk Mountain ospreys was somewhat lower than for 1965, but the fact remains that the 1966 total was the second highest for this species in the records of the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary Association.

#### Hypotheses

This is a very odd phenomenon for the osprey to exhibit when it seems to be approaching the endangered stage. At the present time, we don’t



*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue,  
from National Audubon Society*

**OSPREYS HAVE** almost disappeared from many nesting areas where formerly they were abundant.

have any real answers to explain this sudden increase in migrant ospreys, but I can offer several hypotheses. First, the species may be rapidly changing its center of major nesting concentration. As a result of this possible change, some unknown and unfavorable ecological factor may have been eliminated, allowing the birds again to rear normal numbers of nestlings. If this is happening we might suppose such a new concentration of nesting ospreys to be located somewhere in Canada in reasonably close association with quantities of fresh and/or salt water. It should be pointed out that we don’t know where the ospreys observed at Hawk Mountain and Bake Oven Knob originated, so



this suggested new breeding ground is not a totally unreasonable one.

Another explanation, perhaps more likely, is that the osprey has suddenly changed its migration pattern. But why? When I recently asked a leading ornithologist at one of our major museums about this, he could not answer the question any better than I, but he did think the idea might be possible. We know that the evening grosbeak has greatly changed its migration pattern within the memory of many persons still living, so a change of this type is not completely unprecedented. Of course, such a change in the basic migration pattern of a species is rare. In the case of the osprey, we have no data, aside from the increase in numbers which we recorded for the past two years, to support this theory. However, the next few years should be critical ones, since they will either tend to confirm or refute this possible new trend in autumn osprey migration noted in eastern Pennsylvania in 1965 and 1966.

Let's get to the present situation concerning nesting ospreys in some well-known breeding areas. At the 1966 spring meeting of the Wilson Ornithological Society, held at Pennsylvania State University, one dedicated Michigan ornithologist presented a gloomy report on the status of the osprey as a nesting bird in his state.

The species was in serious trouble at that time, and more recent reports from this observer continue to confirm the decline of nesting ospreys there. In general, the same appears to be true in other areas, especially along our western coast.

The well-known work of Dr. Peter Ames, for example, clearly shows that the nesting ospreys which long made up a colony of summer residents at the mouth of the Connecticut River are drastically reduced in numbers. Likewise, it is known that the once huge colony on Gardiners Island off the tip of Long Island has shown a serious decline in nesting birds; and the same applies to those which once nested at Cape May, N. J.

However, farther north along the New Jersey coast, members of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club still know where many active osprey nests are located. It was at this location that my photographs shown with this article were taken in July, 1965. But even these birds are showing some reduction in numbers as sections of their favorite nesting ground are being destroyed to make way for more summer houses.

The literature seems to indicate that changes in the breeding status of the osprey are not relatively new. No less an authority than Arthur Cleveland Bent, writing in his *Life Histories of*

**A PAIR OF OSPREYS with their young in nest. Osprey colonies apparently are decreasing in size, and reasons are unknown.**

*Photo by Harry Engels, from National Audubon Society*





Photo by Allan D. Cruikshank, from National Audubon Society

**IN RECENT YEARS** many ospreys have been seen at Hawk Mountain Sanctuary, despite reported decrease in total numbers.

*North American Birds of Prey* (Part I),<sup>2</sup> told how, over a 50-year period beginning in 1882, a nesting area in southern Massachusetts which had supported over 80 osprey nests was completely abandoned. What caused this wholesale evacuation is a mystery. It was not due to egg collecting, lack of nesting trees, or any other obvious change.

Under normal conditions, ospreys seem firmly attached to their selected nesting locations. Mr. Bent writes of one nest which he first saw in 1891 and which was still in use in 1935. He gives additional records of other nests being used for 30, 41, and 45 years.

If it is the rule rather than the exception that osprey colonies are now seriously decreasing in size, then we should study the exceptions, for they might offer significant clues as to what differences exist between stable and decreasing colonies. One stable colony does exist along the eastern shore of central Chesapeake Bay, in Talbot County, Maryland. Jan Reese presented important information on these birds in the December, 1965, issue of *Maryland Birdlife*. According to this

author, "... ospreys are still doing quite well in Talbot County. The average number of young raised per pair of adults for the three-year period was 0.93. This is in marked contrast to the sharp decline in nesting populations and the serious decreases in hatching rate in recent years at places such as Rhode Island, the mouth of the Connecticut River, islands off eastern Long Island, and the upper coast of New Jersey. Ames and Mersereau (1964) found that the population near the mouth of the Connecticut River decreased from 71 pairs in 1960 to 24 pairs in 1963; average production for this period was 0.29 young per nesting pair."

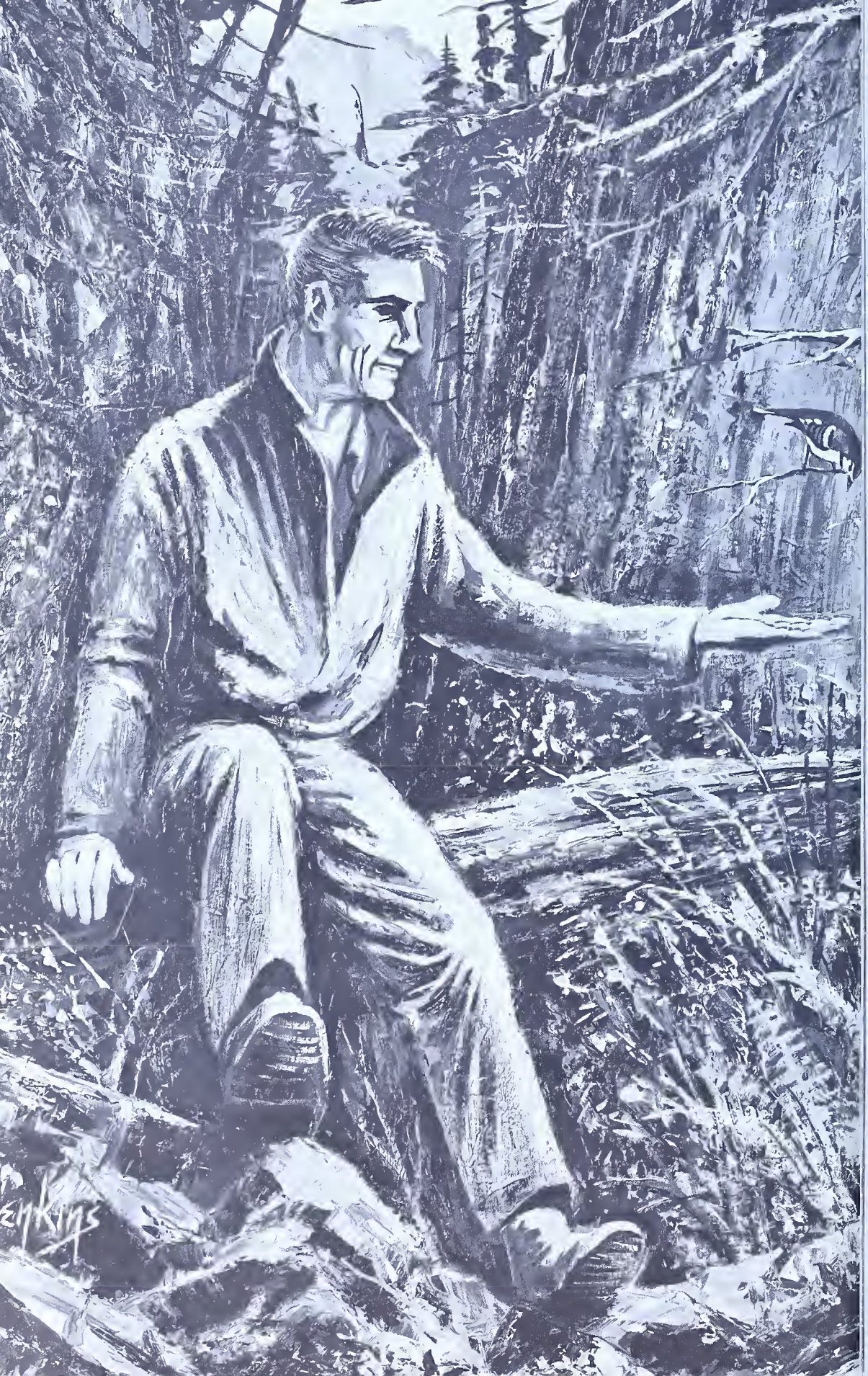
Observers will continue to study nesting ospreys. Perhaps their information will help us unravel the strange phenomenon affecting this species.

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1. L. N. Locke, et al., "Spermatogenesis in Bald Eagles Experimentally Fed a Diet Containing DDT," *The Condor*, vol. 68, pp. 497-502, Pullman, Wash., 1966.

2. A. C. Bent, *Life Histories of North American Birds of Prey* (Part 1), U. S. Natural Museum Bulletin 167, Washington, D. C., 1937.







# Are You One of Them?

By William W. Britton

WHEN Gifford Pinchot was governor of Pennsylvania, he used to like to have his breakfast served on the veranda at Gray Towers in Pike County.

There was a chipmunk that lived at the edge of the veranda amid the flowers and other shrubbery which surrounded this mansion, and it had become very tame. It would often get up on the table while the Governor was eating. One morning, he attempted to shoo him away from the jelly dish with a steak knife. In so doing, the knife came too close and it cut about an inch off "Chippie's" tail. It was purely an accident. The Governor did not mean to hurt the little fellow. He felt so badly about it that he ordered all his help at Gray Towers never to shoo or touch the chipmunk, no matter what he did.

The chipmunk seemed to sense this, as he soon became a greater nuisance than ever. He got into the butter dish, the jam, the bread plate and many other places a chipmunk should never be found, but he was never chastised nor shooed away.

My purpose in telling this true story is to show that a true conservationist is endowed with a godly spirit which permits him to appreciate all wildlife, the sight and sound of a babbling brook, the beauty and fascination of the blue sky, the blooming meadows with their varied forms of life and the marvels of their growth and decay, or the stately mountains which rise toward Heaven and stand as living monuments to the Architect of the Universe. When man communes with nature he is closer to the Master than he really knows, for it was He who gave us these priceless things to enjoy while here on Earth, and we will be charged an overwhelming cost if we

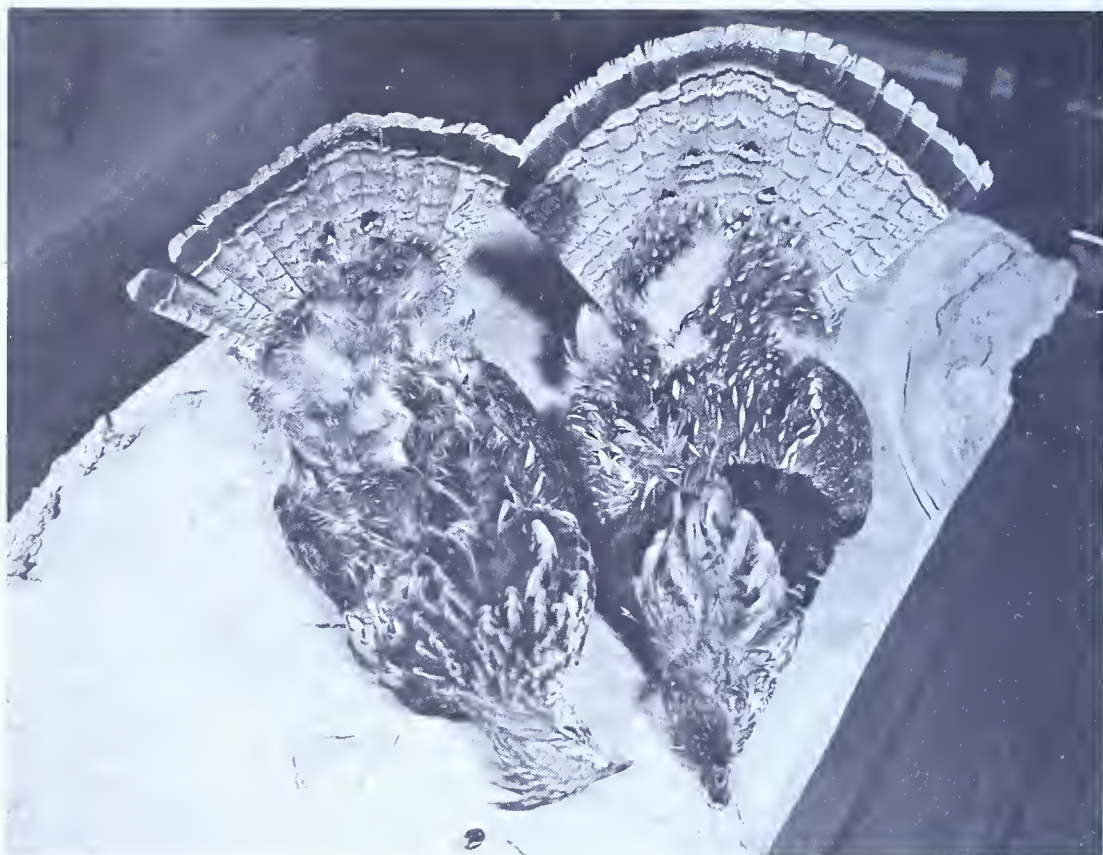
fail to guard and preserve this heritage.

Socrates once said, "I am anxious to learn, but from fields and streams I can learn nothing." But the philosopher who followed him was Aristotle, believed to be the first man to make a study of animals and attempt a classification of all living creatures. Aristotle was the founder of logical systems, the originator of physical science, and is one of the persons to whom we owe much in our efforts to fully understand the world around us.

## Balance With Nature

All down through the ages man has been slow to learn that nature keeps books. Our credit with her is good, but she also has collectors who demand payment. Conservation agencies earnestly try to keep our account in balance, but often are criticized by well-meaning people who do not understand many of the problems these dedicated men face. I am often reminded of the college graduate who was president of a large sportsmen's organization fighting one of the first doe seasons in Pennsylvania. This man was shown it was far wiser to have a doe season than to let many deer starve, and he was converted because he listened to reason. He later did much to quell the antagonism in his organization, because he had the courage to place his head on the chopping-block until, one by one, the members began seeing the truth. That man stands high today among his fellows. He is *one of them*. When you are able to observe and appreciate and protect all the beauties and glories of nature, your life will be changed from a condition of mere existence to one of ideal and joyous living. You too will then be *one of them*.





**FEMALE GROUSE ON LEFT, male on right. Forget the tail band and look for the larger fan and larger ruff on the male.**

## Bird in Hand

### How Old Is He—or She?

**By George Bird Evans**

*Photos by Jack Gates*

**O**NE long-ago November afternoon I climbed down a Pennsylvania mountain ridge to a hewn-log house and paused to chat with the old man squatting in the doorway. While my setter Blue sniffed acquaintance with a stiff-legged hound, I reached into my shooting jacket and took out the grouse I had shot, still warm and limp.

The man stroked the black ruffs and spread the large fan with bony fingers. "A big rooster," he pronounced quietly.

I hesitated to contradict him but I had just read a book. "You can't tell

from their appearance," I explained. "The experts say you have to dissect them to distinguish cocks from hens." I could see he wasn't convinced but I didn't care to argue. "Mind if I eat my lunch here?" I asked. "I didn't realize how late it was."

His eyes didn't leave the sandwich as I unwrapped it.

"Join me?" I offered him my other one, which he took and attacked ravenously. Even in those days I knew that mountain men rarely accept a small favor so promptly.

"Git hungry for somethin' besides potatoes," he said between bites.

"I could take a nice baked potato with sour cream," I mused, licking my fingers. "Skin and all."

"Ain't had nothin' but boiled potatoes for a week now," he said. "You git tired of boiled potatoes without salt."

I had no more food and I wondered if I should offer him my bird. But a mountaineer considers grouse well down the list below possums and groundhogs and, anyway, I sincerely hate to give away a grouse.

I left him sitting in the doorway, a breeze stirring the wispy hair, silvery as the weathered logs of his old house. Walking down the woods road I couldn't help thinking how right he was about boiled potatoes without salt. It took me years to learn that he was also right about how to recognize a cock grouse.

Why writers have made such a problem of identifying a male or female ruffed grouse puzzles me, until I remember how long it took me to use my eyes. It is as simple as distinguishing a male bobwhite from a female; almost as easy—once you have them in your hand—as recognizing a cock or a hen pheasant, though much more difficult when in flight.

#### Distinctive Flush?

In *The Ruffed Grouse*, 1947, Bump and his associates suggest that you can judge the sex by manner of flush: "On such occasions males tend to climb steeply for ten or a dozen feet before leveling off, while females more often fly off low, at least for a short distance." They point out that this "is most applicable on level ground without obstacles which must be surmounted in the immediate path of flight." In his book *American Game Birds*, 1954, Edminster says: "The angle of flight in flushing from the ground is fairly dependable for sex identification; the male usually rises steeply and the female flies low." I



**A MATCHED PAIR** of grouse, cock on left, hen on right. Notice difference in barred markings and throats.

find no indication that this applies exclusively to any one subspecies.

My experience has been with the grouse of the Appalachians in West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland. In forty years of grouse shooting I cannot recall a pattern of flushing characteristic of either cock or hen. I checked my gun diary which records each grouse shot, description of dog work, flush, markings of bird, crop contents and sex determined when dressed. I selected the last 110 grouse shot, nine of which had flushed from trees and one gave no clue as to how it took off. That left 100 whose flushes I could clearly determine, and I got some interesting answers.

There were 40 hens and 60 cocks. Exactly 20 hens took off low, 20 rose in flushing; 28 cocks took off low, 32 rose in flushing. Disregarding sex, 48 took off low, 52 rose. I think any grouse hunter will agree that cover and situation affect the manner of flush, but these cocks and hens performed astonishingly alike.

In my 100 grouse there were 15 adult and 25 young hens; 41 adult and



19 young cocks with no relation of adult or young to low or rising flushes. This surprised me, for I had an impression that older birds were more likely to climb while young birds "scooted" out low.

### Popular Method

A popular method for distinguishing cocks from hens goes: a cock when the broad dark tail band is solid across the two center feathers; a hen when the tail band is interrupted on the center feathers. The first part is true; the second part is only half-truth. Hens always have interrupted tail bands but so do about 40 percent of the cocks.

There are varying degrees of interruption in the marking on these two center tail feathers. Of my 100 birds, all 40 hens of course had interrupted tail bands; 35 cocks had solid bands, 24 interrupted, and the center feathers on the remaining cock were lost in the retrieve.

An accurate guide is the size of the fan. On cocks the tail is distinctly longer than on hens. Even young cocks have longer tails by October than adult hens.

The cock appears larger than the hen in every way. This has inspired tales that persist in some areas. Having shot some exceptionally big grouse, two hunters showed them to some men at a crossroads store and were told these were a separate strain of grouse known in that section as "mountain birds," as distinguished from "regular" grouse. Near Davis, W. Va., an old-timer directed me up Yellow Creek where I would find "the big yellow grouse." In a nearby area the natives spoke of "the old German grouse, bigger than mountain pheasants." These were all sincere opinions but actually these various larger birds were no doubt simply cock grouse, the extremely large ones being two or three years old.

Together with the larger fan, another accurate label of the cock is

his ruffs, larger and more conspicuous than the hen's. This is obvious on a bird in hand but not so easy to notice on a grouse walking across a road when the hackles nearly conceal the ruffs, unless he is strutting. Each season I shoot a few grouse with red or ginger-colored ruffs and tail band, raising the question whether this color has any relation to sex and age. Of my 110 grouse, 15 were reds or semi-reds comprised of 2 adult hens, 11 adult cocks and 2 young cocks.

The sex of grouse along a roadside can often be judged by length of tail but a raised crest means nothing, for both cocks and hens do this when nervous. Even the size of the bird can appear out of scale. If she is your first grouse of the season, a young hen may appear large while being retrieved.

### Reliable Feature

One of the most reliable features, once you learn to recognize it, is the throat and upper breast marking. Besides being infallible with the bird in hand, it is accurate up to a moderate distance—depending on your eyesight—if the grouse is on the ground and facing you. On the cock, the dark ruff feathers continue around in front to form a complete "collar"; on the hen this is missing or broken. The hen's identifying marking is a rich burnt-orange on the upper breast, and her barred markings show distinctly dark, beginning immediately below. The cock has, instead, a golden upper breast and his barred markings are tan and less distinct in this area, not becoming dark until well to the rear.

A more subtle difference is that the light spots on the lower back are more distinct on the males.

Make a practice of judging the sex of each grouse you shoot by 1) throat and breast, 2) ruffs, 3) size of tail, 4) overall size. Then check your judgment when the bird is dressed by the ovaries (egg cluster) in the hen or the two gray seedlike gonads in the

male. You will soon be able to recognize a cock or hen grouse at a glance.

It takes a closer look to determine if your grouse is an adult (hatched some previous year) or an immature bird (less than a year old). Adult cocks usually have longer tails; I can notice little difference in tail length of hens unless the bird is from a late hatching when it appears smaller overall.

The best clue as to age is in the manner in which the outer wing feathers are moulted. During their first-year moult, young grouse replace all primaries *except the outer two on each wing*. These two original outer primaries on each wing are normally retained until the second-year moult. When the adult grouse moults during its second year it replaces *all* primaries. With the moult completed by the shooting season it is possible to examine the outer two wing feathers and almost always determine whether your grouse was hatched that year or some previous year. The two juvenile primaries retained by the young bird usually have relatively more pointed tips than those on an adult. Unfortunately some newly grown adult primaries also have pointed tips.

The more accurate method takes only a moment longer and involves the same two outer primaries. As these feathers grow in they are encased in a sheath. On replacements after the moult, portions of this sheath cling to the new primaries throughout the hunting season.

### Short Coverts

Take your knife blade or car key and turn back the short coverts at the base of the outer primaries on either wing. If a trace of cellophane-like membrane clings to the base of either of the outer two, frequently for half an inch from the skin line, it indicates that these have been newly grown after the moult. Normally, such a bird is an adult. If no remnant of sheath is present on the two outer primaries on

either wing, your bird has not replaced them and therefore was hatched that year. This sheath is gradually shed as the season progresses and does not always cling to each new primary. But it persists long enough on one or more of the feathers to distinguish an adult through January shooting.

Just to make the rule a good one, there are exceptions. I get an occasional grouse that, judging from its small size, is almost certainly a young bird but which has membrane on one of the outer two primaries—usually the



**TIPS OF TWO** outer primaries are clue to grouse age. Sharp tip, left, suggests young bird; rounded tips, right, an adult.

inside one. An acquaintance, a research biologist who does extensive studies on grouse wings, has corroborated this situation in which immature grouse apparently have moulted the next-to-outer primary, a procedure usually reserved for adults. For field judgment, it is easier to age these fairly rare incidents by casual overall size and tail length.

The woodcock, unlike the grouse, at least makes sex determination simpler in that both males and females are marked alike. The external difference is in size. But, as in almost everything else he does, the woodcock does it differently: the males are smaller than the hens. Weightwise, the variance is only an ounce or two, but





**TO AGE WOODCOCK**, examine underside of first five secondary feathers. Adult on left, young bird, right.

to me it seems easier to identify a male or female woodcock in flight than a cock or hen grouse. I suspect this is because the woodcock is so often silhouetted against sky. By the time your grouse is up there his tail is seldom flared and, for me, size shows up most clearly in the fan on flushed birds.

Once you're fortunate enough to bag your woodcock you can easily distinguish a male from a female by the size of certain details. The larger size of the hen is not so much heft as bulk, with every feature proportionately larger. While her bill is only about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch longer than the cock's, like everything else it *looks* much larger. The wingspread appears considerably greater and the outer three flight feathers—the ones that make that wonderful whistling sound in flushing—are not only longer but wider than the male's with a more distinct concave curve on the trailing edge.

For years woodcock specialists have used these outer flight feathers for sex and age determination in their wing studies. Size determined sex; age

was determined by the amount of wear on these feather tips. Young woodcock grow these feathers when they put on their full plumage in early or mid summer; adults replace them in their late summer or early fall moult. By the shooting season these outer three flight feathers on the young birds are more worn than those on adults. Under a microscope this wear shows as notches around the tip. But this method loses accuracy in the late season when adult primaries also show wear.

### Unchanging Characteristic

Another age characteristic which does not change during the season has provided a more practical way to distinguish young birds from birds hatched a previous year. You and I can use this one in the field without a microscope but you'll need your glasses if you're over forty. It is based on differences in the pattern of secondary feathers.

Fish and Wildlife Service game biologists at Patuxent Wildlife Research Center at Laurel, Md.—principally Fant Martin and his associates—were kind enough to show me the method. They demonstrated on woodcock wings selected from thousands sent them by woodcock gunners from the U. S. and Canada, a few of which I'd had the pleasure of submitting. First, spread the wing and examine the *underside*. The secondaries are more difficult to distinguish than on a grouse. Locate them by beginning at the outer bend of the wing and count inward—the first five feathers being the most typical. Examine the marking at the tip, still looking at the underside. On young birds the narrow buff colored band at the tip will show a well defined contrast with the darker portion next to it. On adults this buff tip is merged or blended into a smoky border with the dark portion, at least at some segment of the border. Sharp contrast indicates a young woodcock; smoky or less distinct, an adult.

It's as simple as that. Did I say simple? At first I thought I'd never get the trick, but after many attempts and double checking with the tags on each wing which had also been evaluated by the microscope method, I finally got to know what to look for. It is the borderline case that throws you, but you learn by experience.

You can check your in-the-field judgment as to sex when the woodcock is dressed, just as you do in grouse, but verifying your opinion as to age isn't easy. Certain females are smaller than other females; the same applies to males, showing mostly in shorter bills. These smaller specimens usually turn out to be young birds by the feather test.

What difference does it make if the woodcock you shoot is a male or female, young or adult? It can indicate your chances for good shooting. If you are flushing mostly females you can be reasonably sure it is the first part of the migration. Old woodcock gunners—and I'm beginning to think and talk like one—will tell you that the early flights are chiefly females, followed later by the males. If I'm still flushing mostly females in early November I remain alert for some extended shooting when the males come down later than usual. Conversely, if I find mostly males during the last week of October or early November I know I may well have missed the first part of the flight. An early season mixture of females and males often indicates a concentration of "locals" with no exact bearing on the main flights. A high ratio of young woodcock to adults is good news. Even a two-to-one autumn young-to-adult ratio is considered almost maximum brood success by the experts; 1.3 to 1 being a more normal successful season.



**TAIL FEATHERS** of this grouse were being replaced in November after encounter with predator. Note elongated membrane sheath at base.

A high proportion of young grouse is good medicine early in the season. But if you are shooting mostly adult grouse you can know your season will probably be a lean one and you should go lightly on your kill if you hope to find a fair number of birds in your pet coverts the following season.

Beyond the practical knowledge you gain from recognizing age and sex, there is the deep pleasure in knowing more about the bird you gun for. The average man knows whether he has just shot a grouse or a woodcock, though some can't tell a woodcock from a snipe. Gunners, generally, know a surprising lot about the game they pursue. Paradoxically, most of us feel a sincere affection for the bird we kill. The more you know about, not just the species, but this particular grouse or woodcock you are holding, the more you will cherish it. A bird in the hand is not something to be taken casually.

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## Big Job

Two gray squirrels can make a nest by working 10 hours a day for three days, using rags, paper, string, leaves, twigs and bark.





# To Be a Woodsman

By John Little Bilham

**T**HE Old Man knew it. I had heard him tell my father as they sat smoking under the pine trees in the backyard.

"Nick's a real woodsman," he had said. "Jim also does fine with a gun or fly rod or on the traplines, but it isn't in his blood as it is with Nick."

It had hurt me to hear the Old Man say my younger brother was my better in the crafts of the woodsman, for in the rugged Pennsylvania mountains where we lived knowledge of woodlore was deeply treasured by all men, young and old. So, as I watched the Old Man start home on that cool summer evening, I felt puzzled and angered by the remark from a man whom I admired as much as anyone I've ever known.

The Old Man had always lived in a little cabin high in the mountains. Long ago he worked there with the loggers who stripped away virgin forests of hemlock and pine. Many of those woodcutters were strong, adventuresome immigrants from Sweden and Germany, and it gave the Old Man great pleasure to recall those days in the lumber camps. His tales of their rough and tumble way of life were always told with great pleasure, for they were his most valued possession.

## Woodcraft Training

Most of the townsfolk simply tolerated the Old Man and thought him a bit odd for living alone in the mountains, but my father knew him well and respected his knowledge of the outdoors. And so it was at Dad's request that my brother and I, early in our boyhood, began to follow the Old Man about the fields and forests, learning carefully the crafts of the woodsman. He never offered us one

word of praise but he often told Dad we were learning.

I had thought that we were doing equally well and so, when the Old Man said Nick was the woodsman, I was truly puzzled. True, when we hunted the thickets for grouse and the swales for pheasant, Nick's gun brought down game more often than mine. But when the first deep snows of winter led us into the mountains after deer, it was my rifle that usually felled the largest buck.

And I knew as well as he the cold, pine-shrouded creeks deep in the hills where native brook trout lay silently in the cold water, waiting for a grasshopper or fly to break the surface and bring them lunging and fighting to the net.

On the traplines we both knew well the lures and sets which would bring

**ON THE WAY HOME** through the stinging rain, we heard a distant honking that made our eyes strain upward.





to the trap the fox and mink that prowled the winter forests. Thus, the Old Man's words puzzled me—until late in the fall when their meaning came finally and forever to my mind.

Nick and I had decided to do some early scouting for our traplines that fall, so early one cold morning, with a hard rain slapping down on our ponchos and cutting the yellowed leaves from the trees, we walked the old logging trails which crisscross the mountains, cautiously searching the wet earth for the small round prints of the fox or mink. We did not find much mink sign, but fox prints were abundant, clustered in groups which



**WE RAN DOWN** the road and just around a sharp bend found a small dog with its leg in the jaws of a trap.

showed us that the young were still traveling with the vixens.

By late in the afternoon a cold north wind had given the rain a stinging bite which started us on the long walk home. As we started down off the mountain we heard a distant honking that made us pause in a clearing, eyes straining upward. Suddenly, a ragged arrow of geese burst from the dense gray clouds, warming our hearts with the wildness and freedom of their swift flight.

As the sound of the geese died upon our ears, we became aware of a whimpering, whining cry. It sounded like an animal in deepest misery. We ran quickly down the road and just around a sharp bend found a small mongrel dog with its foreleg seized in the jaws of a steel trap. It was apparent from the dog's gaunt body and badly mangled leg that he had been caught for days and was close to death.

### Biggest Outlaw

We didn't have to wonder who had wantonly let his trap go untended for so long, for just then Ben Slade came swaggering down the road. Slade was about twenty years old and he openly bragged about being the biggest outlaw in the county. He took all kinds of game out of season and thought little of leaving most of the meat to rot in the woods. He was also the self-styled executioner of all the unwanted dogs and kittens in town, and Nick hated him. When he was still about forty feet from us he got out the big 44 revolver he always carried and made a show of checking the cylinder to see that it was loaded.

"Well, I see I caught another dog," he growled as he stopped a few feet away from us. "Funny that mutt's still alive. I haven't checked this trap in a week."

"You wouldn't catch dogs if you knew the right way to make a set and checked it every day," Nick said angrily. "We could report you to a Game Protector for this, Slade, and you know it."

Slade just smiled, and then said slowly, "Well now, sonny, I do know what to do with dogs when I catch 'em, so you just step back out of the way and I'll show you."

When Nick didn't move, Slade stepped quickly to one side, drew up the big revolver and took careful aim at the dog. Just as the explosion of the shot ripped the air, Nick jumped forward and drove his left fist just below Slade's eye. I saw the bullet

slam into the ground just in front of the dog. Slade staggered sideways, but regained his footing quickly, his mouth opening to shout a curse. Nick was already boring in, and he tackled Slade straight on, burying his head in Slade's belly. I heard Slade's breath go out with a *woosh*, and he dropped the gun and fell, clutching his stomach.

Nick got up quickly but Slade lay on the ground, groaning. Nick came back to me and the dog. The dog was really frightened now and growled viciously at Nick as he approached it. But he leaned down, talking gently to it, and soon it calmed down enough for him to pull the trap jaws apart. I lifted the dog out of the trap and held him in my arms.

At that moment I felt very proud of my younger brother and very ashamed of myself. For when I saw him stand up to Slade I finally realized just what the Old Man had meant. For to be a woodsman does not mean simply acquiring the skills and techniques of hunting and fishing. Rather, the most important thing is having the compassion and concern for wildlife, and an instant willingness to fight for it,



**SLADE TOOK CAREFUL aim at the dog, but just as he shot Nick jumped forward and swung his fist.**

that my brother had and I did not.

I knew now that Nick's driving desire to know and understand everything possible about game and the outdoors was a result of his love for it, rather than any intention of using it for his own ends. And that was the real difference.

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## Book Review . . .

### "A Certain Island"

Today's sportsmen and conservationists will find a timeless message in Robert Murphy's fourth novel, *A Certain Island*. It is a turn of the century story about a sixteen-year-old boy who is torn between his love of the outdoors and his father's insistence that he study law. Geordie Sutton had to decide which career he would follow.

Mr. Murphy's vivid portrayal of hunting scenes brings out all the pleasures and discomforts of the hunt. He skillfully presents hunting as a sport and not a primitive rite.

The climax of the story is an expedition to Laysan Island, a Pacific atoll, which unfortunately acquired an overpopulation of rabbits that threaten several species of native birds with extinction. During the months there, Geordie achieves personal satisfaction from his observations of the elusive birds, and from the expedition's efforts to decimate the rabbits he learns to meet the disappointments encountered in the conservation field as in any career. Young people, especially, will enjoy *A Certain Island*.

The 239-page book is published by M. Evans and Co., Inc., New York City. Price, \$4.95.





PGC Photo by Ted Godshall

## \$5.20—A Bonus Buy

By R. G. Smith

**L**AST SUMMER on a warm balmy evening, I took my 22 rifle and went for a walk in search of a woodchuck. A more relaxing and enjoyable time I have never had. The weather was mild, the air refreshing, the countryside green and beautiful.

In the fall I spent many hours with my beagle in search of cottontail rabbits. Also on State Game Lands I searched for white-tailed deer. Am I someone special to enjoy this bountiful land? No, sir! I'm just a lucky Pennsylvanian.

For \$5.20, I can hunt the year round. Rabbits, grouse, pheasant, ducks, woodcock, squirrels, crows, turkey, deer, woodchucks or bear can be mine for the hunting—or yours. Does this sound too good to be true? Just ask any Pennsylvania sportsman and he will verify this bonus buy—a Pennsylvania resident hunting license.

And with this license I'm not only buying a year's entertainment, but at the same time helping the Game Commission purchase more land.

Did you know that over \$4,000,000 in license fees is paid to the Pennsylvania Game Commission annually by

resident hunters? Also, that over \$1,000,000 is collected from nonresident hunters who know the values of this great state? It's a fact that over half of each revenue dollar collected goes to management of land for wildlife. So you see that your small investment for this license is being returned to you in the form of abundant game and more acreage to hunt.

The right to buy a license brings its own responsibility, though. Can you shoulder this responsibility? Do you have the judgment and ability to handle firearms carefully, do you respect and protect both private and state-owned land? You must, to be a welcomed hunter today.

But if you enjoy the outdoors, the companionship of a hunting partner and the entertainment of a working dog, you are one of us who understands the advantages of paying a license fee, who is glad to help conserve our hunting for coming generations.

It's people like you and I who are helping to keep Pennsylvania one of the great hunting states. Being a Pennsylvanian, I will state—even boast—that \$5.20 is a bonus buy.

*No Matter How Long You've Hunted, You'll Discover  
The Sport Anew With a Muzzle-Loading Shotgun . . .*

# Old Meat in the Pot

By Jim Hayes

**B**ACK IN THE days when a gun was a gun and shooters weren't so particular, hunting was sometimes less a strictly sporting proposition than a matter of meat or no meat to go with the mashed potatoes.

Smackdab in the midst of that era, about 1840, a new kind of shotgun appeared on the American scene. From the beginning it was plain that here was a scattergun that could really fetch home the hasenpfeffer. For the next forty years, in the interval between the flintlock fowling piece and the breechloader, it provided hunters with an effective, reliable weapon.

Today, though stashed away in attics and gathering dust in antique shops, unused and neglected, those old-time shotguns still rank among the finest sporting firearms that ever folded a grouse, splashed a mallard, or tumbled a gray squirrel from the tallest oak. I'm talking about that old reliable of granddaddy's day old-meat-in-the-pot, the percussion cap muzzle-loading shotgun.

Percussion cap guns were a decided improvement over flintlocks. Powder and shot are loaded through the muzzle, the same as the flintlock, but the powder charge is ignited by a metal percussion cap which fits over a brass nipple screwed into the breech end, not by sparks thrown by a piece of flint striking metal. When the cap is exploded by being struck with the hammer, fire flashes through a hole in the center of the nipple into the chamber to ignite the black powder charge.

Later development of breechloaders made percussion cap guns obsolete,







**PERCUSSION CAP MUZZLE-LOADING SHOTGUN** with powder horn and measure and components for feeding it, including shot, powder, wads and caps.

of course. The front-feed scattergun, like the old soldier, just sort of faded away. Only it didn't fade away completely. If you traipse far enough back in the hills, especially in West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, you will still encounter hunters toting powder horns, shot pouches and hammer guns with ramrods tucked under the barrels.

#### **Black Powder Rediscovered**

Today, with a new generation of hunters rediscovering black powder, the M-L shotgun is finding favor among a growing number of sportsmen. If you are the kind of shooter who loads your own shells, a fellow who likes to tinker, you may find that the front-ender is for you, too. Every load is made to order, personally measured out, powder and shot, and tamped in to your specifications.

Too often, shooting "store boughten" loads in a modern shotgun tends to be mechanical, almost automatic, simply blam and slam. But when you

touch off Old Betsy and she cuts loose in a fiery cloud of dense smoke, there's never any question that you've fired a *gun*! Add to that the challenge of going afield with the same scattergun that granddaddy toted and you add an entirely new dimension to the sport of hunting.

Muzzle-loading shotguns are often obtainable at from \$35 to \$75, depending on condition, at gun shows, from collectors, and other sources. Some custom jobs featuring intricate inlays and special workmanship may command \$350 or more. You can sometimes pick up a good original by reading the classified ads in *Shotgun News*, Columbus, Neb. Perhaps most M-L shotguns were made in England or Belgium. Most of those made in this country have English or Belgian barrels. Reproduction model singles and doubles can be had from \$20 to \$75. Two sources are the Dixie Gun Works, Union City, Tenn., and Century Arms, St. Albans, Vt.

If you acquire a M-L shotgun, your

first step should be to take it to a gunsmith, preferably one who has had experience with antique guns. He'll check it out, make repairs, test fire it, and let you know if you have a safe shooting gun. Unless a barrel is so corroded as to make the gun unsafe, it can probably be put in shooting condition for a nominal amount.

### Use Only Black Powder

The important thing to know about muzzle-loaders is that they are designed for *black powder only*. Modern smokeless powder could blow them to smithereens. Use FG or FFG black rifle powder, obtainable from most gun shops. The rest of your supplies—shot, wads, percussion caps, and a powder measure—are available from gun shops or antique gun supply mail order houses. You may also want to pick up a powder horn and shot pouch.

M-L shotguns, provided they have been examined and found to be in good condition, and provided also that they are loaded with black powder only, are as safe as any other gun. That is, they are as safe as the man handling them. Naturally, there are a few commonsense safety rules to be observed.

The first concerns percussion caps. The percussion cap is to a M-L shotgun what the primer is to a modern shotgun shell. Years ago, when two hunters met in the field and paused to chat, they removed the percussion caps from their guns as a matter of courtesy and safety. This is the equivalent of breaking a modern gun at the breech or opening the action.

### Caps on Last

Percussion caps go on *last* when loading, come off *first* when unloading. If you fire one barrel of a double, remove the cap from the charged barrel before reloading. You simply do not work around the muzzle with a capped gun. The gun should be capped only when you are actually hunting and ready for a shot.

Most muzzle-loaders have three-position hammers. The positions are closed (full down), safe (one-quarter way to cocked), and full cock. Keep the hammers on "safe," not closed. In closed position the hammer rests on the percussion cap. If the hammer is accidentally bumped, it's possible to discharge the gun. On "safe" position the hammer does not touch the cap and the trigger (if working properly) can't be pulled.

Before you try to shoot the gun, make sure the vents in the nipples are open. The spark from the percussion cap must have clear passage to the powder load.

How can you tell? First, check the barrels with the ramrod to make certain they are not charged. Then blow smoke into the muzzle. If the smoke comes out through the nipples, the opening is clear. If not, unscrew the nipples from the breech and run a piece of wire through the nipple ports

**HUNTER POURS** black powder into measure. It will next be dumped into barrel of gun.







**OVERSHOT** wad being placed in muzzle is tamped down to hold shot in place prior to firing.

and also through the nipple sockets into the chamber.

Next, replace the nipples and insert overshot wads in both barrels, but don't tamp them in. Place percussion caps on the nipples, and touch 'em off. If the wads blow out, you should be in business. If the nipples are open but the gun still won't shoot, place a few grains of powder in the nipple ports, recap, and the barrels should shoot. Once a barrel fires, it should shoot every time. If you have trouble with misfires, place a few grains of powder in the nipple ports.

#### Standard Loads

Here are standard service loads for M-L shotguns. These have an effective killing range of about 30 yards. Using No. 7½ shot, they are ideal for grouse, woodcock, quail and short range work on rabbits. Actually, most small game in Pennsylvania is killed at this range, or less.

Gauge	FFG Black Powder		Shot
	Grains	Drams	
12-14	89	3¼	1½ oz.
16-18	75	2¾	1
20	68	2¼	¾

As a rule of thumb, you can't go far wrong by measuring out the same proportions, by bulk, of powder and shot. In other words, if your powder measure is adjusted for three drams of powder, use it at that same setting to measure your shot.

#### Heavier Loads

If you are hunting squirrel, pheasant, ducks or wild turkey, which require heavier loads, you can step up the above loads in increments of ¼ dram of additional powder and 1/16 ounce of additional shot. With a 12 gauge, for example, you proceed from 3 or 3¼ drams (light) to 3½ (medium) to 3¾ or 4 drams (heavy). Probably the heaviest loads you'd care to shoot are 4 drams in a 12 gauge, 3 drams in a 16, and 2¾ drams in a 20. Of course, you normally use larger shot sizes with heavier loads—4s, 5s and 6s instead of 7½s. Incidentally, 7½s count approximately 338 to the ounce; 6s, 218; 4s, 132; and 2s, 86.

Most M-L shotguns known to the writer are not choked. They are straight cylinder jobs. This means that you do not get the shot patterns you get with a choked gun. Even so, a properly loaded front-ender will give you patterns that are entirely adequate for general hunting purposes. One thing for sure, those open bores never prevented granddaddy from busting his share of bunnies.

One aspect of muzzle-loader shooting that may not appeal to some hunters is that the guns must be thoroughly cleaned after every outing. The barrels must be swabbed with boiling, soapy water, followed by clear, boiling water, then dried and lightly oiled. Otherwise the residue from the black powder will corrode the barrels. If you have been less

than scrupulous in caring for your guns, owning a black powder burner is one way to "get religion."

Another chore is pulling the loads. First, remove the percussion caps. Loads are pulled with the ramrod, which is carried under the barrel, held in place by metal rings. One end is blunt and is used to tamp in the wads when loading. The other end has a screw, called the worm, to push through the overshot wad. This wad is then pulled, the shot recovered, and the powder wad pulled and powder recovered the same way.

### Shoot 'Em Empty

An easier way is to simply fire off the loads when you quit hunting. Shooting supplies—powder, shot, wads and caps—are quite inexpensive. You can blast away until your ears ring for less than the price of a box of shotgun shells.

If you find yourself getting serious

about muzzle-loader shooting, send \$1.25 to V. M. Starr, Eden, S. D., for a copy of his booklet, *The Muzzle Loading Shotgun*. This is a gold mine of information and also a classic in its handling of good old-fashioned gunsmith English.

Another source of information as well as mail order shooting supplies is the \$1 catalog published by the Dixie Gun Works, Union City, Tenn. This outfit has a complete line of antique gun parts and accessories.

Hunting with a percussion cap M-L shotgun is a sport all its own. If you are among those fortunate enough to possess a front-end loader, or manage to acquire one before the coming season, look forward to discovering anew the sport of hunting. No matter how many grouse you've folded, or rabbit or squirrel or pheasant, the first one you bag with a muzzle-loader will be a thrill comparable to your first one . . . ever!

**READY TO GO**, modern-day hunter finds shotgun type developed well over a century ago still efficient in bringing home game.







**Fox Grape**

## Summe

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**B**

**Wild Strawberry**



**Sassafras**



# Leaves

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Alder

Virginia Creeper



Wild Morning Glory







# FIELD NOTES

## Conservation in Schools

**CRAWFORD COUNTY**—On April 3, 4, and 5 I had the pleasure of appearing in all of the Titusville Area schools, during their Conservation Week, giving talks on conservation. In every school, posters made by the students depicted various conservation practices. I am grateful to all of the students for their courteous attention, and to the teachers, principals, and school officials for their wonderful cooperation. Jack Bonnett, who served as chairman of Conservation Week and did an outstanding job, and Marshall Fisher, superintendent of schools, are to be commended for their wholehearted cooperation. — District Game Protector W. E. Lee, Titusville.

## Courage in a Small Package

**CLARION COUNTY**—While visiting my parents for a weekend, my father and I were cutting apple wood for the fireplace when from within the very branch we were cutting came a mouse carrying one of its young. I could not help but admire the courage of this tiny rodent as it sought to preserve its family. — District Game Protector D. W. Brown, Knox.



## Fair Exchange?

**UNION COUNTY** — Bob Holman, a biology teacher in the Mifflinburg High School, told me that the three eggs he had been watching in a woodcock nest were destroyed by crows. Bob found the crow's nest which contained five eggs and took them to his home for "observation." — District Game Protector J. S. Shuler, Lewisburg.

## Lemme See Your ID Card

**FRANKLIN COUNTY** — Deputy Thomas Hawthorne told me that during the survey of Farm Game Project No. 134 in Franklin County he was variously mistaken for the new bread man, the insurance man and even the census taker.—District Game Protector R. E. Schmuck, Greencastle.

## Bonus Benefits

**BUTLER COUNTY**—While on patrol the Saturday before trout season, several deputies and I had our sights set on catching some of the "early" fishermen. Although we did not find any fishermen on the closed streams that day, we did not return home entirely empty-handed. On the first stream we checked, we found a nearly full case of beer stashed in the brush. Not content to stop at that, we walked the back way into another stream to look for fishermen there. Hidden on an old abandoned farm, we found a stolen car that we had been looking for, for about a week. It had been taken from Grove City several weeks earlier. These are but just a few of the events that keep the job of Game Protector from being routine.—District Game Protector W. Ned Weston, Boyers.

## Our Kind of Girl

**JUNIATA COUNTY**—I firmly believe that the greatest gift a parent can give a child is an honest appreciation of the joys and satisfaction of the outdoors. This training can't start too soon, and our men realize this, as the following incident shows.

I dropped in at Deputy Banks Smith's home the other evening and his 6-month-old daughter Vanessa was playing happily. The usual litter of stuffed toys was predominated over by a duck decoy, she was contentedly teething on a used plastic shotgun shell, and perched jauntily on her head was Barney's hunting hat.

There's no doubt this young girl will get started off on the right foot towards a love of the outdoors.—District Game Protector R. Shaffer, Mifflintown.

## Nonconformist

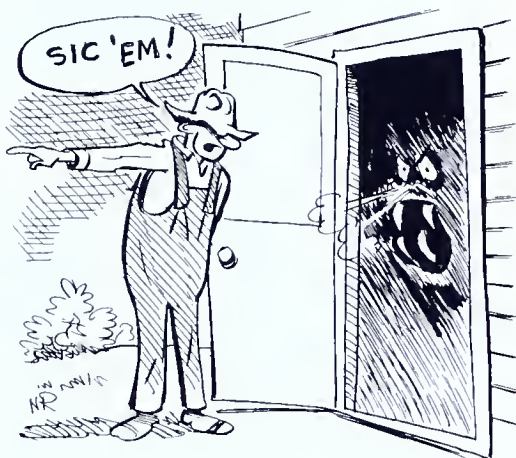
**LYCOMING COUNTY**—There are many places along the Susquehanna River that a duck might nest, yet a mallard hen was found sitting on eggs along the fence of the Jersey Shore swimming pool. She probably intends to use the pool to rear her ducklings.—District Game Protector M. Evancho, Jersey Shore.

## Taking No Chances

**CLEARFIELD COUNTY**—While in the office of Mrs. Frances McKenrick, of Grampian, a Justice of the Peace, I was told this story by her son-in-law. He said a doe that had been around his farm for many years had become accustomed to the electric fence around the pasture and would jump the fence in order to feed on the lush grass in the field. Last summer he removed the electric wire. He later saw the old deer come into the field, walk to where the wire had been and jump into the air! She then started feeding naturally. — District Game Protector J. R. Furlong, Ramey.

## They Need a Story

**ELK COUNTY**—While presenting Triple Trophy Awards, three in Elk County and two in Clearfield County, I have heard some real good hunting stories. I still think the best ones come from the hunters who *almost* got theirs.—District Game Protector H. D. Harshbarger, Kersey.



## Situation Well in Hand

**BLAIR COUNTY**—The usual rash of complaints about stray dogs has appeared this summer. In one case, four of these unlicensed dogs ran a small deer into a barn that was being used to house young beef cattle. When the farmer came out to feed his stock, he found the dogs worrying his young calves. He returned to his house and got what he called "the necessary tool" to take care of the situation. I feel confident I will receive no further complaints about these particular dogs.—District Game Protector J. DeLong, Roaring Spring.

## Good Seasons Ahead

**BRADFORD COUNTY**—In spite of the fact that Bradford County ranked first in antlerless deer kill, fifth in buck kill, and second for total deer kill for the past season, it looks as if we have as many deer in most sections—and more in some—than we did last year at this time.—District Game Protector R. W. Donahoe, Troy.





### Never Thought of That

**GREENE COUNTY**—The Waynesburg Beagle Club has been having trouble with rabbits dying on their training grounds, and attributes this to the large amount of wood ticks found on the dead rabbits. They decided to try and place some tick and flea powder at several spots on their grounds. When Dr. Charles Bryner went to a local drugstore and bought 17 boxes of the powder, the salesgirl mentioned that he certainly must be going to take care of a lot of dogs. Told it was for use on rabbits, she looked at him suspiciously and said, "You'll have to get an awful long pole."—District Game Protector L. V. Haines, Waynesburg.

### Dessert?

**LUZERNE COUNTY**—I recently received a deer damage complaint from a retired couple in West Nanticoke. Deer were eating their gladioluses alongside of the house, and they did not know what to do. They had tried everything, even to peeling apples and cutting large cavities in them which they filled with hot pepper. For a few nights the deer didn't bother a thing, the woman said, but one night they ate the rest of the glads and all of her seasoned apples.—District Game Protector E. Gdosky, Dallas.

### Too Much Is Too Much

On April 11, a large bear was seen walking across the lawn within ten yards of the Headquarters building on State Game Lands No. 57. When we went outside, it ran up the hill about 100 yards and stopped as if reluctant to leave. Guess it was casing the place, for sometime during the night it returned, opened a hole in the side of the corncrib and proceeded to fill up. For several mornings there was evidence that it had returned each night for corn. When it left its front footprints on the freshly painted flag pole lying near by, it was time to let our guest know the free grub was no more. An electric fence around the corn crib shut off the cafeteria. The bear returned at least twice after the fence was erected but did not go through for the corn.—Land Manager G. Sprankle, Mehoopany.

### Now He Knows

**ERIE AND CRAWFORD COUNTIES**—While on patrol prior to the opening day of trout season, Deputy Kuntz saw two young lads fishing from a bridge on a trout stream. Deputy Kuntz stopped and asked them if they knew trout season was not in yet, when a deep voice from under the bridge said, "Who the \*†\*%\* wants to know?" A rather costly question.—Land Manager J. C. Hyde, Townville.



## Beautiful Sight

**ADAMS COUNTY**—While on patrol in Cumberland Township recently, I saw a small flock of whistling swans taking off from a farm pond.—District Game Protector D. C. Beach, Gettysburg.

## Float to Paradise

**LAWRENCE COUNTY** — A float trip down the Shenango River recently provided a great deal of satisfaction. Many species of birds and animals were sighted along the river in Lawrence County. Besides seeing small game, many goldeneyes, mallards and wood ducks were observed. A like trip, I'm sure, would change the mind of many skeptical persons as to the wildlife population in this county.—District Game Protector C. A. Hooper, New Castle.

## Food + Cover = Rabbits

**FOREST COUNTY** — The area around the Bartons' home near Marienville is open fields and certainly not ideal-looking rabbit habitat. But near their home they have eight or ten tight brush piles with the usual groundhog holes in them. There was nothing to eat in the area but a few bushes, so they asked me to trap rabbits there this past winter. We took 32 rabbits from about an acre of ground. They were transferred to the rabbit area that the Marienville Rod and Gun Club started a couple years ago on State Game Lands No. 24. But for the lack of food and cover, we could have rabbits.—District Game Protector D. W. Gross, Marienville.

## Here They Come!

**VENANGO AND MERCER COUNTIES**—On April 27, I saw a doe deer with twin fawns on State Game Lands No. 39. These are the first fawns I've seen this spring. — Land Manager E. M. Borger, Polk.



## Points of View

**ERIE COUNTY**—Last small game hunting season I checked a 60-year-old man hunting rabbits in a cemetery. The man was actually standing on a large tombstone while waiting for his dog which was running a rabbit. The man was within a safety zone, using an unplugged shotgun, and on his back he was displaying a two-year-old junior resident license that had belonged to his son. When I explained that he was in violation of the law, he became rather indignant and said, "Well, I'm sorry, but I was not aware that I was doing anything wrong." I had trouble trying to think of something he was doing right.—District Game Protector R. L. Sutherland, Erie.

## Perseverance Pays

**MERCER COUNTY**—Some nights it just doesn't pay to get up. After picking up close to 1000 road kill deer over the last 10 years, I finally had an odd one hit on April 19, just east of Mercer. It was a 4-year-old doe, carrying 3 fawns, and she was starting to grow antlers. The next day, I mentioned it to several people, and one replied, "Oh, yeah, I've seen quite a few of those around here." I guess I'm just a born loser. Maybe the woods are full of antlered does, and the first 1000 I picked up were the odd ones.—District Game Protector J. A. Badger, Mercer.



## Good Grouse News

**JEFFERSON COUNTY** — Grouse appear to be more plentiful this spring than I have seen them for a number of years.—District Game Protector G. W. Miller, Sigel.



## Beagles and Bunnies

**CAMBRIA AND INDIANA COUNTIES**—Through a good food and cover program our Indiana Beagle Club has a very good supply of rabbits. While my beagles are running one rabbit, I often see many other rabbits at the same time. The club purchased rabbits from the state of Kansas and also trapped rabbits from the borough of Indiana, so everything adds up to the fact that for old dogs we have too many rabbits. — Land Manager C. L. Ruth, Indiana.

## A Genuine Problem

**ERIE COUNTY** — During the last part of March and the month of April, I disposed of nineteen deer, one illegally killed and eighteen killed by vehicles. All were females and all but one carried unborn fawns. It is very unusual to have so many deer killed in this manner and not one male. Highway kills certainly cut down the potential fall population of deer.—District Game Protector E. D. Simpson, Union City.

## Hitchhiking Hen

**INDIANA COUNTY** — Early in April, Glenn Riddle, of Homer City, was driving between Pikes Peak and Brush Valley on Route 259. A flock of pheasants flew across the road ahead of him. This being a nice springlike day, Glenn had his car window open and was surprised to find that one of the hen pheasants had flown into his auto. He continued to the residence of Mr. Adams, with the bird still perched in the car. The bird was released nearby. We felt the hen wanted to set up housekeeping in a new location and decided it was better to ride than fly.—District Game Protector A. J. Zaycosky, Indiana.

## Information, Please

**LACKAWANNA COUNTY** — A Game Protector can expect numerous telephone calls at all hours of the day and night, requesting a variety of facts, figures and information about the outdoors and its wildlife. One grows rather accustomed to this procedure and thinks little of it, but I just heard a new one. The telephone rang, and when I answered, the voice at the other end asked, "What time does the A&P store close there tonight?" "Eight o'clock," I said. The caller replied, "Thank you, good-bye," and hung up. It was then 7:40 p.m. I hope he made it, wherever he was coming from.—District Game Protector T. Wylie, Moscow.

## Late Nesting

**MONTOUR COUNTY** — Personal observations substantiated by reports from local farmers, sportsmen and deputies indicate that, locally, the nesting season was somewhat later than it has been in recent years. This is undoubtedly due to the unseasonable spring we experienced.—District Game Protector H. W. Bower, Danville.



# CONSERVATION NEWS



*PGC Photo by Steve Kish*

**THREE BEAVERS WERE THE** season limit in most of the state, but in several counties in the Northeast, five could be taken.

## **Pennsylvania Trappers Harvest 2903 Beavers**

**T**RAPPERS harvested 2903 beavers during the February 11-March 12 season this year, according to the Pennsylvania Game Commission. This is a slight decline from the 3477 taken in 1966.

Several factors contributed to the lower harvest of the big furbearers this year. A severe drought in the northeast section of the nation for several years has been harmful to wildlife which depends on water. Populations of beaver, muskrat, otter, etc., have been reduced each year the drought persists. More rain this spring than in the immediately preceding years may be helpful in producing a larger beaver supply in the future.

Unfavorable weather conditions also had a part in reducing this year's harvest of the flat-tails. The northeast

section of the state, prime beaver territory, had frozen waterways until the last week of the season, and beavers weren't on the move. Flooding conditions during the same period in the northwest part of the state prevented trappers from reaching their sets.

A decline in the number of beaver trappers was noted by Game Commission field personnel. One possible reason for this is fur prices. Although beaver pelts are among the strongest items in a lagging fur market, \$25 is about the top price for the best skin.

Northern counties, as usual, led this year's harvest. Wayne County was the top beaver producer with 288 pelts, while Crawford County, last year's leader, contributed 243. Susquehanna County was third with 218.



# Four Days per Deer

**H**OW LONG does it take a hunter to bag a deer in Pennsylvania? Some tag their trophies in just a few minutes, while others tramp for days before scoring. How determined are hunters? Some give up within a few hours if they don't succeed; others keep at it for weeks.

But the average successful deer hunter may be a little more persistent than most persons (including other hunters) think he is. A Pennsylvania Game Commission study of the most recent deer seasons shows that he spent almost four days chasing a wily whitetail before connecting.

During the 1966-67 license year, hunters reported harvesting 118,753 deer in the Commonwealth. Of these, 116,409 were taken by firearms during the regular gunning seasons, 2337 by bow and arrow during the regular and extended archery seasons, and seven by archers during the regular gunning seasons. The 118,753 included 58,722 antlered and 60,031 antlerless whitetails.

By utilizing all legal firearms, ammunition and bows and arrows, and by taking advantage of all open seasons and areas of the state, it was possible to hunt deer for a total of 54 days during the hunting license year.

Statistics from the big game kill report cards returned by 96,002 successful gun hunters provide some interesting comparisons. (20,407 cards were not included in the study because of incomplete data.)

These 96,002 hunters spent 374,401 man-days afield, an average of 3.9

days for each whitetail harvested.

Of these hunters, 49,027 tagged antlered deer and 46,975 got antlerless whitetails. Successful buck hunters spent 135,567 man-days hunting, for an average of 2.8 days per deer. Successful antlerless deer hunters put in 238,834 man-days, an average of 5.1 days to tag an antlerless deer. The antlerless figures include the number of days spent hunting both antlered and antlerless deer, since this was the information given on the report card. The statewide antlerless season lasted only two days.

Included in the study were 89,657 resident and 6345 nonresident hunters. A minor difference was noted between these groups. The residents spent 353,996 man-days hunting, an average of 3.9 days for each deer harvested, while nonresidents were afield for 20,405 man-days, an average of 3.2 days per deer.

The endurance records of some deer hunters may surprise a few persons too. No less than 156 hunters spent twenty or more days chasing whitetails before connecting. Of these, 78 were afield for twenty-five or more days, and 44 hunted for thirty or more days before scoring.

One hunter bagged his deer on the 45th day, another connected on the 42nd day, and two hunted for 40 days before taking their trophies.

Since it was possible to hunt with firearms for no more than 18 days, it is obvious that the most persistent hunters included bows and arrows in their equipment.

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## Determination Gets Results

Lieut. Joe Way, U. S. Navy flier, was quite intent on getting home for at least one day of deer hunting the past season. He spent thirteen hours flying time to get to Erie Airport, where he was met by his mother, who had driven there from the family home at Oil City. They then drove to their family camp at Queen, Forest County. The party bagged one deer—and Joe was the one who connected.



PGC Photo by R. D. Parlamen

**APPROXIMATELY 30,000 visitors saw this Pennsylvania Game Commission exhibit at the Venango County Outdoor Recreation show in April. Many took advantage of the opportunity to get hunting information from District Game Protector Clyde Decker and other Commission personnel.**

## Who Sets Hunting Seasons, Regulations?

For those who have difficulty in understanding how hunting or fishing seasons and bag limits are established, the following information may be of interest.

Seasons and bag limits are set by Legislatures in Mississippi, New Mexico and South Carolina.

In 39 states, the fish and game department (or conservation department) sets seasons and bag limits. These states are: Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

In eight states, the Legislature makes some of the regulations, and the game department makes others. These are: Connecticut, Delaware, Kansas, Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Oklahoma and Texas.

In seven states, the Legislature annually allocates fish and game funds to various activities within the fish and game budget. These states are: Florida, Maryland, Minnesota, Ohio, South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia.

In five states, the Legislature earmarks license fees for special purposes. This occurs in Florida, Minnesota, Mississippi, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin.





**SIGNING GUEST BOOK** at Waterfowl Museum are John Osborne, Bill Bale, John Gorman and Don Cameron, who traveled a total of almost 10,000 miles to visit the Museum.

## Museum Open at Pymatuning

**T**HE Pennsylvania Game Commission's Wild Waterfowl Museum at Pymatuning Lake near Linesville, Crawford County, will be open through November 30 this year.

Ray M. Sickles, Waterfowl Management Agent, said that nearly 300 mounted specimens, representing 88 species, are on display at the Museum. All of the specimens were collected at Pymatuning.

The Waterfowl Museum is located one mile south of Linesville on Legislative Route 20006. Museum hours during July, August and September are from 10 a.m. until 7 p.m. During October and November they are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The Museum is located next to the Game Commission's waterfowl area and many birds can be seen at this time of the year. Migrant Canadian geese have moved out, but between 2000 and 3000 are expected to remain in the area throughout the summer. Bald eagles often can be seen through binoculars from the Museum.

Over 250,000 visitors were recorded at the Museum last year. Large groups planning to visit should make reservations with Sickles at Linesville, R. D. 1, or telephone (814) 682-2005.

## Nonresidents Take More Than 10 Percent of State's Bucks

Pennsylvania continues to grow in popularity as a hunting state, and some statistics recently compiled by the Game Commission may give a clue to the reasons. Hunters from other states, particularly deer hunters, are finding their trips to the Commonwealth to be quite successful.

During the past deer season, non-resident hunters took well over ten percent of the bucks harvested in the Keystone State. Of the 58,722 white-tail bucks reported taken in Pennsylvania, 6182 were tagged by non-residents. Of this total, 1675 were spike bucks, while 4507 had three or more points.

During the regular and late archery seasons, nonresidents tagged 304 deer, while in the regular gunning season, nonresidents took 7320 whitetails with rifles, 72 with shotguns, two with bow and arrow and five with handguns.

Nonresidents were most successful in Potter County, where they harvested 508 deer. In Clearfield County, nonresidents collected 496 whitetails, and 483 were taken by nonresidents in McKean County.

**THIS SIGN ON State Game Lands No. 211 in Lebanon County shows how thoughtless some hunters are. This marksman's ship is nothing to brag about.**

*PGC Photo by Ted Godshall*





PGC Photo by R. D. Parlamen

**THE OPEN PUPPY STAKE** held by the Pennsylvania Field Trial Club at Marienville was won by Skycord, a male English setter, above, with his owner-handler Pep Undercoffer, Clearfield.

## **Please Don't Eat the Grass**

To most outdoorsmen, grass nibbling goes along with a hike like sauerkraut goes with wieners. Recently, sportsman Joe Foss found that he had lost 35 pounds and had trouble walking. Doctors at the Mayo Clinic told the former governor of South Dakota that he had arsenic poisoning. It was caused by chemicals on some blades of grass which he had been chewing while taping a television series.

He has sworn off grass for life.

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## **Good News for Hikers**

The newly formed Susquehannock Trail Club in Potter County is busy clearing and marking the Susquehannock Hiking Trail. The 65-mile loop trail will follow existing fire trails built by the Civilian Conservation Corps (remember the old CCC?) in the 1930s. The footpath will pass by several state parks where picnic areas and other conveniences will be available for use by the hikers.

In Washington, the United States Congress is considering legislation to establish a Nationwide Trail System which will provide opportunities for hiking, bicycling, and other forms of outdoor recreation in not only rural but metropolitan areas. Cities are encouraged to develop utility right-of-ways, river banks, and abandoned railroad beds into trails for hikers.



# U. S. Firearms Legislation Follow-Up

A SUBCOMMITTEE of the House Committee on the Judiciary opened hearings April 4 in Washington on H. R. 5384—the Administration's firearms control bill. Rep. Emanuel Celler (N. Y.) is chairman of the full committee, chairman of the subcommittee conducting the hearings and sponsor of the bill.

Congressman John D. Dingell (Mich.) was the first witness. He said H. R. 5384 is "an outrageously bad piece of legislation. . . . The wily bureaucrats in the Departments of Justice and Treasury are attempting to merchandise this legislative abomination as a cure-all and panacea for criminal acts. . . . The same rising national criminal rate, which overzealous bureaucrats cite as the reason for pushing H. R. 5384, shows that crime flourishes in the shadow of the most restrictive firearms laws. In such areas the burglar, rapist, thug, and strong-arm man can go about, unconcerned about the possibility of armed citizens protecting their homes, families and persons. In one state where manufacture and sale of handguns is absolutely outlawed—South Carolina—the rate of homicides and assaults by firearms is among the highest in the

country. New York City, with the most repressive and punitive law dealing with pistols and revolvers, which limits possession of these devices to only 17,000 of that city's eight million citizens, has a crime rate which makes not only the streets but the homes of its people unsafe from criminal attack."

Some 20,000 firearms laws now on the books do not prevent the criminal from attacking, with firearms or by other means, the law-abiding citizen. Congressman Dingell concluded, "The very ineffectiveness of (this bill) will be invitation to newer and more repressive actions to further disarm and harass the law-abiding citizen, while the criminal goes on his way, armed, capable of striking at the time, place and in the manner he finds best against his governmentally disarmed victim."

## Summer Hunting Hours

Statewide hunting hours in effect through August 31 are 7 a.m. to 8:30 p.m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

## Book Review . . .

### New Guide for Conservationists

The Izaak Walton League, with the cooperation of the National Audubon Society and the Conservation Education Association, has come along with a new book entitled *Guidelines to Conservation Education Action*. The purpose of the 132-page offering is to get groups and individuals moving on action programs in conservation education. The authors feel that it is time that we all take individual responsibility for the state of our "common wealth."

The volume suggests plenty of projects for statewide groups, local clubs and individuals. Of particular interest are the guidelines for reaching children by example in the way we practice good conservation each day at home and in the field. Informed and inspired individuals can work miracles.

Published by the Izaak Walton League of America, 1326 Waukegan Road, Glenview, Ill., this book sells for \$5 in hard cover and \$2.50 for the paperback edition.



# HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



By John C. Behel  
Hunter Safety Coordinator



*PGC Photo by J. S. Chick*

**SHIPPENSBURG HIGH SCHOOL** students recently received Hunter Safety Training and demonstrations in the use of sporting firearms from District Game Protectors James D. Mort and Dorsey Smith, who are explaining different types of firearm design, above.

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## Tussey Mountain Hunter Safety

Approximately 850 boys and girls recently received firearm safety training at the Tussey Mountain High School. It was presented by Game Commission field officers Sam Lockerman, Richard Furry and James Williams.

The Hunter Safety Course, which was originated by the National Rifle Association and administered by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, consists of 4 hours of instruction for certification.

Many schools have accepted the responsibility of providing firearm safety training in an effort to decrease accidents in the home and field. With over one half of all sporting arms accidents occurring in the home, both boys and girls have benefited from firearm safety education. The entire school systems of Tyrone, Mt. Union, Huntingdon, Claysburg-Kimmel and Tussey Mountain have provided firearm safety as part of the school curriculum.



## Guthsville Entertains Hunter Safety Workshop

A one-day hunter safety instructor workshop was presented by the Guthsville Rod and Gun Club in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Game Commission and the National Rifle Association. Thirty instructors registered for the program, which included teaching methods, use of training aids, hunter's responsibility, knowledge and safe handling of firearms.

Instructors were given considerable time to discuss observations on hunter safety sessions held elsewhere. It was noted by those participating in hunter safety training that most instructors are sincere, but while they know firearms and safety, they may lack knowledge of the best way to present the subject in a manner that will maintain student attention. To increase attention and proper attitudes, instructors were told that direct participation by

students was encouraged. This responsibility on the part of the instructor was stressed, as was the fact that qualified students are fully aware of their responsibility in handling firearms safely.

Training aids, charts, cutaway views, pamphlets, films, and a large collection of sporting arms were used during the course, indicating the proper impression to be passed on to Hunter Safety applicants.

The workshop was attended by representatives from eleven sportsmen's clubs, schools and area colleges.

Pa. Game Commission  
Hunter Safety Certified

To Date:

Instructors—7,601

Students—114,535

**THE LITTLE-KNOWN FACT THAT** gunpowder does not explode, but rather burns, is demonstrated to high school students by District Game Protector Gerry Wendt during a Hunter Safety training program.

*PGC Photo by J. S. Chick*



# Gun Cleaning Guide



**A NORMAL ASSORTMENT** of items used in gun cleaning includes solvents, oils, rust inhibitors and cleaning patches, as well as assorted rods and brushes. These make gun care easy.

**By Don Shiner**

*Photos by the Author*

**A** NEW compact, pocket-size gun cleaning kit, packed in a lightweight polypropylene case, caught our eye at a recent sportsmen's show. It contained no magic potions for cleaning guns, but just the usual ingredients—solvent, lubricant, grease, patches and push-pull rod. What appealed most was the smallish, moisture- and mildew-proof box with compartments to hold the contents rigidly in place. The box, of course, plays no part in keeping firearms clean and lubricated, but it occurred to us that hunters could conveniently include this kit with gear normally toted to, say, the deer camp. This new kit has materials so handy and well organized that every hunter in camp probably would find some excuse to borrow them to clean his firearm before the nightly round of pinochle got under way.

A cleaning outfit is a necessity for the hunter. It borders in importance with ammunition. Dust, twigs, dirt, snow and rain, not to mention residue from fired ammo, can clog barrels and interior parts of firearms carried afield. Unless removed, expensive firearms can be damaged beyond repair within a few years if barrels corrode, pit and become fouled and actions wear and malfunction. Regular gun maintenance eliminates such problems.

A good many hunters of my acquaintance postpone cleaning shotguns and rifles for as long as possible. Apparently the chore is distasteful to them. They almost never include a cleaning kit with gear transported to camp, and there is none to be had at the cabin. Most wait the season out before swabbing barrels with solvent or lubricating actions. If they take the





**BRASS WHICH** has been corroded by a leather belt can be cleaned easily with steel wool.

piece afield between fall seasons, say for groundhog gunnery, the rifle might be wiped dry of rain, but that is about the extent of their gun maintenance. Gun experts say this is not enough. This laxity lets gremlins do foul work.

If an annual or biannual cleaning is not sufficient, what does constitute good gun maintenance? Since we are discussing a new cleaning kit, it might prove worthwhile to discuss this topic hurriedly.

Chemists and metallurgists who deal constantly with metals list three factors that bring about damage to firearms. These are 1) primer and powder residue, 2) metal fouling or leading, and 3) moisture and rust. Of course, the pheasant gun or deer rifle can be damaged in other ways. Using wrong size ammo, dropping the gun over a cliff, or firing when the bore is clogged with mud or snow can cause irreparable damage. However, we're referring here to damage brought about by lack of maintenance.

Chemists remind us that the burning of primers and powders leaves deposits of what amounts to ash or soot in barrels. Old corrosive black powders, used a generation ago, were

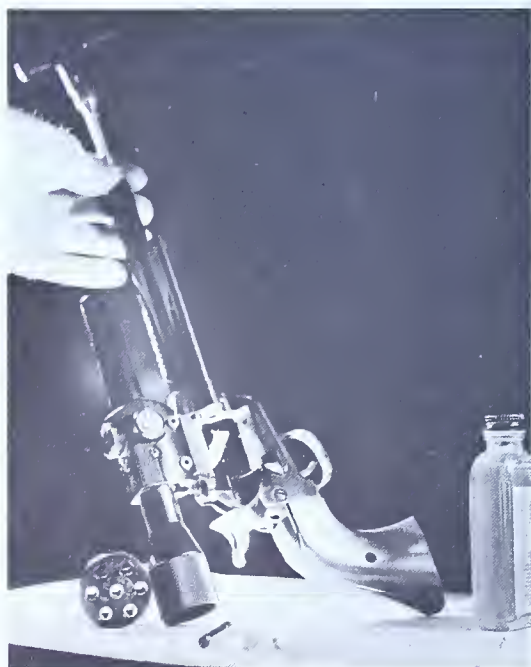
far worse than their modern counterpart, smokeless powder. Still, this residue in the barrel remains a problem.

The chemical constituents of modern nitro-powder are not as harmful in a dehydrated and inert state. Harmful effects come through their affinity for moisture. The ash absorbs moisture when barrels "sweat." This is brought about when moisture condenses on cold firearms brought into warm cabins. Soot so dampened accelerates corrosion.

Numerous solvents, sold as "gun solvents," or "nitro powder solvents," and found in cleaning kits, dissolve this ash, or soften and wash it away. However, in our haste to get the chore done, we seldom give the solvent time enough to do the job. Most of us swab the barrel with solvent, run a dry patch or two through it and let the job go at that. Experts say this does not completely remove the powder ash.

The structure of steel is such that pores and openings exist in the molecular structure. Soot and gas get into

**QUICK REMOVAL** of cylinder from single action revolver makes it simple to clean both bore and cylinder.



these tiny openings to work like termites below the surface. To eliminate this residue entirely, barrels must be swabbed with solvent and then set aside for fifteen minutes or more. During that time the solvent penetrates into tiny pores to soften and loosen stubborn deposits. Dry patches then wipe the barrel clean.

Prevention of leading or fouling in barrels is handled in the same manner. This lead buildup results as minute bits of metal are ripped from bullets as they slam through barrels. Accumulations of this metal cause irregularities on the lands and grooves, which cause accuracy to fall off.

A wire brush will remove most of this metal fouling, but experts again point out that barrels should first be swabbed with solvent and set aside for a few minutes to permit the solvent to go to work penetrating beneath the lead residue. Then a wire brush, of proper bore size, will dislodge the bits of metal. Four, five or six dry patches are put through the barrel until the last comes out clean.

### Condensation

Condensation is another enemy of firearms. The oxygen part of the water molecule readily combines with steel to produce oxidation or rust. When condensation covers gun parts, water penetrates into the smallest pore. It quickly sets up a chemical reaction, resulting in the formation of rust. Air laden with salt, carried far inland from coastal regions, causes corrosion to build even more rapidly. The same holds true for salt deposited on metal from perspiring hands. This problem is reduced by coating all metal parts with a very thin film of oil.

It becomes clear that gun maintenance amounts to more than an annual cleaning. It means regular cleaning and lubricating—even in deer camps. The new lightweight polypropylene gun cleaning kit, mentioned in the forepart of this column, will go a long way toward just that.

Vapor-inhibiting materials, which absorb moisture when placed inside airtight cases with guns, and gun grease, of which several varieties are on the market, are recommended when guns are stored for long periods of time. Metal parts coated with grease prevent rust formation. Grease, however, must be completely removed prior to taking the firearm into the field, otherwise moving parts become stiff due to cold temperatures. Guns should not be rested on rubber recoil pads when in storage for long periods.



**BRASS BRUSH** soaked in solvent helps remove residue from shotgun barrel.

The weight of the gun causes the pad to lose much of its resilience. Solvents spilled on recoil pads bring about similar damage.

Whether you safari to Africa or to the pheasant fields of Pennsylvania, have access to a cleaning kit. The new polypropylene gun cleaning kit will go a long way toward helping you achieve good firearms maintenance. Regular cleaning, as the experts recommend, will result in firearms improving, rather than deteriorating, with age.





**THE RUFFED GROUSE** is Pennsylvania's state bird, and many wingshooters believe it to be their toughest challenge.

## 1966 Grouse Hunting Survey

By Stephen A. Liscinsky

**T**HE RECREATIONAL aspects of ruffed grouse hunting in Pennsylvania came under study several years ago. As part of this continuing investigation, an analysis of the records kept by volunteer cooperators indicated that the overall 1966 grouse season was fair. Using the number of birds flushed per hour of hunting as a yardstick, flushing rates ranged from excellent in the southwestern part of the state to poor in sections of the northeast.

A further breakdown of this year's survey revealed that of 246 individuals scheduled to cooperate, 126 (51 per-

cent) returned their questionnaires. Nine of these returns contained no data because of the hunters' inability to go afield due to illness, business or some other conflicting factor.

The 117 individuals who did hunt and submit usable data recorded 7191 grouse flushes during 4856 hours afield. This is an average flushing rate of 1.48 birds per hour. It is important to remember that this rate refers to the times when these individuals were hunting primarily for grouse.

This low average flushing rate reflects the actual hunting success during the 1966 season. With few ex-

ceptions, hunters found grouse less available than in the preceding year, when the average flushing rate was 1.62. As indicated previously, some areas, such as the Poconos in the northeast, produced exceptionally poor grouse hunting. Areas of good, fair and poor hunting are indicated on the accompanying map. Average flushing rates are not given for those counties which totaled less than 50 hours of hunting, due to an inadequate sample.

An attempt again was made to compare grouse hunting during the various seasons; i.e., Early (October 15-28); Regular (October 29-November 26); and Late (December 26-January 7). As was expected, most (97 percent) of the cooperators went afield during the regular season. In addition, 85 percent hunted during the early season and 56 percent during the late season. In terms of hours utilized in reference to those available, these differences are considerably less. In fact



OL' RUFF himself, king of the woods.

### GROUSE HUNTING AREA

Season	Year	Hunters	Hunting Hours Available	Hours Hunted No.	%	Flushes	Flushes Per Hr.	Flushes Shot at No.	%
Early	1965	50*	6,000	827	14	1,467	1.77	486	33
	1966	50*	6,000	691	12	1,146	1.66	365	32
	1966	100†	12,000	1,322	11	1,939	1.47	632	32
Regular	1965	50*	12,500	1,857	15	3,258	1.75	1,079	33
	1966	50*	12,500	1,230	10	2,052	1.67	647	32
	1966	114†	28,500	2,747	10	3,942	1.44	1,260	32
Late	1965	50*	3,000	521	17	815	1.56	267	33
	1966	50*	6,000	669	11	1,128	1.69	358	32
	1966	66†	7,920	787	10	1,310	1.66	430	32
Combined Seasons	1965	50*	21,500	3,205	15	5,540	1.73	1,832	33
	1965	176†	75,680	8,018	11	13,057	1.62	4,309	33
	1966	50*	24,500	2,590	11	4,326	1.67	1,370	32
	1966	117†	57,330	4,856	9	7,191	1.48	2,322	32

\*—Fifty individuals who hunted in all three seasons.

†—All cooperators who submitted usable records.



the data strongly indicate that, barring some very adverse conditions such as weather, grouse hunters will take about equal advantage of the time made available.

Nor did flushing rates vary greatly between the seasons. If any trend was evident it is one of an increasing rate from the early to the late season.

A very interesting fact uncovered by the survey is the consistency in the percentage of flushes shot at. During both the 1965 and the 1966 seasons, hunters shot at about one-third of the birds they flushed, regardless of when they hunted.

All pertinent data are shown in the table.

In response to the request for information on the kind of habitat the co-operators hunted, the following summary is presented.

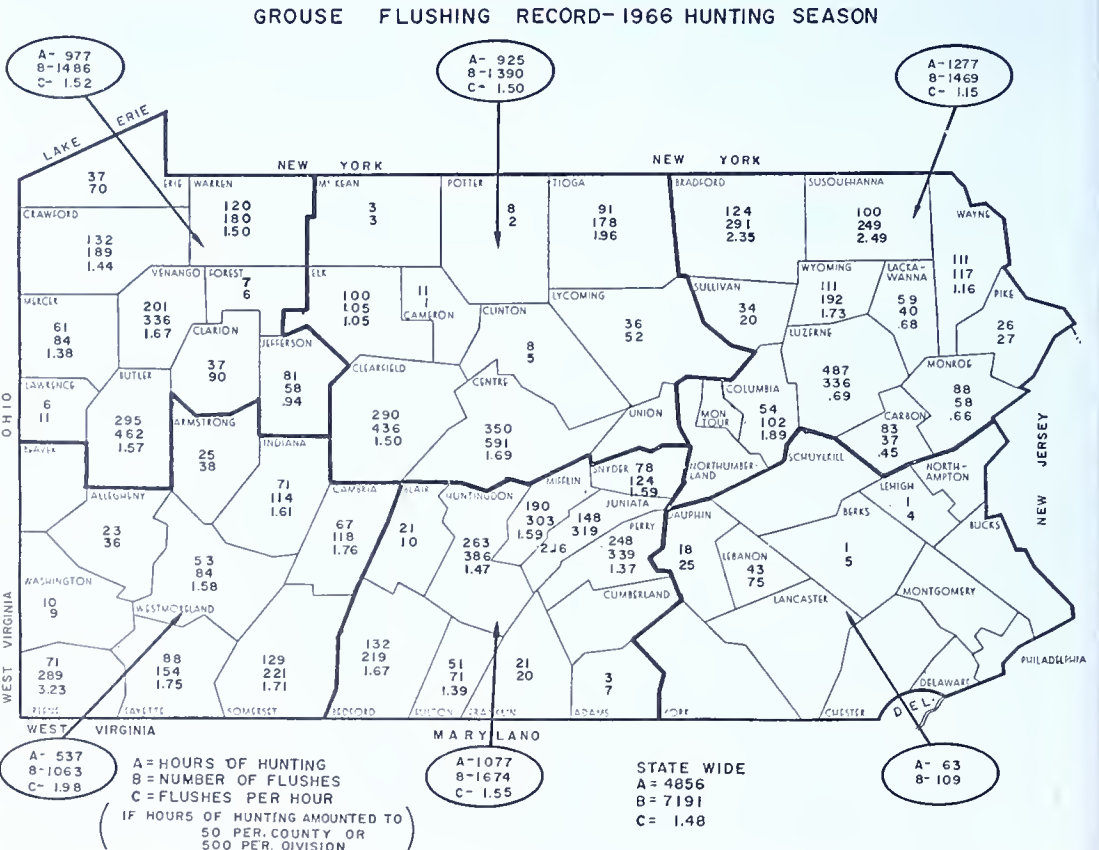
Most hunters said their best success

came from areas generally described as "thickets" or "brush." This in turn meant recently cut-over areas, grape tangles, young aspen stands, and patches of hawthorn, dogwood, and scrub oak. Scattered intermixtures of pine or hemlock improved success. Low dense cover appeared to be more of a critical factor than food. No scarcity of food was mentioned. The above favorable conditions were most commonly found around abandoned farms, edges of woodlots, heavily cut-over forest lands, and natural shrubby areas.

Hopefully, a continuation of this survey will eventually lead to a backlog of information that can be used in predicting changes in grouse hunting opportunities throughout the Commonwealth.

*This study was not part of the 1966 Game Take Survey.*

**NUMBERS IN OVALS** refer to hours hunted, flushes, and flushes per hour in each of the six Game Commission divisions, not to the particular counties where the arrows terminate.





**FOR KEYSTONE STATE** bow hunters, a lordly whitetail buck is a top trophy.

## Hot on the Trail

**By Keith C. Schuyler**

*Photos by the Author*

**F**INAL FIGURES on the various hunting seasons for archers last fall and winter again point up certain suspicions in this quarter. The take of deer by the bow and arrow boys is inconsistent with the opportunities provided and the number of trophies available. Automobiles kill over eight times more deer by accident each year than are taken with bow and arrow by design.

Although enjoyment of the hunt is not necessarily to be equated with the number of kills, something is wrong.

It is not lack of shooting ability. Of course, each year brings out new bow hunters who can't be expected to rack up much of a score the first time out, but there are many thousands of *experienced* bow hunters now on the scene who end up the season with only clipped shirttails and sad stories. The very challenge that bow hunting presents will continue to increase the ranks, but the score remains quite low on a percentage basis.

There are plenty of deer. Despite increasing numbers of hunters who



alternately carry the bow and the gun, overabundance of deer in certain areas continues to be a problem.

Equipment today is of the finest. We have the ability, the bows, the arrows, the deer and the seasons. But, statewide, we are not a very impressive group of big game hunters. Why?

We've kicked around some of the more obvious reasons here before. Too many archers try to shoot too far; it is difficult to judge distances under field conditions; bowmen shoot at the whole deer rather than at a vital point; they fail to practice with hunting weight arrows before the season opens.



**HUNTING ALONE** is not the most productive way to bag venison, Schuyler maintains.

As anyone who hunts with the bow and arrow is fully aware, there are many other factors that can spell the difference between success and failure. Therein lies the fascination of bow hunting. Yet, when only about one out of 40 hunters scores, we keep looking for reasons why. Other states, with far fewer white-tailed deer per acre of hunting territory, are outshooting us. In 1966, only 2337 hunters here re-

ported deer taken with the bow out of an army of 92,792 hunters—a success percentage of only .025—two and one-half hunters out of each 100!

Certainly one of the biggest reasons is the failure of hunters to get together for cooperative or gang hunting. It has been proven time and time again that the per hunter ratio goes up in cooperative hunting. It has been proven in my area. Yet, we find it increasingly difficult to get a gang together for Saturday hunts.

There is a singular sentiment peculiar to bow hunters which I call the "hero complex." So many want to go out on their own and down a deer with a primitive weapon without any help from you, me or anybody else. Everybody wants to be a hero. There is nothing wrong with this except that it isn't producing results.

#### **Poor Preparation**

Possibly the one biggest reason is—poor preparation for the hunt. It is not the more common mistakes, but it is failure to know where, when and how to hunt deer with the bow as an individual. For, regardless of how many group hunts were planned, solo trips would still be the rule. It is the very plentifulness of deer which is the key. Like a gun hunter who aims at a flock of quail and comes a cropper because he didn't single out one target at a time, the average bow hunter feels it will be easy to take a deer because there are so many of them. To support this, look back at the record of the bow hunting season in this state. It started small, made a sizable gain and then jumped to well over 60,000 archers simply because it looked easy. Then the number actually dropped back before taking a more gradual surge forward. Now it is jumping again—15,291 more in 1966 than in 1965.

If an archer was going to hunt for bear, he probably would make extensive preparations. Because the chances of bagging a bruin with a bow are so

emote, he would try to find a bear *before the season* and then make certain that his equipment was in the best of shape before the actual hunt.

In some states where deer are fewer, archers undoubtedly make more extensive preparations. As a result, their average success is much better than in Pennsylvania. In this state, those who core do so for the most part in the earlier part of the season. They know what they are after. Last year, 64 percent of those who succeeded shot their deer in the first 12 days of the regular season. Most of these hunters probably laid plans. Nonresidents took 304 whitetails—271 more than were taken in the first (bucks only) season for all archers in 1951.

### No Shortage of Targets

It was not for lack of targets that the take tapered off, because there were still 116,416 deer to be shot last season in the subsequent weeks by gunners.

Hunting ability is the greatest asset a bow hunter can have. Those who score frequently over the years are not all top shots on the target range; rather, they are the archers who recognize the limitations of their equipment and their own ability and plan to bring themselves and their intended quarry as close together as possible. Talk to them. You will find that they know where the deer are at any given time and where they are most likely to move. They are not road hunters who look for a herd in a field five minutes before quitting time and lob arrows by guess and by golly from 70 yards away.

My personal activities make it impossible for me to spend the time necessary to become highly proficient with the bow. I shoot an occasional tournament for the experience and the sociability, and I practice before season at distances up to 20 yards with broadheads, because I have a number of stands where shooting is generally confined to this distance. (And, de-



**THE BOW HUNTER** has an advantage over the gunner in that deer are not disturbed by rifle fire.

spite a bum leg which restricted my activities and finally dumped me into the hospital last fall, I *had* my 20-yard shot. Missed!)

The fellow who the first morning stumbles bleary-eyed with an old bow and ragged arrows to a spot where he *knows* there are deer, and who *knows* what they might be expected to do, is much better prepared than the expert archer all dressed up with nowhere to go. This is not meant to discourage practice or ridicule obtaining the best equipment your pocketbook can stand, but it most certainly is intended to encourage pre-season scouting for your deer.

When? Right now.

The bow hunter has a tremendous advantage over the man with the gun in planning his deer hunt. Both can locate herds of deer, but only the archer can expect his quarry to follow its normal pattern of activity on the first day of the season. Further, deer will continue to follow this pattern



throughout the archery season in most areas.

The moment the guns open up, deer are alerted during the December season, and they instinctively seek their coverts or head for the high hills. Within minutes after the opener, many deer are running wildly about with no particular pattern to their flight. It is true that they will follow the time-worn trails when possible, but the gun hunter cannot count on this.

On the other hand, the bow hunter knows that his deer will not only be in the general vicinity where he previously saw it, but also will follow the usual trails both morning and evening. Even if it is temporarily alarmed by the presence of another archer who might disrupt its intended walk up or down the mountain for the moment, it will resume this pattern

within the next day or so. Even if the other archer flings an arrow at it, a deer is not unduly disturbed. Consequently, disruptions are temporary and they are of no particular significance.

Proof of this is shown in the areas frequented by small game hunters in the season which now intersects the month of bow hunting. Deer are definitely disturbed and either leave their usual haunts for other coverts in the adjacent area at worst, or they are considerably more alert and touchy at best. In the more remote areas which are not frequented by grouse and squirrel hunters, there is no perceptible change in the deer pattern.

Deer will not normally change their plans much until the beginning of the normal rutting season in late October. Hence, it is not too early now to start

**THE ARROW WHICH** downed this nice black bear for him is studied by Sherwood Schock, as friends offer congratulations.





**THIS GROUP OF BOWMEN** is getting ready to move into the woods on an organized hunt—the best way to produce shooting at deer.

looking for the deer you expect to hunt during the regular season. Bucks are in velvet and tend to be more wary right now than they will be after they have polished their antlers. Does will not be unduly affected by anything during the summer months. They are unlikely to change their habits much until the latter part of the archery season, when bucks are beginning to pay them close attention.

As in any form of sport involving wild creatures, we must deal in generalizations. There are always exceptions.

Other than some man-caused interference, such as the building of a new highway or pipeline, home construction or whatever, about the only natural cause for change in a deer's habits is a change in the food supply. This can vary somewhat with the seasons. If browse gets scarce in an area toward fall, deer might tend to graze more in pastureland. Or they might forsake both to favor a ripening field of corn.

These are minor variations in pat-

tern, however. Since deer seldom venture more than a couple miles in any direction from their favorite bedding areas during the months of good feed, they will follow regular trails near such areas. This should be a clue to choose your stand well away from the feeding areas. Ideally, a good spot is somewhere about halfway between the deer's sleeping quarters and the feeding area. Otherwise, you can bend your sanity trying to anticipate the exact spot at which the deer plans to feed at night. Trying to get too close to the bedding area will only spook the deer or alert it to your presence.

All of this requires some painstaking observation, but it can mean the difference between a 10-yard shot and one at 60 yards in October as well as the winter season, for deer tend to resume their normal pattern after the gunning season in early December.

Deer usually move early in the morning, and late in the afternoon. If you want a choice, stand closer to feed in the afternoon. More than one group



of deer may meander down the mountain to funnel into one main runway near the source of feed. In early morning, plan your stand well away from feeding areas or you will spook the deer on your way in. This might cut down the probability of repeated sightings, but deer that show are more apt to get careless as they head for safety from open feeding areas.



**SCOUT RUNWAYS** now. Those which produce deer in summer will also have them in October.

Although small game hunting with a gun is a factor in some areas during the last two weeks of October, this is not the only reason that deer become skittish. If you have had the opportunity to observe deer as they are coming into the rut, you have un-

doubtedly noticed that they are extremely nervous and watchful. Although their attention is directed to each other, this new awareness is certain to have some effect on their normal activities. They are much more apt to notice the stealthy approach of a hunter than during the period when their only concern is to fill their bellies with browse. Trying to locate deer during the middle and late summer months can be a most enjoyable experience. Aside from the problem of perspiration, the only other drawback is the presence of insects. However, in the cool recesses of woodland, bugs are less evident than they are on the fringe areas and around the picnic table. Animals are conscious of this, and you will frequently find deer where they, too, can be most comfortable.

As in the hunting season, you should look for your deer early in the morning and late in the afternoon when they are on the move. This is particularly true in the lowland areas. Back in the remote recesses of the mountains, deer are more apt to be seen feeding in the middle of the day. However, it is always better to have deer come to you than to try to go to them.

What better excuse to enjoy the outdoors now as a bit of insurance for more successful enjoyment in October? You may be hot on the trail—but it's worth it.

---

## Book Review . . .

### For the Bow Shooter

Known as the "Bowman's Bible," *The Archer's Handbook* is the most complete book of its kind for today's bow shooter. It covers all phases of the sport, from its early history to official and complete tournament rules. Its eleven chapters not only explain how to shoot, select equipment, organize a club, set up a range and conduct a tournament, but also describe various archery rounds in detail and give worthwhile information on hunting and fishing with the bow. The NAA Constitution and bylaws are included. Whether it's local, national, international or Olympic archery, *The Archer's Handbook* covers it. 112 pages, \$2 postpaid from the National Archery Association, Clayton B. Shenk, Secretary, Box 84, Ronks, Pa. 17572.



**EVEN SEVERAL FIELDS AWAY, a chuck isn't safe from a high-velocity 6 mm bullet kicked out of a heavy-barrel, scope-sighted varmint rifle.**

## Chuck Busters

**By Don Lewis**

*Photos by Helen Lewis*

**T**HE THICK green briars seemed to reach out and grab at my clothing as I pushed my way up the tiny creek. The vegetation was so thick along its bank that I found it easier to wade the creek. After fifteen minutes of struggling to get through, I was pretty well disgusted. I would have turned back, but the tales I had heard about the monstrous chuck that lived in the old Becker coal mine were incentive enough to keep me going. Pushing myself backwards through the dense brush, I pulled my rifle with me, determined to get a shot at the leg-

endary chuck of Yellow Run Hollow.

The little stream derived its name from the color of its water. A number of hand-dug coal mines fed a constant flow of sulphur and mineral water into the stream, turning the clear spring water into a reddish yellow.

As I fought yard by yard through the tangled undergrowth, I wondered if I'd be able to find an opening to shoot through. Before I could give it much thought I could see the dark gray mound that was the boney pile in front of the Becker mine. Working higher up on the hillside opposite the



mine, I made out the gaping hole that had been its entrance. It had caved in until it was no larger than a bushel basket. After choosing a spot to watch from, I dug in behind a log and began to wait. What worried me most was the distance. Even with a good rest, it was a lot farther than I wanted to shoot.

### Biggest Groundhog Ever

As the minutes slipped by, I fought a constant battle with the insects. Keeping a sharp eye on the mine opening, I was sure it would just be a matter of time until Mr. Chuck would be coming out for his supper. I wanted to be the first to greet him. I became so engrossed in bug fighting and sweat bee slapping that I was practically jarred into a nervous spasm when I saw what was standing outside of the mine.

It was the biggest groundhog my young eyes had ever seen. I forgot all about the bugs and the bees. In fact, I had trouble finding the safety on my

**THUMBHOLE STOCK** gives Helen Lewis good trigger control on her Mauser-action 243 chuck rifle. This style stock is gaining many converts among varmint shooters, who don't have to work bolt quickly.



pump 22. When I pushed the safety off and rested the rifle on the log, I was still so unnerved that I broke every rule of chuck hunting. I got the sights on the chuck long enough to shoot, but I yanked the trigger so hard that my bullet missed by a good foot.

The tension mounted when the chuck just stood there and stared. All I could do was stare back. I was afraid to reload for fear the old grizzly would discover what was going on and plop back into his den. When I could endure the pressure no longer, I flicked the action with as much speed as I could muster. The chuck never moved; it was now or never. My hastily fired second shot thudded into the dirt and the giant chuck disappeared. I was angry all over, but I knew I had no one to blame but myself. My haste and poor shooting had caused me to miss two easy shots.

The episode at the Becker mine has spurred me on in the field of chuck hunting for 30 odd years. I have learned that the mark of a real chuck hunter is self control and precise bullet placement.

### Old-Time Cartridges

When I think of the array of high powered varmint rifles we are using today, I wonder if anyone still remembers when the common 22 Long Rifle was king of the country groundhog rifles. Back then a man was real proud of his Iver Johnson Model X 22 with the Self Cocking Safety or his Stevens 26 Crack-Shot lever action single shot outfit. These little 22-caliber favorites carried the same authority to him as the Sako, Remington 40X or Winchester Varmint Model do to the modern day chuck hunter.

In that era, the hunter who thought in terms of an all-round rifle bought a 25-20. Its 60-gr. HP bullet at over 2000 fps was rated a real chuck stopper up to 150 yards, and the 86-gr. slug put the rifle in light-boned big game class. This rifle was given the same degree of respect then as we

give to the 6 mm's today. It is only honest to admit, however, that even though those rifles gave us plenty to talk about in the country store, they can't be compared with the speedsters now being produced. I might point out that back in the 1930s there were some high powered 22-caliber varmint guns, but they were not common among the average hunters of that time. Most of the fine varmint stuff we have on the market today derives from these early creations.

### Hard to Define

We speak of varmint hunting in a way that implies that it is all done at long ranges and with very high powered outfits. This is not so. Actually, varmint hunting is hard to define. To one man it could be using his 22 rifle to rid his cherry orchard of ground squirrels. Another hunter might think of it in terms of using a game call along with his pet deer rifle to reduce the fox population. An acquaintance of mine scours the countryside for crows and his 22 Winchester Rimfire Magnum is his idea of the perfect varmint rifle. Varmint hunting in Pennsylvania usually means pitting one's skill against the clover chompers of the pasture fields. The simple reason for this is that not only can a wide variety of rifles be used, but that the thrill of chuck hunting is enjoyed by people from all walks in life.

### Hunting Categories

Chuck hunting has to be broken down into different categories. Not all chuck hunters use range finders, spotting scopes and heavy artillery to blast a whistle pig seven pasture fields away. There is still the fellow who calls his shot at medium range and is precisioned enough to make it. A late friend of mine used a battered 22 Hornet of very early vintage that was scoped with a six-dollar bargain in the depression days, and at shots up to 150 yards he had few equals. A comfort-

able sitting position was all he needed to place his bullet exactly where he wanted it. The likes of this fine old gentleman are fast fading from view. The sheer power of the Magnums has removed some of the need for precise shooting. They kill with body shots as well as head shots.

I have pretty well established in previous columns that I believe the



**OUTSTANDING CHUCK** cartridges for use at short to ultra-long range include, from left, 22 Hornet, 222 Remington, 220 Swift and 243 Winchester.

224 caliber is most compatible with chuck hunting. The 222, 220 Swift, 22-250, and the 225 Winchester have ample power and reach to qualify as top-notch chuck outfits. Even though this is my philosophy, I wouldn't be so unfair as to overlook the 6 mm's, 257s or the smaller Magnums. The high powered 22 calibers with their light bullets and blinding speed are chuck busters supreme, but at long ranges it takes only enough wind to start the clover moving to settle the argument between the 224s and the heavier slugs.

Several years ago, Helen and I were guests of John Coleman of Petrolia. On this particular evening, we were using a 222 Remington and a 220 Swift. We had plenty of wind and the yardage was long. Other than a couple



of kills at around 150 yards, we had a fat zero for our efforts. Our luck didn't improve until we went back to the car and hauled out a 25-06 Improved. With 58½ grains of 4831 pushing the 100-gr. spitzer bullet at better than 3000 fps, we overcame the wind problem and regained a little of our pride. Actually, the other two rifles had more muzzle velocity than the 25-06, but their light bullets could not cope with the wind on shots beyond 200 yards.

### Wind Problem

I have never considered the wind a real problem on short range shooting unless it was practically ripping up the sod. I know the benchrest shooters are concerned about it at 100 yards, but this is entirely different than chuck busting or crow whacking. When you are attempting to put all the bullets in a hole smaller than the end of a 30-30 slug, you have to be concerned about everything. The chuck hunter need not be that precise, since he has a much larger target area. The wind becomes a major problem when the bullet noticeably slows down, a couple of hundred yards from the rifle. A heavy bullet, because of its better sectional density and, usually, better

**BINOCULARS and a portable rifle rest are great aids in long-range chuck busting.**



**LEVER ACTION M88 Winchester 243 is a fine groundhog gun as well as a white-tail walloper.**

ballistic coefficient, will push through a crosswind that would cause a light bullet to drift. If your chuck hunting will be done in open, flat country, it might be well to choose one of the larger calibers.

The varmint rifle is not easy to define. To each hunter it represents something different, and to classify it into one certain caliber, type or design would be as absurd as saying that only opera music is good music. Choose a rifle you will enjoy shooting and one that is suitable for the chuck country you hunt in. There is no practical point in owning anything else.

### Some Suggestions

If you still have some honest doubts about what to buy, you might find what you need among the following rifles that have made their mark in the circles of varmint hunting.

The Remington 222 still leads the pack for shots under 250 yards. This cartridge shoots well in any model of gun it's made in. Its 50-gr. bullet gets away from the muzzle at over 3200 fps and is still making well over 2000 fps at 200 yards. This gives a trajectory of only 2½" over this distance, which can be considered very flat, and should allow the shooter to place his

bullet without a lot of guesswork. In Remington's Model 700 bolt action rifle this load will cut consistent 1" to 1½" groups at 100 yards. The report of this cartridge is not severe. The 222 can be successfully used in areas where the noise of more powerful rifles would be distracting.

The famous 22-250 (called the Varminter if Jerry Gebby made it) left the ranks of the pure wildcat outfits several years ago and is now domesticated. Available in a half dozen makes and models, it has an effective range of at least 300 yards, perhaps 350 when there is no wind. This outstanding cartridge was conceived before the 220 Swift and was made from the 250-3000 Savage case, which made its appearance in 1914. The Savage case was simply necked down to accept .224" bullets. Even though it won hundreds of benchrest matches, it was not offered to the public in a factory rifle until 1963. The 22-250 and the

220 Swift still offer as much to the chuck hunter as any other 224 caliber.

### 225 Winchester

The 225 Winchester sounds like a brand-new caliber. Actually, the last digit has nothing to do with the bore or groove diameter and does nothing more than set this cartridge apart from the other 22s on the market. The 225 has a semi-rimmed head and other than that, it falls in with the 22-250 and 220 Swift. All these cartridges use .224" diameter bullets ranging from 40 to 63 grains in weight. The 225 can move a 50-gr. bullet 3700 fps.

The 6 mm's (24 caliber) have almost overshadowed the high velocity 22s. Winchester has the 243 and Remington produces their 6 mm (formerly the 244). It's a matter of personal opinion which is the better of the two, and, since each uses similar bullets at almost the same velocity, I see no point in making an issue out of it.

**SOMETIMES AN OLD** woodchuck can be too much of a load for a young fella alone—especially if he tries to grip one of those tapered rear legs—so it's lucky Dad's along!





The Remington 6 mm has a longer neck, more powder capacity and a sharper angle on its shoulder. This might give it a slight edge, but I doubt if any chuck hunter could detect it. The 243 was an immediate success, but the 244 Remington had a 1 turn in 12" twist. This slow twist did not stabilize 100-gr. spitzer bullets too well and Remington removed the 244 from the market. It came out again in the early 1960s with a 1 in 9" twist and was renamed the 6 mm Remington. It should be here to stay.

### **The Versatile 6 MM**

The 6 mm caliber is a versatile one. You have a wide selection of bullets to choose from, and this caliber can be taken on a chuck hunt or for the smaller big game. From a lightly constructed 70-gr. bullet to a tough 105-gr. slug, the 6 mm will give you a bullet for any Pennsylvania game any time of the year.

Some varmint shooters like the smaller belted Magnums and admittedly the 264 Magnum and the 7 mm Magnum (284 caliber) have little competition in the field of ultra long range varmint shooting. Obviously, a

140-gr. bullet from either rifle will stop any animal from chucks to elk. My experience with each of them in chuck hunting filled me with mixed emotions. I was constantly overcome with awe at the power and terrific impact, and, at the same time, I felt terribly overgunned in hunting a 10-pound groundhog. Regardless of emotions, these two calibers offer the experienced, long range varmint specialist the power and accuracy to pinpoint his shots at distances he used to just dream about. A rifle this powerful has to have some drawbacks. The sharp crack, along with a fair amount of recoil, can't be considered added attractions. But just knowing that you can nail chucks with some consistency at 500 yards is reason enough for some to disregard the noise and overlook an occasional whack on the jaw.

The summer evenings are long and the wide open fields beckon. There is an abundance of targets, so grab your trusty musket and join the gang. Ask before you enter, look well before you shoot, and there's no reason why you won't have a barrel of fun this summer. And at the same time you'll be getting tuned up for deer season.

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### COVER PAINTING BY CHUCK RIPPER

Woodchuck, groundhog, whistle-pig, moo-neck—whatever he's called, this heavyset marmot is undoubtedly the favorite target for Pennsylvania's varmint hunters. It's been said, and rightly so, that the chuck has been the cause of more rifle and cartridge progress than any other animal. Simply wanting to connect regularly with this small critter at long range has led to the development of hundreds of super-accurate high-velocity smallbore cartridges, the rifles to use them in and the scopes to aim at them with. For many riflemen, the chuck is the world's top target.

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## Conservationists With Guns

**I**N THE minds of many people, a hunter is only one thing—a killer. They see us as men who only take, never give. We've all had an acquaintance look at a tame whitetail in a zoo, turn to us and ask, "How could you ever shoot one of these beautiful brown-eyed creatures?"

Most people do not realize that without hunters there would be none of those brown-eyed creatures in the woods—and darn little game of any kind. This country's 18 million hunters do more for conservation than the remaining 180 million put together. There's no reason for us to be on the defensive when talking with animal lovers, unthinking conservationists or anyone else. Rather, we should take the time to point out a few pertinent facts as emphasized by the National Shooting Sports Foundation.

For instance:

Hunters were the first group to insist that market shooting which threatened various wildlife species be stopped. They were the first to ask for seasons and bag limits.

Outdoorsmen were the first to point out the irreplaceable waste resulting from soil erosion and forest fires, the disgusting results of littering and roadside junkyards.

We had selfish motives, some will say—we wanted a good supply of game for our own use. This is partly true. But at least we wanted it enough to work and pay for it, with a tremendous surplus being made available for the use and interest of all citizens. Let's take time to point out that hunters supply \$77,000,000 annually in license fees for the support of the nation's 50 state game departments. This money supports *all* wildlife, including hundreds of non-hunted species such as songbirds and shorebirds. It also pays for wildlife refuges which support more non-hunted wildlife than game.

Besides license fees, hunters pay an 11 percent tax on sporting arms and ammunition—a tax which they asked to have levied 30 years ago and which they asked to have continued in 1965 when many excise taxes were lifted! In three decades, this tax has supplied over \$300,000,000 to wildlife management and conservation. Who can name a group of non-hunters which has done one-tenth as much for conservation? One-hundredth?

In addition, hunters pour \$1,500,000,000 into the general economy each year; spend over \$100,000,000 improving wildlife habitat on private lands; spend countless hours planting food and cover, attending conservation meetings and clean water conferences, supporting wildlife groups. It is often the hunter who prods other conservationists who stir the public into action.

Next time some all-talk, no action do-gooder criticizes you for being a hunter, ask him what he's doing this weekend. Conservation can always use another hard-working, tax-paying friend.—*Bob Bell*

AUGUST, 1967









By NED SMITH

*There's more to August than slapping at insects. There's also ambush bugs, aggressive black snakes, egrets, wildflowers and young hummingbirds.*

AUGUST can be miserably hot, and when it is, animal activity nearly ceases. Birds have little heart for singing; they'd rather soothe their pipes at some creek-bed puddle or take a dust bath in a country lane. The box turtle has buried himself in a soggy spot in the forest to await cool weather. Even the sun-loving groundhog hunts shade for his siesta and postpones feeding until the sun is touching the horizon. Only the insects seem to revel in the heat and humidity.

For many years I ignored these six-legged creatures, except to swat them, spray them, and tearfully eject them from my smarting eyes. But it gradually occurred to me that here were some interesting forms of life about which I knew too little. My books confirmed this. They told me that the little pits I saw in sandy places were dug by strange ant lions to trap the ants on which they fed. They told me that some dragonflies have nearly 30,000 single eyes in each bulging compound eye, and that the metallic green cuckoo wasp lays its eggs in mud daubers' nests. They told me how ichneumon flies insert their eggs through an inch of solid wood, how click beetles click, and why spittle

bugs "spit." A pocket magnifying glass that costs no more than a box of 22 Long Rifle hollow-point cartridges showed me scales of color on a butterfly's wing, the gnome-like faces of treehoppers, the colorful mosaic of a horsefly's eyes, and the incredible construction and finish of a beetle's legs and striated wing covers.

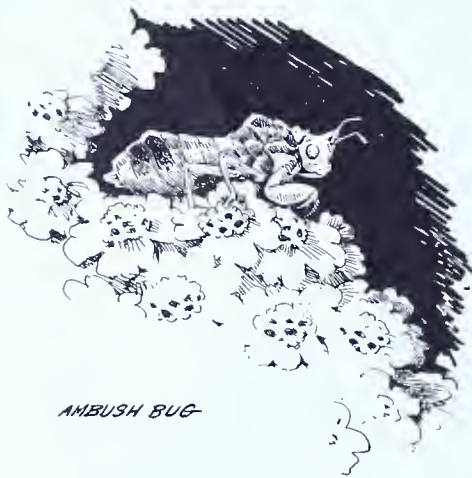
I still don't welcome punky bites, nor do I smile tolerantly when moths perforate my hunting shirt. But on a humid afternoon when the groundhog hunting has come to a standstill, I can leisurely examine the buggy inhabitants of goldenrod flowers or overturn a rotting log with every expectation of finding something new and interesting.

*August 1*—This afternoon I stopped for a breather in a little grassy clearing where a cabin had once stood. Scattered clumps of yarrow and oxeye daisies hummed with insect activity, and I sprawled on the ground for a closer look.

Most of the visitors were wasps of several kinds. However, on one cluster of yarrow squatted a grotesque ambush bug. True to his name, he had waylaid a small insect, which he now held in his oddly shaped forelegs. His



hollow beak was inserted into the victim's body like a soda straw through which he sucked up its body juices. As I watched he finished his meal, and tossed the empty cadaver from his perch. The sharp beak folded neatly out of the way beneath his squarish face, and he strode solemnly to the edge of the cluster and disappeared underneath.



These strange insects can oftentimes be seen hiding among the flowers of goldenrod and boneset, where they pounce upon unsuspecting bees, wasps, butterflies and other visitors.

*August 4* — Yesterday a sharp-eyed friend found the nest of a ruby-throated hummingbird, and today I had a look. It rested squarely on the horizontal limb of a small red maple, looking more like a knot than a nest. The cup was about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches across, and it was constructed almost entirely of rust-colored plant down that I believe came from fern fiddleheads, bound together with strands of spider web and shingled on the outside with gray and green lichens. The tiny eggs that reposed inside resembled two small, white beans.

*August 9*—Having no faith in my bass plugs, my two companions collected a few soft-shelled crayfish for bait in

Big Buffalo Creek. Had the law permitted and they been so inclined, I'm sure they could have picked up a hundred in an hour or so. Everywhere we looked in the slower water the outgrown empty exoskeletons rocked gently on the bottom like pallid crayfish ghosts. Turning over the nearest rock invariably revealed the newly moulted "shear-crab," hiding out while waiting for his soft, pink shell to harden.

*August 11*—At first I thought something had stolen the hummingbird eggs, but then I realized there were two young ones in the nest, so incredibly tiny that I almost overlooked them. They must be several days old, for their dark little bodies are already clothed in gray fuzz.

*August 12*—It's a good thing pilot black snakes aren't poisonous, for they certainly have bad tempers. Brownie and I met a five-footer today on a wooded ridge while hunting mushrooms, and from the first he liked our looks even less than Brownie liked his. Without taking his eyes from us he slowly pulled back his head, gathering the front part of his body into S-loops as he worked up a good mad. His mouth opened and he hissed savagely through the tube-like glottis behind his black tongue. His tail vibrated nervously, buzzing like a rattlesnake's against a dry leaf. When nearly half of his polished body was doubled into flattened loops, his head suddenly shot forward like a lance. We were a yard out of range, but the effect was startling, as it always is. Gathering up his loops and at the same time advancing the rear part of his body, he moved in closer with each strike. When we left him, he was no doubt convinced that he had driven us off.

*August 13*—Seated against an old dead chestnut tree near Dalmatia, I was watching some groundhogs when a red fox suddenly appeared in the pasture on the opposite hillside. In his

short summer pelage he bore little resemblance to the magnificently furred Reynard of the winter months. His tail was ropy, his body lean, his color more sandy than orange-rust.

The herd of Guernsey heifers in the pasture spotted him at once, and with suspicious snorts and eyes bulging with curiosity they moved in from all sides to investigate this creature trotting along their cowpath. The fox pretended not to notice. By the time he had reached the far end of the pasture the heifers there were all but blocking the path, but he jogged on by and disappeared into the woods.

*August 15*—Other than night herons, green herons, and big blues most herons and egrets nest south of Pennsylvania. However, after the nesting season many southern birds wander northward into our area before heading south again in the fall migration. Today I saw three small white herons catching frogs in a marshy spot along the river. Their dusky wing tips, greenish legs, and black-tipped bluish bills identified them as immature little blue herons. There was little about them to indicate the slate and purple plumage they would wear as adults. Oddly enough, mature little blues seldom visit our state. Many folks mistake immature little blue herons for the snowy egret, but the latter is rarely seen in Pennsylvania. It has pure white plumage, a black bill, and black legs with yellow feet.

We did see some egrets later the same day, but they were the much larger American, or common, egrets. These birds nest farther south, but a number of them invade our state each year in late summer. They are striking in appearance, pure white with long yellow bills and black legs and feet, as picturesque in flight as they are at rest. We often see them standing in the shallows around grass patches or along the shores of the Susquehanna. Unfortunately, before they arrive at our latitude they have moulted the

graceful nuptial plumes for which they were nearly exterminated in the early 1900s, but even without them they are elegant birds.

*August 17*—Driving from Halifax to Cedar Run was like passing through a 100-mile flower garden. The fields were absolutely smothered in the yellow and white of goldenrod, wild carrot, yarrow and toadflax, with deep purple iron-weed and dusty pink Joe Pye-weed taking over the lowlands. Brilliant orange butterflyweed and sky-blue chicory splashed the roadsides with color. Along upstate creeks we found the intensely red cardinal flower in bloom everywhere. What an opportunity for the color film enthusiast!

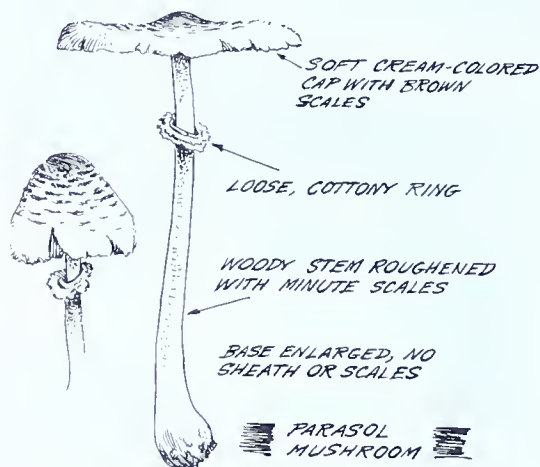
*August 23*—The young hummingbirds are still in the nest, but barely. Tiny as they are, they've outgrown their lichen-covered cradle and must sit



facing in opposite directions to fit into the cup at all. Their plumage is a pretty iridescent green above, white beneath, with dusky scimitar wings like their parents. Their bills are growing longer each day. I'd like to set up a camera to get pictures of the parents feeding them, but have too many deadlines to meet this week.



August 25—My friend visited the hummingbirds today and got pictures of the full grown young. One was clinging to the outside of the nest, and before he was finished photographing them they both took wing like veterans.



August 28—Crossing the Mahantango Mountain at Deibler's Gap I spotted a lineup of stately parasol mushrooms along the road where I had never seen them before, so I promptly collected a half dozen of the better specimens for the table. An hour later I found about two dozen on the Ridge, so we wound up the afternoon with plenty of choice ones. Sauteed in butter (not too much) with a dash of salt

and a turn of the pepper mill, they were terrific when eaten on toast. With their pleasant flavor, texture, and odor, they are surely too good to mix with steak.

August 30—We don't often see shrikes in our valley, but today a loggerhead dropped from an apple tree as I drove by and skimmed to another tree on flickering wings. Easing out of the car I noticed some of his trophies on display on the barbed wire fence—a half dozen grasshoppers impaled on the barbs. Along the next field were thirty-two more desiccated hoppers. This strange habit doubtless originated out of necessity, for the shrike's feet are too weak to hold his victims—small birds, mice, and insects—while he tears them apart with his hooked beak. Thorns were employed at first, then the more convenient barbed wire. Like many predators, shrikes are apparently impelled by instinct to kill more than they can eat, and they commonly hang up the surplus. Most of these victims are never eaten, but serve as mute evidence of the "butcher-bird's" predatory drive.

Shrikes are not hard to spot, whether they are watching from a conspicuous perch or speeding over the weed tops on white-splashed wings. I'm still wondering why I didn't notice this bird on my "beat" until now.

## The Friendly Pheasant

Winfield S. Young, of 711 Edge Hill Road, Glenside, reports that during the past deer season he was on a stand when he heard a rustling sound behind him. It turned out to be a friendly ringneck, which didn't leave when the hunter started talking to him. The hunter's brother and son soon joined the group and the four, including the cockbird, walked to the car parked some distance away.

On five different days the hunter returned to the area. Each time he was met by the ringneck. Each time the bird followed the hunter. Wonder if the friendly bird will be around for another deer season?



**What Every Sportsman Should Know About . . .**

## ***Lightning***

**By Del and Lois Kerr**

**M**ANY of the eleven million people in Pennsylvania have witnessed the devastating effect of a multi-million volt blast of lightning. In investigating the phenomenon, this reporter heard accounts that stagger the imagination; stories from the sublime to the ridiculous—even to the very border of supernaturalism.

Some persons have a real story to tell. They have been struck by lightning and lived to tell about it. Recently, a young girl was hit while on a family picnic. She was not killed, but was severely injured. A few months later and a few miles away, a man was struck on a wide open golf course. He not only survived the blast, but was not even seriously injured. This year, some 1400 people throughout the country will be struck by

lightning—most will not fare as well.

A second chance will be denied 400 men, women and children — people who were enjoying the outdoors only moments earlier. Many of these will be people who gave in to panic or simply did not know the basics of personal outdoor safety. Of the 1000 persons destined to survive, many will receive painful, near-fatal injuries to mark their debut with the age-old phenomenon of lightning.

Blinding bolts of lightning strike somewhere on earth 100 times every second. If this is to be an average season, Pennsylvania will host 30 to 40 thunderstorm days. Again if averages hold true, every square mile in the patch of each storm will be bombarded by 35 to 70 electrical discharges.





Photo by Del Kerr

**SPORTSMEN SHOULD LEARN** to read weather signs in the sky. Innocent-looking clouds like these are often the start of ear-splitting storms.

Lightning is responsible for 37 percent of all rural fires and over \$100 million in property damage in the U. S. each year. Forest fires are such a problem that the Forest Service has instituted "Project Skyfire," an attempt to seed clouds before storms develop to dangerous proportions. Electrical storms should not be taken lightly. Unless you take preventative measures, your home, your prized hunting camp or you yourself could become a cold statistic.

What are the chances of being struck? Actually, infinitesimal—if *you* make it so with just concern. Leaping electricity in the sky has been foolishly regarded with fear and panic since time began. Indians shot arrows into the air to discourage a storm. Not too long ago, cannon were shot off to "break up" thunderheads. Foolish? Yes, but no worse than people today tempting fate with the attitude: *It couldn't happen to me.* However, there is no reason to fear being caught

outside in a storm providing you apply a few commonsense safety rules and understand the nature of lightning.

Thunderstorms are born when warm, moist air rises from the earth, often swept up the side of a mountain. Moisture condenses into water droplets upon reaching cooler air and takes the form of a cumule-nimbus cloud. The mass continually grows and is in constant internal motion. A full-fledged storm cloud may contain 300,000 tons of water.

Updrafts within the swirling mist now draw moisture upward at a rate of perhaps 100 feet per second. Ice crystals fan out at the top of the column, bringing down cold air to enter the upheaval once again. During this process, the droplets colliding with one another generate static electricity; each minute droplet becomes electrically charged.

Tremendous energy is quickly generated within the cloud. The upper portion assumes a positive charge, the



*Photo Courtesy of U. S. Weather Bureau*

**A FULL-FLEDGED thunderhead such as this may contain thousands of tons of water and an electrical potential measured in billions of volts.**

dense, lower portion a negative charge. On earth, an energy field forms beneath the thunderhead and takes on a positive charge. The invisible ground "shadow" keeps pace with the moving cloud, bristling with energy as the electrical potential increases high overhead.

A "hot" energy field normally searches for a high spot as the cloud's potential reaches the discharge point. It envelops fences, your hunting camp, trees—or you, if you happen to be in the open at the wrong moment.

General Electric Specialist Fred Larkin, of the Pittsfield, Mass., High Voltage Laboratory, explains to GAME NEWS readers just what happens at the moment of discharge:

"Research has proved that most lightning actually strikes up, not down. An invisible pilot or stroke leader first extends from the cloud toward earth. It establishes a preferred pathway. Its speed has been calculated at 100 miles a second and its current small.

It is almost instantaneously followed by a stepped-up leader, advancing the tip by perhaps 150 feet.

"As soon as contact is made with the earth, current and luminosity at the ground end increase enormously and the main stroke jets upward at 20,000 miles per second. Lightning bolts up to a foot in diameter have been measured!"

As it arcs from cloud to cloud, or from earth to cloud, lightning generates tremendous heat — around 15,000° F. What you actually see during a flash is white-hot, superheated air molecules. Rapid heating along every inch of the lightning stroke produces an expansion of air. Then, cooling, quickly, the air rushes back together with a jolly-good bang. Thunder!

From this, incidentally, we can tell about how far away a storm is. Sound, traveling at only 1100 feet per second, reaches us much later than light from the discharge. Count the seconds between the time you see the flash and





Photo from General Electric Co.

**LIGHTNING** often comes as a series of strokes, but usually appears as one to the naked eye.

hear the thunder, then divide the total by five. The resulting figure reveals the approximate distance in miles between you and where lightning struck. If you can hear thunder at all, the storm is probably within 15 miles.

Another phenomenon occurs during a lightning stroke—so vitally necessary that there would be little plant life without it. Almost 80 percent of our atmosphere (nearly eighty tons above every 100 square feet of earth) is made up of life-giving nitrogen, but it is unusable in ordinary form. With the searing heat of a lightning stroke, nitrogen oxides are created. Mixed with rain, they are brought to earth as weak nitric acid. This is the fresh, invigorating odor that we smell after a thunderstorm.

Locally, severe thunderstorms are often unpredictable and easily escape detection by central weather stations. Ordinarily, the prime season in Pennsylvania is during July and August,

the storms often coming in late afternoon and evening. However, damaging lightning is quite possible in spring and fall, or even in the dead of winter.

Certain highly important points should be remembered, if a storm suddenly appears while you are outdoors. To repeat briefly, lightning *normally* searches the highest point within the moving energy shadow for electrical release. Often, a tree on the side of a hill will be struck rather than the hilltop itself. For that reason, shun *anything* in your immediate vicinity that forms the highest point—a shed in the open, a lone tree of any size, utility poles, etc.

#### Automobiles Safe

Automobiles offer excellent safety. But if time is short and you're a long ways from your car, good protection will be found in a deep valley, depression in the ground or under *short* trees in the *interior* of a dense forest. A cave, if one should be available, is good.

Of the many varieties of trees, the oak probably is struck most frequently. One reason could be their natural ability to hold large amounts of water. Scientists have estimated that a mature oak may transpire as much as 150 gallons of water on a single summer day. Other trees with high lightning susceptibility are the elm, pine, ash, poplar and maple, in that order.

Wire fences should be avoided. Rifles, wet fishing rods or a metal golf club over the shoulder could spell disaster. It is better to discard such items if a storm is imminent. Authorities contend that even the use of an umbrella at such a time is decidedly unwise.

Numerous people have been injured because of a careless act or indifferent attitude. Many authorities suggest that it is best to stay away from open windows and doors, fireplaces (soot makes an excellent conductor) and all

electrical appliances, including lamps. If someone is struck, the situation may call for immediate mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

George Gamble, of General Electric, recently appeared on a radio program in Pittsburgh. In a discussion on the phenomenon of lightning and importance of safety precautions, he gave the following advice:

### Stay Out of Water

"It is a good idea not to take a shower or be in the tub during a storm. Lightning could strike outside, radiate through the ground and into the water pipes. The electrical surge could travel through the plumbing system and down the stream of water to the drain. Many people have been badly injured in just such a way."

How can you help protect your isolated hunting camp against the danger of lightning?

Ben Franklin had the answer a long time ago. Lightning rods do make a difference. In Iowa, a rural test revealed that farms so equipped were eight times safer than those without.

If your camp is electrically wired, it is possible to receive damage or suffer a devastating fire due to a lightning surge coming in on electric lines. This hazard can be completely eliminated by installing a simple sensing device called a Home Lightning Protector (costs approximately \$10) at the fuse or breaker box. Properly installed and connected to a good ground, this device can drain excessive voltages or currents harmlessly to ground.

Since man's earliest days, lightning has been the source of anxiety, superstition and bewilderment. Even today, a flash of light in a cloudless night sky is explained by many as "heat" lightning. Actually, it is normal electrical discharge from a thunderhead so far away that we only see the reflection in the atmosphere.

Lightning is awesomely beautiful to many, a fearsome spectacle to others. If you can't view nature's "fit-of-temper" without apprehension, just be glad you don't live on the Island of Java. They must contend with electrical storms four days out of every week!

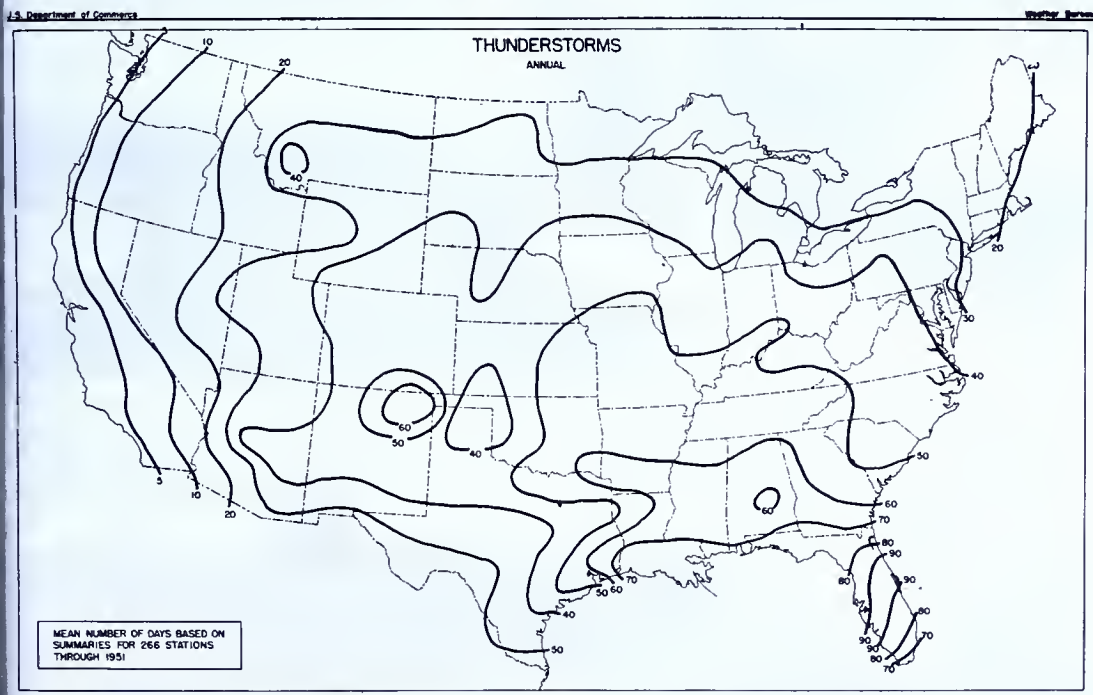


FIGURE 17







# FRECKLES

By Richard P. Dintruff

THE PENNED note on the corner of the tattered envelope read: "Mr. LaBar: I suggest you use Gaines dog food in the can. She likes it." Inside the envelope, the Field Dog Stud Book Registration dated November 19, 1955, read in part: Name and number: Lady's Chief Fortune (547-040); Breed and sex: English Setter Bitch; Date Whelped: April 25, 1955; Color: Black and White; Sire: General's Chief Rusty (440351); Dam: Lady Maro's Penny (540766).

Josh LaBar calculated as how she'd eat dog meal mixed with water, left-over chicken gravy, stale bread, milk from a freshening cow (or whatever the Missus had for leftovers) — or starve. Furthermore, she'd be chained to the hickory tree/dog coop south of the barn like the numerous bird dogs before her, and that was that! The Registration showed a strange name on the front, but Granddad's was in the transfer-of-ownership space on the back. Whether he ever had the transfer recorded is another question. That cost a dollar, so chances are he didn't. Besides, he had a receipt for her so she was his—and woe be unto anyone who tried to take her away from him. Although he later gave her away . . . to me.

The first time I ever saw her was the day Josh brought her home . . . June 14. She was fourteen months old. I'm sure of the date because it's on the receipt and, knowing Granddad, when he paid for something tangible, that's when he took possession! She was trembling and shied away from any object in her path, including people, as she stepped carefully from the back seat of the old Plymouth.

"Like she was walkin' on eggs," the old man remarked. "Reckon she really is a lady." Somehow the fat, strap collar looked out of place on her—like an

apron on a queen—and I hoped, without expecting fulfillment, that a suitable chain collar could be found for her. Josh would think the strap collar was OK.

Her markings were classic English setter: black spot on her left side and a black ear and eye on the same side, of nearly perfect weight, size and proportion; she was a real beauty. She had enough sprinkles of black spots to prompt her former owner to call her Freckles and that was her name for the eleven years she was with us. When we wanted to add emphasis to her sterling performances in the field we "dropped" her pedigree name, Lady's Chief Fortune. It never failed to impress.

Maybe Josh sensed that Freckles would be his last real hunting dog, for he took great pains with her training and spared nothing in the difficult pursuit of making a close-working, staunch-to-point bird dog out of her. He was retired now and had the time to work with her. Freckles was, of course, equally available and the stored-up affection from what must have been a love-starved puppyhood was showered on the old man.

## Sign of Happiness

When she was happy her whole face seemed to smile and at times of great excitement or joy she bared her teeth in what appeared, to the unconditioned eye, as a sign she was about to chew your arm off clear up to the second joint. You soon learned this was only an expression of great elation and you felt glad inside for whatever part you had played in bringing it on. No other outward sign would indicate that she was friendly when she performed this way and it scared the daylight out of strangers!

The receipt read \$25—very little for





**FRECKLES' training and instinct, combined with her desire to please, soon made her an outstanding retriever.**

a dog with her background and looks, but for her former owner there had been a problem. Her ancestors had been field trial dogs and she'd been allowed to run with them a few times by her first owner when she was a pup. As a result she roamed a thousand yards afield (as I guess a good field trial dog should), whereas owner number 2 wanted her to work close on pheasant and grouse. When he couldn't train her, he sold her to Josh with the honest warning that she'd "never work close."

This was all Josh LaBar needed where any form of dog was concerned—a challenge—and he was in his glory. Furthermore, he had little use for field trial dogs. He allowed as how you'd have a heck of a time shooting a pheasant while astride a cantering horse, and after all, shooting the pheasant was what the chase was all about, wasn't it? The chance to make a real gun dog out of one that had got started running after field trial contestants was too good to pass up. That's when he brought Freckles home.

Her breaking was a bit of a strain on the whole family, but the old man never wavered from his intended goal. He exuded confidence with every drop of perspiration that it cost him to reach it.

The first lesson was called "getting acquainted" and took three or four days while Freckles learned to adapt to her new diet and surroundings. We soon discovered she was housebroken and that would have ended her being chained to the old hickory tree, except we were afraid that if she did get loose on one of her necessary trips to the outdoors she might get lost or stolen. On one occasion she was unwittingly turned loose while Josh stood by, whistle in hand, to see what she would do. Without a moment's hesitation she made a beeline for the back forty and a search through the brush piles and weed patches meant to attract pheasants.

Josh almost had a stroke. He blew the whistle until he was almost purple, waved his arms and raised his voice in frantic efforts to control her, all to no avail. In fact, the more he shouted

and chased her, the more she coursed to and fro about the field. A lot more was said about field trial dogs, but most of it wasn't printable.

In spite of his frenzy when things didn't go just right, the old man was equal to any training problem and had the patience of Job when it was absolutely necessary. Like the time he made home brew, using a hand capper and soda pop bottles. He put the mix to storage in the dirt cellar under one corner of the ramshackle old house. Came an unusually warm day and the bottles of working brew started popping their caps, like shotgun shells going off. Josh patiently began to drink the stuff so it wouldn't go to waste. He was a bit unsteady for three days, thus incurring the wrath of wife and family to a fair-thee-well.

The old man could smell of raw liquor or licorice for all Freckles cared. She was devoted to him even in the midst of long and difficult training. She had to learn to "whoa," he said, and with a fifty-foot rope and choke collar he proceeded to teach her. Once or twice of "changin' ends with her" was all it seemed to take. After a bit, when Josh LaBar said "whoa" she'd "whoa" so sudden she'd skid! No two ways about it, she'd stiffen all four legs and slide to a halt, looking back rather sheepishly as though to apologize for going too far out.

### **Obedience Lessons**

The next steps were general obedience lessons and learning to "come in" and "steady." And to move in on the bird, this following a clucking sound made by sucking air in alongside your tongue. When she had mastered these, the old man taught her to be staunch to point, using a pen-raised pheasant that was temporarily immobilized to get the number of "points" he required. Soon she was like a rock in the middle of a desert; you could hardly get her to break point. If the bird ran (which was often the case), she'd follow cautiously, stalking her

prey. If you stepped alongside of her while she was on point and clucked softly she'd press her side against your leg and walk cautiously forward with you to flush the bird. I've seen Josh pick her rear end off the ground by her tail when he was on point. She'd blink a time or two and move her head slightly but otherwise remain on the point, only dropping her foreleg to maintain balance. You could push her but she'd plant all four feet and refuse to move—until you clucked at her to move in and went beside her.

When she finally flushed a wild bird, she wanted to give chase, but Josh had an answer for that too—a bellered "Whoa!" After that, she'd stand and watch the bird fly out of sight.

Teaching her to retrieve was time-consuming but rewarding work. He used a short length of 2 x 4 with finishing nails driven in a short way all around the ends and sides, leaving only a small area of nail-free wood exposed in the center. She'd pick up the thrown 2 x 4 very gingerly and return for the reassuring pat from the old man which he lavished on her whenever she did it just right. The next step—a live bird—was duck soup. Her training and instinct, combined with her extreme desire to please, made her an outstanding retriever. She handled all birds with the softest mouth, walking stiff-legged and proud, head held high, back to the old man's feet.

Her accomplishments were legend in her own time and not in small measure due to her stubbornness, which almost matched the old man's. Companions marveled at her performances afield and compliments and offers to buy her were many.

One blustery day during pheasant season when the old man was hunting alone with her, Freckles came on point in the intersection of two hedgerows on a farm we owned not far from the old homestead. She held it only a moment then stealthily inched forward





**FRECKLES HAD TO** learn to "whoa," the old man said, and with a fifty-foot rope and choke collar, he proceeded to teach her.

into the wind, nose twitching and neck stretched, in the direction the pheasant had run. A moment later she was on point again, only to break and continue into the wind as Josh followed, 12 gauge Winchester pump at the ready. She repeated this for half a mile along the hedgerow until finally she came to a rather decisive point at the opening of a rabbit hole. The old man knew the dog well enough to know she wasn't fooling, so laying aside his shotgun and forcing the setter aside, he got down on all fours to look in the hole. Just before it inched farther down into the hole and out of sight, Josh spotted the brilliant plumage of a cockbird. There wasn't anything more to do about this bird, so Josh called Freckles and they headed for home.

Of course this pheasant never wound up in Grandma LaBar's stew pot, but the fact that Freckles had so

patiently and persistently trailed the bird right down the hole impressed Josh.

The old man retold this story until we were all sick of hearing it. He was just as persistent in the telling as the dog was in the doing!

Freckles was only one in a long line of dogs the old man had trained and sold—sometimes for as much as a thousand dollars. But when I heard from the family that he might sell Freckles, I inquired cautiously how much he'd take for her, explaining that I wanted her for hunting and as a pet for my three children. Our youngest was our first boy, barely a year old when Freckles came to live at our house—a gift from Josh LaBar. He could have sold her for a fancy price, but she was something of himself he could give to me and mine and she came with only one "string" attached: if I ever parted with her, she was to go back to the

old man for the asking. I couldn't have afforded to buy her anyway, and he knew it. Our bond was our handshake.

### **Freckles' Arrival**

I remember well her coming, the indifferent glance she gave me as we stood near the old hickory talking about her, and the inquisitive look she cast at the old man when he slowly unfastened the chain from her collar, snapped on the leash and handed it to me.

She came willingly to our house, even tolerated the pawings of the children, but there was never a question about whom she belonged to. All Josh had to do was drive in the driveway, get out of the old Plymouth and slam the door, and she was in a frenzy. Even though she couldn't see or hear him, she knew the car, the slam of the door or something. He'd open the back door and with a big grin say, "Well, look who we have here!" and she'd bare every tooth in her head and prance, clicking her toenails on the kitchen floor, until he made his entrance and knelt to pet her.

He said she was a one-man dog and she was—at least one at a time. Gradually, she came to give me her generous affection, and to put up with untold indignities at the hands of my baby son. Once I remember watching him, barely able to toddle, pulling her backwards across the living room, one hand entwined in the hair of her tail, the other clenched at his chin with his thumb in his mouth.

She never offered to nip one of the children, to the best of my recollection. She never had to. She had developed a much better defense. When any of them approached her she'd lick him so feverishly that he couldn't bother her much—he was too busy avoiding the moist tongue or trying to dry the places she had licked!

Freckles worked magnificently on grouse, pheasant and woodcock. She never saw a quail, to my knowledge,

but if she had, it probably wouldn't have taken her long to master them too. She was never sidetracked by other animals in the field — except house cats. She hated them with a bald-faced fury and would corner or tree one whenever or wherever encountered. Her only "unladylike" behavior was treeing the neighbor's Persian at every opportunity.

Granddad had Freckles spayed soon after he got her, so we never had a chance to have one of her pups, something we've always regretted. But then, maybe we'd have been disappointed. Surely we were spoiled by the Lady and a pup would have had to go some to measure up.

She seldom forgot a lesson except for her tendency to range too far, which a few sessions with the fifty-foot rope at the beginning of the bird season corrected, for that season at least. A hunting companion recalls the time she emerged from a fog-covered field with a bird that both of us had shot at until it was out of sight in the mist. She brought it directly to him, laid it at his feet and stepping back, looked up expectantly for her usual pat for a good performance. He swears to this day that *his* shot downed that bird, for after all, hadn't she brought it to him? I've never found a satisfactory rebuttal. Perhaps the Lady knew; I don't.

### **Old Man Dies**

One spring, when she was five years old, the old man failed to answer the breakfast call, and Freckles had lost her first love. Not to mention the loss to the rest of us. No more would I hear the soft tap on my downstairs bedroom window at dawn with urgings to "hurry along 'fore the birds were all gone."

She hunted for me from then on, with unswerving devotion. I couldn't leave her in the field with companions while I returned to the car for a moment unless someone held her down. She refused to put her nose to the

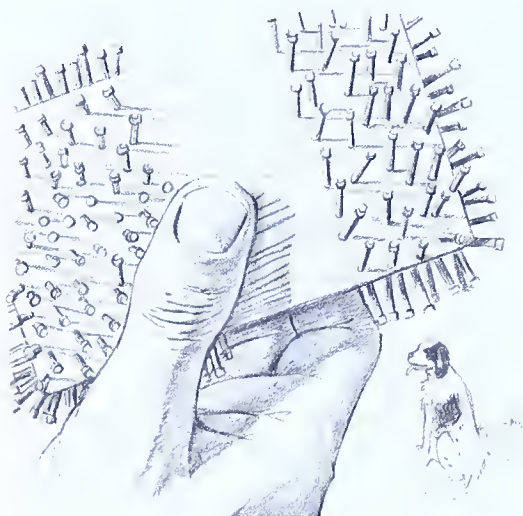


ground for anyone but me. We had hunted grouse in God's Country—Potter County, Pennsylvania—with Josh and Merritt “Pete” Walters. Later, after they had both gone to their reward, I hunted alone with Freckles in

respond to the artificial stimulus and began to die, slowly and painfully. I couldn't live with myself in those days, dreading alike her terrible suffering and what I knew had to be done to alleviate it. The vet was gentle but quick and she never knew what happened as she went to sleep in my arms.

Everyone thought she was down cellar on her blanket that night, and it wasn't until next morning that I had to show the only thing I had left except memories, her choke collar with license and rabies vaccination tags. No one had to have it spelled out for them. They knew what had happened, and the tears came in profusion.

Now there's a mutt wearing her choke chain. He's only five months old, an English springer spaniel with a pedigree longer and more distinguished than the Royal Family of the country that originated the breed. To me he's still a mutt, as yet unproved. In fact, I disclaim ownership. He belongs to my son—an eleventh birthday present. He's arrogant and swaggering as he walks and about as gentle as well, my eleven-year-old! Someday he may be as great as Lady's Chief Fortune, but I doubt it. A dog with her qualities usually comes only once to a man in a lifetime and he's the lucky one. Most men will never have this privilege.



**A SHORT 2 x 4 with finishing nails imbedded was useful in teaching Freckles the rudiments of receiving.**

the beech brush and hemlocks where we had all tramped together many times before.

In her twelfth spring, Freckles, now an old lady, had a bout with liver failure and the vet gave up hope. He kept the liver functioning with drugs for nearly two weeks, but the moment of truth finally came when she didn't

## Hunter-Safety Education in Curriculum

Oswayo Valley School in Shinglehouse, Potter County, has added hunter-safety classes to the regular school curriculum.

Starting this fall classes will begin in September and continue through November each year. Instruction will be given to all sixth grade classes in the school. Teachers Ted Wichert, Bob Watterson and Tom Stedina will use films, slide talks, lectures, and visual aids in their classes. District Game Protector H. Richard Curfman also will assist with two sessions by discussing game laws and telling how various types of hunting accidents occur.

Hopefully, other schools will develop similar programs for their youngsters.

... a Wide-Flying Dragonfly Is the



## ***GREEN DARNER***

By Carsten Ahrens

During the frost-free days of 1966, the author studied the dragonflies in our state's 22 counties that drain into the Ohio River. He identified just 100 species, but is sure there are still more to be listed from this area. The large Green Darner known as *Anax junius* is discussed in this article. The author found it everywhere, often far from water. While other species were often more numerous locally, this species is surely at home in many habitats in Pennsylvania.

**D**ARTING over Pennsylvania's hills, streams, and ponds in summer is the Green Darner, one of the largest and most fascinating insects of our state. Every outdoorsman must have stopped some time or other to follow this colorful fellow as he skims effortlessly over the lily pads, in and out of the rushes and reeds, ever searching

for food or mate, and then, the next instant . . . away, up, up into the sky and out of sight.

His four transparent many-veined wings often spread a good four inches. He has a bright green thorax, long blue-and-brown abdomen, huge compound eyes that receive visual stimuli from almost any direction, and six spiny legs that are held basket-fashion to scoop insect prey from the air and cram it into the big mouth with the sidewise working jaws. Because of his everlasting hunger, as long as the sun is warm a dragonfly will fly back and forth through swarms of midges and mosquitoes, and so reduce their numbers that in some sections of the country it is called "mosquito hawk."



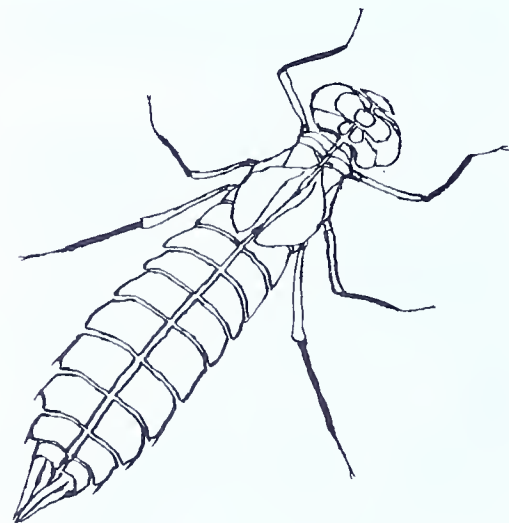
Where I grew up they were called "spindles," "devil's darning needles," "skimmers," or "snake feeders."

Male dragonflies of most species seem to delight in mimic warfare. Like knights in multicolored, enameled armor, they are ever ready to tilt with one or more of their comrades. Down the winds or sunbeams they ride to crash, with their wings bearing the brunt of the shock. Again they seem to be playing tag or follow-the-leader in a giddy whirl around the pond with side excursions, figures-of-eight, and solo performances thrown in for good measure.

The Green Darner is not so likely to enter these games as are the smaller species, but they often make him their target. However, his strength and speed make it possible for him easily to ignore the antics of such small fry as they.

The Green Darner belongs to an order of insects so ancient that they were already old-timers when the dinosaurs ruled the earth. Fossils prove that his ancestors back in those

**THE IMMATURE Green Darner is strictly aquatic; also carnivorous and often cannibalistic.**



dim eons were huge insects with a wingspread of two or more feet. Nowadays, dragonflies are much smaller: Green Darner's cousin of our Southwest, an insect ponderously named "Walsinghami," has a wingspread of about five inches and is the largest dragonfly in continental U. S. A. There is also a rare cousin only occasionally seen in our state. This one, called "Longipes," can be easily distinguished from our hero by the last eight segments of the abdomen which are bright red.

### Early Days

A Green Darner begins life as a tiny pale oval egg thrust into a waterlogged piece of wood, a reed, a mass of algae, or something similar. Its mother has a special sharp egg-laying organ at the end of her abdomen with which she probes beneath the surface for a suitable location for the eggs. Sometimes a big bass swims by at this moment and she disappears forever from sight.

After about three weeks, an egg hatches into a spidery larva called a nymph or naiad. It is a wingless, aquatic creature with eyes and legs similar to the adult, but it has only tiny wing pads instead of wings, gills for obtaining oxygen from the water, and a curious lower lip that can shoot forward like a pair of pincers to grab and hold a tiny fish or insect.

As the lower lip holds the struggling victim, the jaws skin and chew the flesh slowly and methodically; a full hour often will be spent in reducing a tiny bullhead to skin, fins, and bones. Occasionally, the first pair of legs aids in helping it to "pick its teeth." Only active animal food is sought; at no time does a darner eat plant material, and it seems totally unaware of another insect or a little fish until it moves.

Most of a darner's life cycle is spent at the bottom of a pond, where it is camouflaged to blend in with the roots and stems over which it crawls.

In some species this stage may last for several years, but the Green Darner usually spends the best share of a year as a nymph and transforms into a winged form in the spring or summer. The duration of the larval period is somewhat conditioned by the temperature of water and the availability of food.

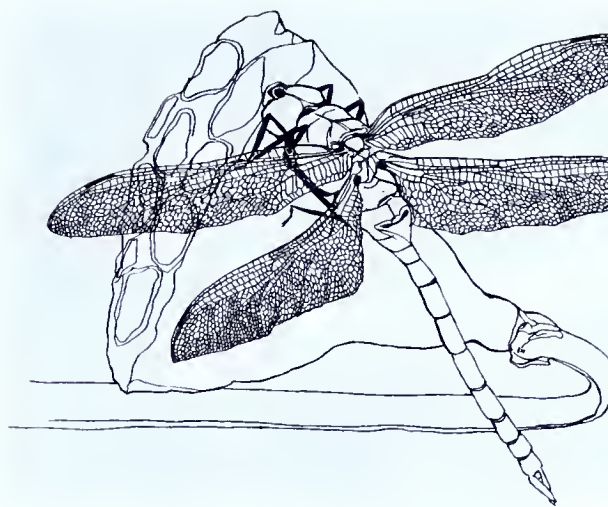
To graduate into adulthood, a dragonfly leaves its liquid surroundings by climbing up the stem of a water plant until it is out in the air. It anchors its spiny legs so firmly into the reed that long after it has split its old skin down the back, pulled its limp, soggy self free of the old chitinous case, developed and hardened the marvelous wings, and flown away, the old, stiff, empty exuvia remains . . . a reminder of a small nature miracle.

It takes about an hour for the bedraggled water insect to adjust itself to the airy world. The dim, quiet, cool pond life is over, and the dragonfly finds itself clinging unarmed to a slender reed with the wind rushing by, the hot sun glaring down, with many predators—raccoons, skunks, reptiles, adult dragonflies, and birds—all hopping to add an emerging nymph to their menu. How small and alone it is in a big, hungry, noisy universe!

#### Transition Period

This transition period in the life of the Green Darner is also a most hazardous time. He has just lost the old nymphal armor and hasn't as yet developed the enamel-like covering of the adult. His body and wings are soft, succulent, and most appealing to many birds that congregate at the pond's margin during the period of emergence. It takes days for the bright greens and blues of the exoskeleton to reach perfection, and the vireos and cedar waxwings seem always on the lookout for a juicy nymph.

If it weren't for the many thousands of eggs deposited each year, dragonflies would be rare insects. However,



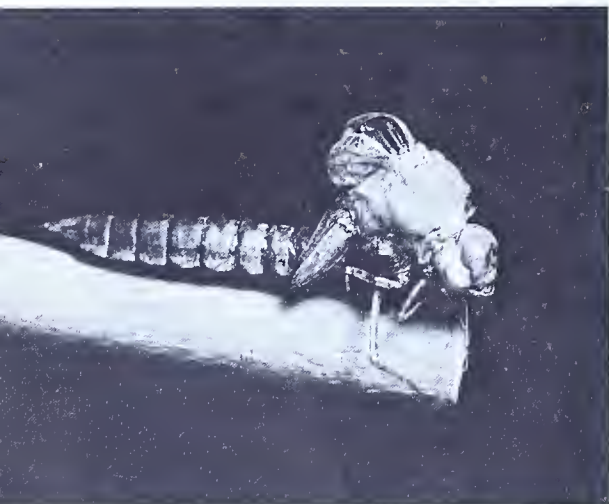
**THE ADULT Green Darner flies tirelessly in warm sunny weather, but during darkness or cool temperature clings to a perch till the sun returns.**

it is estimated that a single female will lay a hundred thousand eggs during her relatively short life, so in spite of the numerous predators, dragonflies continue to flourish.

The care bestowed by the darners on their offspring is slight. True, the female often risks her life laying the eggs, which are sometimes meticulously placed, but at other times almost haphazardly discarded. Sometimes the male accompanies his mate while she is ovipositing. He seizes her head in the claspers at the end of his long abdomen, lowers her into the water while she places eggs in the stems of water plants, and sometimes hauls her out to escape the rush of a hungry fish.

This seems the extent of parental care. Once the eggs are laid, the young must of necessity shift for themselves. And since the larvae slowly grow in the water for about eleven months and the adults live in the air but a few weeks, their paths never cross. Nature may have planned it so, for dragonflies attempt to eat each other or anything else that moves, unless it's too big. Toss a handful of pebbles up toward a circling dragonfly and it will





**OCCASIONALLY** the transforming darner can't extricate its head from the nymphal shell and dies "aborning."

probably follow one of the stones to earth. It's moving, so it must be something to eat. I've netted a number of high fliers by this trick.

When the Green Darner is finally an adult, his wing pads have developed into four wings so perfectly patterned that they must have delighted Leonardo da Vinci. Even more remarkable are the tiny but tough muscles that

activate them so successfully that the dragonfly has the distinction of being the swiftest thing on insect wings. At the same time he has developed sex organs so archaic that they apparently are unique among all insects. He has lost his gills and gained a tubular system that can obtain oxygen directly from the air. On each side of the thorax are two openings or spiracles, and on each side of the ten-segmented abdomen are ten more through which the air is drawn in and then expelled. Once the insect becomes aerial, he can never return to the old aquatic habitat.

After the period of mating and egg-laying is over, the Green Darner wanders farther and farther from his familiar beat in the neighborhood of standing water. One is apt to encounter him almost anywhere. Those that emerge in the fall may fly for the rest of the season. As autumn passes, the wings become discolored, frayed, and often decidedly worn down.

And if he escapes all predators, a killing frost some night will terminate his wonderfully carefree flights.

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## Book Review

### "Sure-Hit Shotgun Ways"

Francis E. Sell—"Spud" to his cronies—is one of the few guys in this world I envy. Why? He shoots all day, goes back to a snug cabin at sunset, writes on what he's learned about guns and ammo—and makes a living from it. A steady stream of informative articles and books has come out of his old typer in the past 20 years, the latest being *Sure-Hit Shotgun Ways* (160 pp., Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Pa., \$5.95), a product of extensive research and observation on the results obtainable from that most cantankerous of firearms, the shotgun.

In simple direct language, Sell tells what you must do to consistently hit upland game, waterfowl, deer and clay birds with a smoothbore. He admittedly draws on the old masters such as Kimble, Bogardus and Walsingham—but then the basics never change—and in addition gives extensive data on chokes, patterning, reloading, stock alterations to correct shot placement, gun care, etc. There are few shotgunners around who wouldn't profit from this book.

# Chuck Hunter's Quiz

By Clyde B. Leonard

**S**UMMER woodchuck hunting is one of the most challenging sports the Pennsylvania rifleman can enjoy. Here is a quick quiz to test your knowledge of this plentiful but elusive little varmint. Credit yourself with five points for each correct answer checked. If you score 70 or below: Poor—experience will improve you. 70-80: Fair—you will probably get enough shooting to keep up your interest. 80-90: Good—you're in the ranks. 90-100: Excellent—this game is not new to you.

## QUESTIONS

- 1) In Pennsylvania, the woodchuck is considered a varmint and may be hunted on Sunday. No license is required. True ☐ False ☐
- 2) Most farmers don't mind the presence of woodchucks on their property and hunting permission is always difficult to obtain. True ☐ False ☐
- 3) Although chucks may be taken any time of the year, many dedicated hunters believe one should wait until at least mid-June before beginning the all-out hunt. True ☐ False ☐
- 4) In Pennsylvania, one reason woodchucks are considered game animals is the protection they provide for many other small game animals. True ☐ False ☐
- 5) The best shooting hours for chucks are usually around midday when the sun is high and hot. True ☐ False ☐
- 6) A quick glance can usually tell you if a chuck den is in use or has been vacated since last year. True ☐ False ☐
- 7) Groundhogs cannot be hunted properly without using a flat-shooting high powered rifle. True ☐ False ☐
- 8) Woodchucks have excellent vision and will quickly spot a bright color at long range, so camouflage clothing is advisable. True ☐ False ☐
- 9) Chuck holes often can be spotted at a considerable distance, and a trained eye can sometimes watch several holes at one time. True ☐ False ☐
- 10) Woodchucks, like most animals, water frequently and their dens are always found near ponds or streams. True ☐ False ☐
- 11) Binoculars and rifle scopes are nice to have, but are not necessary for the confirmed long-range groundhog hunter. True ☐ False ☐
- 12) When having difficulty aiming at a feeding chuck, a sharp whistle often will bring him erect and motionless. True ☐ False ☐
- 13) Woodchucks are comparatively easy to kill, and a hit just about anywhere will assure you of a clean kill. True ☐ False ☐
- 14) After shooting a chuck you should move on, because the report of your rifle will spook others in that area for several hours. True ☐ False ☐
- 15) Chucks are not usually found out of their dens during a shower, and a rainy day is not recommended for good chuck hunting. True ☐ False ☐
- 16) Woodchucks can and sometimes do climb trees. True ☐ False ☐
- 17) Woodchucks make tasty eating. True ☐ False ☐
- 18) Late summer and early fall woodchuck hunting is not very productive. True ☐ False ☐
- 19) By being an observant woodchuck hunter, one can predict much about the upcoming small and big game seasons. True ☐ False ☐
- 20) As a woodchuck hunter, gun legislation involves you, and you should act accordingly. True ☐ False ☐





*PGC Photo by Ted Godshall*

**PATIENT USE OF binoculars can disclose woodchucks to the experienced hunter where a beginner would never see them.**

### ANSWERS

1) False. Woodchucks are varmints but also are Pennsylvania game animals and must be hunted accordingly.

2) False. Hazardous chuck holes in fields and raided vegetable gardens have made the woodchuck low man on the popularity poll with farmers. Many landowners will allow hunting in the summer, if you ask permission and show that you can handle firearms safely.

3) True. Young woodchucks are dependent upon their parent until the first few days of June or a bit later. Killing a female in April or May may

*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III*



leave four or five young chucks to starve.

4) True. Their dens make ideal and readily available protection for rabbits and pheasants.

5) False. Chucks usually spend the hottest hours of the day in the coolest place they can find, which is their den. The best shooting hours of the day are early morning and late afternoon.

6) True. When chuck den mouths are blocked by cobwebs, piles of dirt nearly fill the opening, or when there are no flies or other insects buzzing around the opening, you can assume, "No one lives here anymore."

7) False. Groundhogs can be hunted and taken with any gun in your collection, although rifles in calibers such as the 222, 22-250 or 243 are among the best for the long-range shooting that put the woodchuck on top of the varmint hunter's list.

8) False. Although woodchucks do have sharp eyesight which can spot movements at long ranges, they are color blind, and for safety purposes one should always wear a brightly colored cap, blaze orange being the most conspicuous.

9) True. A good-sized dirt mound is the telltale sign of the main entrance to a chuck den. Position yourself where you can observe several at one time and also watch nearby field edges. You will have plenty to keep you busy.

10) False. Woodchucks do very nicely on little water and can survive on the dew they obtain by feeding in the morning. Chucks would sooner have their homes close to their feeding areas, such as clover and alfalfa fields, along fencerows and in the brushy edges of farm fields.

11) False. For successful chuck shooting at long range, binoculars are required for finding partly hidden game, and a good scope is needed to aim precisely enough for those long shots which make the sport so interesting.





PGC Photo by Ted Godshall

12) True. A sharp whistle is the warning signal of the woodchuck, and this sound will usually catch his attention and keep him motionless long enough for a shot.

13) False. A woodchuck can "take it" like a miniature water buffalo. Unless hit in the brain, spinal cord or chest area, your chuck may get into his den to die a slow and painful death, so place your shots precisely and do not shoot at distances where this is impossible.

14) False. Stay put. One can often pick off several chucks in one area by remaining out of sight after shooting and waiting for the appearance of the remaining inquisitive chucks.

15) True. Immediately before or shortly after a cooling summer shower is top hunting time, but chucks are not particularly fond of water and are rarely found out in the rain.

16) True. Despite his portly appearance, a woodchuck can and oc-

asionally does climb low, slanting trees to bask in the warm sun and keep a good lookout on the landscape.

17) True. Many recipes for preparing woodchucks into delicious meals can be found, and if your taste does not include this dark sweet meat you should have no difficulty finding someone who would be glad for them.

18) False. September finds the woodchuck feeding constantly to make ready for his winter hibernation. It is an ideal time to hunt.

19) True. While hunting chucks you often will have the opportunity to observe deer, rabbits, pheasants, and other game, as well as their feeding areas and runways. With this information you can increase your chances of scoring in the fall.

20) True. As law-abiding citizens and sportsmen you are urged to study proposed gun legislation and express your views on it to your Senators and Congressmen.

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### *Symbols Chart Again Available*

A second printing of the Pennsylvania Symbols Chart, prepared by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, is available again. The state tree, flower, bird and animal are done in color by nationally-known artist Ned Smith. Charts are available at Field Division offices of the Game Commission, as well as at the Commission office in Harrisburg. Price per chart is 75 cents, tax included.



# ***Knife the Boar!***

**By Dr. Philip L. Mouer**

**T**HE SEPTEMBER air was refreshing as we drove through the mountains toward Forksville with our trailer in tow. Other hunters in passing cars loaded with arrow-stuffed quivers tooted their horns and waved after seeing the equipment in the back of our car. Everyone was looking forward to the boar hunt scheduled for the next morning.

The event is known as the Pennsylvania Bow Hunters Festival and it is always complete with costumes and clowns. I doubt if the days of Robin Hood were more colorful than this weekend in the Pennsylvania mountains. I'd been eagerly awaiting it for months. But if I'd known what was in store for me, perhaps I'd have stayed home!

The hunt began as scheduled at 9 a.m., with the caravan of hunters traveling up into the mountains from the Sullivan County Fairgrounds. Four of us had allowed our sons to join the hunt this year. This perhaps isn't the most ideal time to teach your son the sport; however, these boys were well indoctrinated into archery and the woods before even asking to accompany us on the hunt.

My son David and I were placed along a high bank overlooking a ridge extending into a swamp. We had an hour to await the gun shots which signal the release of the boars.

Leaves of maple and oak still showed summer green along their margins, but the ferns of the swamp were beginning to turn yellow. The damp smell of wet humus drifted through the woods as the sun began to burn through the early morning haze. After awhile I noticed that David was getting restless and was

searching for something to watch or do. I turned over several half-rotted leaves and together we watched the small worms which had been hidden there wiggle back into their world of darkness. We examined layer after layer of leaves. At the bottom, their shapes were barely discernible. Here was nature in its true form. Large animal to smaller and smaller, even to the microscopic life which lives on the smallest forms of life. All are necessary in their place if the system is to survive. Man, with all his ability, has not been able to alter the chain of events. If he is to survive he must make an effort to protect the system rather than try to break it.

The daydreaming snapped to reality with the crack of guns in the distance. We now had to wait and watch for movement in the woods.

## **Quiet and Still**

"Quiet and still" was the order up and down the line of archers. Everyone was tense and excited.

One of the boars released was a large rusty-white male, with tusks that extended well beyond his lips. I hoped we'd see him, but half an hour went by with no sign of a wild pig and I thought this just wasn't our lucky day. Then, looking straight ahead into the swamp, I noticed movement. A low "Psst" and hand signal to Dave told him to stay on guard and alert.

There it was—a boar! Watching closely, I estimated he would pass where it was impossible to shoot from either side. I decided to make a stalk while he was in a semi-open area not far from us.

Dave stayed in position while I circled around the ridge, only then







**WE HAD AN hour to wait, and David and I watched the smaller life forms that are so much a part of nature.**

realizing that this was the big rusty-white pig—200 pounds of nearsighted fearless boar. He was rooting in the swamp as I made my plans for the stalk. I must get within close range for an unobstructed shot through the brush. I could see him twitching his ears to pick up any sounds of intruders in his hog heaven. When a twig snapped under my foot, he looked up, but didn't recognize my frozen form as any danger. He stuffed his long snout into the ferns and continued his grunty song of pleasure. I stopped. Here was the place for a clear shot. No trouble, I thought. An easy hunt, a prize boar—it was almost too good to be true. I raised the bow to draw. I noticed some shake in my hand as the 48-pound fiber glass and wood bow arced back. There was the spot, close behind the shoulder, an instinctive target -- Twang! The arrow was on its way.

But the tension took its toll—the arrow missed the shoulder area and nicked the ear. The boar suddenly became a nearsighted maniac, trying to see what form of creature would dare touch him. Swinging his head to find motion, he saw me nock another arrow and took stand for a charge. My arrow smacked him right on the

snout as he started coming toward me. The hit really shook him. He wheeled and squealed, giving me time to move behind a tree. Not able to see me, he started trotting off to the right, then left and right again, trying to find me.

I edged closer, wanting to get an arrow into a vital spot. My next shot grazed him on the right leg and only increased his anger. Chomping those tusks and grunting angrily, he started off, me after him. After what seemed like miles of running he stopped in a growth of thick ferns. Gasping for breath, I nocked another arrow—my last. The “easy” hunt had become a nightmare.

This was crazy, I thought. One arrow to finish a wounded, angry boar. But remembering his poor eyesight, I decided to see it through. Trying to swing the odds in my favor, I moved only when he moved, and I stayed close to cover. After much cat and mouse maneuvering through the brushy woods, I saw him take stand in a park of heavy timber, apparently tired of playing hide-and-seek. The odds were in his favor now. Every move I made set those ears working like a radar scanner.

This was it, I had to take him now.

**IT WAS THE big rusty-white pig—200 pounds of nearsighted fearless boar—and he'd seen me.**



I couldn't chase him anymore. My breathing was difficult. I had to fight back the desire to cough and clear my throat. Slowly, quietly, step by step I closed the distance between me and his right flank. He was nervous and began turning and swinging his head, looking for me. Bow up . . . draw . . . hold . . . release . . . *twang*. Splat!

### Boar Sees Bowman

The arrow angled forward into his chest, entering behind the right rib cage. If he was wild before, he was beyond description now. One squeal and he had spun to face me. This time he had me in those beady eyes. We looked at each other for what seemed like minutes. He was testing me. My hunter's sense told me to stand still. Out in the open, he had me at his terms.

This situation was soon altered by my full speed retreat for cover, but following me was no problem for the boar, at least as long as I stayed on the ground. Around trees, rocks, bushes, I raced, but always the pig was right there. Where was my knife? I couldn't find it on my belt while running. The trees were no good for climbing—either too big or too little to get into. At last I saw a clump of trees about four inches in diameter just a short distance to the right. Heading for them, I tossed the bow, grabbed and jumped. Just before jumping I glanced over my shoulder to see the boar right behind me in full charge. The jump, tree-grab and boar's strike occurred almost simultaneously. I felt his tusk slash at my right leg, ripping my pants from the knee to the ankle and pulling me loose from the tree. Lying on the ground, momentarily dazed, I found my hunting knife and jerked it from the sheath. The boar wheeled to make another charge but lost footing with his hind legs. My last arrow seemed to be taking effect. Seeing his difficulty in getting up, I straddled him and repeatedly plunged the steel blade



**I JERKED MY** hunting knife from its sheath and repeatedly plunged the blade into the boar's chest. It struggled, and then went limp.

into his chest. The boar struggled, went limp, then stiffened and went limp again.

### Feeling of Relief

Gasping for breath, I sat back on my heels and looked at the boar. I had no feeling of victory—just relief that the hunt was ended. Bow Hunters Festival, I thought—boar hunt, men, women and children shooting at targets and stuffed animals, everyone having a good time. Hah. What was I doing here, straddling an animal that could have killed me, had I not killed him first?

Soon Dave and I and several friends were carrying the boar out of the woods. Many thoughts passed through my mind, any serious contemplations hidden behind much joking and laughter. After all, this was a prize animal to take with a bow and arrow, wasn't it? A knife? Why mention a knife.

Our excited mood did not lessen, even during the long drive home, and we already were making plans to attend the next Bow Hunters Festival. But to tell the truth, I'll be just as happy with a little less excitement the next time.



# Marshland Bug Trappers

By Don Shiner

**B**OG-TROTTING hunters generally encounter more than beavers and waterfowl during a day in the marshes. Not uncommonly, they encounter plants, considered to be wild flowers, that are meat eaters — as deadly to some animals as are, in a sense, the hunter's firearm. Beautiful and innocent as these plants appear, they feed on the flesh of spiders, flies, and other insects which mistakenly or otherwise get caught in their pitcher (a tubular or cuplike appendage or modification of leaves) and spiny traps. These curious plants are of great value to mankind since they help hold the hordes of insects in check.

I recently climbed into a soggy duck blind built on a small floating bog near the shore of a marsh, to await incoming flights of web footers. Be-

**THE LEAVES OF the pitcher plant hold rainwater, and insects which drown in this liquid are absorbed by the plant.**



tween scattered shots during the hours that followed, we found time to study two interesting carnivorous plants—the roundleaf sundew and the common pitcher plant.

Wading to this bog-blind, we sat down on kapok boat cushions behind a blend of huckleberry brush which served to screen us. Most of the surrounding plant and shrub foliage had withered brown from early frosts. The sphagnum moss and other low growing plants remained vigorous, since the dark tannic-acid water, warmed by the sun, offered some protection.

Soon after we climbed into the blind, I watched a falcon sail across the far end of the marsh. The sound of far-off crows drifted to us. Otherwise the horizon and the world surrounding us seemed almost lifeless.

My gaze settled on objects nearby, such as the moss and the unusual plants with pitcher-shaped leaves. In so doing, I spied a set of long slender legs waving frantically. The legs were those of a daddy longlegs which was hopelessly caught in the stiff hairlike spines in a small, red leaf.

## Carnivorous Plants

This was a roundleaf sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), a carnivorous plant found throughout Pennsylvania. Only its red color kept this tiny plant from becoming lost in the profusion of sphagnum moss which covered the bog. This wild flower has eight to ten smallish leaves, each with tiny spines on one side. It lives almost entirely from nourishment gained through the digestion of trapped insects, which it catches with ease. A sticky secretion covering the leaves entangles whatever insect dares to trespass. Then the hairlike spines seize the victim, hold-

ing it tightly until devoured. The sundew is as deadly to insects as any plant found in North America.

We shared our blind this day with another carnivorous plant, the common pitcher plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*). These also live upon raw meat gleaned from insects.

Four species of this pitcher plant grow in the marshes of Pennsylvania. All have pitcher-shaped leaves which trap and hold rainwater. Whatever insects venture or fall into these deep wells are doomed to have the nourishment of their body absorbed by the plant.

The sundew and pitcher plant, and a third insect trapper—the Venus flytrap — grow in wet places such as swamps, bogs and marshes, and along pond and lake shores. The pitcher variety is the largest and hence the easiest found. It grows low to the marsh, spreading up to eighteen inches in diameter, with four to twenty pitcher-shaped leaves. Each pitcher leaf holds a quantity of water, the larger ones perhaps containing sufficient liquid to half fill a coffee cup. These remain green in color, frequently blotched with red, through most of the winter. New pitcher leaves are produced each spring. A tall flower spike grows from each plant during late summer, and from it quantities of seeds are produced and scattered by the wind to wide areas in the mossy surroundings.

We bagged several plump mallards



**THE TINY SUNDEW** plant is an efficient insect trapper.

that morning on the marsh, but I found it difficult to pull my attention away from the sundew and pitcher plants. Most hunters who are the least bit interested in wild flowers have similar feelings when encountering these curious plants.

Next time you go bog tramping, look for these curious meat-eating plants. They, along with swallows, nighthawks, dragonflies and a variety of other wildlife, work diligently to make your life, and mine, more tolerable in the bug-riddled outdoors.

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## Philadelphia Gun Deaths Rise 11 Percent

The most stringent firearms ordinance in the nation has failed to reduce homicides by guns during its first full year of operation.

According to Philadelphia Police Department statistics, there were 62 gun homicides in 1964 and 69 in 1966, an increase of 11 percent. 1964 was the last full year before passage of the law, and 1966, the first full year under the firearms law.

Police also report a one-third decrease in the number of licensed retail firearms dealers. Tax receipts from legitimate gun sales have fallen off 90 percent.





**TRAINEES** are welcomed to the Ross Leffler School of Conservation.



**ASSIGNED DETAILS** include KP, but time spent at the dining table more than makes up for this!



# Train

**T**HE GAME COMMISSION is planning to begin training in March, 1969. The class will be in February, 1969. The opected to be issued by the Civil Service ing and selection to be conducted this

General requirements to meet admit same as they were in 1964 (see page 4 requirements and are interested in rece Commission, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisbur 569, Harrisburg, Pa. Application forms way, Pa. 15824, Field Division Offices, ployment Service.

# chool

ts thirteenth Class of Game Protector  
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amination are expected to be about the  
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able at the Ross Leffler School, Brock-  
offices of the Pennsylvania State Em-

**By Donald E. Miller**



**DAILY** activities prepared by Supt. Donald Miller and Asst. Supt. Charles Laird include many field trips, such as inspecting wood duck nesting boxes.



**FAMILIES** and friends often visit the school on open-house weekends, but daily schedules are crowded with classroom studies on all phases of the outdoors — which makes graduates of the school the best trained Game Protectors in the country.





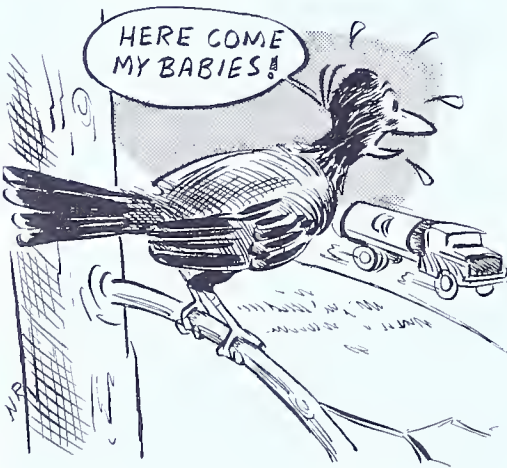


# FIELD NOTES



## Game Lands Used

**BUTLER AND LAWRENCE COUNTIES**—This past season saw a great number of hunters using the State Game Lands in small game and deer season in Butler and Lawrence Counties. — Land Manager W. E. Portzline, Slippery Rock.



## A Determined Mother

On the H. W. Baker farm near Spring Run, a family of robins got off to an unusual start. Mr. Baker's oil transport was chosen by a robin as a nesting site. Knowing he had to use the oil transport, Mr. Baker removed the nest. Undaunted, the robin built again. This time Mr. Baker left the nest where it was, but continued to use his transport three days a week, averaging 150 miles a trip. The robin, however, had inexhaustible patience. She laid her eggs, the transport was moved with them in the nest while she waited for its return. She hatched when the transport wasn't in use. To Mr. Baker's surprise, one morning Mother Robin was feeding four hungry robins.—Farm Game Manager G. H. Steck, Jr., Dry Run.

## Deer Control

**MONTGOMERY COUNTY** — The highway deer kill in my district is way down, compared to the same dates in previous years. The Buckshot Area and the antlerless season apparently have cut the population down to where it should be in a county that borders Philadelphia and has such a vast network of high speed highways. —District Game Protector W. E. Shaver, Harleysville.

## Should Have Used Salt

**BEDFORD COUNTY** — There are many different approaches to hunting but the owners of the Greenland Lodge recently informed me of a new one. Mrs. Smith was looking out a window watching a ring-necked pheasant which was standing under an apple tree when she heard a car stop. She watched the driver stealthily approach the pheasant—one furtive step at a time. The pheasant meanwhile watched the stalk with a great deal of interest. The man then spread his hands apart and suddenly lunged at the bird. He covered the last few feet in record time, but just wasn't quite fast enough. The pheasant took wing and easily outdistanced his pursuer. Perhaps he would have had more luck if he had used a little salt.—District Game Protector C. J. Williams, Bedford.

## For the Birds?

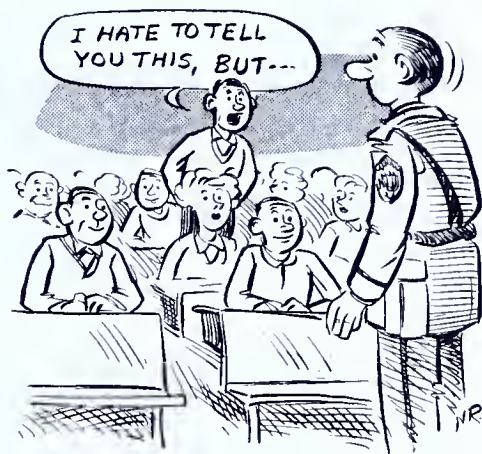
**FRANKLIN COUNTY**—This county recently has been visited by some unusual birds—a bald eagle, whistling swan, snowy owl, American bittern and a loon.—District Game Protector R. E. Schmuck, Greencastle.

## Keeps You Young . . .

**DAUPHIN COUNTY**—During the past season, James F. Woland, Harrisburg, killed a wild turkey, bear and deer, thereby qualifying for the Triple Trophy Award. All three kills were made in the vicinity of his camp in Tioga County. During the presentation of the award and insignia, it was learned that his wife is also an ardent huntress, who has killed several turkeys and deer. The outstanding feature of this feat is the fact that Mr. Woland is 71 years of age and is looking forward to many more successful hunting seasons.—District Game Protector H. H. Thrush, Harrisburg.

## That's Fishermen for You

**HUNTINGDON COUNTY**—While on patrol with Fish Warden Jim Valentine on the first day of trout season, we came upon a group of fishermen from Huntingdon. It was around noon and they were preparing their lunch. They had no trout and I'm not too sure that they had even wet a line, but they were having the time of their life. Their noon meal consisted of the following: raw clams; sandwiches made of lettuce, tomatoes and onions; fried potatoes; bacon, and fried northern pike that one of the fellows brought along — just in case. — Land Manager W. H. Shaffer, Huntingdon.



## Can't Win for Losing

**JUNIATA COUNTY**—Last month I gave a lecture on Game Law at the East Juniata High School. Afterwards, one young man asked the condition of the deer herd at this time. I told him they apparently were in good shape, and also remarked that this was the first morning in twelve days that I had not had to go pick up a road-killed deer someplace. In the back of the class a hand shot up and—you guessed it—he had seen one on the way to school that morning!—District Game Protector R. P. Shaffer, Mifflintown.

## Think . . .

**PERRY COUNTY**—With conservation in the limelight today, it's hard to believe the way the beauty of our state is being defaced by litterbuggers. The sad part is, a lot of this is being done by our "sportsmen." Also, good citizens who wouldn't think of violating the law in any other way, take boxes or bags of rubbish and deposit them on farm fields or in woodlots. On many of our roads one can't drive more than a hundred yards without seeing a beer can or bottle. Enforcement of the littering laws can curb some of this, but the majority must be stopped by the common citizen.—District Game Protector B. D. Jones, Loysville.



## American Tradition

**BLAIR COUNTY** — While helping conduct Hunter Safety Classes in various schools in Blair and Huntingdon Counties, I was agreeably surprised to learn the number of pupils' homes that contained firearms. Average was in the neighborhood of 97 percent.—District Game Protector J. L. DeLong, Roaring Spring.

## Is This the Answer?

**CRAWFORD COUNTY** — While walking up and down along the edge of the highway looking for a road kill deer, a passing motorist stopped and asked if I had lost something. I told him that I was looking for a deer that had been hit with an automobile and he said, "That's what happens when you stock them too close to the road."—District Game Protector J. R. Miller, Meadville.

## Home Is Where You Make It

**WASHINGTON COUNTY** — John Penderville, who is in charge of the Washington County Juvenile Detention Home, was surprised to find that while many of the juveniles sent here do not care to stay, it is just the reverse for wildlife. John's wife set a mop out on the fire escape to dry. When she went to get it two days later, she found a large robin completing the inside section of her nest, which naturally was located dead center in the mop head. John is trying to get the county to buy another mop for the home, so Mrs. Robin's nest can successfully hatch.—District Game Protector D. C. Madl, McDonald.

## We'll Be There in November

**ADAMS COUNTY**—I recently saw a flock of eleven turkeys on South Mountain, ten hens and one tom.—District Game Protector S. K. Weigel, Arendtsville.

## Somebody Always Pays

**BUCKS COUNTY** — When Frank Kniese's hunting dog became ill recently, he took it indoors out of the weather. When it came time to return the dog to the kennel, Frank discovered that two mallard hens had taken over the dog box and each was incubating a clutch of eggs in that unlikely place. Everything turned out fine, though. The dog enjoyed an extended visit in luxury until both clutches hatched. Except for Mrs. Kniese's rugs, everything is back to normal. — District Game Protector W. J. Lockett, Perkasie.



## Gotta Draw the Line

**LEHIGH COUNTY**—The duties of a Game Protector are many and varied, but I think that this complaint was just a little out of line. A very serious gentleman called my headquarters one evening and asked if I worked for the state, to which I replied, "Yes." "Well, here is my problem," he said. "My neighbor will not take care of his septic tank and it is leaking onto my property, and I am not very happy about it. What can you do for me?" I referred this gentleman to the proper authorities and hoped that he would make out all right!—District Game Protector J. R. Fagan, Allentown.

## Mother's Instinct

A mallard hen hatched her clutch of eggs within 15 feet of the main entrance of the Game Commission's Southeast Division office. Apparently, she believed she would be less disturbed here by humans than by animals, either wild or domestic, if she nested under more normal circumstances.—CIA R. H. Myers, Hamburg.

## Truck Makes First Kill

Erie County has had its first recorded bear kill—a 200-pound male. Bears are conspicuous by their absence, as the saying goes, in this extreme northwestern county of the Commonwealth, but this wandering bruin somehow found his way onto Route 89, near the home of Charles Haag a few miles outside of North East—and about 2 o'clock in the morning was clobbered by a passing truck, according to District Game Protector Ronald Sutherland, who investigated. What a way for a fine game animal to go.—CIA R. D. Parlamen, Franklin.

## Highway Kills

**CLEARFIELD COUNTY**—During 1966 I removed the following game animals from the area highways: Deer—73 does, 25 bucks; rabbits, 72; opossums, 85; raccoons, 18; skunks, 38; muskrat, 1; grouse, 11; groundhogs, 18; porcupines, 4; red fox, 1; gray squirrel, 1. Also, 12 cats and 10 dogs.—Deputy Game Protector L. Stiffler, Mahaffey.

## Something Fishy

**VENANGO COUNTY**—It has been reported to me that a scuba diver swimming in the holes made by dredging operations of the Reno Sand and Gravel Company in the Allegheny River above Franklin, swears he saw a carp down there 30 feet long.—District Game Protector L. E. Yocum, Oil City.



## Broke the Camel's Back

**COLUMBIA COUNTY**—A local attorney told the story of a divorce case in the local courts. His client, the husband, was contesting the divorce action brought by his wife. During cross-examination of the wife, the attorney asked just what was her complaint. The wife stated that her husband did nothing but hunt and fish, hunt and fish—9 months of fishing and 3 months of hunting every year. Then she blurted out, "The last straw was when he went out and killed two tame geese and brought them home last year." At this point the husband turned to his attorney and said, "She's really trying to give it to me, isn't she?"—District Game Protector E. F. Sherlinski, Mifflinville.

## Successful Septuagenarian

**YORK COUNTY**—While helping Fish Commission officers check fishermen on the Susquehanna River, I met a young gentleman of 74 having an enjoyable time. He had retrieved his line six times, and six times he had two catfish on it. It was a very windy day, and once when he stood up to tend his line, his aluminum chair blew into the river. After helping him retrieve it, he told me he'd had a very good day and was hoping to come back another day.—District Game Protector R. W. Yeakel, Red Lion.



## One Answer

**SNYDER COUNTY**—A farmer on Farm Game Project No. 210 told me that on opening day of last small game season he and two companions kicked out 33 rabbits on his farm. He attributes the increase of rabbits to extensive border cutting on his farm during the last several years.—District Game Protector K. W. Dale, Middleburg.

## Let's Hope Not

**LANCASTER COUNTY**—During the past month, I have been trying to get all the clubs in my district to have a few members certified as Hunter Safety Instructors. At just about every meeting, at least one person would come up and ask if this "hunter safety" was something new. — District Game Protector H. G. Stankewich, Lancaster.



## Another Conspicuous First . . .

**HUNTINGDON COUNTY**—During last deer season I observed a violation, and the offender settled the fine at my headquarters the next day. After he left, we noticed that two books of trading stamps which had been lying on my desk had disappeared. Now, I can't really prove that this person took the stamps, but I have a funny feeling that I'm the first Game Protector to give stamps for settling a violation.—District Game Protector G. W. Wendt, Petersburg.

## Clear Conscience

**POTTER COUNTY**—A man just came into my office in Coudersport, saying that he wanted to "settle up" for a game violation. Questioning revealed that the illegal act had occurred in 1943! I explained that it was no longer necessary to pay the fine, that the statute of limitation had long since expired. Determined to settle up to clear his conscience, however, the gunner insisted upon handing over \$100 for having taken a doe deer illegally in Allegany Township. — District Game Protector H. R. Curfman, Coudersport.

## Stand Proud

**BEDFORD COUNTY**—I believe that Pennsylvanians generally do not appreciate the fine state we live in. I recently was assigned to work at the Pennsylvania exhibit at the International Sports, Travel and Vacation Show in Washington, D. C., and was amazed at the amount of interest and praise our state received from the general public who stopped at our booth. Kind of makes a person's chest swell a little to be a part of such a well-thought-of state.—District Game Protector C. J. Williams, Bedford.

## Littering Increases

**BEDFORD COUNTY**—Carl Cseko, a trooper from the Bedford State Police Barracks, commented at our deputy meeting that littering in Bedford County seemed to be getting worse instead of better and that we should be more observant of violations. With all signs and reminders that the state puts out, people still seem to want to make our country a garbage dump. I think the general public should help the state agencies enforce the law by cleaning up after themselves and help their neighbor clean up.—District Game Protector S. E. Lockerman, Loysburg.



# CONSERVATION NEWS



## Hunting Seasons, Bag Limits Set By Game Commission

**T**HE desirability and necessity of bringing Pennsylvania's large deer herd into line with the natural food supply is underscored in the 1967-68 hunting seasons established Saturday, June 3, by the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

A three-day antlerless deer season will be held this year for the first time since 1959. The days and dates will be Monday, Tuesday and Saturday, December 11, 12 and 16. A Saturday was chosen as the final day of the antlerless season so that more hunters will have an opportunity to participate.

A "bad weather" clause, enacted by the Commission for the first time last year, was again included in this

year's regulations. In case inclement weather during the regularly-scheduled antlerless season prevents an adequate and desired harvest of white-tails, the Commission may schedule additional days and counties in which antlerless deer may be taken.

A record number of antlerless deer licenses will be available again this year. The total statewide allocation will be 445,400, an increase of 64,500 over last year's 380,900, the previous high.

This year an extended archery deer season will be held statewide. In previous years, the after-Christmas extended season was held in only certain areas of the Commonwealth.

Bear and wild turkey seasons in the

*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III*





northcentral part of the state will not coincide this year. A two-week turkey season will be held statewide, while in the northcentral area the season will last for three weeks, ending the Saturday preceding the opening of bear season.

Game Commission Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers, explaining the seasons and bag limits established for the upcoming hunting license year, said, "It is quite obvious that we still have more deer in many areas than the range can comfortably support. Despite last year's huge deer harvest, there was a large carryover of white-tails, perhaps partially due to another relatively mild winter.

"Another big fawn crop is being produced right now," he said. "A new record number of deer were killed on the state's highways last year, and the high road mortality rate is continuing this year. Deer damage complaints from landowners have increased.

"We simply must harvest more deer," Bowers continued. "If the hunters don't, then starvation will take a far heavier toll. We feel that more hunting opportunities should be offered this fall, not only for the sportsman's pleasure, but also for the immediate and future welfare of the deer herd and range. It's far better to put the venison on the hunter's table

than to have it go to waste in the woods."

Bowers said the Commission's thinking behind ending turkey season before the start of bear season was that another year of concurrent seasons might pose a threat to the state's bear population. "We have plenty of turkeys and there would be little danger of overshooting this species. But hunters reported harvesting 605 bears in Pennsylvania last year, and we think the concurrent bear and turkey seasons had a lot to do toward bringing this about. Bears have lower reproductive potential than most other game animals, and another harvest like last year's might spell trouble for the future supply of bears."

An extended season, beginning the day after Christmas, will be held on cottontail rabbits, ruffed grouse and squirrels. Similar seasons the last several years proved to be quite popular.

Basically, bag limits on all species this year will be the same as last. One change is in the limit on beavers. Only two counties, Susquehanna and Wayne, will have a season limit of five; other counties in the state will have a season limit of three.

On the first day of small game season, October 28, the opening hour will be 9:00 a.m., D.S.T. Other shooting hours will be announced later.

*PGC Photo by R. D. Parlaman*



# Pennsylvania Seasons and Bag Limits 1967-1968

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, in Harrisburg on June 3, 1967, established the following seasons and bag limits for resident game and furbearers for the 1967-1968 hunting license year which begins September 1.

Open season includes first and last dates listed, Sundays excepted, for game. The opening hour for small game, migratory game birds and other wild birds or animals on October 28 will be 9:00 a.m., D.S.T. Shooting hours for other days and seasons, including migratory birds, will be announced later.

## SMALL GAME

Daily Limit	Season Limit		DATES OF OPEN SEASONS	
			First Day	Last Day
6	30	Squirrel, Gray, Black and Fox (combined) .....	Oct. 14	Nov. 25 AND
			Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
2	10	Ruffed Grouse (not more than 10 in combined seasons) ..	Oct. 14	Nov. 25 AND
			Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
1	1	Wild Turkey—Counties, and parts of, listed below* .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 18
		—Counties, and parts of, not listed below .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 11
4	20	Rabbits, Cottontail (not more than 20 in combined seasons)	Oct. 28	Nov. 25 AND
			Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
2	8	Ring-necked Pheasants, males only .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 25
4	20	Bobwhite Quail .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 25
2	6	Hares (Snowshoe Rabbits) or Varying Hares .....	Dec. 26	Jan. 1, 1968
Unlimited		Raccoons (hunting or trapping) .....	No close season	
Unlimited		Woodchucks (Groundhogs) .....	No close season	
Unlimited		Grackles .....	No close season	
Unlimited		Squirrels, Red .....	All months except Oct. 2-13, incl.	

## BIG GAME

1	1	Bear, over one year old, by individual .....	Nov. 20	Nov. 25
3	3	Bears, over one year old, by hunting party of 5 or more ..	Nov. 20	Nov. 25
		Deer, Archery Season, any deer—Statewide .....	Sep. 30	Oct. 27 AND
			Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
		Deer, Antlered, with 2 or more points to an antler or a spike 3 or more inches long .....	Nov. 27	Dec. 9
1	1	Deer, Antlered and Antlerless, with required antlerless license, buckshot only in Special Regulations Area listed below** .....	Nov. 27	Dec. 9
		Deer, Antlerless—Statewide .....	Dec. 11, 12 & 16	ONLY
		—Counties, and parts of, listed below*** ..	Dec. 11	Dec. 16

## FURBEARERS

Unlimited		Skunks and Opossums .....	No close season	
Unlimited		Minks .....	Nov. 23	Jan. 7, 1968
Unlimited		Muskrats (traps only) .....	Nov. 23	Jan. 7, 1968
5	5	Beavers (traps only)—Counties of Susquehanna and Wayne	Feb. 10	Mar. 10, 1968
3	3	Beavers (traps only)—Remainder of State .....	Feb. 10	Mar. 10, 1968

NO OPEN SEASON—Hen Pheasants, Cub Bears, Elk, Otters, Hungarian Partridges, Chukar Partridges, Sharp-tailed Grouse.

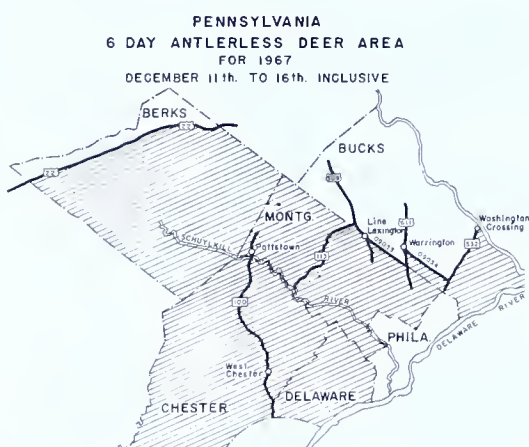
## SPECIAL REGULATIONS

\* *Wild Turkey Season*—Oct. 28 to Nov. 18 in the Counties of Cameron, Clinton, Elk, Lycoming, McKean, Potter, Sullivan, Tioga, Union, and in those parts of Forest and Warren Counties east of Route 62, and in that part of Venango County south and east of the Allegheny River and north and east of Route 322, and in those parts of Clarion, Clearfield and Jefferson Counties north of Route 322, that part of Centre County east of Route 322 north of Philipsburg and east of Route 350 south of Philipsburg, that part of Blair County east of Route 350, that part of Huntingdon County east of Route 350 north of Water Street and north of Route 22 east of Water Street, that part of Mifflin County north of Route 22 west of Lewistown and north of Route 522 east of Lewistown, and that part of Snyder County north of Route 522, and those parts of Bradford, Columbia, Luzerne, Montour, Northumberland and Wyoming Counties north and west of the North Branch of the Susquehanna River.

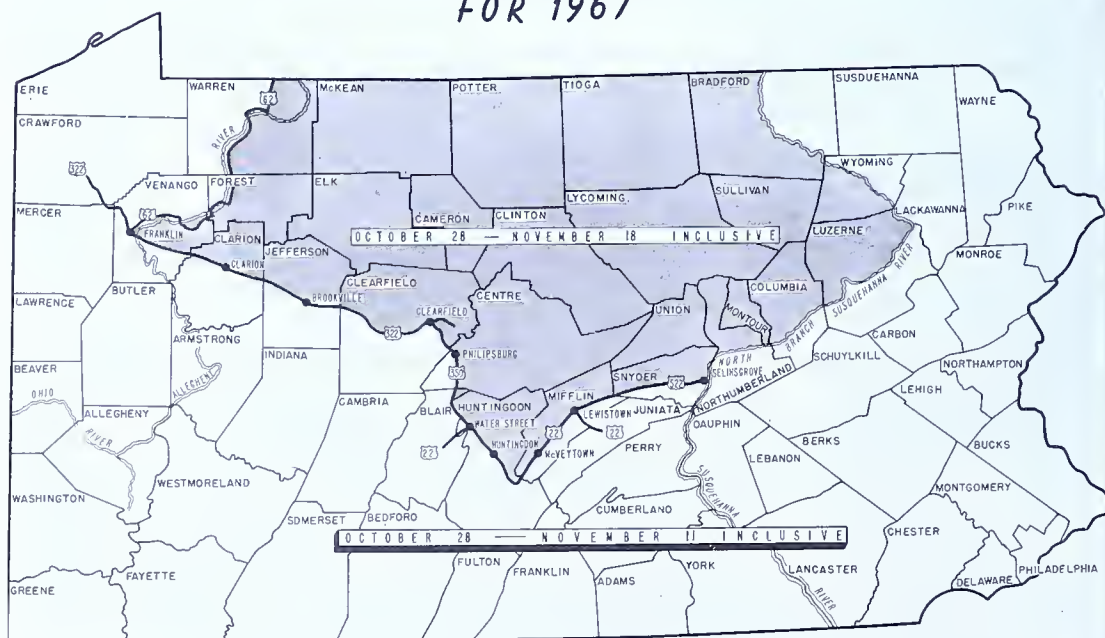


**\*\* Special Regulations Area**—Only buckshot and bow and arrow may be used for taking deer. The use or possession of single projectile ammunition (except arrows) or the use or possession of rifles or handguns discharging a single projectile while hunting or trapping at any time is prohibited in that part of southeastern Pennsylvania bounded by the following: Beginning at the Washington Crossing on the Delaware River, west on Route 532 to Legislative Route 09034 (Bristol Road), north on Legislative Route 09034 to Route 611 (Easton Road) at Warrington, south on Route 611 to County Line Road, Legislative Route 09033, north on County Line Road to Route 309 at Line Lexington and north on Route 309 to its junction with Route 113, southwest on Route 113 to the Schuylkill River, northwest along the Schuylkill River to Route 100, south of Pottstown, and south on Route 100 to the Pennsylvania line.

**\*\*\* Antlerless Deer Season**—Dec. 11 to Dec. 16 in the Counties of Chester, Delaware and Montgomery, and in that part of Berks County south of Route 22, and that part of Bucks County within the Special Regulations (Buckshot) Area.



## PENNSYLVANIA WILD TURKEY SEASONS FOR 1967



## Game Commission Declares Three-Day Antlerless Deer Season—December 11, 12 and 16

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, by resolution adopted at its meeting on June 3 in Harrisburg, declared a three-day statewide open season on antlerless deer.

Hunters participating in the antlerless deer season must possess an antlerless deer license for the county in which they are hunting in addition to the regular hunting license. Applications for antlerless deer licenses are available wherever hunting licenses are sold. Antlerless licenses are *available from County Treasurers ONLY. DO NOT MAIL APPLICATION TO PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION OR DEPARTMENT OF REVENUE, HARRISBURG.*

Total 1967 statewide allocation of antlerless deer licenses is 445,400, which is 64,500 more than last year, the previous high.

Only hunters who have not already harvested a white-tailed deer and who possess an antlerless license may legally harvest an antlerless deer. Antlerless deer are those animals with no visible antlers regardless of sex.

In a specially designated area of southeastern Pennsylvania the antlerless season extends from December 11-16. In the Special Regulations (Buckshot) Area, antlerless deer may be taken during the regular statewide buck season if the hunter possesses an antlerless deer license.

County antlerless license allocations are as follows:

County	County Seat	No. of Licenses	County	County Seat	No. of Licenses
Adams	Gettysburg	4,150	Lackawanna	Scranton	2,550
Allegheny	Pittsburgh	3,200	Lancaster	Lancaster	3,300
Armstrong	Kittanning	5,600	Lawrence	New Castle	1,450
Beaver	Beaver	1,450	Lebanon	Lebanon	2,950
Bedford	Bedford	12,250	Lehigh	Allentown	2,300
Berks	Reading	5,550	Luzerne	Wilkes-Barre	9,800
Blair	Hollidaysburg	7,000	Lycoming	Williamsport	11,450
Bradford	Towanda	7,200	McKean	Smethport	11,750
Bucks	Doylestown	3,000	Mercer	Mercer	3,950
Butler	Butler	8,800	Mifflin	Lewistown	5,350
Cambria	Ebensburg	8,450	Monroe	Stroudsburg	8,850
Cameron	Emporium	5,500	Montgomery	Norristown	4,000
Carbon	Jim Thorpe	5,750	Montour	Danville	1,400
Centre	Bellefonte	15,750	Northampton	Easton	2,500
Chester	West Chester	5,000	Northumberland	Sunbury	4,600
Clarion	Clarion	7,700	Perry	New Bloomfield	8,950
Clearfield	Clearfield	10,350	Philadelphia	Philadelphia	—
Clinton	Lock Haven	12,400	Pike	Milford	10,950
Columbia	Bloomsburg	5,700	Potter	Coudersport	15,050
Crawford	Meadville	8,600	Schuylkill	Pottsville	9,700
Cumberland	Carlisle	3,550	Snyder	Middleburg	2,550
Dauphin	Harrisburg	5,050	Somerset	Somerset	12,550
Delaware	Media	500	Sullivan	Laporte	6,450
Elk	Ridgway	9,500	Susquehanna	Montrose	5,650
Erie	Erie	5,850	Tioga	Wellsboro	9,850
Fayette	Uniontown	6,000	Union	Lewisburg	3,400
Forest	Tionesta	9,700	Venango	Franklin	11,050
Franklin	Chambersburg	4,600	Warren	Warren	15,850
Fulton	McConnellsburg	4,000	Washington	Washington	4,000
Greene	Waynesburg	2,750	Wayne	Honesdale	9,050
Huntingdon	Huntingdon	9,250	Westmoreland	Greensburg	7,650
Indiana	Indiana	7,300	Wyoming	Tunkhannock	5,300
Jefferson	Brookville	9,150	York	York	5,250
Juniata	Mifflintown	5,350			
				<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>445,400</b>

**Bad Weather Extension**—In case inclement weather during the regularly scheduled antlerless deer season prevents an adequate and desired harvest of whitetails, the Commission may schedule additional days and counties in which antlerless deer may be taken. Such announcements will be made via all news media.



## New Game Protector Class

**A** NEW class of Pennsylvania Game Protector trainees will begin in March, 1968, at the Ross Leffler School of Conservation, near Brockway, Pa. Instructions for making application are given on the center-page spread of this issue. Minimum eligibility requirements for the competitive examination are listed below.

1. U. S. citizen and Pennsylvania resident.
2. High school graduate.
3. Applicant must be at least 23 years of age and not more than 35 as of the written test date.
4. Height — 5' 8" (without shoes), minimum.
5. Weight — between 140 lbs. and 210 lbs., proportional to height.
6. Vision—20/30 or better (without corrective lenses).
7. Hearing—normal perception.
8. Pennsylvania driver's license.

Applicants are subject to a confidential moral and loyalty investigation and must be able to pass a rigid physical examination by a Commission-approved physician.

## Hall of Fame Award to Pennsylvanian

The late Logan J. Bennett, Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission from 1953 until 1957, has just been named recipient of the Iowa Conservation Hall of Fame Award.

This award, which was given by the Iowa Chapter of the Wildlife Society, was bestowed for Mr. Bennett's outstanding contributions to conservation, in recognition of his pioneering efforts as first leader of the Iowa Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit at Iowa State University, his contribution to the knowledge of the blue-winged teal, leadership exhibited as Chief, Branch of Wildlife Research, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and as Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

### SHOOTING HOURS

General hunting hours for August are 7:00 a.m. to 8:30 p.m., Daylight Saving Time.

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## Three Million Lost Hunters Found

Three million statistically lost hunters have wandered out of the computer complex of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife after having been reported missing since last fall.

The *1965 Survey of Fishing and Hunting*, following similar surveys made in 1955 and 1960, was released by the Bureau last September. The report stated that there were 11,374,000 licensed hunters in America. On April 12, the Bureau released data on license sales as reported by the 50 states for 1966. For some reason this statistical compilation did not include the column "Paid Hunting License Holders," as has been customary for years.

Recently it was learned that a revised report for 1966, including the missing column, could be obtained by writing the Bureau, but that the Bureau was not making a general news release. This report showed there were 14,351,768 paid license holders in 1966, up about 21,000 from 1965, and up about 3,000,000 from the survey published in September.

No one knows for sure how many non-licensed hunters there are. The Bureau 1965 survey reported over 2,000,000 and some estimates are higher. The Foundation will use as its figure on the total number of hunters in America, "About 17,000,000 counting both licensed and non-licensed hunters." In 1966, the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation estimated 18,000,000.



*PGC Photo by S. A. Kish*

**NEARLY FIVE MILLION** seedlings were provided by the Pennsylvania Game Commission this year, about half being game food producing shrubs, while the others were mostly pine and spruce conifers. Examining some seedlings before shipment are Land Manager John Booth, Food and Cover Corps Foreman Henry Rodeghiero, and District Game Protector Edward Gdosky, of Luzerne County.

## **Top Weekly Sports Program**

"The American Sportsman," ABC's hunting and fishing series, was the number one weekly sports series for the first quarter of 1967, according to national ratings of the Nielsen Television Index. The program had an average (AA) rating of 11.5, a delivery of 6,310,000 homes per minute and a 34 percent share of all TV sets in use at the time of the telecast, surpassing ratings for weekly series on golf, basketball, bowling and sports around the world.

## **And Our Hunters Complain!**

The Colorado Game, Fish and Parks Department has issued its new list of hunting license fees effective July 1, 1967. Here are some of the fees which residents of that state pay for licenses: small game, \$4; deer, \$10; turkey, \$5; bear, \$5; archery deer, \$7.50; trapping, \$3.50; total: \$35. A Pennsylvania resident would spend \$7.35 (\$5.20 for hunting and trapping license and \$2.15 for archery license) to hunt and trap the same species in our state.

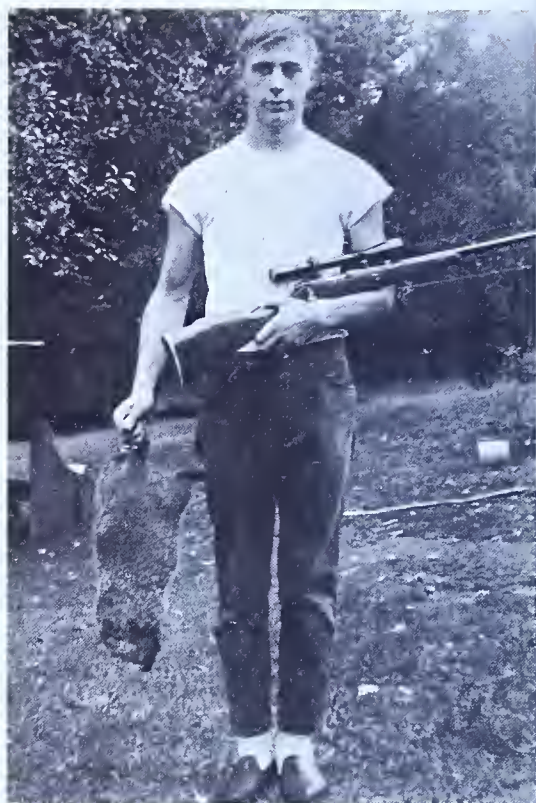
Licenses to hunt other big game species ranging from antelope to buffalo cost Colorado residents from \$10 to \$200.

Here are some of the fees which nonresidents pay for Colorado licenses: small game, \$15; deer, \$50; turkey, \$10; bear, \$25; archery deer, \$25; total: \$125. The nonresident spends \$27.50 (\$25.35 for nonresident hunting license and \$2.15 for archery license) to hunt these game animals in Pennsylvania.





**GAME PROPAGATOR** Jack Andrews examines 25-ton tanks of pheasant feed at the Western Game Farm, Cambridge Springs.

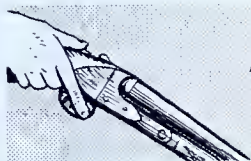


**LESLIE FIKE**, Brookville, finds his scope-sighted varmint rifle deadly on chucks—that's the 140th groundhog he bagged during the season.

**THE EXCELLENT HALF-HOUR** program on safe hunting, which recently was seen throughout southeastern Pennsylvania, was filmed by WFBG-TV, Altoona, under the direction of Lantz Hoffman and with the cooperation of District Game Protectors Paul Miller and Richard Furry and CIA Joseph Chick. This photo was taken during filming.







# HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



*PGC Photo by J. S. Chick*

**HUNTER SAFETY COORDINATOR John Behel points out design features of target rifle to Bob Sherdel, left, and Joe Sneeringer, both of McSherrystown.**

## Is It Over Already?

One of the most important findings of the Pennsylvania Game Commission Firearm Hunter Safety Study has been the necessity for developing proper student attitude. This can be shown by an attitude inventory test developed by Dr. Frank Anthony of Pennsylvania State University, but it is perhaps revealed in greater detail by occasional happenings in the field.

For instance, a short time ago, a young hunter was seen breaking a game law. In an effort to put him on the right track, the District Game Protector suggested that he attend a hunter safety class being conducted by a local sportsmen's club. The boy did so. There, he heard lectures and re-

ceived instructions on such things as safe gun handling, hunter-landowner relations, Pennsylvania game laws, and Pennsylvania's extensive conservation program.

Some time later, the young hunter and the Game Protector had occasion to meet again—this time because the boy was seen shooting a horned grebe, a protected water bird. This second encounter caused some serious thoughts on the part of the Game Protector, who said, "Son, you didn't learn too much in that hunter safety course you just took, did you?"

To which the youngster had a question of his own. "Sir," he asked, "is it over already?"



## Western Clinton Conducts Safety Classes

The Western Clinton Sportsmen's Association is conducting hunter safety classes at their local high school in the evenings. They feel this training is most valuable for youngsters, and it has been estimated that a youngster with hunter safety training is nineteen times safer with firearms than one who has had no training.

If you have a youngster coming up to hunting age, be sure that he gets firearm training. Call your local Game Protector for details. Better yet, if you can give some of your spare time, take an active part in the program and become an instructor yourself. You will have the satisfaction of training a group of boys in the proper handling of firearms and in taking part in a worthwhile project.

Who knows—you may even become a little more safety conscious yourself.

Pa. Game Commission  
Hunter Safety Certified

To Date:

Instructors—7,744

Students—119,820

## Hunter Safety for Archers

District Game Protector Ned Weston, Butler County, recently held a refresher class for hunter safety instructors at the Slippery Rock Sportsmen's Club, with 15 members in attendance.

Instructors were given refresher training in the safe handling of a bow. Important to many instructors, familiarization of bow and arrow is presented with hunter safety training.

Over 92,000 bowmen participated in the long archery season for deer in 1966. Because of the increased interest in Pennsylvania's bow hunting recreation, every hunter safety class will include instruction in safe bow handling.

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**THE SCRANTON RIFLE AND PISTOL CLUB** recently sponsored a hunter safety course at Colonel Watres Armory, with instructions by District Game Protectors John Altmiller and Thomas Wylie.





**UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES** should an arrow with standard fletching be shot into the air except under controlled conditions.

*Wing Shooting . . .*

## For the Birds

By Keith C. Schuyler

*Photos by the Author*

**I**F ALL OUR shooting had to be at aerial targets, small game hunting with the bow would soon drive all but a handful of archers out of business. Nevertheless, it does present the most challenging sport that is available in any kind of hunting. The satisfaction that comes with downing a flying target with an arrow provides a trophy that can be hung in the memory forever.

Let it be noted right now that, except with proper arrows, wing shooting is dangerous and should not be attempted except under controlled

conditions. Even when you are absolutely sure that you have all safety factors in your favor, you should avoid such shooting where gunners are hunting simply because it *looks* dangerous. If you are not willing to accept these limitations, read no further.

On the other hand, if you are the venturesome type who has the time, the patience and the desire, go to it. You are on the edge of one of the greatest thrills in hunting.

The first thing to consider is the equipment. The bow you use for target or big game hunting will be



proper for you. Pounds of pull, bow length, etc., are unimportant as long as you can handle the bow well. The arrow is the only part of your equipment which needs special consideration. First, for safety's sake, and secondly, to avoid loss of arrows, flu-flu fletching should be mandatory. This kind of fletching is considerably different from that found on the target or the big game hunting arrow.

One type is made of large, matched turkey feathers which are trimmed only sufficiently to make them uniform. An exaggerated helical twist is put on the feathers so that they not only cause the arrow to revolve in flight, but they offer maximum resistance to the air. On another type, a strip of plastic with long fingers is wrapped in a spiral motion around the



**A MILK CARTON**, if weight is added which will not dull arrows, makes a good target for aerial shooting.

rear of the shaft to accomplish the same purpose. Although the desire is to provide enough air resistance to restrict the flight of the arrow, it is important that the fletching be well-balanced so that it does not distort the direction of the shaft. A good flu-flu arrow will fly at nearly normal speed for about 30 yards, then suddenly lose its forward momentum. If properly constructed, it will drop al-

most straight down from the point at which it loses its velocity.

Small broadheads are best since a bird is tough to kill. The three-bladed bodkin point is ideal, since it will not plane and has sufficient penetrating power for the smaller creatures.

### Few Wing Shooters

You will find very little written on wing shooting since there are so few who practice it—and even fewer who are proficient. Most of what I have read was obviously written by those who have merely toyed with the idea. The usual suggestion for practice is to toss up a target from behind a barricade, the idea being to catch it at the apex of its rise when it is momentarily still before starting its descent. This is good target practice, but it will do you little good in attempting to hit a *flying* object. Birds do not rise straight from the ground and then stop for a fraction of a second so that you can shoot them. They take off in all directions and rise at an angle completely different from that of an object tossed straight into the air.

One of the best things we have found to simulate a bird in flight is a common milk carton. This approximates the killing area on a pheasant. Anything outside this general conformation results in a complete miss or a few feathers. Since a carton by itself is too light, we put some weight inside it so that it will more closely simulate the flight of a bird. This can be anything from an apple to a quantity of sand. In any event, it should be something which will not ruin your arrow point. After the ballast is added, use a stapler to seal the container.

The person tossing the target should stand even with the shooter, or at a safe distance to one side. By throwing the object at various levels and various angles, a bird's flight can be closely simulated. The usual throw—up and out—should be used until the archer can hit the object with some consistency, before trying to get tricky.

Until the shooter gets the feel of the thing, mixing up tosses is not going to do him any good.

It is doubtful that sights would be of any value in such type of shooting. It is purely instinctive sport.

About the only time that the target will appear stationary is on a straight-away shot when the flight of the bird is on a plane with your vision. Sometimes the angle of rise will keep a bird momentarily stationary in your vision, even though it may be traveling at a fast rate of speed. It is also true that it will sometimes rise quite abruptly out of a thicket before going into level flight. There is an instant at the top of the rise when the bird is relatively motionless. These are the ideal moments for a shot, and they can be somewhat simulated with the hand-thrown target. However, on the angle shots it takes a great deal more timing and skill to score a hit.

#### No Set System

The thing that you will notice first in this type of shooting is that there is no set system to follow. You simply pull up the bow and release the arrow at the instant it *feels* right to you. You will not be conscious of taking a lead except perhaps on the right angle shots where it becomes obvious. Nevertheless, you will instinctively take into consideration the angle of the rise, the speed of the target and your own reaction time. If you attempt to single out any one of these, you are apt to over-concentrate and do even poorer shooting. The arrow itself will show your amount of error. If you take the time to deliberately aim, the target is going to move out of range or, in the case of an actual bird, may change direction enough to discount any serious aiming.

Few gunners are conscious of just how they are swinging or leading when firing at an aerial object, whether it be a clay pigeon or a wild bird. They develop a natural swing and trigger release and practice to



**FLU-FLU fletching should be used on all arrows intended for wing shooting. It keeps the arrow from traveling far beyond the target.**

the point where their shooting becomes a natural reaction to the rise of the bird. The same thing is true in shooting the bow at aerial targets. You must practice sufficiently that you do not stop to think. Just pull up and let fly when you think you are right. However, you must follow the flight of the object, if only momentarily, and *follow through* as though you were going to shoot again.

If you find that you are shooting too high, too low, or behind the target, you will correct instinctively rather than by any planned approach.

If you are just interested in being able to hit an aerial target for the sake of the sport, having objects tossed straight into the air will be fine. But if you are interested in hunting birds with a bow, I strongly advise the type of practice outlined here.

Some archers have devised mechanical methods of launching targets. These are of questionable value. If the launcher is any distance from the archer, it further handicaps him by adding to his distance. Under field conditions, he is going to have to shoot quickly while the quarry is still close to the bow. Having a friend throw the target gives more flexibility,





**A HAND-THROWN TARGET** is best. Here, two arrows speed toward the "bird." One is almost in the target.

and simulated flight of an actual bird is more easily attained.

What are your chances of scoring?

Well, I can count on the fingers of one hand the instances known to me in which archers scored on live targets. Ed Fulkersin, who hails from my neck of the woods, killed a mallard duck on the wing. Joe McMullen of Huntingdon County got a turkey on the wing when it took off as he was about to shoot at it on the ground. Some wing shots have been reported in various articles. Others hint at having made flying shots without having the courage to say so, but leading you to believe they did. Most birds killed with a bow are taken on the ground. Jim Bryan of Williamsport made a rare shot on a grouse but freely admits it was not flying. In Hiram J. Grogan's *Modern Bow Hunting*, he tells of two quail kills on the wing by one Bryce Holcomb, and another by

Bryce's brother, V. P. Holcomb. Grogan also mentions witnessing two wing shots on ringneck pheasants.

One of the first references in this country to wing shooting is in Maurice Thompson's archery classic, *The Witchery of Archery*. Maurice and his brother, Will, spent considerable time hunting and living off the land for the most part in Florida after the Civil War. As discharged Confederates, they were not encouraged to use firearms and they turned to the bow for sport, to collect valuable bird feathers, and to permit Maurice's war-wounded lung to heal. Although each had unusual opportunities to shoot at birds on the wing without the inhibitions of conservation and/or the law of those days, some of Maurice's recollections and comments illustrate the difficulties of such shooting.

He mentions, for instance, "Some half-accidental wing shots, resulting

from letting drive through a bunch of ducks as they rose from the water. . . ." Another reference is to the effect that, "We wasted many arrows on promising wing shots, but it may as well be understood that hitting a flying bird with an arrow is more like accident than admirable skill. To be sure, a goose or a crane at thirty yards is not difficult to bring to a stop, but it is only the rarest chance that one gets such an opportunity. Occasionally, when we started a raft of duck from some weed-circled pool, an arrow slung at random through the thickest of the flock would send back to our ears the short, sudden sound of a hit. . . ."

At another time, the brothers deliberately set out to shoot marsh hens, which were "wonderfully abundant." Shooting *reed* arrows, which were probably bamboo shoots, they "... shot rapidly, and at first rather wildly, losing nearly every arrow. . . ." The final score on the birds, which "would get up from almost under our feet and fan away slowly in a direct line from us," was: Maurice—98 shots; 77 arrows lost; 16 birds killed on the wing. Will—121 shots; 46 arrows lost; 19 birds killed on the wing.

### Bamboo Preparation

Incidentally, their arrows were 38 inches long. The bamboo theory is further supported from the description of arrow preparation. "The reed is cut when green, held in a flame till hot and straightened, one end nocked and feathered, the other end sharpened and charred in the fire to harden it." Maurice stated that one man could make ready for feathering 200 of them in a day. No heads were used. The fire-hardened sharp end sufficed.

There is very little reference to wing shooting in either Asiatic or European history of archery. The bow was primarily a military weapon and saturation shooting was principally employed. Even as today, there were sharpshooters to pick off particular

military targets, but most archers were assigned to loosing a cloud of arrows at massed infantry. The Chinese placed the bow in an honored position as a weapon of war as well as an arm for relaxation. Confucius wrote that an emperor was to shoot from a distance of 120 yards with his target a



**A STRAIGHTAWAY target is easiest, since the bird may appear almost stationary.**

bearskin; a king shot from 80 yards at the hide of a stag; a mandarin used a tiger skin at 70 yards, and men of letters shot 50 yards at a boarskin. This provides something of a comparison between archers and equipment of that time, when the bow was an everyday essential, and modern standards of shooting. It all but ruled out wing shooting as a practical pastime.

Probably the main reason more wing shots are not made today is simply because the archer does not want to pass up the good early season shooting during the gunning season. Most hunters feel fortunate in being able to take their birds with a gun. Also, the safety angle is one that discourages many, plus the loss of arrows. However, under the circumstances outlined here, there should be no problems if proper care is exercised.

One of the best ways to hunt ring-necks with the bow is to have a good



pointer or setter. You may drive the dog a bit batty by frequent misses, but this does give you two big advantages. First, you can anticipate within seconds when the target will show itself; secondly, you are close enough for good shooting and thus have a reasonable chance to score.

Some regulated shooting grounds cater to archers. Although it may be more expensive, you are assured of good shooting and lots of it. Because the success ratio is certain to be substantially under that of hunters shooting firearms, you may be able to work out a special deal with the operator of the shooting grounds when using the bow and arrow.

In Pennsylvania the only practical wing shooting is at ringneck pheas-

ants and quail. These are normally found in open areas where visibility is unrestricted and you can minimize the safety problem. Wing shooting for grouse is highly impractical and must be considered hazardous at any time the birds are legal quarry. Anyway, you might spend a lifetime hunting without ever scoring.

Although your chances are extremely slight of scoring on a wing shot, this should not preclude your going prepared for that golden opportunity. Surely no one would consider it unsporting to shoot at a stationary game target with a bow. These chances will be fairly frequent when you are after the big one. So, if you are in bird country, take a fling at shooting on the wing.

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# Miniature Trail Ax



**THOUGH SMALL IN SIZE**, a trail ax performs countless chores around camp, is more useful than a large knife.

**By Don Shiner**

*Photos by the Author*

**T**RYING to decide whether to take a belt knife or hand ax on a hunting trip is like determining whether to gun turkeys with a shotgun or rifle. Whichever one you take, you wish for the other. If weight is no problem, take both. In the case of cutlery, if there is room for only one, take the ax, especially a miniature trail ax. It will do everything that a belt knife can do, with half the effort.

I discovered a hand ax of unusually small size while browsing through a catalog put out by a camp outfitter in Maine. The catalog described the small hand model in glowing terms.

It mentioned that the ax head was smaller than a package of non-filter cigarettes. A light hickory handle, barely larger than three pencils stacked together, measured  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length. The ax, complete with leather sheath, weighed a trifle over 10 ounces.

Since I am intrigued by any practical means of reducing weight of field gear, the tiny ax struck a responsive chord. I ordered one. It cost \$3.15 postpaid. Soon after it arrived, I carried the miniature ax a time or two in the field. It proved a real revelation.

Many consider an ax the basic





**SOME HUNTING KNIVES** owned by the author. He now prefers a miniature ax to a belt knife.

woodsman's tool. It will do far more than a belt knife. A man with an ax can skin out a deer or bear with ease. He can build a duck blind, a lean-to or a permanent cabin. He can chop firewood, chop out a replacement for a shattered canoe paddle, or build a raft. He can blaze trails into strange territory to minimize the chance of becoming lost. He can cut a crutch, in an emergency, to help him out if he breaks a foot or leg bone. And an ax is a formidable weapon in its own right.

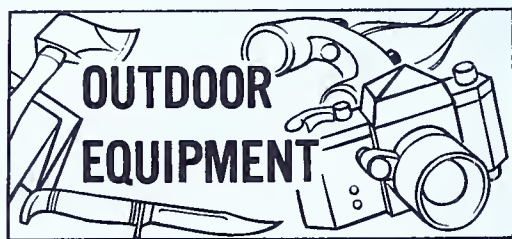
Many old-timers say that the ax is the most versatile tool that a woodsman or outdoorsman can carry. Maurice Decker, in *Camping*, says, "The longer your trip and the wilder the country, the bigger your ax should be." Most of us seldom go beyond the fringe of civilization. We rarely split

logs or cut timber—that's lumberjack work. There is rarely a need for the heavy broadhead ax. But the miniature trail model, shown in the accompanying pictures, is in a class all by itself. It is a dozen-and-one tools rolled into one.

### Pack-In Trips

Take backpacking. Mail generated by this column indicates that readers are, first and foremost, hunters. But many are interested in camping and pack-in trips of short duration. These readers, who have packed-in a time or two, know that weight plays an important role in this activity. Many accessories ordinarily regarded as essential are often left behind simply because of their weight. There is a limit to what can be carried comfortably in a pack. Some cutting tool, such as a belt knife, is essential. The miniature trail ax, however, is far the better choice. It may add an ounce or two over the knife, but can be used to accomplish more tasks in the field. The camper can cut firewood, as well as poles for a tarp shelter or feather-light tent. If the camper is an amateur geologist, the blunt edge can play the role of a hammer in taking a rock sample or two. The ax can slice bacon, if necessary, and even serve as a deterrent to a half-starved bear, though the latter possibility admittedly is most remote in Pennsylvania.

Take hunting. You can use a miniature ax to quarter a deer in less time than it takes to find a loose rock to drive a knife through the brisket. It's no job at all to cut poles for an aid in dragging the kill back to camp. For chopping wood or cutting bone, the little hand ax is hard to beat.



The tiny trail ax is so versatile that [ seldom carry a belt knife into the woods. This does not imply that a belt knife is worthless. Far from it. A nicely balanced knife, with good steel and comfortable handle, is a mighty good piece of cutlery. However, it cannot do the heavy work of an ax. Perhaps the ideal combination for the hunter is a miniature ax and a folding pocketknife. With the ax for heavy work, the small knife can handle the lesser tasks. A combination ax and pocketknife prepares the outdoorsman for whatever challenge or task is encountered in the field.

### How to Carry

Whichever is your choice—miniature ax or belt knife—it should be carried in a leather sheath or case rather than tucked loosely into your belt. A bear knife or ax carried loosely makes good grist for TV, but is certainly not recommended on hunting or camping trips. A sheath, preferably of leather or canvas, sewed tightly and reinforced with rivets, gives protection in the event you fall. It also keeps the cutting edge from being nicked or dulled.

This brings up one final point. Whatever your choice in cutlery, keep the cutting edge razor sharp. If a knife or ax needs a stroke or two to



**A POCKETKNIFE and a miniature ax make a good trail combination. If you are going deep into the woods, include a larger ax similar to the Nordlund Hudson Bay model, left.**

polish the edge in the field, use a flat stone, washed smooth by water, picked up along a creek bank. This eliminates the need of carrying a sharpening stone.

Miniature trail axes are available at many sporting goods shops, or through several mail-order houses. Give thought to including one in your outdoor gear. Supplement the small ax with a folding pocketknife, and you're set for enjoyable trips afield.

## Book Review . . .

### "The Wilderness Route Finder"

Outdoorsmen who fear to leave the beaten trail will find Calvin Rutstrum's new book *The Wilderness Route Finder* a valued aid in their knapsack.

Mr. Rutstrum's first chapter shatters some old wives' tales, such as man's so-called "innate sense of direction" and moss on the north side of trees. Most of the pocket-sized publication deals with why we become lost and how to prevent it. The use of navigational aids, such as maps, compasses and sextants, the stars and even a transistor radio, are thoroughly explained and illustrated with easily understood drawings by Les Kouba. 206 pp., \$3.95. The Macmillan Company, 866 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.





**RAY JOHNS, right, points out details of Little Betsy to author. This is the smallbore muzzle-loader mentioned in text.**

## The Patch and Ball Rifle

**By Don Lewis**

*Photos by Helen Lewis*

**R**AY JOHNS couldn't go back to sleep. The more he turned and tossed, the more restless he became. It was only 5:30. Normally he would be dead to the world for another hour, but this morning sleep simply evaded him. It was Thanksgiving Day and they were going to shoot Clementine. This alone was enough to make him uneasy but, to make matters worse, Little Betsy had been chosen to make the kill. He couldn't understand why his father insisted on this but, since

Ray was only 16, he did not question his father's judgment.

As quietly as possible, he found his clothes and hurried downstairs to poke up the grate fire in the living room and dress. Then he sat contemplating the coming events.

Clementine was a 700-pound sow and Ray had been appointed to do the shooting. Ray knew it was an honor for his father to have this much faith in his shooting ability, but what had him really worried was his father's

insistence on using the tiny 17-caliber muzzle-loader rifle called Little Betsy, the smallest muzzle-loader ever seen in these parts. How he wished he could use his own 22. He had spent a full year trapping weasels for the dollar bounty on each one to scrape up the \$12 his repeating rifle had cost. He had learned to use it well, and during the previous summer had shot over 30 red squirrels with it. He had explained all this to his father and had pointed out the number of perfect shots he had made on squirrels and that he could also make a perfect shot on the big hog. His argument was to no avail; Little Betsy had a job cut out for her!

### Preparations

By eight o'clock the block and tackle had been strung up in the big oak tree, the large scalding barrel had been anchored under the tackle, and an assortment of knives and scrapers had been placed on the scraping platform. A half dozen men busied themselves with the preparations.

Throughout the morning as each man arrived the same question was asked: "Who's doin' the shootin'?" Titus Becker, with over threescore years of butchering experience behind him, nearly swallowed his chew when Pete Jenkins nodded toward Ray.

"Yumpin yiminters," exclaimed old Titus, "he ain't nuthin but a mere lad!"

"Water's as hot as it oughter be," sang out Clayton Frawley, just then. "Ain't no better time to start than now, I figger."

"The rifle's ready, too," answered Ray's father.

Handing Little Betsy to Ray, he said quietly, "Take your time, Son, and make your shot count."

Ray had fired five practice rounds the day before, and he and his father had gone over the shooting plan at least twenty times. His father had full confidence in the little muzzle-loader, but Ray still wished he could use his own rifle. He knew a 22 Long Rifle

bullet would be sure and quick. He had his doubts about the muzzle-loader. A dozen thoughts filled his mind as he walked to the pig lot. Hadn't the modern rifle replaced the old-fashioned black powder gun? If the muzzle-loaders were so good, why had 'most everyone quit using them? By the time he reached the fence, he had convinced himself that the muzzle-loader was a powerless relic of the past.



**MUZZLE END OF barrel.** Roughness was caused, in part, by much loading. Today, barrels are crowned to prevent damage, even though breech loaded.

The hog waddled to the corn dumped inside the pig lot; Titus Becker poised outside the fence holding his sticking knife, and Ray slowly lifted the rifle. The world fell still.

Ray set the back trigger, aligned his sights and gently touched the front trigger. The rifle cracked. The hog collapsed. Little Betsy threw a deadly punch.

That butchering took place over thirty years ago—just another event in farm family life. The one thing that has remained down through the years is Ray Johns' respect for the little 17-caliber muzzle-loader.

Ray's original attitude toward muzzle-loading rifles prevails today. Most modern rifle enthusiasts believe the



early settlers of our state were saddled with a cumbersome, low powered, inefficient blunderbuss. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Today's rifleman is so sure that the modern product he owns surpasses and outperforms yesterday's black powder job by such a great degree that he isn't interested in hearing the truth. It seems incredible to him that, from an accuracy standpoint, many homemade



**A FALSE MUZZLE** protected end of bore during loading of high-grade target muzzle-loading rifles. It was removed before shooting.

rifles of a hundred years ago could match his new factory job bullet for bullet and maybe even come out on top.

With all our new manufacturing methods, our latest developments in bullet construction and our discoveries in powder performance, we haven't given the hunters and shooters of today any higher degree of accuracy. We rave about minute of angle accuracy as if it had just been discovered a few years back, but even before the Civil War some sharp-

shooters of the frontier were cutting one-holers with devastating regularity. Some of the real hairsplitters then were cutting two-inch groups at 200 yards, and they didn't have 20X scopes either. Turkey shoots were often held at 200 to 400 yards, and 500-yard target matches separated the men from the boys. All in all, many of our forefathers' rifles could speak well for themselves, and, just the same as today, much of the rifle's performance depended on the shooter's ability.

The modern rifle with its plastic decorations, stamped steel parts and pressed checkering may appeal to some eyes, but it can hardly be compared with a highly engraved, precision-fitted muzzle-loader. The modern rifle has much to offer shooters, but I think it unfair to compare a factory product with these old handmade masterpieces. People who blithely ignore or condemn the old Pennsylvania Rifle should remember that each one carries the prestige and the reputation of the master gunsmith who made it. It had to be good, and it had to perform satisfactorily before he gave it to his customer.

### Gumtown Rifles

Chambers King of Adrian (sometimes called Gumtown), Armstrong County, made beautiful rifles that are known today as Gumtown Rifles. They were intricately engraved and his workmanship was superb. The one he is holding in the picture is supposed to be the last he made. It was for a man leaving for the Far West. This man ordered the rifle long before he was to leave, and King worked on it for months, but when the customer came to pick it up, King was not entirely satisfied and had him delay his trip for over a week. King doubtless knew he'd never see this man again, but his demand for perfection was so great, he wouldn't allow a rifle to leave his shop until it met *his* standards.

William Schreckengost of Putney-

ville also made rifles that are still in demand today, and hundreds of other independent gunsmiths turned out the finest kind of rifles. No one from settler days needed to be without a good rifle—if he could pay for it. Good rifles have never been inexpensive.

There is a tremendous history behind the muzzle-loading rifle in Pennsylvania. Early immigrants brought clumsy, heavy, large-caliber rifles to Pennsylvania. Developed for certain types of hunting in Europe, where they were excellent, they did not serve ideally on the American frontier. Supply lines were long, so it was advantageous to have a rifle using a smaller amount of powder and lead. Here, a rifle was an absolute necessity, not a luxury. It provided food, furs for clothing, protection from enemies. It had to be accurate, dependable and of a weight which could be carried easily for long distances. This led to the development of a medium-caliber rifle with a long but lightweight barrel. Apparently it was developed in the Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, area, and taken west with migrating settlers and frontiersmen. Carried by Daniel Boone and other explorers into Kentucky—the name then given to much of the new territory beyond the Appalachians and southwest of Pennsylvania—it became famous as the Kentucky Rifle. It could more properly be called the Pennsylvania Rifle.

#### Increasing Interest

Most of us are unaware of the increasing interest in the muzzle-loading rifle today. Instead of dying out, more and more collectors, gunsmiths and shooters are swelling the ranks of muzzle-loader fans. I have the good fortune of knowing two of these fine people. Hap Flemming of Kittanning has spent a number of years in research and collecting. A fine craftsman, clockmaker and gunsmith, he can prove beyond a doubt the effectiveness of the long rifle.

Probably one of Pennsylvania's fin-

est muzzle-loader gunsmiths is Lloyd Norris of Brackenridge. Norris is a master machinist, a master gunsmith. He can start with a bar of barrel steel, drill and ream the bore, rifle it, make the entire lock and trigger assembly, and carve out a beautiful stock complete with all the delicate inlayings and engravings. This small chore requires 300 to 400 hours per rifle, but you should see the finished product!

Being somewhat of a gunsmith, I was fascinated not only by Norris' work, but also by his shop. He now has a machine that simplifies rifling, but years ago he made one practically identical to those used by King, Schreckengost and hundreds of other early gunsmiths.

**OUTSTANDING GUNMAKER** Chambers King had a shop near location where author now lives. This rifle is believed the last one he made. Note inlays.





Gunsmithing in the 17th, 18th and early 19th centuries was not a matter of simply setting up shop by the side of the road and hanging out a shingle. Gunsmithing in those days came under the guild system, and a young man would serve a 5- to 10-year apprenticeship under a master gunsmith. At the end of the apprenticeship, the teacher would certify the pupil's work, give him a suit of clothes and some tools and free him from the indenture. It was a tough row to hoe, but the end result was the birth of another master gunsmith.

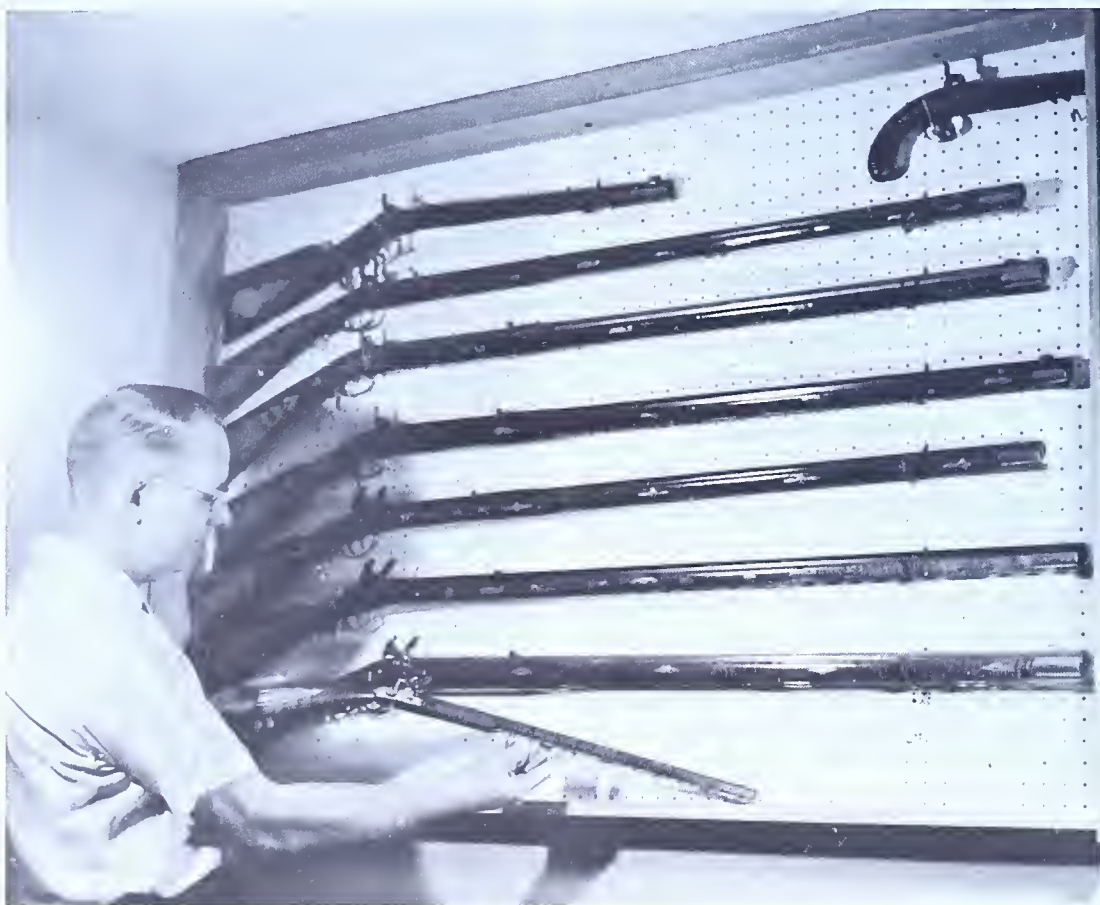
There's much ado today about barrel twists. Remington, for instance, had to change their 244-caliber from 1 turn in 14 inches to 1 turn in 9 to stabilize the 100-grain spitzer bullet. The old gunsmiths had no electronic devices to find out the complexities in

bullet performance, but they were aware that stabilization was needed. Perhaps an early one got the idea from seeing an arrow rotate in flight. Early lands and grooves (rifling) did not spiral at all, but were cut straight through the bore. In time, a twist of about 1 turn in 48 inches was considered appropriate. The modern jacketed bullet which is fairly long for its diameter, needs a quick turn, but the round lead ball did not require a fast twist.

#### Old Rifling Methods

Cutting rifling in the old days was quite an accomplishment. The gunsmith pulled a long hickory rod, with a cutting head on the end of it, through the barrel. The rod slid through a jig to make the proper twist. When the knife would not cut

**LLOYD NORRIS** with some of the outstanding muzzle-loading rifles he has made. The scale model he is holding is in exact detail.





**BARREL RIFLING** is cut by Lloyd Norris for a new muzzle-loading rifle.

any deeper, he would start another groove. The gunsmith would keep this up until he had all the grooves cut to the depth of the cutter. He would then place a piece of wheat straw under the cutter to raise it and start all over again. This would be continued until all grooves were cut to the proper depth. This could take several days and would require thousands of steps pushing the rod through the barrel and walking backwards pulling it out. Schreckengost's shop had evidence of five floors being laid in front of the barrel rifling jig.

The exact caliber of a muzzle-loading rifle was not too important. It could be 40, 41, 43, 45, or whatever. When a bore eventually became pitted, it could be recut to a larger caliber. At the same time, the gun-

smith would enlarge the lead mould to make the proper size bullet. Apparently this could be done a number of times.

Black powder is designated by the number of Fs. FG is a coarse cannon powder; FF was used in shotguns; FFF, a fine-grained powder, was the most common among early shooters. FFFF was almost like pepper and was used for priming flintlocks.

A powder charge was sometimes determined by "one grain per caliber." A 45-caliber would use a charge of 45 grains of FFF powder, a 50-caliber, 50 grains, etc. To find out if his rifle was burning all the powder, the rifleman would fire over a white sheet or even snow to see how much unburned powder blew out the barrel. He gradually reduced the charge until all the



powder was consumed.

Along with rifling, the patch was the second big contributor to accuracy in muzzle-loaders. It permitted the use of a bore-diameter projectile (which could easily be shoved down the length of the barrel), while the patch filled the grooves, sealing them against gas blow-by and imparting the spin from the rifling to the projectile.

Patches were sometimes lubricated by tallow, but saliva was probably more common. All sorts of material were used for patching, but something on the order of well-washed bed ticking was probably best. Examination of the patch after firing—it usually can be found several feet ahead of the gun—reveals various things. If cut by the rifling, it is too thick or the ball too large. If burned excessively, the

powder charge might be too heavy. A patch singed light brown and dark around the edges is indicative of a proper load and ball combination.

Just before leaving the Norris home in the wee hours of the morning, I was holding one of the most beautiful muzzle-loading shotguns I've ever seen. Precisely balanced, perfectly fitted, it swung to my shoulder with a flowing rhythm. As far as I am concerned, there would not be a grouse woods or a cornfield full of ringnecks where this muzzle-loader double and I would not be at home. Holding this shotgun, I could almost feel the chill of autumn, hear the rustling of grapevines, and see the feverish wagging tail of a hardworking bird dog. That's what a fine muzzle-loader can do to a hunter. If you get a chance, try one.

---

## Days of Yore



**DEER HUNTING WAS GOOD** in Pennsylvania in 1926, too, when this photo was taken at the Red Star hunting camp in Trout Run, Elk County. From left: A. H. Boyd, Bert Grey, Sam Boyd, Henry Jack, Jack Mungers, Ralph Grey, Tom Shearer, Harry Boyd, C. W. South, Sr., and Russell Jack.

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## ***Smokey Says:***



**... when forests burn!**

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*Pennsylvania*

AUG 29 1967

# GAME NEWS

SEPTEMBER, 1967

FIFTEEN CENTS



CHUCK  
RIPPER



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### COVER PAINTING BY CHUCK RIPPER

One of the chief enemies of the crow is the great horned owl, and nothing brings a flock of the black rascals to the scene quicker than word from a scouting crow that the enemy has been so hold as to invade their territory. Hunters take advantage of this to bring their targets into range, but blasting them out of the skies is another matter. For one version of crow hunting see page 14.

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## The Little Difference

HUNTING season is almost upon us, and upwards of a million Pennsylvanians are cleaning shotguns, greasing boots and busting a few claybirds, just to get the feel of things again. And a father and son I know are debating just where they'll spend the first day of the season—in Old Harve's weed-choked high-country ravines or down in Jerry Cramer's flats along the creek. This is a problem more of us wish we had.

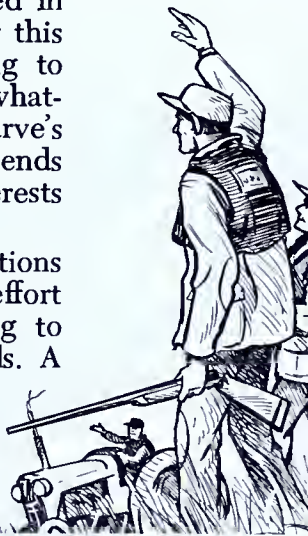
"It's easier huntin' at Jerry's," Bill says, "but I'm kinda partial to Ol' Harve's. Got my first double on ringnecks there, two years 'fore you were born. Did I ever tell you. . . ." When he finishes the story, which his boy has heard every fall as long as he can remember, his mind is made up. "Guess I'll give Ol' Harve a call and tell him we'll be there early on opening day. He'll be glad to see us."

How often will this scene be repeated throughout the state this month? Pretty often, though it seems impossible to many of us who sometimes find it difficult to get permission to hunt private land—and this is where most small game hunting takes place, despite the fact that Pennsylvania has much more Game Commission-owned hunting land than there is acreage in the entire state of Rhode Island. What makes it possible for some gunners to return to the same fields and thickets year after year until the act is almost traditional, looked forward to by both farmer and hunter?

I happened to be present one day when someone got up the nerve to ask Old Harve why he always let Bill and his son hunt but occasionally turned down others. "Why, Bill's my friend," he said, as if that explained everything—and maybe it did, for Bill isn't like most of us. He doesn't wait until September to drop around and see Harve. They see each other throughout the year.

Actually, their friendship started long ago, when Bill offered to help out with some chores around the farm in return for the privilege of hunting. (This alone was enough to set him apart from the usual run of hunters!) He got to hunt that year, and behaved sensibly, staying away from the buildings, out of unharvested crops, etc. After the season closed, he also stopped in to talk a minute while driving through the area, when he knew this wouldn't interrupt Harve's work. Soon it was a natural thing to invite Harve and his family home for an evening of cards or whatever. In other words, Bill didn't simply take advantage of Harve's hospitality; he extended his own in return. That they became friends was a natural thing, for they soon found they had many interests in common.

Now maybe we can't all make such full and pleasant associations with the man who lets us hunt, but we can make a genuine effort to do something in return, even if it's no more than offering to share our bag with him or maybe giving him a box of shells. A little gesture like this could well be the difference between hunting or not hunting a particular piece of cover—and even more important, it could be the beginning of a fine new friendship that lasts twelve months out of the year. Why not give it a try?—*Bob Bell*









# Pymatuning Primer

By Bill Walsh

*Photos From the Author*

**T**WO geese glided toward the blind from three o'clock. Mike's 12-year-old eyes followed them in—hopefully but apprehensively. He'd poked so many holes in the air at flying geese already that morning he'd begun to wonder whether the grown men in the party had given him shells without shot.

At the moment two of the men, Mike's father and Bob Parlamen, were still in the blind with him. They hadn't seen the geese nor had the birds uttered a sound to attract their attention. In fact, the men had their backs to the geese, inspecting a drake mallard shot a few minutes before by Mike's dad.

The geese hung almost overhead now. Resignedly, the youngster shouldered the almost-too-big-for-his-size 12-gauge, chalked off a respectable lead, manfully uttered up a small prayer—and squeezed. The startled men quickly turned to see a 9-pound Canada hurtling earthward.

What served to make this story unusual is that the youngster is undoubtedly one of a mere handful of gunners who had cut his shotgunning teeth on a Canada goose. Even Cree Indian beginners probably draw first blood on snowshoe hares before accompanying their elders to the James Bay marshes.

But when 12-year-old Mike Kirk stepped into his father's blind on the Pymatuning Waterfowl Area, he was rubbing elbows with some pretty fast shooting company. There were John and Grant Friday—who can be rated as crack shots with a scattergun on both game and clay birds. The fourth member of the blind's roster was Mike's dad, Chan Kirk, who can be rated fair-to-middlin' with a 12-gauge. Then there was me—along only to

handle the retrievers, so it won't be necessary to lie about my record at all.

Chan had won the right to hunt from a blind in the preseason drawing held each year at the Waterfowl Administration Building and had, initially, invited me to join him and the Friday brothers for a goose hunt. Later it occurred to us that young Mike would reach his 12th birthday in time to put into practice some of the gun savvy he'd learned in the hunter safety course at the Library Sportsmen's Club. Since I had already killed a goose that year, I yielded to Mike.

Well, I'm glad I did. Not only because I'd rather see a young hunter get game than get it myself (he has to clean it when he gets it), but because of the satisfaction Mike's first goose has since given to his dad. The father who has yet to see his son bring down the first piece of game just ain't "been there"—and the feller with sons of hunting age who hasn't had them out is postponing a lot of pleasure he'll never be able to recapture. At any rate, Mike's dad will now tell visiting firemen about his son's prowess as a hunter before even discussing his own. *That* oughta prove the point.

## Reporting In

But let's get back to that November day of the goose hunt. We reported in at the Administration Building of the Waterfowl Area in plenty of time. There we "drew" for our blind and got Number Seven. Game Commission personnel gave us a quick briefing on the special rules and regulations that apply on the area, checked our licenses, and made sure we hadn't forgotten our duck stamps. This done, we rented goose silhouette decoys and headed for the shooting fields.





**YOUNG MIKE KIRK** found swinging the man-size 12-gauge quite a chore, but managed to center a big Canada honker with it—his first game!

We put the decoys out and settled back to wait for shooting hour to come around. The pre-shooting tension built up mighty fast—what with the gabbling of thousands of geese within earshot and the whistling of dozens of duck wings overhead as the area's mallards headed for the feeding grounds.

#### **Referee and Retrievers**

Now, I wasn't exactly unbusy during this time. As I mentioned earlier, I'd come along to act as referee on all bets and to handle the retrievers. Handling the bets was the simplest part of the task—the retrievers something else again. They're both Labradors and both out of part of the same cloth, so to speak. But for practical working purposes that day I suspect that two were one too many. My own dog, Pat (daughter of Bob Parlaman's Pat), had worked out extremely well in a Pymatuning blind a few weeks earlier—retrieving five geese for the shooters in our blind and a neighboring blind.

The other Lab was Grant Friday's Flip, a grandson of my dog and therefore a great-grandson of Parlaman's dog. He'd not been worked before and we were hoping my Pat's good ex-

ample would rub off on him. He's a yellow-phase Lab and he's going to work into quite a dog. On this day, however, he was more interested in knocking me to the ground in playful glee—and my own dog was interested in matching his affections, being a jealous lady to begin with. Before the day was over, their mother and great-grandmother, respectively, showed them both up.

Now this is not to be construed as any reflection on these good dogs. I am not the world's best dog handler. Fact is, my rung on the dog-handling ladder is probably nearer the world's worst.

It's a good thing I wasn't shooting that day because the long red (albeit affectionate) tongue of one Lab or another constantly slurped across my glasses. I will say, though, in defense of myself, that I thoroughly agree with a dog-training friend of mine who never fails to marvel at the way a gun dog eventually learns to work—considering that in order to reach this stage of perfection he must overcome the handicap of just being a dog in the first place. Only a dog lover can appreciate that the statement is made in all benevolence.

Eventually the hour of dawn was upon us and it became legal to shoot. It wasn't long until a flock of about 20 Canadas came over in good range but bearing a bit to the right of the blind so that only Grant could get good shooting. The others refrained from blasting Grant's ears and he downed a beautiful bird on his second shot.

### Too Much Advice

Another flock headed our way about 20 minutes later and kept coming. I thought sure we'd get three out of them but the oldsters were so busy giving advice to Mike that they didn't pay enough attention to their own shooting. Poor Mike would have needed eight ears just to sort out all the first-class shooting information he was getting at one time—and he missed, too. I groaned inwardly but for one of the few times in my life kept my big mouth shut.

Flip jumped on me from the left side; Pat hit me at the knees from the right and I went down—double blocked. Flip obligingly ran his tongue across the left lens of my glasses and Pat dutifully licked the right one. I believe there are times when it is not truly sinful to want to shoot a dog—or two.

Out of the next batch of decoying geese (man, they came in pretty) John and Chan nailed their geese and Mike again perforated the atmosphere with the shot from three hi-base 5s.

One of the two downed geese hit the wheatfield with a resounding thud but immediately got to its feet and took off at full goose gallop. Both dogs wrestled away from me in the melee and both started for the big bird. Pat got there first; rolled it over by grabbing its neck as she passed it in high gear—then stubbornly refused to pick it up and bring it back to the blind. I regretted bragging about how she'd performed that other time.

It was now that Bob Parlamen came along to check our progress—officially

as an officer of the Game Commission and unofficially because he's a good Joe. Realizing that young Mike might be getting the benefit of too much adult advice from the rest of us, he tactfully suggested that we get the heck out of there and let just him and Mike's dad sit in the blind with the young feller until the right goose wandered along.

So we hauled dogs, guns, shells and downed geese to the cars and headed for the Administration Building in order to check in the geese. It turned out that one of the larger birds downed had been banded in the Jack Miner Sanctuary in Ontario some 13 years before.

Meanwhile, back at the blind . . . Mike got chance after chance to no avail. A small boy and a rather large gun just weren't getting together on that complicated problem of lead, squeeze, follow-through, etc. Adding to his discouragement was the fact that he didn't realize that it takes some of us older "experts" a little time to master such things, too, if it can truthfully

**A NINE-POUND Canada goose makes a load even for a large Labrador, so Mike hurries to help.**







**CHAN KIRK** admires his son's goose. This bird filled the group's limit at Pymatuning.

be said that we ever do.

At any rate, as I told you in the beginning it happened when least expected . . . when no advice was being given . . . and there may be a lesson there, too.

In passing it must also be said that young Mike, who'd taken the Game Commission-sponsored Hunter Safety course before entering the hunting field, handled his shotgun like a vet-

eran and you'd be safer in the blind with him than with some old-timers who've grown thoughtless or careless.

Probably the climax of the whole story occurred weeks later—when Mike received a bolo tie which Bob fashioned for him, using the base of the shotgun shell which killed his first piece of game for the slide decoration.

I have taken the trouble to tell you all this for several reasons — all of which have to do with pride. First of all I am proud of me for insisting that Mike sit in the blind in my place that day. But I am fundamentally a good guy and this is just what you would naturally expect from one so noble—and modest! Second, I am proud that our youngsters—like Mike—are taking an interest in hunting instead of some of the other unwholesome activities kids can get involved in. Third, I'm proud of Pennsylvania for being a state where waterfowl management produced a place like Pymatuning where such a story could take place.

In these days when predicting the future takes more courage than foresight, it seems safe to say that Mike will probably be able to introduce his own son, someday, to shotgunning in the same manner in the same place . . . with the same happy outcome.

## Game Commission to Produce TV Program

*Pennsylvania Outdoors* is the name of a new, one-hour monthly television program for the hunter. Produced by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, it will debut September 28 at 9:30 p.m. on WITF-TV, Channel 33 in Hershey, and WPSX-TV, Channel 3 in State College. The program will be produced each month by WITF-TV and will soon be available throughout the state. The schedule at WPSX-TV has not been decided, but that for WITF-TV is as follows, the Saturday evening programs being repeats of those shown on the previous Thursday:

September 28, 9:30 p.m., September 30, 8:30 p.m.

October 26, 9:30 p.m., October 28, 8:30 p.m.

November 23, 9:30 p.m., November 25, 8:30 p.m.

December 21, 9:30 p.m., December 23, 8:30 p.m.





*Increase Your Chances With a . . .*

## **Squirrel Dog**

**By William W. Britton**

**I**F YOU have never hunted squirrels with a good squirrel dog, you have been missing some real sport. My late father, after his first hunt, said, "This is it. There never is a dull moment. You have action all the time."

Your first question no doubt will be, what breed of dog makes the best squirrel dog? To that, there is no specific answer. The family pet, be it rat terrier, fox terrier, bulldog, collie, schnauzer, German shepherd, mutt or cur, could well do. Any dog that has the desire to chase can be trained to hunt squirrels. My wife's miniature schnauzer developed into a real one with very little training. He advanced to the point he would tongue on a rabbit track. He would chase anything, and at retrieving doves he had no equal. Finally, I had to keep him out of the areas where there were deer for fear someone would shoot him.

Alvin (Booze) Rohrbaugh trained

more squirrel dogs than any man I know. He had a bulldog that was terrific. Blair Douglas had a German shepherd that was tops. The breed doesn't seem to matter very much. I have found that crossbreeds are very adept at learning this art.

The best time of year to train a squirrel dog is when the squirrels are feeding on hickory nuts or acorns. Keep your dog on a leash and look for fresh signs at the base of a nut tree. Then go away from the tree thirty or forty yards to a little cover, sit down, unleash the dog and hold him under your arm. When a squirrel approaches, make certain the dog sees it and let him loose and sic him on. The first few times the dog may not see the squirrel go up a tree and he won't know where it went. Repeat the performance until he sees one go up a tree. You then go to the tree and reach up as far as you can and merely slap the tree with the palm of your





**ANY BREED OF dog, be it terrier, collie, shepherd or whatever, can make a good squirrel dog.**

hand, or get a stick or cane and strike the side of the tree. Bits of bark will fall down and you will be encouraging your dog with "Get him, boy. Talk to him, boy." And don't forget to pet him and tell him what a good dog he is.

There is one danger you must avoid. You can do a little too much out-of-season training. If your dog continues to tree day after day and he doesn't get the squirrel he may become discouraged and not stay at the tree for you. It is much better to just get him started, because his real training will come when you are permitted to kill the squirrel. If he is a young dog you should make certain that the first squirrel you shoot over him is dead when he hits the ground. Otherwise, he may bite your dog, which will either make him afraid or cause him to become a masticator of dead squirrels. If the latter happens you will have

little more than blood, fur and crushed bones to show for your hunt. Squirrels make too good a potpie to have this happen.

Maybe your dog won't learn to bark treed. Don't worry about this as long as he will remain at the tree. One of the greatest squirrel dogs I ever owned was silent on the trail and at the tree. Sometimes this is good. He won't frighten other squirrels in the area. The only time my Sport would give tongue was when the squirrel started to leave the tree and go out over the other trees. When he barked I knew I had to get there in a hurry before old graytail had reached the den tree or his nest.

### **Bell for Silent Dog**

If your dog is silent and you are hunting in thick cover, you may put a small bell around his neck as some woodcock hunters often do with their bird dogs.

To give you some idea of the pleasure to be had with a good squirrel dog, I will relate just one short hunt for you. I was a fish warden at the time and Sport and I had just returned from a squirrel hunt, back of James Buchanan's birthplace, and had six. The owner of the restaurant in Mercersburg where I stopped for lunch was a great squirrel hunter, but never hunted with a dog. He asked about my luck and I told him I killed the limit with the aid of my dog. He was very much interested to know how one hunted squirrels with a dog. Rather than trying to describe the procedure I told him I would take him on a hunt. We agreed on the following Thursday, since I had a load of fish to stock near Mercersburg that morning.

When I arrived at his restaurant that day, his wife told me he hadn't been able to wait, and that I would find his car along the ridge road in the Little Cove. His car was easily found and, believing he was in the immediate vicinity, I let Sport out of

the car. He started up an old log road and silently treed on a big white pine. He kept looking up in the tree, then at me and then back at the tree, wagging his tail all the time. Finally, I saw the squirrel almost at the top of the tree. I fired and down came number one. Sport started up the ridge and treed at a big red oak. This time I saw two and killed both. Sport went out along the ridge and treed again, this time on another white pine. After locating this one, I had number four. It wasn't ten minutes later that I heard a squirrel barking. Going quietly in that direction, I saw that sure enough Sport was under the den tree and the squirrel was really scolding him. I took a rather long-range shot and knocked the squirrel off the limb. Sport caught him on the ground. I had one to go for my limit and hadn't hunted more than thirty minutes. I figured I could easily get number six on my way back to the car. Traveling back that direction I found my friend sitting on a log. Sport also saw him, gave him the once-over and went on about his work.

My friend's first question: "Was that you doing all the shooting?"

"Yes, I have five. Look, Sport has one up on that black oak."

"Can't be," he said. "I've been sitting here for the past two hours and would have seen a squirrel go up that tree."

"Come on, I'll prove it to you."

I knew Sport had him, because he never lied to me. Upon reaching the tree, I directed my friend to stay put and kill the squirrel when he appeared as I walked around to the other side. I saw him raise his gun and he fired. He had only crippled the squirrel, but Sport had him the moment he hit the ground. He naturally brought it to me and I handed it over to my friend.

"Well, I'll be darned. I hunted here all morning and never saw a tail. How much do you want for the dog?"

I told him I might consider his restaurant as a fair trade, and he grinned understandingly.

That one hunt convinced my friend of the value of a good squirrel dog. You'll be convinced, too, if you ever hunt with one.

**WITH A SCOPE-SIGHTED, SLIDE-ACTION 22 rifle and a good squirrel dog, this limit of bushytails was easy.**









# The Charm of Togetherness

By Mrs. Pat Eisenhart

**T**O BEGIN, I should state that I'm the mother of eight future sportsmen ranging in ages from three to eleven. I haven't the usual opportunity for relaxation or entertainment. I must turn to other channels. Thus begins my tale of woe.

On the day prior to the opening of duck season, my Jim sang the praises of the enjoyment, excitement and adventure surrounding a duck hunt. After partial brainwashing and an excessive amount of propaganda I got a license and became involved in the following day's outing.

Starting at 4:45 a.m. (ducks fly early, I'm told), we sprang out of bed, dressed warmly (thermal undies, sweaters, three pairs of socks and two pairs of slacks), ate a hearty breakfast (milk and toast), we (he) were too excited to eat and were happily on our way.

In the cold black morning, listening to the praises of my efforts and hearing of the joy of watching the dawn on the river, we drove to our destination.

Upon arrival we donned boots and waders and then came a surprise. Did you know that wives are good for carrying the lunch, Thermos, boxes of shells (very light, I'm told) and lead weights the size of coffee jar lids in knapsacks on their backs? A good wife doesn't complain as she trudges down 90° mountain slopes, across railroad beds and over swampy marshes. This is *her* day, away from work and kids. This is *all* for her enjoyment.

Suddenly there it was, the river! What a beautiful sight to behold! The fog was dense but not thick enough to hide the other hunters every twenty or thirty feet, who all stared with disbelief at this hunter lucky enough to bring along a packhorse.

Now came the important decision. Where to place the decoys, twenty-eight in all, where to stand and hunt? Only a true hunter knows the joy of placing decoys, twenty-eight in all. Incidentally, ours were moved every hour or so, twenty-eight in all. Why was never explained to this novice.

Then came the waiting. All around us shotguns blasted as ducks flying a mile high were sighted. Jim told me to turn my back when I heard a shot as the pellets only hurt when they hit you in the eye. Being a true economist, at thirty cents a shell, my thoughts ran to how many meals I could have prepared with the final amount. But a true duck hunter has no such thoughts. The sport is what counts.

## Not Shaving Helps

We continued sitting quietly, heads bent, as ducks can see the shine on your face, which my wonderful husband wouldn't wash or shave for a week prior to opening day. Suddenly three ducks flew over, and then veered out of range. Perhaps I forgot to mention I was wearing a white coat which I'm told doesn't blend with autumn foliage. After that my husband decided to place me strategically. Little did I realize it would be fifty feet from him in dense under and over brush. I sat there mumbling how I should have brought my fishing rod along to relieve the boredom. I was politely told that someone would have shot me out of the water.

Prior to my concealment I was informed of the intelligence of a duck and how bright colors frighten them. As for a duck's intelligence, I have my doubts. It takes pure stupidity to imagine it's another member of the duck family when a deflated balloon





**I TRIED TO remain calm when asked why I was winded after reaching the mountaintop. . . .**

(my impression of our duck call) is squeezed upon. Or to break wing and land where a bunch of rubber nothings sit on the water.

Jim decided to walk the shore in the hope of kicking up a duck. After he had been gone about five minutes another hunter came over and asked how the hunting was. I merely grunted. He sat about ten feet away from me and I conjured all horrible thoughts of what happens to a lone woman in the woods. Finally my brave hunter returned and it turned out my new friend was the Game Protector.

Well, the day passed and according to our brand of luck, the ducks were all on the other side of the river. We started to trudge home. Empty-handed and in my opinion empty-headed.

But wait. There was a mile of river bank to be trod before we came to the path (ha ha) that took us through the dense underbrush that took us to the small mountain that brought us to the railroad bed. Here we stopped to rest and I was informed of the weight

of a gun and decoys. My load was light compared to this. All I carried was a Thermos, weights and shells. Very light, I was told. If I wouldn't mind, could I carry a hunting coat containing binoculars, duck call and more shells? I smiled, "Of course, Honey." This is togetherness.

Up the final 90° mountain we went. When the summit was finally attained I sat for five minutes trying to catch my breath. I tried to remain calm when I was asked what I was winded about since I didn't carry anything heavy.

The following week my duck hunter went hunting frequently. I quietly listened as he told of the thousands of ducks on the river. Saturday came and again we went through the same ritual and at day's end we could boast of having seen twelve ducks. *Twelve!* All were either one mile upriver, sky high, or downstream.

Besides all this, did you know there's a privilege connected with

**WHERE TO PLACE the decoys, 28 in all, where to stand and hunt? What joy in placing decoys, 28 in all, and in moving them every hour, 28 in all!**



cleaning ducks? Can you imagine the joy? Sink your dainty hands into the innards of a mallard drake and the sense of ecstasy is unimaginable. Actually, we don't eat duck, pheasant or rabbit. Our friends are thrilled on receiving them, defeathered, gutted, and frozen in neat plastic bags. I'm tempted to have the bags stamped "Eisenhart Wild Game Market," only I'm informed a true sportsman gives his game away with a smile, never sells it! That would be illegal, anyhow, I understand.

In conclusion, I say to any woman of any intelligence, take this advice: Togetherness is for dancing, bowling and the movies; duck hunting is for the birds.

But in all truth I must say I had a ball. I can't let Jim know though, as he wouldn't take me if he knew I en-



**ONLY WHEN MY brave hunter returned from a long absence did I learn my visitor was a Game Protector.**

joyed myself. He's a little sadistical when it comes to his second love (which is me). Duck hunting is first.

## Pennsylvania Gets \$628,656 in P-R Funds

Pennsylvania has received an initial allotment of \$628,656 in Pittman-Robertson Wildlife Restoration and Research Funds for the 1967-68 fiscal year, according to E. G. Musser, P-R Coordinator for the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

The initial allotment figure is a new record, Musser said. An additional allotment of P-R funds will be made to the state later this fall.

Musser said the Federal funds will be used for the Game Commission's wildlife development and research programs. The state's share is \$87,384 more than last year's initial grant.

Nationwide, \$16,500,000 will be distributed initially, \$1,825,000 more than was available this past year. Each state's allocation is based on the number of paid license holders and land area.

Federal aid programs for wildlife restoration are administered by the U. S. Department of Interior, Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. Funds come from excise taxes levied on sporting arms and ammunition.

Under the program, states spend their own funds on approved projects and are then reimbursed up to 75 percent of the cost.

### Killing for Crop Damage

Farmers have been permitted to kill deer for crop damage in Pennsylvania since 1923. Their land must be open to public hunting and they must report the kill to a Game Protector.





## *Crows Don't Excite Me . . . But--*

By Wayne Hower

**T**HE TEAKETTLE began to whistle just as I was finishing my pancakes. I picked up the empty plate, crossed to the stove to turn off the heat and started to wash off the plate and silverware, just as a pair of headlights pierced the darkness outside and flashed through the window over the sink.

The car stopped and a horn tooted, softly but impatiently. I ignored it, and poured a cup of instant coffee. Okay, so I was late again, but not all the crows in the state were going to cross that clearing in the first half hour of the day. And I never do anything on any day until after that second cup of java.

This time the horn blasted insis-

tently. Muttering, I stepped out into the frosty air and motioned to John and Phil. The motor went dead, the lights flicked off and a car door slammed.

"C'mon, ain't you ready yet?" John grumbled. "Thought you was gonna be ready at five-thirty. I knowed I shoulda called you at five. Where's your gun an' shells?"

"If you wake the wife and kids I'll never get out of the house," I warned. "Come on in and have a cup of coffee. I'll be ready in a minute."

His reply wasn't printable. But he came in, Phil following.

"Morning, Wayne," Phil greeted.

"C'mon, man," John wailed. "We'll never get no shootin' if we wait any

longer. It's quarter to six already, and the crows will be all gone 'fore you ever get your gun loaded."

I yawned and went to the cabinet for my gun, thinking that even though John never fired a shot before 7 a.m., he always wanted to be situated well before daylight. Phil, on the other hand, was like me; he never got rattled or excited. Any old time was OK to start hunting with both of us. Neither of us ever hit much before 8 o'clock anyway.

### Abandoned Farm

After our coffee, I grabbed my gear and we piled into John's old junker and headed for an abandoned farm about fifteen miles down the road. John kept mumbling about how late it was as the sky began to brighten, but Phil and I carried on a sensible conversation.

The farm we were headed for hadn't felt a plow in years, and I had stumbled onto it several weeks before while scouting for grouse. I hadn't managed to kick up any of the brown thunderers that day, but did hear the irritating *caws* of several dozen crows. Their calling wasn't particularly annoying until I saw a gray squirrel racing along a limb of a big oak. Just as I was swinging on him, a crow hidden in another nearby oak cut loose with a couple of his warning calls and the bushytail dived into a hole. I don't know if the squirrel reacted to the call, but it sure seemed that way.

Angered, I tried to get within shotgun range of the crow, but the bird flapped away, using his best cuss words to tell me what he thought of my intentions.

Obviously, the crows resented my intrusion, and the reason soon became obvious. Some of the area's more thoughtful citizens were using the old truck patch beyond the dilapidated buildings as a dump, despite "No Dumping" signs. (Maybe the offenders were illiterate.) The garbage made food for crows, which will

eat anything that doesn't fight back.

The name on the signs showed that the land belonged to a retired mail carrier who lived near me. I'd called him that evening and asked if we might match wits with the crows feeding on his property. He readily consented.

The next few evenings I did some scouting, and found the crows were roosting about a mile away. The river was only a half mile in the other direction, so they could quickly wash down a meal if they were so inclined. The setup seemed perfect for morning crow shooting.

Now, as we started in the dirt lane, I grew a bit apprehensive. Perhaps John had been right; maybe we were arriving too late. I should have walked out of that card game before midnight. Or if I had just got up when the alarm rang, instead of turning it off and rolling over for another "five minutes" that turned out to be a half hour.

John pulled into a thick stand of mixed evergreens, and we got out of

**CHARCOAL** from an old stump eliminates glare from a hunter's face, is easier to use than a face net.





the car. We all were wearing camouflage outfits, but Phil, a crow hunter from way back, said that wasn't enough. "Your faces will shine like spotlights," he told John and me. "Rub on some dirt—even mud."

We found a burned-out tree stump, and the charcoal did the trick, though it made me feel a bit like a World War II commando. John used it on his hands too, as he wasn't wearing gloves.

Phil took the mounted great horned owl, I carried the battery operated record player and John lugged the decoys to the edge of the clearing opposite the dump. Luck was with us—we hadn't seen or heard a single crow.

Phil told John to hide the decoys as he wanted to try it without them for awhile. He found a long dead branch and lashed the owl to it, then shinnied up a tall tree and fastened it so the owl was perched just above the treetop.

I got the electronic caller ready, but Phil said to forget it for the time being. With the dump and the owl to



serve as attractions, he thought he could call in enough birds to keep us busy awhile.

John took cover in a brush pile on the edge of the clearing, while I hid beneath a bushy pine. Phil disappeared under a big hemlock and a moment later cut loose with what sounded like a riot call.

### **The Wariest Bird**

Phil had warned us not to look up when the first crow approached. Even from tremendous heights, these birds can spot the whites of a hunter's eyes or the slightest movement. Some experts even contend hawks are "blind as bats" when compared to crows. I don't buy this, but except for perhaps the wild turkey, the crow is about the wariest of all birds, so they're darned hard to fool.

Within a few minutes, the first crow appeared, and then several more came in rapidly. I didn't move an eyeball, and apparently the other fellows didn't either. The first birds on the scene are scouts, and if they're spooked it's difficult to attract others. These crows are likely to circle once or twice, looking over the situation carefully before dropping down to fight or feed. It's at this time, Phil insists, that the hunter must resist the urge to jump up and blast away.

Since Phil had done the calling, we waited until he took the first shot on a diving crow that apparently had sounded a "Come and get it." The first blast missed, but Phil is awful fast with his 16-gauge pump, and his second shot, coming right on top of the first, scattered feathers all over the clearing.

More birds were already coming in and we all opened up. The banging



didn't seem to bother the black rascals—in fact, the faster we shot the more excited and infuriated they became—and they just kept coming and we continued to bust them. I don't know how long it was before the crows cleared out, but our gun barrels were hot.

### **"Deadeye" Phil**

Then came the counting. I had gone through almost a box of shells and figured I had hit about a dozen birds. John had dug deeply into his second box and thought he downed about ten. "Deadeye" Phil accounted for the remaining nineteen crows on the ground and hadn't opened his second box, so he didn't miss very often. He never does.

We discussed the shooting for a few minutes. The birds had ignored the owl, and Phil reasoned that owls are more effective in the late winter and early spring, during the mating and nesting season, than in the fall. The first crows apparently had responded to a fight call, but when they arrived there wasn't anything to do battle with. There were no decoys on the ground, so why did they land? Was it curiosity? I think they're smarter than that. Maybe when they answered and couldn't kick up a fight

they shifted their attention to food at the dump. Darned if we knew. But it was fun while it lasted.

What to do next? Were we through for the day?

"Naw," John snorted. "They'll come back. We didn't see more than a couple hunnert crows, an' if I know my crows, there's plenty more where those come from."

"It's quite possible," Phil agreed. "They migrate in the spring and fall. Oftentimes the movement is continuous, but sometimes they'll stop for a spell along the way. When they do, they'll find a roost and flock there night after night, regardless of the time of year, until something—maybe hunters—moves them out. These birds apparently haven't been shot at recently, and since this is the first cold day we've had this fall, I don't think they'll be moving south just yet. So let's put out the decoys, and after they've had a little rest, we'll try calling them back."

"How 'bout leaving the dead ones out there fer decoys?" John asked.

"Some fellows claim that works," Phil replied, "but I don't agree with their theory. It seems to me that you're not going to attract live crows with dead ones."

"Think there are as many crows as

**A TRASH PILE** on the abandoned farm attracted many crows, which will eat almost anything that doesn't bite back.







**THE MOUNTED OWL** was fastened to a stick to be tied up in a tree.

there used to be, Phil?" I asked.

"Some guys say so, but I've been hunting them for a long time, and I can't agree."

"What's the reason? Do you think they've been shot off?"

"No," he answered emphatically. "There just aren't that many crow hunters. I think the chances are better

that the pesticides are responsible."

"Whatcha think about building a blind?" John queried. "They couldn't see our eyes thataway."

"It wouldn't work now."

"Why not?" I countered.

"Because there are two requirements for a blind to be effective," Phil said. "They have to be built from material at hand and they have to be aged. A blind made from pine boughs and put up in the middle of a cornfield would stick out like a gal wearing a topless bikini to church. Sure, we could gather up enough brush here to make a natural looking blind, but the crows would know it wasn't here when they were feeding yesterday. They'd avoid it like poison. If you wanted to shoot from a blind today, you should have built it a week ago."

Several *caws* in the distance interrupted our gabbing. We quickly gathered up the dead birds and set out the decoys. Then we hid and I turned on the "Help" call. After a few turns of the disc, black dots began to appear on the horizon. We settled down for another round of shooting. . . .

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## **Bush Dam Gets Beauty Award**

The Alvin R. Bush Dam and Reservoir, located on Kettle Creek near Renova, has won the Army Chief of Engineers first annual award for conservation of natural beauty in the construction of water resources and military projects. The award was made on the basis of general excellence in concept and execution, preservation of outstanding scenic values, and protection of the natural landscape from damage during construction. The Alvin R. Bush Dam is a central Pennsylvania flood-control project protecting towns in the west branch of the Susquehanna River basin.

## **Boy Scouts Train With Rifle and Shotgun**

The Boy Scouts of America recently expanded their firearms program to include a merit badge for rifle and shotgun shooting. Shotgun safety training will now be available to Scouts and Explorers, plus safety instruction on handguns.

The BSA instituted its rifle training program in the 1920s. Since then, more than 80,000 boys have received the merit badge for shooting. This summer the BSA "skill through safety" shooting program reached more than 250,000 Boy Scouts.

# Ridicule vs. Sportsmanship

By Al Stagnitta

**Y**OU spent a full week in the woods and didn't get a deer? What kind of hunter are you?

You smile, not bothering to answer or offer any excuse. You know you observed every rule of the game.

You recall the buck that was moving away from you, offering a poor shot, but you held your fire. You may have killed him or just might have put a bullet in him, making him go a great distance to die, never to be found.

Or the deer that was aware of your presence and was sneaking away with his head down. You couldn't see any antlers because of the heavy brush, but after all, isn't it characteristic of a buck to sneak away with his head low? Everybody says so!!! Why didn't you shoot???

You heard a group of hunters driving a small patch, a short distance from you. You could cut off their drive. Maybe they will push a buck your way, but you decided to go in another direction. Why???? — They would have done all the work!!

Take the case of the hunter who was lucky enough to secure an antlerless deer license, then shot a 50-lb. fawn. The rest of his party had a good laugh for the remainder of the season. But, that hunter knew the fawn was the least likely to survive the long hard winter. He knew the larger and the stronger deer would make it, insuring a better deer herd for the following season. Though it's hard for some people to understand such facts of nature, it's best to face them honestly.

It makes this writer wonder if fear of ridicule isn't the main cause of hunters shooting at noises or at deer they can't identify? They will shoot deer after deer, hoping one will be a buck, well—why not??? Who wants to be laughed at? He must bring home a buck or be looked upon as a poor

hunter, wasting a week sitting in the woods shivering with the cold.

It is sad to think that many a hunter takes to the woods each fall, failing to enjoy all the wonders that God has put before him, but worry about what people at home will say if he goes home empty-handed.

I think back to the year a large party of us spent a full week hunting. I don't think any of us shot a deer, but we still look back on that trip as one of the most enjoyable we ever had. The sounds of laughter from other hunters have long since faded, but the memory of that hunt still lingers on.

For those of you that play the game according to every rule in the book, you are worthy of the name "sportsman"; for the rest, stop and think for a minute or two.

**A BUCK LIKE THIS** is a fine trophy, but coming home without one should not make a sportsman subject to ridicule.







CHUCK  
RIPPER

# Seeing Is Believing

By George R. Stahl

"SAM, wasn't it nice of Dorsey Briggs to invite Billy to his hunting camp next Monday, and to let him use that fancy rifle, the one he shot all the big game with up in Alaska? My, it must have cost him a pretty penny." Martha paused briefly to chew off the stitch ends and to rethread her needle, then chattered on and on, her tongue keeping pace to the fast-flying fingers. "And all those nice boating trips at the shore this summer. Not many seventeen-year-olds are so fortunate. Yes, since Billy started courting Ellie, he's been having himself a time. I guess Dorsey sees how sweet the two are on each other, else why would he have offered to teach Billy the banking business after he graduates next June. Gosh, times sure have changed. A youngster has all sorts of chances these days. Sam! Are you listening, or is that hunting magazine so interesting you haven't heard a word I said?"

Laying aside the dog-eared copy, Sam grinned at his wife's annoyed glances and leisurely settled back to strike a match to his dying briar. Then, methodically exhaling sulfurous clouds of smoke, he finally answered. "Yes, Martha, I'm listening. And since you asked, I'm not so sure that it's the best thing for Billy. What happened to all those dreams he had of starting forestry school next fall and being a ranger like his Uncle Joe? Sure, he'll probably make considerable more money by going in with Briggs, but money isn't everything. Besides, you know they don't call Dorsey a wheeler-dealer for nothing. I hate to pass judgment on any man, but I suspect a lot of his business finaglin's are a mite on the shady side. Still, Billy should know right from wrong, it's been drummed into him often enough. They say that success

is getting what you want out of life, and every one of us has his own idea as to what that something is. We'll just have to hope he makes the right choice."

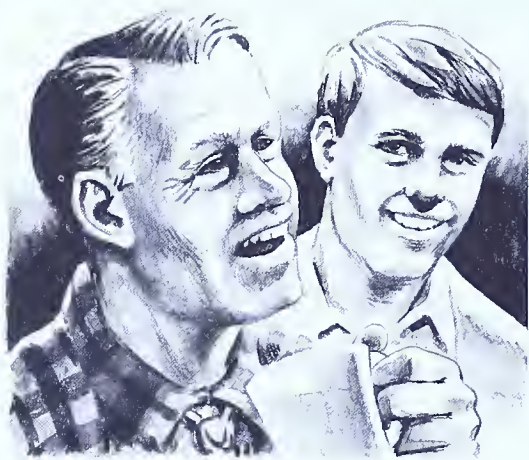
"Now, Sam," chided Martha. "You've had it in for Dorsey ever since Sol Bixler told you he saw him dragging a buck out of the game refuge. But considering Sol's usual condition, he couldn't have told a deer from a hat rack, much less a man from a tree. 'Course, he never has forgotten that Mr. Briggs foreclosed on his property, but he wouldn't admit for a minute it was his own drunken laziness that made that happen. Landsakes, since you took on that Deputy Protector's job, you seem awfully suspicious. Live and let live, I say. There's worse people than Dorsey Briggs, and that's for certain. All I know is, he sure has been good to Billy, and I for one appreciate it."

"Well, enough said on that subject," snorted Sam, reaching for his magazine. "I'm going to finish my reading."

## The Early Years

Soon the room was quiet save for his wheezing pipe, but try as he would, Sam couldn't concentrate. His mind kept drifting back over the years, remembering how it used to be when Billy was but a sprout with an avid interest in the outdoors. Those formative days were happy ones, probably the most memorable times of Sam's life. How well he could recall the youth's awed expression at the glimpse of a wobbly legged fawn, his startled look when a ringneck skyrocketed from underfoot, that keen awareness at the first call of an answering mallard. It was almost as if he were growing up again, seeing the many revelations of nature through the boy's eager questioning eyes, each





**OVER A STEAMING** cup of coffee, Dorsey soon had Martha and Billy in stitches with his stories. . . .

happening a newfound treasure, to be savored, shared and stored away in the archives of their minds.

Up to the time that Billy had begun to take an interest in Ellie, the bond between them had been strengthened by this close association; now the ties were weakening. But he couldn't blame the girl, for she too was one of nature's mysteries that created magical awakenings and caused the senses to respond accordingly. Rather, he harbored a smoldering resentment toward her father for creating a false impression that made the boy regard him as a knight of the highest order. And not too strange, for to most people, Dorsey's glib charm and winning ways had a magnetic influence that caused them to look no further for less admirable traits.

"What difference does it make if one man outdeals another?" one local man asked after a questionable business operation. "That's only a sign of our times."

"That Dorsey," another remarked, shaking his head in envy. "He's done it again. Those big city boys could learn a thing or two if they watched him operate!"

Unfortunately, Dorsey's killer instincts in the business world carried over into his ruthless pursuit of game.

He traveled far and wide to satisfy the unquenchable thirst which reflected itself in a trophy room the size of an average man's home. His tally of game hunted locally was beyond comprehension. A crack shot, with the lust to score, he killed methodically and relentlessly, with no regard for future seasons. True, he contributed most generously to the town's conservation club, but Sam and a few others knew that this token act was but a salve to grease his way to another successful operation, that in reality he was an unscrupulous game hog.

Nearby, on North Mountain, bordering one of the state's game refuges, was Dorsey's private hunting estate. For sheer efficiency, its 3000 acres resembled the POW work camps of World War II. Strategically placed observation towers looked down upon every game trail, and along the state boundary line the elevated platforms were spaced barely a hundred yards apart. Here, Dorsey and his guests made short work of any deer that headed for the safety beyond the wire, or that crossed over to feed on the abundant acorns within their own oak stands.

### Secret Watch

Sam and his Game Protector boss, Frank Myers, had been secretly watching Dorsey's activities for quite some time. Although they suspected him of being a gross violator, they still had no proof. Sol Bixler's story of the illegal deer kill was quite likely true, but with his poor reputation, it probably wouldn't hold in court. No, they needed an airtight case, for sharpies like Briggs played all the angles and covered their tracks well. Sooner or later though, his greed would be his undoing, they believed, and they would catch him red-handed. Sam looked forward to this occasion with a great deal of anticipation.

But were you to have seen the way Dorsey greeted Sam early Monday morning when he came for Billy, you

would swear he thought of Sam as a long-lost brother. Fairly bursting with boisterous enthusiasm, he breezed into the kitchen and over a steaming cup of coffee soon had Martha and the boy in stitches with his stories of Gabby, the Alaskan sourdough who had guided him on a hunt up Brooks Range way.

### **An Albino Buck**

"Yesiree, Sammy, there's shootin' up in those parts that staggers the imagination. Why, a man could hunt year round and never run out of game. Sometimes I get the willies with this local sport. Every year there's less to shoot at. It hardly pays to buy a license. Well, at least Billy and I should connect today. A big part-albino's been fattening up on my acorns all fall, and I figure he'll amble our way come seven o'clock 'cause you can set your watch by him. Martha! Your coffee is out of this world. I believe I'll have another before we shove off."

An hour later from a carefully selected tower, Billy and Dorsey scanned the chest-high laurel that extended in all directions. This was the area where Briggs had sighted the white buck on its return trip to the game refuge, only a short distance away. From their perch they could see the buck's well-trodden path, and if everything went according to schedule, he was due by in another fifteen minutes.

Then it started to snow, a fine drizzle that soon changed into an enveloping flaky mass. Visibility became almost zero, the surrounding area blanked out to within fifteen or twenty yards of their stand, and even this distance was hazy at best.

"Of all the blasted luck," ranted Briggs. "This miserable weather will ruin my chances. Billy, keep your eyes peeled, and if you see anything move let me know—but whatever you do, don't shoot! We'll get your buck later after I've polished off Old Whitesides. There's plenty more around."

From far off in the distance could

be heard the seven o'clock siren at Bigler's planing mill, signaling the start of another work day. Before its faint tones had died away, a brush-rattling sound announced the approach of something below.

"Dorsey, there's something to my left but I can't see what it is," Billy whispered.

"Yeah, I see it, boy. That's him all right, on time as usual."

*Whaamm!* The roar of the 30-06 shattered the snowy stillness.

The deer, only wounded, lurched forward, directly below in plain view, headed for friendlier terrain. It was not Old Whitesides but a huge brown doe.

"Sonofagun! I'd have sworn that was him," stormed Briggs. Then before he could lower the gun, another form appeared and this time it was the white buck, racing for the game refuge. A well-placed shot dropped the trophy deer in its tracks. Dorsey had scored again, and so wrapped up

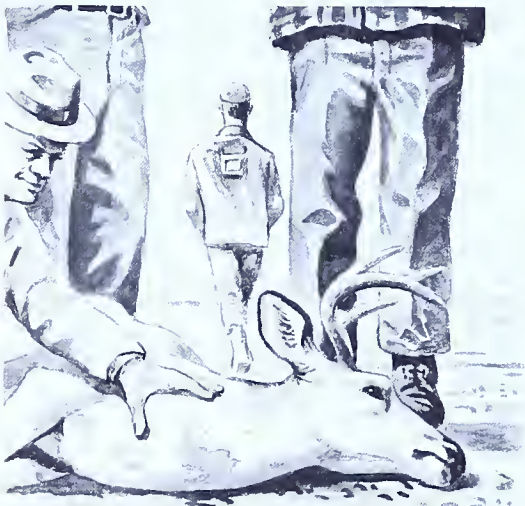
**SAM RECALLED** young Billy's awed expression at the glimpse of a wobbly legged fawn.





was he with this latest conquest that he failed to note the look of utter reproach on his young partner's face. Even when he proposed calling off the hunt to get the giant whitetail back to town, he couldn't see that the boy agreed with too much haste and with evident relief.

The trip home was a steady monologue, with Dorsey doing all the talking. His ready suggestion that, "Billy, we'd better not mention about that



**BRIGGS FORGOT ALL** about Billy and, unnoticed, the boy slipped through the crowd, making tracks for home.

doe, your dad and the others might not understand, right, old buddy?" brought only a grunt in reply. Later, surrounded by congratulating onlookers, Briggs forgot all about the boy and, unnoticed, Billy slipped through the crowd, making fast tracks for home.

That evening, Sam, dog-tired and hungry from a day of patrol, was met at the door by Martha, who proceeded to tell him that Billy was acting strangely and had clammed up when she asked him about Dorsey's big deer. "You'd better have a talk with

him, Sam, and see what's on his mind. Meanwhile, I'm going over to Sarah Beardsley's to make plans for the church social next week. You'll find a baked meat pie in the oven for your supper."

While Sam was eating, he could hear the shower running upstairs. It wasn't until he had lit his pipe, prior to reading the evening paper, that he heard Billy come clumping down the stairs. A quick scrutiny of the boy's face as he entered the room told Sam that Billy's mind was uneasy, as Sarah had said.

"Dad, do you remember that good crossing we found down in the Smoke-Hole last year? How about you and me going up there before the season ends? I won't be hunting with Dorsey anymore."

The words came out in a torrent and so surprised Sam that he nearly swallowed his briar. Attempting to regain his composure, he slowly replied, "Why sure, Son. I reckon Frank can get along without me for a few days if it's important. We'll go up tomorrow. Trackin' should be good by then, and you can use the 308. I've been meaning to give it to you for graduation, but now's as good a time as any, I'd say."

"Golly, Dad, that's swell! Maybe next year when I start forestry school at State, you can come up and we'll hunt together. Uncle Joe says the deer run big there, and there's turkey and grouse that's never been shot at. Boy, I wish it was tomorrow. Say, I'll pack the lunches and get our gear ready so we can get an early start, okay?"

"Sure, Billy, that'll be a big help."

Billy rushed from the room, and Sam leaned back in his chair, his breath going out in a long sigh, and struck another match to his briar.

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## Far Sighted

Hawks can see at least eight times as well as the most "hawk-eyed" human.



*PGC Photo by George H. Harrison*

**PINE CREEK GORGE, just above Cedar Run in northcentral Pennsylvania.**

# The Hills of Home

**By Jim Hayes**

**W**HAT DO you like most about Pennsylvania? To me, that's an easy one. I like the hills. I like the mountains. I like to look up to my horizons.

Look at a relief map of Pennsylvania. It tells the story of highlands and valleys. There are mountains over half the state, and hills over most of the rest. There are many long ridges, with valleys and hills between. They run mostly from southwest to northeast. Only in the northwest, in parts of Erie County, and in the southeast near Philadelphia, is the land fairly low and flat.

It would seem difficult to take for granted anything as big as a mountain. It would seem impossible to grow accustomed to an entire range of mountains. Yet we do. Because hills and mountains are so much a part of

our scenery, we have come to accept them with a nonchalance that would astonish people born to plains and deserts, to whom mountains are a source of amazement and wonder.

What are these mountains and hills? How did they get here? Why are there razorback ridges in some places, rounded knolls in others? What created the gorges and waterfalls? Were they always here? These are questions that should concern us all. There is endless fascination in searching for answers.

Let's take a look at this state of ours and see how it is put together, with some observations on the geologic processes that went into its making.

Have you ever hunted deer on Chestnut Ridge or Laurel Hill? Have you hunted grouse in the Alleghenies? If so, you have already seen at first-



hand a dominant topographic section of Pennsylvania, for this is the Allegheny Mountain Section. The area is characterized by high, flat-topped divides separated by deeply entrenched streams coursing through steep-sided valleys.

Millions of years ago, the land mass that is now Pennsylvania was uplifted from the bay of an ancient sea. The older strata of eastern Pennsylvania were extremely deformed, and to the west the land warped, buckled and folded. This mountain-creating process ended some 230 million years ago, and resulted in the system of sub-parallel chains known as the Alleghenies.

The Alleghenies encompass a band of high country, 70 miles wide, between Chestnut Ridge on the west and the eastern foothills of Allegheny Mountain. The range cuts diagonally across Pennsylvania from Somerset and Fayette Counties in the southwest to Sullivan County in the northeast.

The mountains reach their highest elevation in Somerset County, where Mount Davis, at 3214 feet, is the highest point in the state. Two of the three ridges, Chestnut Ridge and Laurel Hill, break down into head-

lands at the Conemaugh River. Allegheny Mountain maintains its ridge line north into Clinton County.

West of the Alleghenies, the hills of southwestern Pennsylvania parallel the northward trend of the ranges into Venango, Forest and Elk Counties. At this point the hills rise into the Allegheny Plateau Section. The highlands include Venango, Warren, Forest, Elk, Cameron, McKean and Potter Counties.

Geologically, the Allegheny highland is an ancient plateau, which means that, unlike the Allegheny ranges, the land is more or less flat, and there was little or no buckling or folding of the rocks. The plateau has since been worn down and dissected by streams. If you could lay a ruler atop this plateau, you would find that it is fairly uniform in elevation, averaging 1900 to 2200 feet.

#### Forested Highlands

The highland region is notable for its forest areas. They include the Allegheny National Forest and the Black Forest, which is between Galeton and Coudersport. Throughout the area, streams have cut narrow winding valleys from 300 to 1400 feet deep. The most awesome of the canyons is the Pine Creek Gorge of Lycoming County.

Every year thousands of people visit this gorge, marvel at its grandeur and return home without the faintest notion of how it was created. Here's the story. Originally, upper Pine Creek flowed into Marsh Creek, thence into the Tioga River. Over centuries of time, the stream backcut into a pre-glacial divide which formed the rim of its basin. Finally it broke through and began flowing south to become a tributary of the West Branch of the Susquehanna River. The deep valley we find today is a post-glacial gorge cut through the old pre-glacial divide south of Ansonia.

East of the Alleghenies, between Allegheny Mountain on the west and

**THE FOOTHILLS of Babcock Mountain, near the Bedford-Somerset County line, are part of Pennsylvania's impressive mountain system.**

*Photo by George Sara*



Blue Mountain to the east, the countryside opens into a succession of narrow, sharply defined, parallel ridges, with broad valleys between. This is the Ridge and Valley Province of Pennsylvania. Like the Alleghenies, it runs southwest to northeast. In width, the band stretches 70 miles across Bedford and Fulton Counties, widening to about 90 miles between Bellefonte and Harrisburg, at its midway point.

The ridges, sometimes alone, more often in series, vary from 1300 to 1600 feet elevation. The arrangement of parallel ridges results from intense folding of rocks of unequal hardness, followed by massive uplifting. As erosion wore down the softer rocks, cutting valleys, the hard, more resistant sandstone and conglomerate strata remained to form the ridges.

Some of the better known ridges are Wills Mountain, Evitts Mountain, Tussey Mountain, Rays Hill, Sidling Hill, Cove Mountain, Stone Mountain, Backlog Mountain, Shade Mountain, Tuscarora Mountain and Bald Eagle Mountain.

#### **Transverse Direction**

A striking characteristic of the Ridge and Valley Province is the transverse direction of the river valleys, and the deep water gaps where they cross the ridges, so noticeable in the Harrisburg area. In its northern extremity, the province takes in the anthracite regions of Wilkes-Barre and Scranton.

In the northeast, the Ridge and Valley Province tops out into the Pocono Plateau. These mountains cover 300 square miles in parts of five counties—Monroe, Carbon, Pike, Lackawanna and Wayne. Like the Allegheny Plateau, the Pocono region is an ancient plateau which has been eroded and worn down. Both areas are at about the same elevation, averaging 2000 feet, although the Pocono valleys are not as deep, the slopes as steep, or the ridges as sharp and defined. Instead, we find an irregular



*Photo by Grant Heilman*

**LOOKING WEST FROM Hyner View, near Renova, gives this awe-inspiring picture of our northern mountains.**

mazework of round-topped, forested hills. There are many small lakes, however, and in places the streams cascade over waterfalls through rocky gorges.

Continuing eastward, between Blue Mountain on the west and north, and South Mountain to the south and east, one comes into a land of meadows, streams, and gently rolling hills. This is the Great Valley, a narrow strip averaging less than 20 miles wide and running northeast through Chambersburg, Carlisle, Harrisburg, Lebanon and Allentown to Easton. In the south this section marks the northern gateway to the Shenandoah Valley.

This is in part a great limestone valley. Millions of years ago, before Pennsylvania was uplifted from the sea, thousands of feet of lime carbonate were deposited atop much older rocks. On top of that were deposited layers of mud which later became shale. When the land mass was uplifted, the underlying limestone strata was exposed through erosion over millions of years.





*Photo by Grant Heilman*

**PENNSYLVANIA'S CREEKS AND RIVERS**, such as the Susquehanna, above, move through many valleys, sometimes alter the face of mountains.

In other areas these limestone valleys occurred where the strata above was easily eroded away. In these valleys, underground rivers, after flowing through the limestone formations, surfaced in the form of springs. These springs became streams rich in calcium carbonate.

Several of these limestone streams are found in the Ridge and Valley Province. A few within a 25-mile radius of Bellefonte include Penns Creek, Spruce Creek, Spring Creek, and Big Fishing Creek. Draw a straight line southeast from Bellefonte to Carlisle, in the Great Valley Province, and you will find another grouping of limestone streams. They include Letort Springs Creek, Big Spring Creek, and several others.

#### **Blue Ridge Province**

Continuing southeastward, the Blue Ridge Province, represented by South Mountain, makes a northern intrusion into Pennsylvania in the corners of Franklin, Adams and Cumberland Counties. This range, mostly less than 2000 feet elevation, is marked by an uneven sky line.

Southeastern Pennsylvania, in the Piedmont Province, has its own hills and valleys, but these disappear as

the land approaches the coastal plain. As we have seen, the strata here buckled and folded severely as the land mass was upheaved, and pushed to the northwest. The total force required to accomplish this is beyond anyone's comprehension.

#### **Geologic Time**

If geologic time could be said to have begun at the moment you began reading this article, then the last split-second of time would be that when your eyes scanned this very word—and that would be the Ice Age. During the Ice Age, about one million years ago, but a fraction of a second ago in geologic time, great masses of ice which accumulated in the Labrador region west of Hudson Bay began sliding southward. It is believed that changing climatic conditions — cold spells and thaws—caused the ice mass to advance and retreat at least four times. Three of the advances are thought to have intruded into northeast and northwest Pennsylvania. And they forever changed the character of our Commonwealth.

Plowing along like the blade of a giant snowplow, pushing rocks and debris ahead of it, the ice mass filled in valleys with rock and gravel, and

dammed rivers or turned them aside from their original courses.

Had it not been for the Ice Age, Pittsburgh would not be where it stands today. Originally, the Allegheny River flowed north, emptying into Lake Erie. When the glaciers met the river at the point where Salamanaca, N. Y., now stands, they turned it back into Pennsylvania. This established an entirely new drainage and made Pittsburgh, at the cornerstone of that system, the largest city in western Pennsylvania and the gateway to the west.

### **Slippery Rock Creek**

Elsewhere, Slippery Rock Creek, in Butler and Lawrence Counties, originally flowed west into the Beaver River near New Castle. When the ice masses blocked that course, the stream dammed to form Lake Arthur. When the lake was full, the water overflowed and cut a deep, narrow gorge which may be viewed at McConnell's Mills. This gorge is still so new (in geologic time) that tributary streams

on either side have not yet had time to cut down to the stream valley, but enter by series of cascades and waterfalls.

In the northeast, in Wayne and Susquehanna Counties, the landscape is strewn with rocks and boulders not native to that region. They were carried there by glaciers. The countryside still looks as if it had been smoothed over with a giant rolling pin, leaving a succession of gently rolling hills, with here and there a calm, blue glacial lake.

All of this is the story—the slightest part of the story, the faintest hint, the merest suggestion—of the sheer fascination of Pennsylvania, with its mountains, hills, gorges, waterfalls and river systems—all the implications of where we are and what we are today. For those who yield to the suggestion that knowledge is a step toward understanding, and that understanding is a means to a fuller and keener appreciation, it is—and should be—only a beginning.

**OCCASIONALLY IN A MOUNTAIN hollow, a small lake will form, to add further beauty to an area already blessed.**

*Photo by Grant Heilman*





# The Future for Hunting in Pennsylvania

By John Sullivan

**W**ILLIAM PENN, in his 1681 "Charter of Rights to the Colonists," specified "That in clearing the ground care be taken to leave one acre of ground for every five acres cleared. . . ."

We have done better than that, with almost one-sixth of Pennsylvania's total land area in public parks, forests and game lands, to say nothing of private holdings.

But — population is expected to double in the next quarter century. This means demands for housing, industry, roads and other land uses incompatible with wildlife.

It takes land, in large chunks, to produce good hunting. Will we have it, here in Pennsylvania, when the next century rolls around?

The statistics raise some doubts, but there is still reason for optimism.

By A.D. 2000, we are told, four out of five people will be living in urban communities. There will be more people, but on less land per person. If we aren't too wasteful of the land we use for their supporting facilities—farm and factory, home and highway—we could have land for wildlife too.

That's the way the planners see it for Pennsylvania.

In terms of population alone, there are expected to be actual decreases by 1980 in twenty-two of Pennsylvania's sixty-seven counties, even though the state's total population will increase in the same period by 2,277,400.

Counties facing the greatest percentage loss are mostly the coal producers of Luzerne (52.3), Schuylkill (53.9), Northumberland (15.1), Clearfield (11.8), Cambria (20.3), Fayette (39.5), and Greene (10.5).

Others expected to decrease, all less than 10 percent, are: Sullivan, 1.1; Carbon, 7.4; Lackawanna, 8.8; Columbia, 1.4; Cameron, 1.0; McKean, .6; Potter, .4; Clarion, 1.7;

Jefferson, 7.5; Blair, 7.6; Huntingdon, 3.4; Somerset, 4.0; Armstrong, 6.3; Indiana, 3.8; Crawford, 1.1; Forest, .3; Venango, .9.

These are the official estimates of the State Planning Board in its report of June 1, 1963, "The Population of Pennsylvania: Prospectus to 1980."

The large increases are expected to come in seventeen counties covering five urban areas—Philadelphia (Phila-



delphia, Delaware, Montgomery, Bucks, Chester); Allegheny (Allegheny, Beaver, Butler, Westmoreland); Central Pennsylvania (Dauphin, Cumberland, York, Lebanon); Erie; and Lehigh-Monroe-Northampton.

Minor population increases, not sufficient in themselves to change the wildlife balance, are expected in Washington, Warren, Bedford, Fulton, Elk, Clinton, Union, Snyder, Montour, Juniata, Perry, Tioga, Bradford, Susquehanna, Wyoming, Lebanon, Wayne and Pike Counties.

### **An Unknown Factor**

One of the unknown factors is the future effect of government in stabilizing habitat. With nearly four million acres in state and Federal woodlands—the Game Commission alone has more than a million acres in 242 game lands in all but two counties, plus one and two-thirds million acres in farm-game cooperative agreements—there seems to be hope here. State parks, with more than 25 million visitors a year, cover another 171,000 acres and are growing steadily. Federal recreation areas are being developed at Kinzua (Allegheny) and Tocks Island (Delaware Water Gap), with another large one in prospect for the midstate district.

Government acquisition at all levels is being stimulated by outdoor recreation matching grants under the Federal Land and Water Conservation Fund Act. There is also the little-realized fact that large urban populations require large non-urban watersheds to protect their water supplies. This reality of economic life, together with human pressure for recreation, could well be an effective countervailing force against the thrust of development.

Recreation demand as an economic force is likely to be shaped by events which are as yet unpredictable. If anti-gun legislation and lack of hunting grounds make hunting experience too difficult for a city boy to acquire,

there may not be so many hunters in the future. But then again, the one million licensed hunters in Pennsylvania today may have something to say about that. They may not willingly deny to their children and grandchildren what they have enjoyed in their lifetimes.

Pennsylvania also has more than 600,000 licensed fishermen, in spite of its thousands of miles of polluted water. Here again, the time may come when it will be cheaper to keep streams clean than to make them dirty, and this could mean a fishing renaissance. It seems fantastic that overcoming pollution might depend on economics, but that's often the way.

All in all, the prospect for Pennsylvania's future hunting admits of some cautious optimism. So keep that rifle and shotgun on the rack. They're not ready for the Smithsonian just yet.

**DESPITE AN increasing population, Pennsylvania hunters should have plenty of room for their sport in future years.**







**STUMP FENCE**, above; tenterhook fence, top center; and stake-and-rider fence, below.



## Pennsylv

**O**LD FENCES and stone walls are signatures of earlier generations. When men went out and animals in, they used fences and foxes that burrow beneath. Perhaps their most satisfying work was which they are made. Next time you see markers, spend a few minutes looking at them. It will be time well spent.







**nces . . .**

, pleasant part of our heritage,  
e land. Originally built to keep  
protection for the woodchucks  
ways for scampering squirrels.  
is the natural materials from  
cross one of these old boundary  
construction, feeling its texture.

**SNAKE or zigzag fence, above, and  
native stone fence, below.**

**By J. Almus Russell**

*Photos From the Author*







# FIELD NOTES



## Birds Go Modern

**JUNIATA COUNTY** — In today's modern, fast-moving age some of us like to think that at least our wildlife remains fresh and unspoiled, but if we happen to look closely we find even this is not exactly true. I have examined a few bird nests this spring, and if they are near a stream the building materials are as modern as today. Robins, especially, expertly weave long pieces of monofilament line throughout their nests. Looking closely you can also find many ends from filter-tip cigarettes in this home construction. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find one with electric heat and wall-to-wall carpeting someday.—District Game Protector R. P. Shaffer, Mifflintown.

## One Deer, Four Vehicles

**MIFFLIN COUNTY**—A deer can cause a lot of problems if she is in the right place at the wrong time. On May 22, an antlerless deer decided to see the sights in Lewistown. While crossing the street she was hit by a pickup truck that threw her into the path of a Chrysler traveling in the opposite direction. The Chrysler applied the brakes and gathered up a Ford taxi and a Volkswagen; damages approximately \$1,200.—District Game Protector J. D. Moyle, McVeytown.

## Good Cover

**HUNTINGDON COUNTY** — I recently checked seedlings planted on State Game Lands No. 251, Huntingdon County, and found approximately 90 percent survival. We started planting travel lanes and wildlife areas in spring, 1965. — Land Management Assistant G. H. Burdick, Huntingdon.

## Words

**CARBON COUNTY** — It's funny how words affect people. At a recent Girl Scout Field Day at Hickory Run State Park, I was asked to speak. When the girls were all assembled, I announced that I had selected "Trapping" as my subject. A low groan and a show of disinterest passed among the girls. Then I said the product of trapping is "Furs." All ears and eyes perked up and I never talked to a more interested group.—District Game Protector D. L. Moyer, Jim Thorpe.

## Deer Everywhere

**CLARION COUNTY** — After the good deer kill in Clarion County during the 1966 season, the biggest one we had, deer are showing up in good numbers everywhere. Road kills are higher than ever.—District Game Protector J. M. Lavery, Clarion.

## Greener Pastures?

**NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY**—I received a call from Deputy Leiby in Danville relative to a bear up a tree in the Columbia foothills of Montour County, District Game Protector Wes Bower's district. I went over and, sure enough, there was a yearling up a tree. A small crowd had gathered. I dispersed the crowd, and in about 20 minutes the bear came down, in a cow pasture. All we saw was a black ball shooting across the pasture with seven or eight cows in pursuit. Our first question to District Game Protector Wes Bower when he returned from his bear hunting trip to Canada was, "Did you see any bear?" He said no.—District Game Protector C. E. Laubach, Elysburg.

## Deer Chases Dog

**BRADFORD COUNTY**—Malcolm Gatz, an area farmer, was walking along the edge of a field with his large mixed collie dog when an adult doe charged out of the woods, over a fencerow and chased the dog for several hundred yards across the field. The doe then returned to the woods. Mr. Gatz and I believe the doe had a newborn fawn nearby and felt that the large dog was getting a little too close for comfort.—District Game Protector D. E. Watson, Towanda.

## Vote of Thanks

**CLARION COUNTY**—On the Saturday before Memorial Day I received a call from the Department of Forests and Waters that an extensive fire was burning on State Game Lands No. 63 near Shippensburg. Upon arriving at the scene it was very heartening to find all the local volunteer fire departments and fire wardens with their crews plus many citizens already in the process of controlling the danger. A vote of thanks is surely in order to those who gave of their time and energy when it was sorely needed to protect both the Game Lands and nearby private property. — District Game Protector D. W. Brown, Knox.

## The Early Squirrels . . .

**PHILADELPHIA COUNTY**—Deputy Joe Diringer of Philadelphia received a complaint about a certain pair of squirrels. When he went to investigate early one morning, he saw the pair running off, each with a cinnamon bun in his mouth. It seems the bread man delivered bread and pastries at the doorstep and these squirrels learned about it and made their raids before the customer came out to take them in. I wonder how long this "Goodie Ring" has been operating?—District Game Protector R. G. Clouser, Lansdale.



## Taking Advantage

**DELAWARE COUNTY**—Early in May I received a call from one of the local utility companies. One of their service men had seen an injured hen pheasant near the road. He picked up the bird and put it on the back seat of the car. The caller told me the bird now seemed to be OK. I suggested that he release it, but he hesitated and said there was an additional problem. It seems the hen had laid an egg on the back seat of the car and was sitting on it. . . .—District Game Protector R. C. Feaster, Chester.

## Olympic Doe

**MERCER COUNTY**—Deputy Game Protector Tom Kirby and I made a waterfowl survey of the new Shenango Dam and we were quite pleased after seeing about 4000 ducks and geese. As we were completing our trip a small doe deer jumped from the bank into the lake and started to swim. Nothing seemed to be chasing her and we followed in the boat to make sure that she made it. She had no trouble swimming the quarter-mile-wide lake, ran up over a stone cover steep bank about 70 feet high and the last we saw of her she was running into a nearby woods. Without a doubt she's my choice for the next Olympic Team.—District Game Protector J. A. Badger, Mercer.



## Animals vs. Machines

**BEDFORD COUNTY** — One can't relax for even a second on this job. Upon returning from a two-day conference, I found that twelve deer had been hit by cars during my absence. They added up real fast when eight were killed at one time on the Pennsylvania Turnpike near Midway.—District Game Protector J. J. Troutman, Everett.



## Hang in There, Mom!

**BUCKS COUNTY** — It is common knowledge that a broody fowl will brave great danger rather than leave a clutch of nearly hatched eggs. Former Deputy Game Protector Harold E. Bishop, who now operates a miniature golf course near Quakertown, recently told us about a mallard hen with iron nerves. The duck moved into a nesting site adjacent to the first hole of the course when the weather was poor for golfing. She laid her eggs and settled down with not a golfer in sight. But the solitude was not to endure. As spring burst forth and recreation minded souls sallied afield, the golf course did a land office business and one day more than 200 players teed off scant inches from the precious nest. Although mother duck may have had a few nervous moments, she never deserted her post for an instant.—District Game Protector W. J. Lockett, Perkasio.

## Squirrels Plentiful

**JEFFERSON COUNTY**—Squirrels appear more plentiful this year than in the past. I have seen many while driving along the roads. Many have been killed by vehicles. — District Game Protector R. F. Ellenberger, Punxsutawney.

## Wild Wildlife Reports

**LAWRENCE COUNTY** — Sometimes folks, when making reports about wildlife, seem "way out" in their excitement. Like the black panther slinking across a field in the early morning. These panthers, especially the black panthers, have all turned out to be somebody's "old coon dog" on his way home after running all night. Sometimes a caller has seen a black bear with 5 or 6 cubs. This is a big black shaggy dog with her puppies. The eagle with 7- to 9-foot wing-spread loitering around New Castle's North Hill area, ready to pick up babies from their playpen and little dogs, was a real thriller. I caught the semi-wild red-shouldered hawk in a landing net and removed it. I answered what I thought was a similar complaint recently. Another New Castle man called to report a peacock traveling with guinea hens. Who belongs to it or how it got there we don't know, but the report still stands.—District Game Protector C. A. Hooper, Jr., New Castle.

## Bike Riders Beware!

**INDIANA COUNTY**—Bruce Elkin of Indiana told me his son, Carl, age 12, had taken his bicycle to the school bus stop in May. He got off the bus after school and was riding towards his home on the bicycle when a deer jumped onto the road ahead of him. He hit the deer, damaging the front wheel, but apparently not injuring the deer or Carl.—District Game Protector A. J. Zaycosky, Indiana.

## Heartbreaker

**LUZERNE COUNTY** — Recently James P. Cosgrove of Allentown told me that he hunted bear the first three days of the 1966 season on State Game Lands No. 187. The third day he saw 14 grouse so he decided that Thursday he'd hunt grouse instead of bear. After he hunted several hours, he approached one of the food plots and there stood a beautiful black bear looking at him. Some days it just doesn't pay to get up.—District Game Protector R. W. Nolf, Conyngham.

## A Reward for Kindness

**ALLEGHENY COUNTY** — While acting as a judge at the Allegheny County Sportsmen League annual fishing contest at North Park Lake, the following story was told to me: A young fisherman by the name of Thomas Leghner, of Pittsburgh, observed a mallard hen duck entangled in a fishing line. Tommy contacted Cliff Poinsette, one of the officials, and advised him of the duck's plight. Mr. Poinsette untangled the line. Just as the last piece of line was untangled and the duck about to be freed, the duck laid an egg in Tommy's hand. The duck was released on the lake and the egg was placed in a nest nearby where another duck had a nest.—District Game Protector J. W. Way, Coraopolis.



## Tough Luck

**LYCOMING COUNTY**—While on patrol I was talking to a fisherman who said that he was just learning to fish. He finally caught a 10-inch brook trout. He was all smiles and held it up to show me. He said that it was only the third trout he had ever caught. He put the fish in his basket. A minute or two later the fish came out of his basket, fell into the stream and swam away. You should have seen the look on his face. The remarks he made cannot be printed.—District Game Protector P. A. Ranck, Williamsport.

## Robin Cured

**VENANGO COUNTY**—A lady from Oil City called to report that a robin had been flying against her window. The bird starts about 5 a.m., and it seems this has been going on for the past 4 years. Neighbors and friends told her it was a bad omen and suggested all kinds of cures. One seemed to work. She placed a large red beach ball on top of the evergreen shrub in front of the window. I guess the robin thought he was too small to fool around near that other fellow with the big red breast.—District Game Protector L. E. Yocum, Oil City.

## More Abandoned Dogs

**ARMSTRONG COUNTY** — Complaints of stray dogs have almost doubled this year in my district. It's a shame the way some people just dump a dog out in the country when they are tired of it, or for whatever reason they might have.—District Game Protector R. F. Leonard, Rural Valley.

## Heavy Fawn Crop

**JEFFERSON COUNTY**—From the number of fawn deer being reported in my district, our deer population should almost double.—District Game Protector G. W. Miller, Sigel.



### Slow Flyer

CUMBERLAND COUNTY—A motorist recently killed a ring-necked pheasant near Opossum Lake. The bird was wearing a numbered leg band, and the Division of Research revealed it had been released during November, 1966, approximately three miles east of Dillsburg, York County, about 20 miles southeast of where it was killed.—District Game Protector D. R. Smith, Shippensburg.

### Young Ruffs

HUNTINGDON COUNTY—From all indications the grouse population should be at a peak this fall. During the last week I have observed three different broods of grouse with eleven or twelve chicks in each. One brood appeared to be only two or three days old, as they were having quite a time trying to get over brush and leaves.—Land Manager W. H. Shaffer, Huntingdon.

### Enough Fishing for Him

BUTLER COUNTY—The father of four preschool-age boys took his sons fishing at Morain State Park. They returned home with some fairly nice fish. The father and the boys proceeded to clean the fish. One of the young boys disappeared, only to return with a roll of tape and the request that the father put the fish back together and return them to the water because he had seen enough.—District Game Protector J. D. Swigart, Butler.

### The Weaker Sex?

ADAMS COUNTY—While teaching hunter safety to the fifth and sixth grade students, it was evident that the girls were more interested than the boys, and when it came to the shooting part, several girls outshot the boys.—District Game Protector D. C. Beach, Gettysburg.

### School Speed Zones?

CRAWFORD COUNTY—In May I had five deer killed by vehicles within the city limits. Four out of the five were killed within 150 yards of public schools; two of them were found lying in the school yards. All of them were killed in the daylight hours. It seems to me that if there is any place that a deer should not get struck with an automobile it is in the restricted speed zones posted at schools. — District Game Protector J. R. Miller, Meadville.



### That'll Show Him

HUNTINGDON COUNTY—Wilbur Hummel and Clyde Rohland, of the River Hill Hunting Camp, near the Juniata River, were doing some outside maintenance work when they saw an adult red fox making a belly-to-the-ground stalk toward an old fencerow. A sudden lunge netted the fox a full-grown woodchuck—but only for a few seconds. The chuck, not desiring to become lunch for the fox, clamped his well-honed incisors onto the fox's nose. A scream of pain from the fox caused the chuck to release his hold, whereupon the fox took off through the wooded area, probably for first aid and a meal of insects. The chuck went back to his siesta along the fencerow.—District Game Protector R. D. Furry, Huntingdon.



# CONSERVATION NEWS



## New Hunting Hours in State

**N**EW hunting hours will go into effect in Pennsylvania starting September 1, 1967.

With only four exceptions, legal hunting hours for all small and big game in the state will begin one-half hour before sunrise and will end at sunset. Hunting for game on Sunday is prohibited.

Game Commission Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers said the change in hunting hours should produce three important results. First, hunters will have an opportunity to spend many more hours afield throughout the year than in the past.

Second, the change should help to end confusion which has existed in the past. In previous years, shooting hours varied according to species and seasons.

Third, hunting hours will now be the same for nearly all game, including waterfowl and other migratory birds. Hunting hours for all migratory birds are governed by Federal regulations, and in the past Federal and state shooting hours differed. Now they will be the same.

The four exceptions to the one-half hour before sunrise to sunset shooting hours are these:

1. October 28—opening day of general small game season—no hunting for any species before 9 a.m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.
2. Raccoons—may be hunted any hour.
3. Doves—1 p.m., EDT, to sunset through October 28; 12 noon, EST, to sunset thereafter.
4. Spring gobbler season—May 6-11,

1968—one-half hour before sunrise until 10 a.m., EDT.

Bowers gave several examples to show how the new shooting times will result in additional hours in which to hunt. Archers will have more than five hours of additional hunting time during the October archery deer season than they would have had under shooting hours in effect during the past regular archery deer season, he pointed out.

Varmint hunters will show a big gain in hours available to them. In April of this year varmint shooters could hunt from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., EST. On April 27 of next year, for example, they will be able to hunt from 4:37 a.m. to 6:51 p.m., EST, in eastern Pennsylvania.

Times of sunrise and sunset vary from day to day and from area to area of the state throughout the year, so it will be necessary for hunters to check on shooting hours daily. As an aid to hunters the Game Commission has prepared shooting hours tables for each day of the year. These tables, along with a map and an explanation on how to determine legal shooting hours for any area of the state, appear on the following pages of **GAME NEWS** and in the 1967-68 Digest of Hunting and Trapping Regulations which is issued with the license.

It will almost be a necessity for all hunters to consult their Digest of Hunting and Trapping Regulations daily this year, and each hunter should be sure to obtain a copy of the Digest when he purchases his license. Free copies of the Digest are also available from the Game Commission.



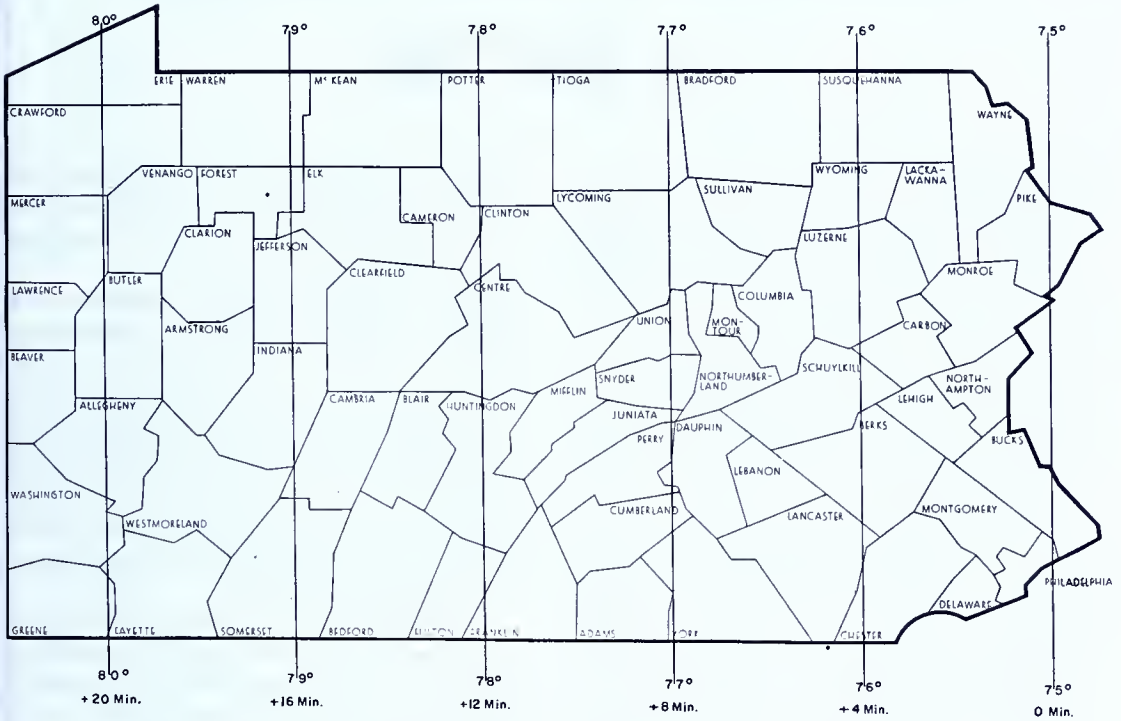
# 1967-1968 SHOOTING HOURS

(Based on the 75th Meridian)

DATE	SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER		JANUARY		FEBRUARY	
	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End
1	5 58	7 33	6 27	6 44	6 00	4 59	6 33	4 37	6 53	4 47	6 40	5 20
2	5 59	7 31	6 28	6 42	6 01	4 58	6 34	4 37	6 53	4 48	6 39	5 21
3	6 00	7 30	6 29	6 41	6 02	4 57	6 35	4 36	6 53	4 48	6 38	5 22
4	6 01	7 28	6 30	6 39	6 03	4 56	6 36	4 36	6 53	4 49	6 37	5 24
5	6 02	7 27	6 31	6 38	6 04	4 55	6 37	4 36	6 53	4 50	6 36	5 25
6	6 03	7 25	6 32	6 36	6 05	4 54	6 38	4 36	6 53	4 51	6 35	5 26
7	6 04	7 23	6 33	6 34	6 06	4 53	6 39	4 36	6 53	4 52	6 34	5 27
8	6 05	7 22	6 34	6 33	6 07	4 52	6 40	4 36	6 53	4 53	6 33	5 28
9	6 06	7 20	6 35	6 31	6 09	4 51	6 41	4 36	6 53	4 54	6 31	5 30
10	6 07	7 18	6 36	6 30	6 10	4 50	6 41	4 36	6 52	4 55	6 30	5 31
11	6 08	7 17	6 37	6 28	6 11	4 49	6 42	4 36	6 52	4 56	6 29	5 32
12	6 09	7 15	6 38	6 27	6 12	4 48	6 43	4 36	6 52	4 57	6 28	5 33
13	6 10	7 14	6 39	6 25	6 13	4 47	6 44	4 36	6 52	4 58	6 27	5 34
14	6 11	7 12	6 40	6 24	6 14	4 46	6 44	4 37	6 51	4 59	6 25	5 36
15	6 12	7 10	6 41	6 22	6 16	4 45	6 45	4 37	6 51	5 00	6 24	5 37
16	6 12	7 09	6 42	6 21	6 17	4 44	6 46	4 37	6 51	5 01	6 23	5 38
17	6 13	7 07	6 43	6 19	6 18	4 44	6 47	4 38	6 50	5 02	6 22	5 39
18	6 14	7 05	6 44	6 18	6 19	4 43	6 47	4 38	6 50	5 04	6 20	5 40
19	6 15	7 04	6 45	6 16	6 20	4 42	6 48	4 38	6 49	5 05	6 19	5 41
20	6 16	7 02	6 46	6 15	6 21	4 42	6 48	4 39	6 49	5 06	6 18	5 43
21	6 17	7 00	6 47	6 13	6 22	4 41	6 49	4 39	6 48	5 07	6 16	5 44
22	6 18	6 59	6 48	6 12	6 23	4 40	6 49	4 40	6 47	5 08	6 15	5 45
23	6 19	6 57	6 49	6 11	6 25	4 40	6 50	4 40	6 47	5 09	6 14	5 46
24	6 20	6 55	6 51	6 09	6 26	4 39	6 50	4 41	6 46	5 11	6 12	5 47
25	6 21	6 54	6 52	6 08	6 27	4 39	6 51	4 41	6 45	5 12	6 11	5 48
26	6 22	6 52	6 53	6 07	6 28	4 38	6 51	4 42	6 45	5 13	6 09	5 49
27	6 23	6 50	6 54	6 05	6 29	4 38	6 51	4 43	6 44	5 14	6 08	5 50
28	6 24	6 49	9 00	6 04	6 30	4 38	6 52	4 43	6 43	5 15	6 06	5 52
29	6 25	6 47	5 56	5 03	6 31	4 37	6 52	4 44	6 42	5 16	6 06	5 53
30	6 26	6 46	5 57	5 02	6 32	4 37	6 52	4 45	6 41	5 18		
31			5 58	5 00			6 52	4 46	6 41	5 19		

DATE	MARCH		APRIL		MAY		JUNE		JULY		AUGUST	
	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End
1	6 05	5 53	5 16	6 25	5 32	7 55	5 05	8 23	5 06	8 33	5 29	8 15
2	6 03	5 54	5 14	6 26	5 30	7 56	5 04	8 24	5 06	8 33	5 30	8 14
3	6 02	5 55	5 13	6 27	5 29	7 57	5 04	8 24	5 07	8 33	5 31	8 13
4	6 00	5 56	5 11	6 28	5 28	7 58	5 04	8 25	5 07	8 33	5 32	8 12
5	5 59	5 57	5 09	6 29	5 27	7 59	5 03	8 26	5 08	8 33	5 33	8 10
6	5 57	5 58	5 08	6 30	5 26	8 00	5 03	8 26	5 09	8 32	5 34	8 09
7	5 56	5 59	5 06	6 31	5 25	8 01	5 03	8 27	5 09	8 32	5 35	8 08
8	5 54	6 00	5 05	6 32	5 23	8 02	5 02	8 28	5 10	8 32	5 36	8 07
9	5 53	6 01	5 03	6 33	5 22	8 03	5 02	8 28	5 10	8 31	5 37	8 06
10	5 51	6 02	5 02	6 34	5 21	8 04	5 02	8 29	5 11	8 31	5 38	8 04
11	5 50	6 03	5 00	6 35	5 20	8 05	5 02	8 29	5 12	8 31	5 39	8 03
12	5 48	6 04	4 58	6 36	5 19	8 06	5 02	8 30	5 12	8 30	5 39	8 02
13	5 46	6 05	4 57	6 37	5 18	8 07	5 02	8 30	5 13	8 30	5 40	8 01
14	5 45	6 07	4 55	6 38	5 17	8 08	5 02	8 31	5 14	8 29	5 41	7 59
15	5 43	6 08	4 54	6 39	5 16	8 09	5 02	8 31	5 15	8 29	5 42	7 58
16	5 42	6 09	4 52	6 40	5 15	8 10	5 02	8 31	5 15	8 28	5 43	7 57
17	5 40	6 10	4 51	6 41	5 15	8 11	5 02	8 32	5 16	8 27	5 44	7 55
18	5 38	6 11	4 49	6 42	5 14	8 12	5 02	8 32	5 17	8 27	5 45	7 54
19	5 37	6 12	4 48	6 43	5 13	8 12	5 02	8 32	5 18	8 26	5 46	7 52
20	5 35	6 13	4 47	6 44	5 12	8 13	5 02	8 33	5 19	8 25	5 47	7 51
21	5 33	6 14	4 45	6 45	5 11	8 14	5 02	8 33	5 19	8 25	5 48	7 50
22	5 32	6 15	4 44	6 46	5 10	8 15	5 03	8 33	5 20	8 24	5 49	7 48
23	5 30	6 16	4 42	6 47	5 10	8 16	5 03	8 33	5 21	8 23	5 50	7 47
24	5 29	6 17	4 41	6 48	5 09	8 17	5 03	8 33	5 22	8 22	5 51	7 45
25	5 27	6 18	4 40	6 49	5 08	8 18	5 04	8 33	5 23	8 21	5 52	7 44
26	5 25	6 19	4 38	6 50	5 08	8 18	5 04	8 33	5 24	8 21	5 53	7 42
27	5 24	6 20	4 37	6 51	5 07	8 19	5 04	8 33	5 25	8 20	5 54	7 41
28	5 22	6 21	5 36	7 52	5 07	8 20	5 05	8 33	5 26	8 19	5 55	7 39
29	5 21	6 22	5 34	7 53	5 06	8 21	5 05	8 33	5 26	8 18	5 56	7 38
30	5 19	6 23	5 33	7 54	5 06	8 22	5 05	8 33	5 27	8 17	5 57	7 36
31	5 17	6 24			5 05	8 22			5 28	8 16	5 57	7 34

## PENNSYLVANIA MERIDIAN MAP



## Pennsylvania Hunting Hours

Beginning September 1, 1967, legal hunting hours for all small and big game in Pennsylvania, with four exceptions, will be from one-half hour before Sunrise until Sunset. The exceptions are:

1. October 28, 1967—no hunting for any species before 9 a.m., EDT.
2. Raccoons—may be hunted any hour.
3. Doves—1 p.m., EDT, to Sunset through October 28; 12 noon, EST, to Sunset thereafter.
4. Spring gobbler season—May 6-11, 1968—one-half hour before Sunrise until 10 a.m., EDT.

Hunting for game on Sunday is prohibited.

To determine legal shooting times in any area of the state for any day of the year, consult the Meridian Map above and the Shooting Hours Tables on the preceding page. Shooting hours begin and end four minutes later for each Meridian west of the 75th Meridian; that is, add four minutes for the 76th Meridian, eight minutes for the 77th Meridian, twelve minutes for the 78th Meridian, sixteen minutes for the 79th Meridian, and twenty minutes for the 80th Meridian.

Shooting Hours Tables are set up to reflect the change from Daylight Saving to Standard Time in October and from Standard to Daylight Saving Time in April.

### *40 Million Gun Owners*

More than half of the 40,000,000 gun owners in the United States are recreational shooters.



# Spring Gobbler Season Scheduled for Next Year

**T**HE FIRST spring season for hunting turkeys will be held in Pennsylvania in May, 1968. A six-day spring gobbler season has been scheduled for Monday through Saturday, May 6-11.

Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers, in announcing the establishment of the new and experimental season, said that special regulations will apply to the May hunt.

Only bearded turkeys will be legal game. Shooting hours will be from one-half hour before sunrise until 10 a.m. EDT and turkey hunters should be out of the woods by 11 a.m.

Hunting shall be by calling only. "This means," Bowers said, "that 'organized driving' or one group of hunters trying to 'push' birds into a second waiting group will be forbidden."

The use of dogs and electronic callers will be illegal, as is hunting for turkeys from a blind.

The use of bows and arrows and shotguns with shot no larger than No. 2 will be permitted. The use of rifles and pistols will be prohibited.

The shooting hours, as established, are designed to give the hunter the opportunity to be afield during the usual peak of daily gobbling activity, just after sunup and the early morning hours. The 11 a.m. "curfew" to be out of the woods assures privacy to nesting hens and should minimize disturbing them.

Only one turkey may be taken per hunter per license year. Killing, or attempting to kill, a second turkey during a single license year is illegal. This means that if a hunter bags a turkey this fall, he will not be permitted to hunt turkeys in the gobbler season next spring.

Bowers said that the state's turkey

population has been on the increase and that the primary range in northern Pennsylvania has been expanding to the east and west.

"The minimum fall population of 60,000 turkeys and over-wintering flock of 30,000 ranks among the largest in the nation," Bowers said. "It is estimated that the spring population is one-third gobbler and two-thirds hens. Since polygamous gobblers acquire harems of several hens, there are two or three times as many gobblers as are needed.

"Consequently," Bowers continued, "many gobblers may never have the opportunity to mate and are merely 'excess baggage,' competing for food and range with the productive segment of the population.

"By scheduling the spring gobbler season during the second week in May, after the peak of the mating season, hunting pressure will have no detrimental effect on reproduction. Gobblers respond to calling at this time more readily than at any other time of the year. Nesting hens do not respond to calling, and by restricting hunting to morning hours the chance of a hunter accidentally flushing a hen from her nest will be considerably reduced. Thus, we do not anticipate that a spring gobbler season will have any bad effect on the future supply of turkeys," Bowers said.

Pennsylvania thus joins a growing number of states which have spring turkey seasons. In response to a questionnaire, all states replying told the Game Commission that spring seasons haven't harmed their flocks, and all were enthusiastic about the added recreation spring hunts provide without drain on the breeding turkey population.

# Goose Blind Applications Accepted September 1

**A**PPPLICATIONS for hunting from goose blinds on the Pymatuning Waterfowl Area in Crawford County will be accepted from September 1 through October 1, according to the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

Forty blinds, accommodating four persons each, will be available for the 1967 season; thus about 160 hunters can utilize the area each shooting day. Each blind holder will be allowed three guests.

Shooting days will be Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of each week. The hours for shooting are from one-half hour before sunrise until noon, prevailing time. Season dates and bag limits will be established.

The following rules and regulations will be used in applying for reservations:

Reservation requests must be made on official application forms and must be submitted to the Pennsylvania Game Commission, Pymatuning Waterfowl Area, R. D. 1, Hartstown, Pa. 16131. Only one application may be submitted per person. Applications must be postmarked September 1 through October 1; any postmarked earlier or later will be rejected. The applicant's 1967 hunting license number, including the letter, must be listed

on the application. A drawing will be held in October to determine the successful applicants, and only successful applicants will be notified.

Registrations are not transferable. The successful applicant whose name appears on the reservation must present the reservation in person at the Pymatuning Waterfowl Area headquarters (registration building), located on Route 285 between Hartstown and Linesville, about four miles north of Hartstown. A reservation will entitle the applicant to bring not more than three guests with him. Guests will be present and register.

Hunters should arrive at least one hour before shooting time to allow for the issuance of permits; 1967 hunting licenses must be presented at the check station. All reservations for any one day will be valid only up to one-half hour before shooting time on the specified day.

Applications are available from the Pennsylvania Game Commission, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120; any of the six Field Division Offices of the Pennsylvania Game Commission; from any Game Protector; or from the Pennsylvania Game Commission, Pymatuning Waterfowl Area, R. D. 1, Hartstown, Pa. 16131.





COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

APPLICATION FOR A

NONRESIDENT HUNTER'S LICENSE

FEE \$25.35. DO NOT SEND STAMPS FOR FEE. (BY MAIL ADD 10c POSTAGE AND ENCLOSE POSITIVE MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION WHICH WILL BE RETURNED WITH LICENSE.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print Plainly)

STREET OR R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

POST OFFICE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

OCCUPATION \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

COLOR OF COLOR OF  
HAIR \_\_\_\_\_ EYES \_\_\_\_\_ WEIGHT \_\_\_\_\_ LBS.

HEIGHT' \_\_\_\_\_ FEET \_\_\_\_\_ INCHES

PLACE OF BIRTH \_\_\_\_\_  
(Post Office) (State) (Nation)

I AM NOW A BONA FIDE RESIDENT OF \_\_\_\_\_  
(State or Country)

I CERTIFY THAT THE ABOVE IS A TRUE AND ACCURATE STATEMENT AND THAT I HAVE NO PHYSICAL OR MENTAL DISABILITY.

AND THAT I AM A NATIVE-BORN ☐ CITIZEN OF THE U. S.

NATURALIZED ☐ NO. \_\_\_\_\_

AN ALIEN NONRESIDENT ☐

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Signature of Applicant)

DATE OF APPLICATION \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: — IF APPLICANT IS FOREIGN BORN, NATURALIZATION PAPERS MUST BE PRESENTED TO THE ISSUING AGENT BEFORE LICENSE MAY BE ISSUED.

LICENSE NO. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Signature Issuing Agent)

NOTE:—THIS LICENSE MAY BE SECURED FROM ANY COUNTY TREASURER IN STATE, THE DEPARTMENT OF REVENUE, MISCELLANEOUS LICENSE DIVISION, HARRISBURG, PA. 17127, ANY FIELD DIVISION OFFICE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION OR APPROVED ISSUING AGENTS.

REMITTANCE FOR MAIL ORDERS MUST BE BY CERTIFIED CHECK OR MONEY ORDER MADE PAYABLE TO THE PENNSYLVANIA DEPARTMENT OF REVENUE.



WITH HIS BRITTANY SPANIEL, Jill, John Miller of Kenhorst places dove decoys in a Berks County field.

**PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION  
SUMMARY**

**1967 SEASONS AND BAG LIMITS  
DOVES, RAILS, WOODCOCK, SNIPE**

Species	Open Seasons			Daily Bag Limits	Maximum Possession Limits
	First Day		Last Day		
Doves	Sept. 1		Nov. 9	12	24
† Rails (Sora, Virginia and Yellow)	Sept. 1		Nov. 9	15*	30*
Wilson's or Jacksnipe	Oct. 2		Nov. 20	8	16
Woodcock	Oct. 14		Dec. 16	5	10

† NO OPEN SEASON—King and Clapper Rails.

\* Singly or in the aggregate of species.

**SHOOTING HOURS**

Doves—1 p.m., EDST, to Sunset through October 28; 12 noon, EST, to Sunset thereafter.

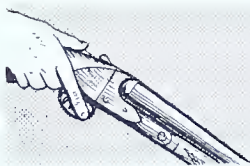
RAILS, SNIPE, WOODCOCK—One-half hour before Sunrise to Sunset (Except on October 28 when the opening hour will be 9:00 a.m., EDT).

**MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS**

FEDERAL MIGRATORY BIRD HUNTING STAMP ("DUCK" STAMP) **NOT REQUIRED** TO HUNT DOVES, RAILS, SNIPE, WOODCOCK. BOW AND ARROW, SHOTGUN PLUGGED TO NO MORE THAN 3-SHELL CAPACITY ARE LEGAL; RIFLES AND PISTOLS ARE PROHIBITED. NO HUNTING ON SUNDAY.

ONE FULLY FEATHERED WING MUST REMAIN ATTACHED TO EACH MIGRATORY BIRD (EXCEPT DOVES) WHILE BEING TRANSPORTED.





# HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



**By John C. Behel**  
**Hunter Safety Coordinator**

*PGC Photos by J. S. Chick*

**T**HE Southcentral Division of the Pennsylvania Game Commission recently held a deputy training conference at the Elks Home in Huntingdon.

Featured in the full day of training were public relations in law enforcement and hunter safety training. As a part of the law enforcement training, Special FBI Agent Winfield S. Harry, York, told officers that the police officer is out to sell an important product—law enforcement. He suggested that an officer should display exemplary conduct at all times, refrain from political involvement, and use diplomacy and tact on all occasions.

Hunter safety instructor training was presented during the afternoon session. New hunter safety instructors

were qualified, and refresher training for all Deputies, along with teaching methods, was given. Also shown was a combination of visual aids which are useful in transmitting safety knowledge.

These aids, which are prepared by the officers and provided by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, help make Pennsylvania's Hunter Safety Program successful and interesting to schools, sportsmen's clubs, and organizations.

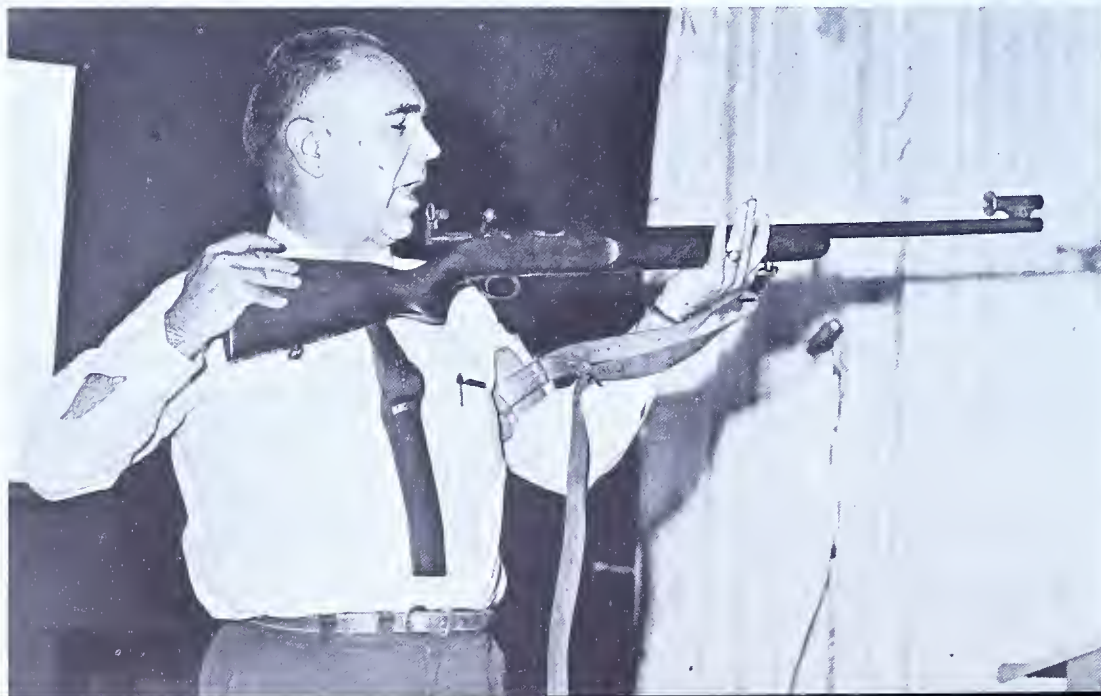
**Pa. Game Commission  
Hunter Safety Certified**

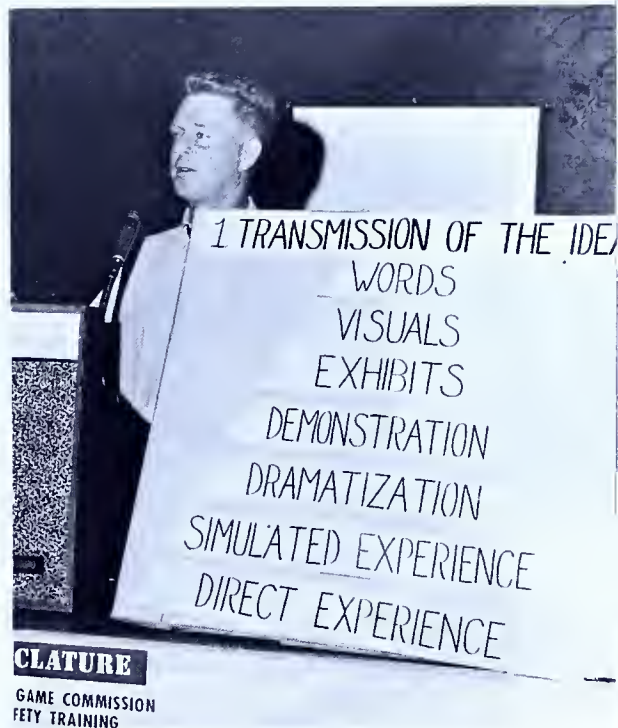
**To Date:**

**Instructors—7,885**

**Students—124,423**

**PROPER USAGE OF RIFLE SLING** is demonstrated by District Game Protector Carl Jarrett, of McConnellsburg, during hunter safety instruction. Such direct instruction is particularly effective with youngsters who follow this course with one in marksmanship.





**DISTRICT GAME PROTECTORS Richard Furry, Huntington, above left, and John Troutman, Everett, right, with instructional items used in explaining safety procedures to students. Below, Special FBI Agent Winfield S. Harry, York, speaks to Deputy Game Protectors about public relations and the law enforcement program.**





# Capable Compact Binocular



**SCARCELY HIGHER THAN A 20-gauge shotshell, these compact binoculars have excellent optics, with eyepieces that are adjustable to give a full field of view to a user wearing eyeglasses.**

**By Don Shiner**

*Photos by the Author*

**U**NDECIDED whether or not to invest in a binocular to aid in gunning bucks or identifying, say, far-off waterfowl? If the family budget is flexible enough to include one of the newer and moderately priced compacts, go ahead and splurge. You'll discover that binoculars add untold pleasure to trips afield, and a compact model won't be burdensome to carry along the way.

There are hunters who think that binoculars are luxury items which they can get along without quite nicely. Bully for them. There are others who change their mind when a chance borrowing gives them an opportunity to glass the outdoors a time or two. Suddenly they discover that these optical tools permit distinguishing objects on distant hills with amazing clarity.

They are able, for example, to spot antlers on deer which stand against a background of brush. They can distinguish globs puddling beside distant islands as waterfowl. It is as though vision is given wings to fly afar for close-up inspections of wildlife and terrain. An initial experience with a binocular gives a whole new dimension to the outdoors.

If you have contemplated buying field optics, don't put it off. Do it now, in time for your fall scouting trips in search of buck signs. Give thought to one of the newer compact-size glasses. They are among the finest today.

Compact binoculars, of course, are not exactly new. Before the midpoint of this century, numerous pocket-size models were introduced to the Amer-

ican market. One heard impressive claims in their favor. Unfortunately, few bore out this praise in the field. Many projected images that were downright fuzzy. Individual lenses and mounts were easily knocked out of alignment with only a minimum of use. Not only were many early compacts largely a waste of money, they caused eyestrain and plenty of headaches as well. The larger, bulkier and more expensive models remained the best choice for outdoorsmen.

Now once again compact binoculars are on the market. At least one pair, illustrated on these pages, is a real eye opener. This compact is not only pocket-size and light in weight, but is also optically excellent. It slips easily into a hunting shirt pocket, so you hardly know you're carrying a powerful glass. Sportsmen who want to glass big game or small, but dislike carrying extra weight with them into the field, find the compacts wonderful companions.

### Easy to Carry

I've had the opportunity over the years to either own or use a number of high-quality glasses—Zeiss, Leitz, Ross, Bausch & Lomb and Bushnell, to name a few. True, a squint or two through a variety of glasses does not qualify one as an expert on optics. Nevertheless, it is a revelation to see how good optics perform. For example, their ability to gather light and project crystal clear images, even at dawn and twilight, never ceases to amaze me. It is pure pleasure to examine hunting terrain with these optics. Given a choice, I'd rather be short of ammo in the field than leave the optics at home.

The chief complaint about large binoculars is their bothersome weight and bulk when carried on a strap around one's neck. Most hunters prefer to carry them in this fashion, rather than in a case, so they are "there" when you need a quick look at the terrain or game. Invariably, the glasses



**BINOCULARS ARE A necessity for viewing wildlife at a distance, save hunters many unnecessary stalks.**

sway and bounce with each step taken. Of course, an elastic chest harness stops this swaying rhythm. Still, bulky glasses clinging to your chest are uncomfortable. It is far better to carry lightweights conveniently tucked into a button-down shirt pocket.

I had need recently to purchase a new pair of binoculars. I wanted the best lightweight quality model that I could afford. So I looked over a showcase of optics in a large sports shop. The proprietor suggested that I consider one of the newer compacts. Knowing the poor quality of small glasses in the past, I hesitated. He insisted, however, that the newer models were far improved, so I picked up the tiny pair and looked through them. I could hardly believe my eyes. The image was bright. The view was sharp right to the edges of the glass. Eyecups, adjustable for those who wear spectacles as I do, permitted seeing a full field of view without vignetting edges. The binocular was constructed solidly and nicely finished throughout. Obviously, quality was here. The glass bore the name of an importer whom I recognized as one of the largest suppliers of optical instruments in America. The attractive price tag, coupled to the pocket-size compactness of the glasses, clinched the deal.



I wasted no time in getting acquainted with the new purchase. I used them that afternoon while hiking along the broad Susquehanna River that flows past my home. I was soon convinced that I made an excellent choice. After six months of regular use, I've found no reason to change my mind.

These compacts are listed as 6 x 25s, indicating a magnification of 6X and an objective lens diameter of 25 millimeters. This design gives a light transmitting power of 17-plus (determined by dividing the magnification into the objective lens diameter and squaring the result), which is about all the human eye can utilize under normal light conditions, though admittedly it cannot equal the bulky 7 x 50 binoculars in bad light. At the same time, it is in the general class of the popular 6 x 30 and 7 x 35 sizes, which have light transmitting ratings of 25.

A magnification greater than 7X or 8X is rarely needed for hunting, and these higher powers have inherent dis-

advantages which are missing in the 6X. First, the normal quiver or tremor which is unavoidable in hand-held binoculars is much more noticeable at 8X than at 6X. Then, too, the greater magnification decreases the field of view, when the size and design remain constant, and as a result it takes longer to locate an object under field conditions. Larger, higher-powered optics such as spotting scopes must be used with a tripod, of course, if reasonable definition is to be expected.

### Enough Magnification

This compact model has enough magnification for average hunting. The miniature size and light weight further make them ideal for back-packing into remote country where gear is limited to that which a man can tote comfortably on his back. All things taken into account, tiny compacts have a lot going in their favor for today's outdoorsmen.

Specifications for the compact model I use are similar to others in this class. Mine have coated lenses. Size is 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ " high (barely as tall as a 20-gauge shotshell) by 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ " wide, which permits it to slide nicely into a shirt or jacket pocket. The center focusing knob is recessed into the two halves of the body to protect the mechanism from damage. Lenses are adjustable to compensate for a difference in sight between the two eyes. Eyecups fit binoculars to both wearers and non-wearers of eyeglasses, without vignetting the view.

Binoculars give an advantage to hunters when spotting and identifying game. They are worthwhile accessories to include in your outdoor gear. Anyone who is considering buying a binocular at this time should certainly investigate the newer compacts. They're no burden to carry on an all-day outing, and they'll help you to discover a whole new dimension in the pleasant Pennsylvania landscape around you.

**LIGHT IN WEIGHT and small in bulk, these glasses carry easily on a neck strap, thus are always available when needed.**





By NED SMITH

*The heat of summer gives way to the start of autumn's finery in September. Evidence of nature's abundance and honking from the air point to the approach of another season.*

AS A reluctant schoolboy I loathed September. In my not-too-practical mind it symbolized the end of another summer of glorious freedom and the start of another nine months of classroom incarceration.

With maturity, however, the picture has changed. For one thing, summer has lost some of its lustre. No longer is it a brief, but idyllic, hiatus; I work as hard in summer as in any other season. Also, as a grown-up I have discovered the existence of summertime evils that we didn't seem to have when I was a boy. If we had mosquitoes, punkies, deer flies, neckties, perspiration, and the like I certainly wasn't aware of them.

Strangely enough, September has now become one of my favorite months. It's good to feel the heat and humidity bowing out, and to see a splash of scarlet foliage here and there to rejuvenate the faded and tattered greenery. The rains have washed away the dust, and once again it's a pleasure to hike across the fields and ridges.

For the first time we are aware of the teeming wildlife populations that have built up since winter's low. Old ringnecks and their maturing broods are a common sight in farm country. Rabbits romp and feast in hayfields at

dusk. On the mountain gray squirrels seem to be scurrying everywhere. On one day I counted seventy-one deer in the Game Lands food plots, and saw two nice broods of wild turkeys. White-rumped flickers bounded into the air at every turn of the trail, and bluejays trooped by almost constantly.

It's the same with insect life—katydids by the thousands drown out every other woodland sound on early September evenings, and the fields buzz, hum, click, and chirp with insect stridulations.

September is truly a time of abundance. Nature, wise to the decimating ways of winter, has laid up a rich surplus, and her foresight makes autumn an especially enjoyable season to spend outdoors.

*September 1*—This afternoon I eased up to within inches of a plump cicada as he began his song on the sunny side of a fence post. Stooping low, I could see the two horny flaps vibrating rapidly beneath his abdomen to produce the shrill, whining sound. As it rose in volume he whipped his tail up and down, opening and closing the sound chambers to give it a throbbing finish. I plucked him from the post and his slick body nearly vibrated out





of my grasp as his song changed to a frightened shriek.

Some of my elderly friends would no more touch a cicada than bed down with a rattlesnake. They *know* the "locust" has a poisonous sting—book learning to the contrary notwithstanding.

*September 3*—The jeweled patches are still bedecked with orange and yellow cornucopias, but a few seed pods have reached the "shooting" stage. As a boy I innocently pinched a ripe jewelweed pod and got the surprise of my life when the thing snapped and squirmed between my fingers like something alive.

The jewelweed's explosion is its method of seed dispersal. At the slightest touch the hull of a ripe seed pod separates from the base with a pop, splitting into strips that curl up like suddenly-released coil springs. The impact hurls the pod from the parent plant, scattering the seeds far and wide.

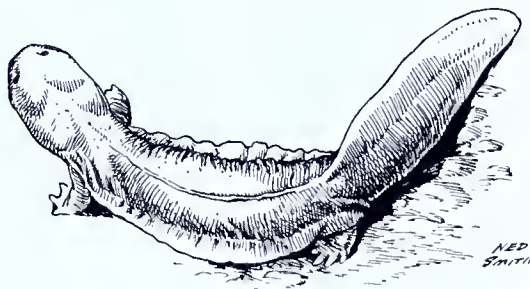
*September 4*—I flushed a covey of about a dozen quail along the edge of the woods this afternoon, and decided to sit down against a rail pile and await developments. For a few minutes nothing stirred. Then from the high grass, seemingly at my elbow, came the slurred whistle of the "rally call." An answering call came from across the hollow, and another bird replied below the woods.

The birds in the high grass conversed in soft, anxious notes. Quail talk is a pleasant sound—muted, yet pure of tone, with a ventriloquial quality that defies pinpointing. The rally call of the broken covey, on the other hand, is a sweetly slurred phrase of three notes — emphatic, but not as piercing as the male's "bobwhite."

One of the nearby quail called persistently, and soon others were calling from every quarter, but it was some time before I caught sight of the first one. It was heading my way in cau-

tious little spurts, but halted halfway through the woods to hail its comrades. Receiving an answer, it flew across the hollow to rejoin those in the high orchard grass. A little later two more skirted the woods, calling at each stop, and in every direction I heard others drawing nearer. Finally the calls turned to quiet conversation. Apparently the birds were all reunited, for they soon drifted out of hearing.

HELLBENDER



*September 5*—Responding to an S.O.S. from a relative I found the cause to be a hornet colony that had built a football-sized paper nest in his lilac bush. Its yellowish-brown color suggested that it was the work of the relatively uncommon great hornet, a vile-tempered insect introduced from Europe, rather than our own bald-faced hornet which usually makes a gray nest. The first glimpse of one of the inhabitants confirmed this. Reddish brown, marked with yellow, and nearly an inch long, it looked somewhat like an enlarged version of the familiar yellow jacket that faithfully attends all our picnics.

As disconcerting as their presence was the fact that these squatters had completely girdled about half the branches on the lilac bush to procure the bark for the manufacture of their papery fortress. Enough was enough. Before the night was out the colony was no more, and peace was restored to the patio.



*September 12*—Two fawns ventured out into Lebo's field just after supper-time, getting an hour's start on the older deer. There was no doe with them, and it wasn't until I took a second glance that I realized they were deer of the year. Their spots were so faint I couldn't distinguish them at 60 yards.



*ANNUAL CICADA  
OR HARVEST-FLY*

*September 18*—Coming up from the river I caught a movement in the weedy cornfield beside the path. Through the glasses I discovered a flock of young pheasants moving through the field toward me, completely preoccupied with catching grasshoppers. When circumstances permitted the hopper was merely plucked off his weed stalk. As often as not, though, it would attempt to escape by leaping into rattling flight. The nearest pheasant would dash off in pursuit, only to slam on the brakes and dart wildly in all directions at once as the hopper ducked and dodged with audible snaps of its remarkable legs. Never have I seen such lively grasshoppers, and it was a funny spectacle. In spite of their efforts, however, an incredible number of the nimble insects must have passed down the gullets of the hungry brood.

These birds were nearly full grown. The cocks were rapidly acquiring their adult plumage, already exhibiting red

wattles, traces of dark green on their heads and necks, and broad patches of mahogany and copper on breast and flanks.

*September 22*—This morning I found a bristly green caterpillar sporting a fine red and white line along each side, and immediately recognized it as the larva of the Io moth. I wanted a detailed drawing of it, but I remembered that its spines are mildly poisonous and was careful not to touch it while maneuvering it into position for copying. When the sketch was finally finished, I closed the sketchbook, and in doing so accidentally knocked my model off his leaf, to land, of all places, on the back of my fingers! My information was right—they *are* mildly poisonous. For several minutes my fingers burned and itched as though brushed by nettles, then the unpleasant sensation abruptly ceased—a mild enough reproof for being so clumsy.

*September 24*—Hellbenders are not common in our part of the state, although I have seen a few while fishing in northern Pennsylvania creeks. Yesterday a neighbor's boy brought me a dandy 21-inch specimen, which I was pleased to acquire, and today we took it to a small brook for some pictures.

To anyone who has never seen one of these huge salamanders it is impossible to adequately describe its loathsome appearance. The broad, flat head, almost invisible eyes, broadly keeled tail, the loose folds of its slippery skin, and its overall dirty gray-brown color combine to make it one of the ugliest creatures that swims, runs, or flies. Our specimen was typically sluggish, and we were able to take plenty of pictures, but holding him was almost impossible. In our grasp his slippery, but seemingly robust, body offered all the resistance of a handful of gelatin pudding, leaving nothing to hold onto, and yet his body and tail lashed and writhed almost uncontrol-

lably—proving that he had muscles *somewhere!* Only by wrapping our fingers around him both behind and ahead of his forelegs could we hang onto him.

It is said that hellbenders are harmless, that stories of the seriousness of their bites are pure fiction. I wouldn't know. Neither of us did anything to prove or disprove that theory.



PALE JEWEL WEED  
ABOVE - FLOWER  
BELOW - BURSTING SEED POD



September 29 — Last night was a drizzly gray one, the kind that confuses migrating birds and grounds them until daybreak. Even before I turned in I heard flock after flock of

wild geese passing overhead, and once when I awoke during the night their wild honking sounded just over the rooftops.

I slipped down to the river shore this morning to find hundreds of them in midstream. Clark, a local habitue of the river, was already there, and together we glassed the river, upstream and down, discovering many more flocks in the distance.

But the birds were restless. At frequent intervals a clamor would arise above the running background of honking and there was little feeding or bathing. Clearly something was about to happen.

For no apparent reason a great commotion broke out upstream, and a hundred or so birds took to the air. Like a chain reaction flock after flock clattered off the water, wings flailing, voices straining, hundreds of gray-brown bodies fighting for space in the air. The uproar was deafening.

I glanced at Clark, who was tense as a dog on point. "Isn't that a sight?" I shouted, enthusiastically.

He almost cried. "They're leaving," he said, his eyes fixed on the cloud of birds, "and the season don't open till Saturday."

I had forgotten—Clark is a goose hunter.

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## "Mammals of Pennsylvania" Again Available

The immensely popular book *Mammals of Pennsylvania* is again available to the public. The first printing of this Pennsylvania Game Commission publication, the only work of its kind, was sold out in less than a year, and a new, enlarged edition now is available. A full study of more than 40 mammals of the state is presented, along with less detailed studies of rare mammals. The 282-page book is available from the Pennsylvania Game Commission, Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120, or at any of the six Field Division Offices of the Game Commission. The price per copy is \$1.90 plus ten cents tax.

## *Hearing Aids*

Snakes and fish have ears with no outside openings. They hear mostly through vibrations in the ground or water.



## Antlered or Antlerless



**MOST BOW HUNTERS WHO** go for whitetails want a buck, but there are many times when it would be better for them to take an antlerless deer.

**By Keith C. Schuyler**

*Photos From the Author*

**A**LTHOUGH many bow hunters who live in deer country have their bucks spotted for next month's hunting season, the vast majority will head into the hills without any particular deer in mind. True, every hunter will seek out areas where deer are known to abound in reasonable numbers, but family and job responsibilities reduce "on location" planning for the majority.

For most archers, however, one big question frequently arises: Buck or doe? The law permits an archer to shoot any deer of which he is capable, but this doesn't provide the answer for many who hunt with the bow. They think in terms of buck or doe, rather than antlered or antlerless. They believe that a set of antlers on

a deer's head makes it something special. And I confess to having somewhat the same feelings.

But let's take an honest look at the situation.

This traditional emphasis on shooting a deer wearing antlers is merely a carryover from the time when it was legal to shoot only antlered deer. In fact, there was such a hue and cry against shooting antlerless deer, that it was many years before the general hunting public would accept the fact that it was necessary. A few old mossbacks still cling to the notion that it is wrong.

If every antlered deer was mounted for display on the wall, or at least the antlers were placed on a plaque for all to see, this antlers-only idea would

carry more substance. But only the trophy-sized animals are usually mounted, and it is only occasionally that anybody bothers to fasten even the antlers of a lesser deer to a plaque. Most antlers lie around the garage until they get broken, discarded or the dog drags them off to the neighbor's.

Right here and now we want to establish that there is absolutely nothing wrong with the fellow who can afford the luxury or the dedication of spending his hunting hours seeking out a real so-called trophy antlered buck with the bow and arrow. On the other hand, let us just as firmly establish that any deer shot with the bow and arrow is a real trophy. To each his own.

The above might sound a little out of line in view of the emphasis that is placed on trophy antlers by the Boone and Crockett Club and the Pope and Young Club. Then, too, we have the Pennsylvania Game Commission's own antler measuring program. In fact, I feel a little uneasy at this writing, in view of the tremendous response this year to the measuring program, as a buck that I shot with a rifle is likely to be shoved way down the list among the top trophies taken in Pennsylvania.

So, you see, I too am infected by trophyitis to a degree. It just so happens, also, that I have a set of mounted antlers in my den from the biggest deer I have taken with the bow and arrow. Yet, I don't have any ears or anything else displayed from the antlerless deer that I have killed with either the gun or the bow.

Now that you know my secrets, you may still wonder about the approach here to putting equal emphasis on antlerless or antlered deer when they



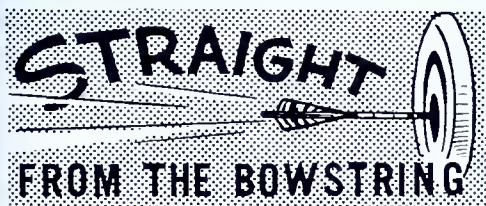
**MANY DEER RACKS** end up in the garage or are dragged away by dogs, so why the emphasis on getting them?

are killed by an arrow. From a realistic, practical standpoint, there are many reasons. Let's take a look at them.

When is a buck a buck? Many bucks that have no antlers at all are shot each year by archers and gunners. Last year, for example, 297 male deer that had no antlers were shot by archers. On the other hand, there is the occasional doe shot which has a nice set of antlers although they are almost invariably in the velvet. Who got the greatest trophy? Was it the fellow who made a beautiful shot on a little 60-pound button buck, or was it the fellow who shot the nice doe—with antlers?

#### **What About Old Bucks?**

Or let's take the case of an old buck that has little more than branching stubs for antlers. He may be one of the biggest deer for miles around, but he won't be very impressive on the trophy rack or at the dinner table. And what about the big buck that occasionally breaks his antlers in a fight, or drops them early in the winter, and then falls to an arrow? Is he any less a trophy simply because he isn't sporting the huge antlers of his youth?







**AT TIMES**, such as in areas of limited food, it makes sense for archers to harvest fawns rather than bucks.

From the purely sporting standpoint, is it a greater accomplishment to shoot an old, wary buck who has managed to sneak through eight or ten seasons in a heavily hunted area, or is it a greater feat to down a relatively dumb youngster who sports 12 points in his second autumn? Is a young buck with a heavy growth of antlers in a county with an excellent food supply a greater trophy than a spike buck from a county where browse conditions are extremely poor and heavy antlers are few and far between?

It would appear that everything is relative.

The trophy for you is the deer that you are hunting at the moment, and, more particularly, the deer that you down with the bow and arrow. In 1966, archers shot 892 antlered deer and 1445 antlerless whitetails. Of the antlered deer, 376 were spike bucks and 516 had three or more points. Of the antlerless deer total, 1148 were females. The total harvest was split nearly 50-50 between male and female deer.

Various figures are given on the natural ratio of males to female deer. These have shown that there are only slightly more male than female deer born. This ratio changes in favor of

the females as the deer reach maturity, since normal mortality seems to be greater among young bucks. However, in the first year there is little difference in the natural survival rate as to sex. Archers appear to be maintaining a good ratio between the two sexes in their share of the harvest. This approximate ratio was maintained throughout the total deer seasons last year for both gun and bow.

Aside from the somewhat ethereal aspects of taking a deer with antlers, there is the practical side of shooting females. It is necessary, as proven by biologists in many states, to take a certain number of females from the total herd to keep it healthy and in relation to the food supply. Consequently, the fellow who is willing to settle for an antlerless deer is actually doing a service.

This can even be carried a step further in that the hunter who takes a fawn in a heavily browsed county may be saving that youngster from a potential fate much worse than that of being shot. During severe winters, it is the small deer which succumb first to the combination of cold weather and insufficient diet. Not much enthusiasm will be generated by this suggestion, but it does point up the need for spreading the harvest rather than concentrating upon the best animals available.

However grim this sounds, we need only consider the much maligned but necessary reduction of the Yellowstone elk herd last winter to bring it to a level consistent with the food available.

#### **Many Hunt Antlerless Deer**

If shooting an antlered deer, preferably a deer with near-record antlers, was an all-consuming desire of the vast majority of sportsmen, there would be no one left to harvest antlerless deer during the special season for it. Since few antlerless deer tags go wanting in any of the counties where they are available, it must be

assumed that many hunters have a change of heart, or shooting an antlered deer isn't quite as important as the emphasis put upon it suggests. Nevertheless, it would be a rare hunter who, given a choice, would pick an antlerless deer out of a herd if there was a nice buck available at the same time.

We are dealing with human nature, tradition and a challenge which fits the masculine nature. A hunter would choose a crusty old buck with four points running with a sleek fat doe for the same reason that he would pass up a gray squirrel to shoot a black one. He would take an almost impossible shot at a white pheasant while flocks of the common kind were erupting around him within easy range. He will drive many miles to hunt the first day of the small game season when rabbits abound in his backyard. He will buy a painted plug for bass even though the sporting goods dealer swears the one without paint will work better. He is human.

Buck or doe? Next month there will be close to 100,000 archers out trying to shoot a deer. Only a few will take bucks with record or near-record antlers. This is not going to discourage any of them from trying. There will be those who will pass up easy shots at antlerless deer during the first two weeks with the intention of taking an antlerless deer as a last resort. Some will pass up all but trophy racks in the knowledge that there are more opportunities to come in the 1967-1968 season with both the bow and the gun. They know that once they bring a deer home their wives will find plenty for them to do on subsequent Saturdays. Others, with limited time to hunt, will be happy for a shot at any deer. This is all part of the total picture which makes it such a



**SCHUYLER SHOWS** that he practices what he preaches . . . sometimes!

wonderful sport. You do have a choice.

The important thing in this great game is not how your deer stacks up in the record book so much as how big a thrill it gives *you*. Pennsylvania provides an opportunity for the type of satisfaction you seek from your bow hunting no matter what your intention or your desire might be.

One thing is certain in this state—if you're hunting for sport, you can't miss!

(P.S. I hope I get a buck!)

### **Bears Not Hibernators**

Bears are not true hibernators. They will awake if the weather warms during their long winter's sleep and may wander short distances from their dens.





**BLAIR HOOKS STEADIES** long-barreled buckshot-loaded shotgun during test firing of the king-size projectiles.

## Buckshot!

By Don Lewis

*Photos by Helen Lewis*

**T**HE long-barreled shotgun rested snugly on the sandbags as the shooter took careful aim at a 12" target 50 yards away. Cupping my hands over my ears to reduce the blast, I kept a sharp eye on the pile of earth directly behind the target. The shotgun bounced a foot in the air as the Express load of shot ripped out of the barrel, and the target disappeared in a tremendous cloud of dust.

"Sufferin' catfish!" whooped my cousin Blair Hooks. "Shooting that stuff is like firing a cannon. If this wasn't a single barrel, I'd swear I just shot two barrels at once. It sure kicked."

"Yeah, and it really slathered that target. As far as getting whacked a little on the shoulder, you're just get-

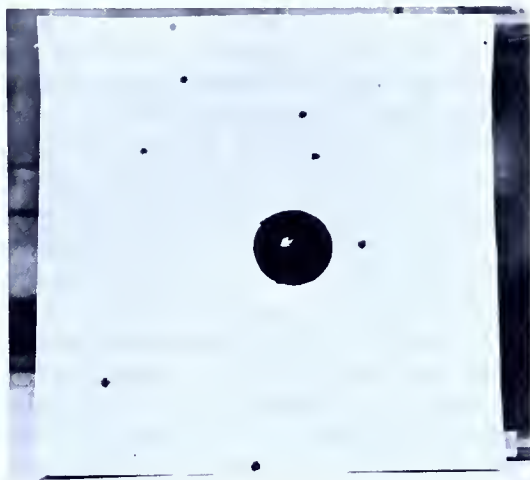
ting soft from old age," I said as we started for the target.

"Maybe so, but I'd still like to see the guy who claims this stuff doesn't have any punch."

"Cheer up, cousin, there's still ninety-nine shells left for you to shoot."

"You mean for you to shoot. Remember, I'm just the helper."

Our bantering ceased when we reached the target. To our surprise, instead of finding the target ripped apart, there were just two holes in it, neither one close to the aiming point. A close check of the earth backstop didn't show any deep furrows plowed up by the shot, nor was any shot found buried deep in the hard-packed earth. With all of the kick, roar and



**BUCKSHOT IS SHORT-RANGE** ammunition, as shown by these typical targets, fired at 20 yards, left, and 30 yards. Lewis believes maximum effective range is less than 50 yards.

dust that had so impressed us, we had to admit that the first shot of our buckshot test was far from impressive.

Although the average Pennsylvania deer hunter may be a little surprised to find an article about buckshot in *GAME NEWS*, he must remember that buckshot is common in many states, and that Pennsylvania has an area where buckshot is mandatory for gunners hunting deer. (See August, 1967, *GAME NEWS*, Page 42.)

At present, throughout the country there is a supercharged argument going on about buckshot. One faction would have it abolished forever; another group defends it to the last straw. Since Pennsylvania is basically a rifle hunting state, the controversy is relatively unknown here. However, since buckshot is the only permissible ammunition for deer in the area surrounding Philadelphia, I felt the hunters there were entitled to a report on its effectiveness. What I found out won't revolutionize deer hunting, as the tests I conducted were far from conclusive; still, they did give me a new insight into the world of buckshot.

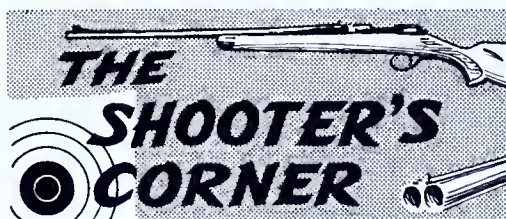
Sizes of regular shotgun pellets run from the heavy No. 2s to the very small No. 12s, the most popular being 4s, 5s, 6s, and 7½s. In buckshot the

range is not so wide. The smallest is a No. 4 (twice the size of a regular No. 5 shot) and then come Nos. 3, 1, 0 and 00. The 00 is ⅓" in diameter and weighs about 55 grains. All sizes of buckshot are used for deer in the South, but 0 and 00 are the most popular. The 00 has 9 balls in a regular 12-gauge shell, 12 in the 2¾" Magnum load, and 15 in the 3" Magnum.

Buckshot also is available in 16- and 20-gauge shells, but due to the smaller cases, the small sizes are used, so they are much less effective and I do not recommend them.

I conducted my tests with two 12-gauge shotguns that I felt would pretty well represent the entire field. One had a 32" full choke barrel and the other a 28" modified barrel. To assure a good hold every time, all shooting was from a benchrest.

The first problem was getting the proper sight picture. Since there is no back sight on a shotgun, it's easy





to make a large error in elevation if your hold isn't consistent. A dozen or so rounds fired for familiarization at a large paper target would help overcome this drawback. Another important factor learned from this small test would be the patterning location of your particular gun. A shotgun does not always throw its shotstring to the point of aim.

Although it didn't happen on every shot, the long full choke barrel had a tendency to shoot high and to the right at 40 yards. The modified choke was low most of the time. Some of the variations in both guns were due to different shells and the difficulty of getting the same sight picture on every shot. It would be valuable to know such facts about your shotgun before you began to hunt. The addition of an adjustable rear sight would eliminate most of these problems, of course.

My testing proved there is a great inconsistency in the grouping of buckshot. I had heard tales of 7 out of 9 balls grouping in a 4-inch circle at 50 yards with 00, but my shots indicated this to be more fiction than fact. I did fire one shot at 50 yards that put all 12 balls in a 15" circle. If this had been my only test shot, I would probably sing the praises of buckshot for years to come.

The biggest drawback with buck-

**THOUGH SIZE 00 BUCKSHOT is one-third inch in diameter, it is most effective at brush ranges.**



shot is that you just can't guide them into a given area. The shooting I did proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that when you cut loose a load of C or 00, you have no assurance that even one ball will hit the exact aiming point. Allowing for the fact that some of the balls will normally be inside a 12" circle at average range is still no guarantee that one of the pellets will automatically strike a vital spot. Some advocates of buckshot argue that since each 00 ball is larger and heavier than a 22 Long Rifle bullet, hitting a deer with three or four buckshot is the same as hitting one with the same number of 22-caliber bullets. This I simply can't buy. It's true that the 00 buckshot ball is heavier and larger than the 22 LR bullet, but it certainly can't be placed with the rifle bullet's precision.

#### **Short Range Load**

Buckshot leaves a lot to be desired in the matter of effective range. The few shots I took beyond 50 yards proved it would be sheer luck rather than good shooting to drop a deer at long distance. The theory that buckshot is effective up to 70 yards is almost laughable. The truth of it is, buckshot is *not* meant for long shots.

I've always thought that a rifle bullet producing about 1300 foot pounds of energy at 100 yards was adequate for deer hunting in Pennsylvania. If we use this for a measuring stick, we could say that buckshot should produce at least half of this at 50 yards. A 00 buckshot produces about 145 foot pounds of energy at 50 yards. It thus takes 5 hits, totaling 725 foot pounds of energy, to meet this requirement. Unfortunately, every load of buckshot does not give 5 hits at this distance, so obviously 50 yards becomes long range for such ammunition.

After being convinced that 50 yards or beyond was too far to make a good test, I moved up to 40 and then to 30. Each time we brought the target

closer, results improved. The tendency to bunch in groups of two or three was apparent at close range. One shot would put several holes in the aiming center, and the next half dozen would not put a ball within two inches of the center, but there might be several places on the target where the shot had bunched together.

The buckshot's efficiency was much greater at 30 yards than at 50. To rifle hunters, a difference of 20 yards would not be worth mentioning, but the man using buckshot has to take any extra yardage into consideration. He has to know the exact distance if he wants to assure himself a clean kill. The rifleman might make an error of 50 yards and not lose his game; the buckshot hunter can't forfeit 10 yards! As the accompanying table based on my tests indicates, 40 yards is about the maximum effective range with buckshot.

So hunt only where close shots are possible. There is no shame in cutting down the yardage to make a clean kill. Someone once said that being close counts only in horseshoes, but he was

wrong. It sure helps when you're using buckshot.

Buckshot obviously does not have the maximum range of a rifle bullet, thus cannot be as dangerous at long range. However, this does not mean that all normal safety precautions should not be adhered to. They should. Since buckshot is most effective at brush ranges, this is where many hunters will use it. This is also the distance at which most accidents occur, so it's of utmost importance that the target be identified before shooting. Remember—in heavy cover, use extra caution.

In summing up, my tests indicate that within fairly short range buckshot is effective on deer, and thus permits hunting in areas where rifles cannot now be permitted because of the safety problem. However, the hunter should have a good idea of how his gun and load perform, and not take shots beyond the distance where he can fully expect a killing pattern. To do so will only result in the escape of wounded animals—something which all sportsmen abhor.

## BUCKSHOT TEST RESULTS

Number of 00 Buckshot in 12-Inch Square\*

20 Yards		30 Yards		40 Yards		50 Yards	
Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.
11	8	9	6	7	4	4	2

\*All shells loaded with 12 buckshot each.

## Book Review . . .

### Skeet Shooting With D. Lee Braun

In this new book, world champion D. Lee Braun coaches the potential skeet shooter on all the facets of the fascinating claybird game. Recommended gun and foot positions, as well as the required lead for each station, are detailed, and the gunner's proper mental attitude is highly stressed. A camera-gun was used to take many of the photographs which illustrate the book, so the reader can see the correct relationship between gun muzzle and flying targets. Made available by the Remington Arms Co., this 155-page book sells for \$1.95. Order from Skeet Book, P. O. Box 206, Fairfield, Conn. 06430.



# Pennsylvania Seasons and Bag Limits 1967-1968

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, in Harrisburg on June 3, 1967, established the following seasons and bag limits for resident game and furbearers for the 1967-68 hunting license year which begins September 1. Open seasons include first and last dates listed, Sundays excepted, for game.

Beginning September 1, 1967, legal hunting hours for all small and big game in Pennsylvania, with four exceptions, will be from one-half hour before Sunrise until Sunset. The exceptions are: 1. October 28, 1967—no hunting for any species before 9 a.m., EDT; 2. Raccoons—may be hunted any hour; 3. Doves—1 p.m., EDT, to Sunset through October 28; 12 noon, EST, to Sunset thereafter; 4. Spring gobbler season—May 6-11, 1968—one-half hour before Sunrise until 10 a.m., EDT.

## SMALL GAME

Daily Limit	Season Limit		DATES OF OPEN SEASONS	
			First Day	Last Day
6	30	Squirrel, Gray, Black and Fox (combined) .....	Oct. 14	Nov. 25 AND
2	10	Ruffed Grouse (not more than 10 in combined seasons) ..	Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
1	1	Wild Turkey—Counties, and parts of, listed below* .....	Oct. 14	Nov. 25 AND
		—Counties, and parts of, not listed below .....	Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
4	20	—Spring Gobbler season* .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 18
		Rabbits, Cottontail (not more than 20 in combined seasons) ..	Oct. 28	Nov. 11
2	8	Ring-necked Pheasants, males only .....	May 6	May 11, 1968
4	20	Bobwhite Quail .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 25 AND
2	6	Hares (Snowshoe Rabbits) or Varying Hares .....	Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
Unlimited		Raccoons (hunting or trapping) .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 25
Unlimited		Woodchucks (Groundhogs) .....	Dec. 26	Jan. 1, 1968
Unlimited		Grackles .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 25
Unlimited		Squirrels, Red .....	Dec. 26	Jan. 1, 1968
			No close season	
			No close season	
			No close season	
			All months except	
			Oct. 2-13, incl.	

## BIG GAME

1	1	Bear, over one year old, by individual .....	Nov. 20	Nov. 25
3	3	Bears, over one year old, by hunting party of 5 or more ..	Nov. 20	Nov. 25
		Deer, Archery Season, any deer—Statewide .....	Sep. 30	Oct. 27 AND
			Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
1	1	Deer, Antlered, with 2 or more points to an antler or a spike 3 or more inches long .....	Nov. 27	Dec. 9
		Deer, Antlered and Antlerless, with required antlerless license, buckshot only in Special Regulations Area listed below** .....	Nov. 27	Dec. 9
		Deer, Antlerless—Statewide .....	Dec. 11, 12 & 16 ONLY	
		—Counties, and parts of, listed below*** ..	Dec. 11	Dec. 16

## FURBEARERS

Unlimited		Skunks and Opossums .....	No close season	
Unlimited		Minks .....	Nov. 23	Jan. 7, 1968
Unlimited		Muskrats (traps only) .....	Nov. 23	Jan. 7, 1968
5	5	Beavers (traps only)—Counties of Susquehanna and Wayne ..	Feb. 10	Mar. 10, 1968
3	3	Beavers (traps only)—Remainder of State .....	Feb. 10	Mar. 10, 1968

NO OPEN SEASON—Hen Pheasants, Cub Bears, Elk, Otters, Hungarian Partridges, Chukar Partridges, Sharp-tailed Grouse.

**Bad Weather Extension**—In case inclement weather during the regularly scheduled antlerless deer season prevents an adequate and desired harvest of whitetails, the Commission may schedule additional days and counties in which antlerless deer may be taken. Such announcements will be made via all news media.

**\*For special regulations concerning deer, turkeys and beaver, consult the 1967-68 Hunting and Trapping Digest.**

# Pennsylvania Game Commission Directory

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# IT'S THE LAW



NOT ALL GAME LAW VIOLATIONS ARE INTENTIONAL. AS A SERVICE TO COMMONWEALTH SPORTSMEN, GAME NEWS, IN COOPERATION WITH THE DIVISION OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, TAKES THIS MEANS TO BRIEFLY CLARIFY SOME OF THE MOST FREQUENTLY MISUNDERSTOOD OR LEAST KNOWN GAME LAWS



## QUESTION:

A FRIEND TELLS ME IT IS ILLEGAL TO SHOOT INTO SQUIRREL NESTS IN WHICH I'VE SEEN SQUIRRELS TAKE REFUGE. IS THIS TRUE?

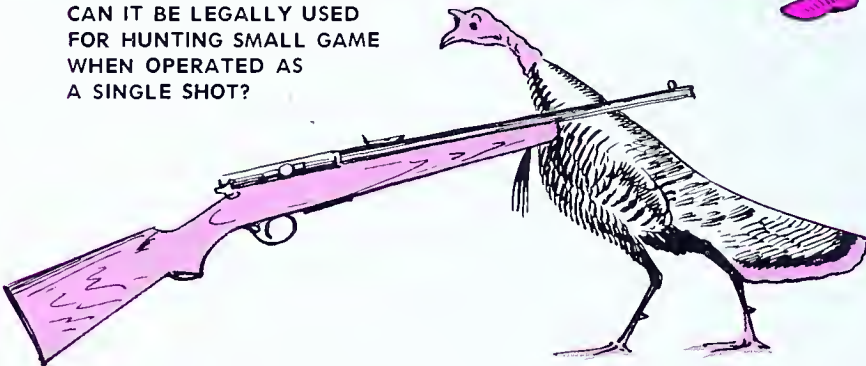
## ANSWER:

YES. IT IS ILLEGAL TO SHOOT AT ANY WILD BIRD OR ANIMAL THAT IS NOT PLAINLY VISIBLE.



## QUESTION:

MY SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE CAN BE CHANGED TO A SINGLE SHOT. CAN IT BE LEGALLY USED FOR HUNTING SMALL GAME WHEN OPERATED AS A SINGLE SHOT?



## ANSWER:

ONLY IF THE ALTERATION FROM SEMI-AUTOMATIC TO SINGLE-SHOT IS OF A PERMANENT NATURE.

# *Pennsylvania* **GAME NEWS**

**TOBER, 1967**

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### COVER PAINTING BY NED SMITH

The red fox is perhaps one of the most beautiful animals found in Pennsylvania's woods, particularly in winter when his flame-colored coat contrasts so vividly with a blanket of snow, but also in early fall, as here. Long noted for a cunning which allows him to live in close proximity to man, he is hunted by many gunners, a few bowmen, and a group of horsemen who like to chase him with hounds. For some scenes from this kind of chase, see the center page spread in this month's issue.

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## ***Why Aren't You Hunting?***

**W**HEN many of us were beginning to hunt, say back in the '30s and '40s, the general small game season always seemed to begin on November 1, or so close to it that, in memory, that's still the date we think of as the season opener. Through the decades it became the Big Day, to be looked forward to and planned for, months in advance. This is fine in a way. Such traditions are important in hunting families, spinning a thread of memory that winds life-long through a father-son relationship.

Unfortunately, such traditions can cause complications. Nowadays, that "November 1" opening date exists largely in the mind. But many of us go on clinging to it, subconsciously perhaps, or maybe just out of habit or inertia. This resistance to change is costing us a lot of sport. Game is out there to be taken—right now—and there are seasons open. Right now.

For instance, doves have been legal game since the beginning of September. A lot of people hunt them, of that we're sure, because considering the nation as a whole, these little gray speedsters are the most popular game bird we have. Between 20 and 30 million of 'em are bagged each year. But how many have you, personally, shot since September 1? There are a lot of them around, the daily bag limit is high—twelve—and as targets they're tough and tricky enough that they'll test your scattergunning ability. So why aren't you hunting them?

Maybe it's because you're one of those purists? Hunt nothing but the King of the Woods? Well, we'll admit it's hard to find a greater game bird than the ruffed grouse, or one demanding more smoothbore artistry, but why limit your hunting by ignoring the early opener? The season comes in October 14, and Ol' Ruff will be out there filling the damp, grape-grown hollows with his drumming. Will you be there too?

Oh, now we understand. Some of you are riflemen. None of this widespread-pattern stuff for you, you like to combine the paper puncher's X-ring accuracy requirements with the stalking ability of a whitetail hunter. Well, squirrel season comes in on October 14, too, and no game animal requires more precise aiming and bullet placement than an old gray peeping over a limb high in a shagbark. So get that super-accurate, scope-sighted 22 ready.

Besides this small game, the archery season for deer is also open September 30-October 27, and waterfowl will be in for part of the month, so most any type of hunter can find something to hunt sometime during October in Pennsylvania. That's what the game is there for, and you've doubtless bought your license, so go harvest your share of it. You can read the rest of **GAME NEWS** tonight!—*Bob Bell*

**OCTOBER, 1967**







# *The Curse of Ezekiel Hornsby*

By Mort Levy

THAT buck went 220 if it went a pound, but Hornsbys just ain't seafarers, that's all. My family has a history of being pure landlubbers, and that's why I muffed bagging the biggest buck that ever raised his head on Laurel Mountain—or in the whole darned state for that matter. See, I said right off you wouldn't believe me—city boys is all the same—but slice it thin as you like, it's not baloney I'm offering. It's gospel. And if you'll paste your money where your grin is, I'll bet you four broadheads against a frayed bowstring and come out a winner every time. That's cuz Hornsbys don't lie. We ain't lied since my great-great-grandfather Ezekiel Hornsby fibbed his way aboard the *Orion* which set sail for this country from Liverpool back in 1760. He signed on as an able-bodied seaman—what a laugh!—then spent three straight months draped over the rail. But that's how bad he wanted to get to America, so no Hornsby has ever held Ezekiel's curse against him. Besides, once he learned how to stand again he became the first great American woodsman, and legend has it that James Fenimore Cooper got so worked up listening to my great-grandfather Ephraim tell of Ezekiel's prowess that he ran ten miles to his desk and promptly created the immortal Deerslayer, known hereabouts as Natty Bumpo.

Ephraim, of course, had the slickest eye in the family. He'd glance once at a chewed-up piece of moss and tell you instantly whether it was a gray squirrel that had tippy-toed that way or an Iroquois with a hangnail. If you look it up, you'll find he was named chief scout for the Lewis and Clark Expedition that started west back in 1804. Meriwether hisself done the

picking, and Ephraim had 'em moving smooth as butter till they started across the Mississippi. Then the rafts got to swinging crazy, and Ephraim turned greener than a dill pickle, and by the time he regained his balance on the far side the rest of the expedition was three months west of the Rockies.

What's my kin got to do with the biggest buck ever? Well, hold tight to your cud a second and I'll explain. And while you're at it, stoke up the fire to take off the chill. Now where was I? Oh, yeah, Ephraim. Well, he married an Arapaho squaw and never set foot near water again. And after him came Moses Hornsby, my granddaddy, who was the greatest bird shot ever. Refused to hunt woodcock with nothing but a slingshot cuz it embarrassed him not to give the little creatures a sporting chance. But the curse got him too, the day he went rattlesnake hunting close—but not too close—to Chesapeake Bay.

## **Smart Snake Hunter**

Being a smart snake hunter, Granddaddy naturally dampened his inwards from time to time to guard against any bites, but it seems he immunized hisself too good, and when he came to he learned he was a volunteer aboard the ironclad U.S.S. *Montauk*. The land was going one way and poor Moses the other. Naturally, he started losing ballast right away and he kept it up the rest of the war, even off Fort McAllister when they sank the reb cruiser *Nashville*. Of course he tried to quit, but monitor crews were considered the toughest in the navy, and the captain wasn't about to tarnish that image by letting Granddaddy be the first volunteer to renege. It was a terrible price Grand-





**IT WASN'T THE** artillery duel that got Daddy down, but that 72 hours in a shell hole with. . . .

daddy had to pay though. After that he couldn't steady a rifle nohow.

What' d'you mean you still don't see? Ain't it obvious that sooner or later that curse had to sneak up on me? I'm no greenhorn in the woods, but a curse is a curse. My daddy, Lucius Hornsby, found that out smack in the middle of France in 1914. He was every bit the shot that Ezekiel was. Even stuck to a musket while weekend hunters like yourself was shooting up the whole woods with fancy rifles. Could plant a minie ball in a bear's belly button from 200 yards out, and General Pershing himself handed him a Springfield and begged him to be a sniper in No Man's Land. Only Daddy got caught in the middle of the biggest artillery duel in history. Seventy-two hours, and he spent every one of 'em in a shell hole filled with you-know-what. Doctors said it was the noise and isolation that jiggled his brain, but the Hornsbys knew different.

Well, darn it, I know there wasn't any water out there today. I know it

better'n you, cuz I'm always on the lookout for anything bigger than a dewdrop. And that's why I missed the biggest buck that ever set foot in Luzerne County—240 pounds, at least I'd bet. Besides, this fiddling around with bows was your idea—and it don't matter one bit whether or no we been doing it three years now. I was still your idea in the first place. And running around the woods playing Indian not only upsets me in October, it keeps me upset right through December—which is why I ain't bagged a deer in three years, rifle or bow.

What d'you mean what about the times before that? I already explained it. The curse, the curse. Five years ago I latched onto a hot trail, and where did it lead? Straight across a stream. The year after that your buddies held a drive, and where did I get stationed? Right beside a swamp. And then there was the year Uncle lent us his hunting cabin—smack on Kettle Crick. What man can bag a deer against odds like that? That's why today, when I spied

**GRANDDAD WAS** the only volunteer aboard the U.S.S. Montauk that wore buckskin and got seasick.



the biggest buck ever, I thought the Red Gods were finally seeing it my way. I was in the middle of that old forest, and I couldn't spot a sign of the cursed stuff anywhere. Not a stream, not a trickle, not even a raindrop. I even climbed up on a high old brush pile to keep the dew off my boots, and no sooner did I get my favorite cedar arrow on the nocking point than into a clearing he loped. Just twenty yards away. Twelve points and 270 if he was a pound. He'd a been good for a full page in *Boone & Crockett*, and my old heart was doing the heebie-jeebies so bad you'd a thought I'd been paralyzed. But I stayed cool as a mountain zephyr, and I drew back till the feathers brushed my chin. They're off an albino turkey, y'know, which is the best kind, so there was no doubt in my mind who was boss. But that's when it happened. The wind, I mean. That old pile of limbs was creaky to begin with—it was nothing more than a big heap of oak choppings and stuff like that—so when the first gust hit, fast and sudden, it kinda started whipping every which way. While the horizon dipped north and south, my stomach rushed east and west. My legs turned to jelly, my eyes rolled. It was over in a second, but while the biggest buck ever—a good 300 pounds if he was an ounce—trotted off through the oaks, I, the last and most careful of the greatest hunting family in America, succumbed to the same fate



**THE BRUSH PILE** started whipping and my stomach started dipping, and that 300-pound buck trotted away.

as my buckskinned ancestors. I just lay prostrate and glassy-eyed on that pile of old brush, smack dab in the middle of Pennsylvania's peaceful mountains—absolutely seasick!

What's that you say? A terrible headache? After all that fresh air? Can't take it, eh, city boy? Well, I'll tell you what. We ain't got any aspirin, but how about a dramamine? They're just as good, and I got a whole bottle. Only thing is . . . you'll have to fetch your own water.

### ***Conservation . . . a Moral Issue***

In dealing with our natural resources we have come to a place at last where every consideration of patriotism, every consideration of love of country, of gratitude for things that the land and the institutions of this nation have given us, call upon us for a return. . . . Conservation is a moral issue because it involves the rights and duties of our people. . . . A nation deprived of liberty may win it, a nation divided may reunite, but a nation whose natural resources are destroyed must inevitably pay the penalty of poverty, degradation, and decay. . . . So the noblest task that confronts us all today is to leave this country unspotted in honor, and unexhausted in resources, to our descendants. I conceive this task to partake of the highest spirit of patriotism. . . . *Gifford Pinchot*





# Turkey Guns

**By Louis W. Stevenson**

*Photos by George X. Sand*

**M**ANY THOUSANDS of words have been written about the best firearm to use when hunting wild turkeys. Some hunters advocate the shotgun, others the rifle, and a few the combination shotgun and rifle. Recommended rifle calibers range from the 22 rimfire through the 30-06, and shot for the smoothbore from buckshot to No. 7½ trap loads.

Since everyone else has got into the act, I might as well express my opinion and cite a few examples of the effect various types of firearms and ammunition have had in actual hunting experiences. I might say I've devoted many hunting seasons to the pursuit of this magnificent game bird, so have considerable background to draw on.

Let me put myself on record. First, last and always I am thoroughly sold on a shotgun for turkey hunting. The gun I now use and like best is a full choke 12-gauge autoloader. In it I shoot 2¾" Magnum loads with No. 4 shot. Before I got this gun, my favorite was a 12-gauge double with 30" barrels, choked modified and full. I used the heaviest load I could get at that time.

If I had to use a rifle, I'd pick my lightweight 308, using a 150-grain full-jacket bullet reloaded to reduce velocity to approximately 2400 feet second.

Why a shotgun and why No. 4 shot? In my book, turkey hunting consists of getting into turkey country and calling turkeys. I do not consider cruising the highways, woods roads, trails, etc., to look for turkeys, and then when one is spotted, banging away with a varmint rifle, to be turkey hunting in any respect. It's turkey shooting, maybe, but not turkey hunt-

ing. If you really are or want to be a turkey hunter, and can use a turkey call, it is not extremely difficult to call a bird within fifty yards—an effective range for a proper shotgun load. Further, I have proved to myself that the 2¾", 12-gauge Magnum load with No. 4 shot is adequate for turkeys. There are enough pellets in such a load to give a killing pattern to 50 yards.

What about No. 6s, 7½s, etc.? Lots of turkeys are killed with such loads, but if a big gobbler takes off and you have to shoot at the south end going north, you need plenty of "oomph" to bring him down. If you could always depend on getting a head shot at around 35 yards, you would be OK with the smaller shot, but unfortunately wild turkeys don't cooperate to that extent. Stick with the 4s.

## **Defeathered With 7½s!**

A few years ago I was hunting with a friend, a Pennsylvania Game Protector, now retired. Each of us had gone to a separate spot to try to call in a bird. Soon I heard my friend shooting, and after awhile I went to see what it was all about. He had flushed a gobbler and unloaded his gun at it. He hadn't missed. In fact, so doggone many feathers were scattered around the area that it seemed a miracle the bird had enough feathers left to be airborne. However, about the only thing the 7½s did, other than dry picking the bird, was to hasten it on its way to parts unknown.

I have killed over 20 turkeys in Pennsylvania with a shotgun. I have used BB's, No. 2s and No. 4s. Using these loads, I have never shot at a turkey and had it get away. Granted, a lot of luck probably was involved—





**FOR THE AUTHOR**, calling a wild turkey gobbler within shotgun range is the top hunting thrill.

there always is in turkey hunting—but results speak for themselves.

However, I must admit that a good friend knocked down a bird in easy shooting range, using the identical load that I have named my first choice, and the bird got away.

What about rifles? A former Pennsylvania sheriff of my acquaintance was traveling a woods road when he spotted a flock of turkeys about 25 yards away, downhill from the road. Using a 22 rimfire rifle loaded with Long Rifle hollow point cartridges, he knocked a turkey off its feet. However, the bird got up and took off, soaring across Pine Creek Gorge before he could get another shot. The bird had been hit in the back from above, but the shot just didn't have the necessary killing power.

I also know of a case where a turkey was shot through the lower body with a 222 Remington. The high-speed bullet caused considerable damage, and naturally the bird was knocked over. But it got on its feet and ran up the mountain. The hunter was able to track it in the snow and finally found it crouched down and trying to hide at the base of a large hemlock. Laying his gun down, he attempted to grab it, but it took off and flew down along the stream at the foot of the mountain. It was found the next day after it had been partially eaten by a predator. The man made a mistake in not

shooting the second time, but with the bird so severely wounded he didn't think it could fly and hated to destroy more meat.

The same Game Protector who had the bad luck using the 7½s shot a bird using a 257 Roberts. The bird was knocked out of the tree where it was perched and fell to the ground with a thud. It immediately got on its feet, took off through the brush and wasn't seen again.

By comparison, a Pennsylvania Fish Warden friend of mine consistently kills turkeys using the little 22 rimfire with hollow point loads. However, he is an excellent marksman and doesn't shoot unless he can place his bullet at the point where the wing joins the body. I have shot only one turkey with a 22. From about 25 yards I hit it at the wing joint and the bird collapsed completely. Obviously, bullet placement is extremely important.

One big reason I prefer the shotgun to the rifle is that the smoothbore, even with heavy shot, does not ruin a lot of good eating meat, whereas a high-velocity rifle often does. A friend recently complained to me that though he had shot two turkeys in recent years, he still hadn't had one for the table. He'd been using a 222 Remington with factory softpoint loads, and this little speedster simply demolished

**THE PRESENCE** of natural food, plus fresh scratchings, means turkeys are in the area.



his birds. Such results can be expected when shots are taken rapidly, without a chance to place the bullet at the butt of the wings.

Of course, it is quite possible to handload the 222 or any other cartridge to considerably lower velocity, using non-expanding bullets. This is a big help in reducing meat destruction. As mentioned earlier, I do this with my 308, and a lucky shot I made using it on a turkey illustrates this point. The bird, a nice gobbler, was running up the side of a mountain, away from me. The full-patch 150-gr. bullet went in at the tail, passed lengthways through the top of the body and came out through the V of the wishbone, never hitting a bone. That bird just wilted, not even fluttering on the ground. A high-velocity expanding bullet placed the same way would have demolished it. The truth of the matter is, I have shot a number of turkeys using this full-patch 30-caliber load, and have had only minor meat destruction, while killing every bird on the spot. However, all things considered, I find it more satisfying to call a turkey within shotgun range.

Now, if any turkey hunter wants to argue or discuss any of the points mentioned herein, and plans to hunt in northern Pennsylvania this fall, I am going to give him a break. I happen to know several areas where turkeys are quite plentiful and I will be in one of them when the season opens. All that is necessary is to come to Wellsboro, go to a neighboring county and find me. I plan to go up the road past Bohunk Hollow, over Yocham Hill, down Short Run Road to the junction with Boone Road, down the creek past Hungry Hollow to Windfall Road and up the road to Mud Lick Run. I will be hunting at the head of the run on Elk Lick Knob. Just follow the map! With such explicit directions I know you will easily find me and you will at the same time be in top turkey hunting country.

Good luck!









# Night Visitors!

By Lucille Taylor

**A**BOUT 9 o'clock on October 22, 1966, a Saturday evening, my daughter, Lorraine, and I were sitting in our living room enjoying a television program. We live two miles out of Dushore, in Sullivan County. Suddenly, some strange noises attracted my attention, and Lady, our dog, began barking and making a terrific fuss.

Curious, I went into the dining room and opened the side porch door. Noises, somewhat like Halloween horns, met my ears. Thinking it to be Halloweeners, I returned to my chair, waiting for the goblins to come to the door. None appeared, but the noises became louder. Again, I went to the door. The clamor now became much louder, but still no spooks. I closed the door and sat down to watch the program. By now, the confusion could be heard above the sound of the television.

Listening for the third time at the door, Lorraine and I decided someone was calling for help. The sound became a heartbreaking, blood-curdling wail, sometimes loud, sometimes not so loud. It could be heard all over the house, even with the doors and windows closed.

Perhaps a light plane had crash-landed in the field above the house, we thought. Being alone, we did not venture out, but called the police. No one was available to send at the moment, so I called Mr. McHenry in Dushore and asked him to come. He has an ambulance. He was just leaving on an emergency call, but told me to call Sheriff Edwin Beinlich at LaPorte, which I did.

While the calls were being made, Lorraine hurried to an upstairs window to learn if anything could be seen

from there. It was a cloudy night, and there was not enough light to see anything or anyone.

Meanwhile, the wailing and crying came nearer, and there was a rustling in the leaves! Could some injured victims be crawling toward the house? Or was it something else?

Lorraine frantically began looking up numbers in the phone book for me. Dushore Chief of Police Dodson was called. He was out on duty. Mrs. Dodson said she would try to locate him. Next, Pastor Jurus of the Lutheran Church was called. He said, "I'll soon be there." I told him not to come alone.

Expecting every minute to see someone or something crawl on the porch badly wounded, we still phoned for more help. I called our friend Richard Hileman. Connie said he was not

**THE WAILING came nearer! Could an injured victim be crawling toward the house, or. . .**



N.R.





**LORRAINE** cried, "Look up there!" and pointed into the maple tree. "It's moving . . . something black!"

in, but I should call her uncle, John Hileman, in Dushore. We then called the local druggist, Bob Diltz, as he is in the center of our town. He said he would call the police. We learned later he did so immediately, and was told an officer was on the scene, but no policeman had come. John Hileman was then called. He said Pastor Jurus was there and they would be right out. All this time, the sounds of anguish continued. Alone in the house, we were near panic—too frightened to investigate, yet afraid someone might die if we did not help.

Then to our joy we saw lights coming! At last help was on the way. A car drove up to our side porch and stopped. It was John Hileman. On hearing the moaning over near the garden, he drove over there, got out, and yelled, "Where are you? What's the matter?" More moans came, from two places, but he couldn't locate anyone. By this time Pastor Jurus was on the scene with Bud and Wayne Pedro, Gary Peterson and George Radensic, all of Dushore.

Two of the boys edged up to our dog, to see why she was fussing, bark-

ing and jumping around. Before they could see anything, Lorraine suddenly cried, "Look! Up there!" She was pointing up into a maple tree not more than six steps from the side porch. "It's moving," she cried. "Something black. . . ."

The men rushed over, played a flashlight through the branches—and discovered the cause of the commotion. A cub bear.

Just then, about forty feet from the back porch, near where Lady was still barking, the two boys came upon a large bear beside the flower bed. It was probably the cub's mother, we decided later, but at the moment we had no time to think. Everything was confusion and bedlam. People yelling, the cub moaning horribly, the dog barking madly. . . .

Someone — I don't know who—shouted, "Quiet, quiet!" and eventually the people became still, but the animal noises continued.

"We'll have to scare them away," George Radensic said. "You and your daughter had better get inside the house, you never can tell what a mother bear will do when there's a cub around."

#### **Door Kept Open!**

Lorraine and I hurried inside, but kept the door open in case the others should have to run from the animals. George and Pastor Jurus got my son Glenie's shotgun, rifle and shells, and went outside. While someone shone a light on the cub, they shot over its head. He scurried down, dashed across the yard and ran up a Baldwin apple tree. Then amid the wailing and crying of the bears and the barking of the dog, another cub was found in the same tree! Several more shots rang out, and in a moment both cubs had vacated the apple tree and dashed up a nearby walnut. The procedure was repeated, and now both cubs were scampering off toward the woods with their mother, moving like shadows in the night.

Now, Sheriff Beinlich arrived, and soon Doctor and Mrs. Shoemaker were on the scene, but the bears had left. Not long thereafter, though, the crying became louder again, and we all believed the bears were coming back. Fortunately, they turned and went down the Marsh Road. There John Hileman and the Shoemakers heard the crying again. They stopped and found one of the cubs up in a tree. It cried, breathed heavily, and nervously climbed from limb to limb. Finally, it ran down the tree and off over the fields.

Somehow I had forgotten to call Game Protector Don Adams, but he arrived a little later from Eagles Mere. I never learned who contacted him. He stayed with us almost an hour, in case the bears should return, and told us of other bears seen in the area recently. We later learned that about 11:30 that night a motorist saw two cubs crossing Route 220 about two and a half miles from our house. We

feel sure they were the same ones that had given us such a fright, and that the mother bear was with them somewhere. All in all, it was quite an exciting evening—not the kind that I'd care to repeat in the near future, believe me!

**HEARING THE** moaning, John yelled, "Where are you, what's the matter?" But no one answered.



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## Erie National Wildlife Refuge Doubled in Size

An addition of 4,497 acres to the Erie National Wildlife Refuge in Crawford County has been approved by the Migratory Bird Conservation Commission. U. S. Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, commission chairman, said the additional acreage will almost double the size of the refuge, and thus will have significant value to waterfowl of the Atlantic Flyway.

The addition, to be known as the Seneca Division, is 12 miles north of the existing refuge area. State and Federal biologists rate it a "highly potential" waterfowl area.

After initial development consisting of water control structures and farming for supplemental food production, it will become an important resting and feeding area for migratory waterfowl. It is also expected to produce about 2,000 ducks and geese annually.

## Dog Training Season

Legal hours for dog training are from sunrise until 10 p.m., EDT, through October 28, and from sunrise until 9 p.m., EST, from October 29 through March 31, according to the Pennsylvania Game Commission. Raccoon dogs may be trained until 1 a.m., EDT, from October 29 through March 31. Dogs may be trained on Sunday if permission is granted by the landowner. Carrying a rifle or shotgun while training dogs is prohibited. The use of a blank pistol is allowed.





BEFORE LEAVING THE car in strange country, orient yourself with a top map.

*Hunting With a . . .*

# TOP MAP

By George Bird Evans

*PGC Photos by Ted Godshall*

**I**T WAS mid-September, overcast, with early scarlet and Indian yellow burning in the green ridges, spreading to larger fires of color as we climbed to high plateau country. At a side road we slowed and pulled off the main highway.

The unrolled topographic map in my lap indicated the terrain surrounding the far reaches of this mountain dirt road was a huge, relatively flat stretch of country with seven houses scattered along two forks where the road divided. There was a good chance it would be mostly open pas-

tures, but we weren't sure; that's what we were here to find out. Kay and I were exploring by map.

Driving slowly up the steep mountainside through lovely woods, we leveled off on flat land that was anything but cow country. Second-growth hardwoods were interspersed with patches of dense brush that had followed recent cuttings, and old fields reverting to shrubs were accented with red hawthorn fruit as far as my binoculars penetrated. Thickets along the road glowed red where hawthorns hung full.

We passed a deserted church and came to a small farm. In two miles we had seen no buildings but these—none of the rash of shanties that line so many back roads with their spread of trash. Turning down a single-car-width branch of the road we began to lose altitude. We now were looking over miles of wild ridges to a distant fire tower. Ahead, we saw a station wagon climbing toward us. It pulled into the ditch and waited to let us pass. As I stopped alongside, our three setters tried to stick their heads out over my shoulder.

### Volunteer Guide

"Doesn't this road go down to some farms below here?" I asked the driver, a lean mountain boy.

"There's two houses down there but they're empty."

"Any grouse in here?" I asked, hoping.

"Full of 'em," he said. "I got more last year than ever before. I see lots this year. They're feeding on wild cherries."

"Do you live around here?"

He named a settlement some distance away. "I come here to hunt groundhogs."

"How about woodcock?" I asked. "Do you see them in here?"

He grinned. "They turn up in here but I can't hit 'em. They're hard to hit."

I was wondering how he managed to shoot grouse if he couldn't hit woodcock and was weighing the possibility that he took them sitting, when he interrupted.

"Be glad to come with you sometime this season, if you'd like," he said, looking at the dogs. "I can show you where the grouse are."

It was a generous offer and I appreciated it. I thanked him and we drove on.

The abandoned farms farther down the road had cattle on them, and swampy areas, and alders—a combination I can't resist in early fall.

Bordering the swamp were shallow slopes dotted with hawthorns red with haws, and a broad cove of alders was visible half a mile up the bottom. I could hear the whistle of woodcock wings from four weeks away, and the whirr of more than one grouse that had to use those haws.

Later, we explored the other branch of the road and found one habitation. The owner invited me to make use of his 750 acres. "I used to hunt," he said, "but I don't seem to have the time anymore. Besides, my hip bothers me when I walk too much."

Two families in over 2,000 acres of nearly perfect bird country—this is what you can find when you make use of topographic maps.

These top maps are published by the U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C. 20242, and are available at small cost. To get those you want, write for an Index map of the state and order the quadrangle which takes in the area of your interest. Some Pennsylvania sporting goods and book-

**IT'S ALL RIGHT** to study a map on the car hood, but don't expect a compass to work reliably there.





stores stock some of these maps. Their names and addresses are listed on the state Index map.

For those unfamiliar with these maps, perhaps a description is in order. In the Geological Survey's own words, "A topographic map is a graphic representation of selected man-made and natural features of a part of the earth's surface plotted to a definite scale. Its distinguishing characteristic is the portrayal of the shape and elevation of the terrain. Topographic maps record the physical characteristics of the terrain as determined by precise engineering surveys and measurements and by photogrammatic methods. They show the location and shape of mountains, valleys and plains; the network of streams and rivers and the principal works of man. Water features are printed in blue, man-made objects in black, wooded areas in green. Symbols indicating the shape and elevation of the land surface are brown."

A lot of gunners use top maps, especially in back country such as I hunt, but I'm not sure we all use them in the same manner. And those who have never used these maps are missing something. They show much more than access by road and location of houses. They indicate each ravine, the shape of ridges and hollows, the flats, direction of stream flow, the elevation of the terrain, forested areas. All of this tells me whether a covert is worth looking into.

The maps aren't perfect, of course. Those of certain areas have not been revised for many years. Some roads and house locations are obsolete and many indicated roads are no longer passable. But most of the topographic maps are amazingly accurate. The two sizes I use are scaled 1:62,500 and 1:24,000, the former being about 1 inch to the mile, the latter some 2½ inches per mile. The contour lines that indicate areas of equal elevation and reflect the form of the land usually represent 20-foot levels.

Hunting in wild coverts can be tricky—even dangerous—when the area is unfamiliar. I like to plan my hunt on a top map before I have seen the area. With these maps I am often better informed about back country history than the people who live nearby. I once stopped at a mountain farm and asked a woman about a valley that was two or three ridges away. She told me about an old road that used to lead to it over the intervening mountain. "But that was years ago. You couldn't find your way now."

I checked my map. "Is that the one that forks left just beyond the house on the far side of this first ridge?"

She stared at me with something close to distrust. "There hain't no house there."

From inside the kitchen the voice of an old man reached us: "That was the Metheny Place. It burned down twenty or thirty years ago."

#### House Still Shown

It was still there on my top map which had been surveyed in 1902 and revised in 1923, years before the house burned. Many of the new maps omit those old homesteads, which I regret. For the sake of accuracy there could be some distinctive symbol to indicate there is no longer a house but that one once stood there. I like, when some one speaks of the Old Sam Place or the Brick Church, whose bricks were carted off long ago for assorted chimneys all over the country, to be able to unroll my top map and see just where they stood, even to the little run shown heading at the spring, or to the dotted outline with cross indicating a graveyard where now there are only sunken holes and myrtle spreading over fallen tombstones in the woods.

Top maps are cumbersome to carry in a shooting coat unless they are folded and this soon spoils them. A friend of mine cuts his topographic quadrangles into convenient rectangles, mounts them in place on

tough fabric such as draftsman's tracing linen, and carries them, folded, in his coat. The fabric backing withstands folding without breaking. I don't attempt to carry my maps while hunting. Instead, I keep them rolled in their cardboard mailing tubes. Before starting out in new terrain I take a last look at my map at the station wagon. Fixing certain features in my mind, I get a clear image of the area.

### Helps Plan Hunt

Let's say I am shooting grouse in Fayette County in southwestern Pennsylvania. I am on Laurel Hill, which in this portion has a general northeast-southwest direction but is more nearly a sugar loaf (one of its foothill knobs bears that name). Its many shoulders form ravines that radiate in nearly all compass points with streams that eventually flow into the wild Youghiogheny River which writhes around the east and north bases of Laurel Hill.

The dirt road where I am parked crosses the head of one of these tributaries. The top map shows it flowing south through a deep valley with four branches feeding into the west side. If I have the time I can take a marvelous hunt, working the shoulders between these ravines well up from the main stream. About two or three miles around the ridge I will come to a point of land between the third and fourth ravines. There I see a road indicated by broken lines which ends at a black square — some venturesome soul's effort to find a world of his own. It is a safe wager that neither a person nor a house is there now, and I can picture the road overgrown with grapevines and greenbriers. The brown contour lines are close together here, indicating a steep hill, and I can drop down over (a phrase that fails to amuse Kay at the far end of a hard hunt) and investigate the small triangle of flat land at the junction of the fourth ravine and the main stream. I can then hunt back up the valley through what is no doubt good rhododendron-



**USED DURING** a hunt, a top map will help you locate likely patches of cover that might otherwise be missed.

hemlock cover and reach the station wagon in a mile and a half of late afternoon shooting. This is the type and extent of terrain that, with any kind of luck, could yield contact with a dozen separate grouse.

If the area on the map had been in green, indicating forest, I could only guess its nature from what I see around me. I have no way of knowing that the land won't be too rocky to hunt over and I may have to change my plans and, as the Quakers say, *proceed as way opens*. But by keeping the relation of the ridge and the ravines in mind, I won't get lost.

Kay likes to think that I have a built-in compass in my head. There have been situations when I wasn't certain I wouldn't disillusion her, though each time a nebulous something has nudged me in the right direction. Once we ended at late dusk at the head of the wrong fork of a stream. I had realized my error soon after I took the wrong branch but, from memory of my top map, knew it would be simpler to continue and





**A MAP ALONE** is some help, and properly used with a compass it can solve a lot of problems in strange hunting country.

come out on a paved road which we could follow to the car, rather than turn back and take the main valley.

Most of the time, all you need is a sense of direction to get back to where you started, but it helps immeasurably to have the lay of the land in mind as you saw it on the top map. Even with a poor sense of direction and no compass you can get out, provided there is some sun and you know which direction you must travel. With any trace of sun in the sky your watch is an accurate compass. Hold it in a horizontal plane and point the hour hand in the direction of the sun. Ignore the minute hand. No matter what the time or season, South is always halfway between the hour hand, as it points to the sun, and 12 o'clock (one o'clock if you are on Daylight Saving Time). If it is too cloudy to see the sun or if a fog moves in, you need a real compass, which no hunter should be without. But unless you know which direction you must go, no point on the compass means much,

as the best it can do is keep you moving in a straight line. This is when your memory of your top map can be priceless, for it helps you choose the correct direction.

Together with a compass, it is wise to carry matches in a waterproof case and a candle stub to start a fire in an emergency.

#### **Lost Hunter Problem**

During the first week of the 1966 deer season, the Farmington Fire Department was called out three times to locate deer hunters lost in the Fayette County mountains. In neighboring West Virginia, on Wednesday of the first week of November, one of a group of turkey hunters became separated from his companions in the big Stony River country above the Canaan Valley. When he did not come in that night an organized search was begun on foot and later by helicopter. On Friday, two hunters who were not members of the searching party came across his body in a shallow tributary

of Stony River. His shotgun shells were gone. He may have built a fire during his miles of wandering, but he didn't stay with it as he should have. Death was attributed to exposure in the 10-degree temperatures of those highland nights. Lack of knowledge of the terrain and, no doubt, panic contributed to this tragedy. Careful study of the topographic maps of the areas would have assured this man's, and the deer hunters', getting out, if not the first night, certainly in the morning.

### **Soggy Hunt**

This year Kay and I were hunting woodcock in a wild piece of country. From top maps I knew the extent of the area and the relation of the branches of the river. However, rain-fall had swelled the smallest runs and made soggy traps of what were normally spongy alder flats. We were working downstream along a little tributary when we flushed a grouse to the far side. I saw a place we could cross but, wanting to explore the head of the valley to our right, we followed a series of beaver ponds in that direction. At the largest of these we put up a flock of about 60 mallards that rose with a clatter of flickering wings and swung back downstream. Finding the upper valley a broad morass, we turned back and crossed the breast of the big beaver pond. It was an extensive dam with a mean looking swamp below and a mass of brush that hung over the deep water of the pond, forcing us to balance precariously as we pushed our way past and through the branches. We made the far side with a sense of achievement and hurried down the margin of the bog. Even here, it was rough going and we sank to boot tops in places.

We did not move the grouse or even a woodcock, and when I knew we were below the junction of the first tributary we began to work our way toward the crossing I had in mind. I realized then that the crossing

was on the small tributary and not on this considerable stream in front of us. The bog was too wide to cross above the tributary, the sun had gone down, and it did no good to stand there and elaborate on my stupidity. Beaver dams provide crossings when you can reach them, so we searched among the flooded alders until we found one. After crossing it we leaped from clump to clump of alders, moving slowly toward our tributary. There were cattle tracks in the deep ooze—a reassuring sign until we came onto the skeleton of a cow. When we reached the tributary we discovered that it was 10 feet wide and too deep to touch bottom with a long pole. Still certain I could correct my mistake, I started up the right side toward my previous crossing. We came to an expanse of water backed up by beavers from somewhere below, blocking us completely.

To back track across the swamp and up the valley and over that first brushy beaver dam was something I didn't relish doing in near-dark but it had to be faced. On the chance we might find a fallen tree over the deep channel of the tributary, we stayed close to it on our way back. There was nothing but alders but we did find where beavers had begun a network of thin branches from the far bank reaching to within 5 feet of our side.

### **Wet Crossing**

There was no assurance that it would hold us even if we could jump to it, but while our brace of wet setters curled up to shiver, Kay and I began gathering alder branches. Only the dead ones would twist off but we collected enough to pile across the gap. At last we were ready to try it. The springy mass gave under our weight, letting us several inches into the water, but held as we teetered across with the setters slipping and splashing after us.

There is no excuse for blundering into such a situation. Even with knowl-



edge of the terrain from top maps, the thing to do is *think*. Think before making a decision that can put you on a spot. Then visualize your location in terms of the top map again before carrying it out. It may save wallowing over miles of dangerous country in possible darkness.

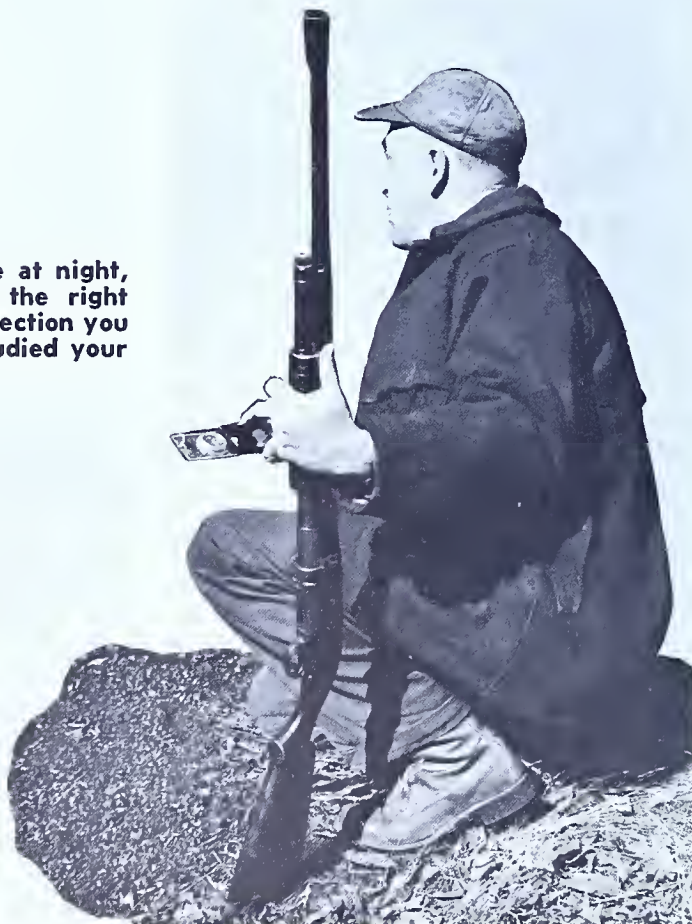
Aside from avoiding getting lost, or even ease in getting in and getting out, if you hunt new country without first studying a top map you are hunting blind. There may be a good cove or an inviting ravine just over the next rise which you might pass up unless you have seen it on your map; you may turn right when a left turn would have led you to a promising ridge.

You can also learn much by examining an area on the map after you have hunted it. If you found game there, note the contour and slopes of the land, as well as the relation of streams

to ridges, for game is often found in similar conformations elsewhere. Flat land indicated as swampy is frequently attractive to woodcock and pheasants. Coves are good grouse coverts and so are river hills. A broken-line road may lead you to a farm abandoned by everything but game. I look for these features when I scan my top maps for new terrain. I'd miss a lot of pleasure if I hunted without them. And, in spite of what Kay thinks of my sense of direction, there have been times when I would have been lost without one.

*Topographical maps are published by the U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C. 20242. Write them for an Index map of any state, from which you can order the quadrangle maps which interest you. Price is low.*

**WHEN IT'S TIME** to go home at night, a compass can point you in the right direction—if you know what direction you want to go. You will if you studied your top map earlier.



# What Do Owls Eat?

By Donald S. Heintzelman

**R**ECENTLY, while engaged in ornithological field work for the William Penn Memorial Museum, I had an opportunity to walk through a pine planting on State Game Lands No. 205 in Lehigh County. Near the edge of this planting I came across a large number of owl pellets scattered over several square yards of the forest floor. Obviously, the surrounding trees had served as an owl roost, although the birds were no longer there.



**DONALD S. HEINTZELMAN** dissected owl pellets and examined them under a high power microscope to determine the creatures' feeding habits.

Most of these pellets were immediately collected and brought back to the museum for careful analysis. The structure and composition of the pellets suggested that they were regurgitated by long-eared owls, but this was not determined with certainty. Nevertheless, here was a fine opportunity to determine what these birds were feeding on. In owl pellets, this is easily done since the birds generally swallow much of the food they capture whole, or in large pieces, and the skulls of the prey species are often recovered intact from the pellets.

## Interesting Lab Results

The results of the laboratory analysis were most interesting. The following prey remains were identified from 60 pellets examined.

Mouse ( <i>Microtinae</i> ) .....	1
Meadow mouse ( <i>Microtus pennsylvanicus</i> ) .....	57
Pine mouse ( <i>Pitymys pinetorum</i> ) .....	1
White-footed or deer mouse ( <i>Peromyscus</i> sp.) .....	5

From the above table it can be seen that these owls were performing exceedingly beneficial rodent control services for the local sportsmen and farmers. Fully 89 percent of their food consisted of the prolific and destructive meadow mouse. Here then was graphic proof of the value of these nocturnal Pennsylvania birds

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## Future Buck Season Opening Dates Established

Opening dates for the 1968, 1969 and 1970 antlered deer seasons have been established by the Pennsylvania Game Commission. The Monday following Thanksgiving will be the first day of this season each year through 1970.

The Game Commission scheduled the antlered deer opening dates for the next few years in order that hunters who must schedule their vacations far in advance will be able to make their plans for hunting.





W. H. K. 1/15



# The Game Protector and the Praying Lady

By William W. Britton

**L**ORD, send us a man, she prayed. It happened one beautiful October Sunday afternoon in Horse Valley, down in Franklin County, when David H. Franklin was refuge keeper of Number 76 and the writer was a Game Protector. Having met by prearrangement, we were standing on the public road at 2 p.m., mapping out a little strategy on how best to patrol this area. Honeybees were busily extracting remaining bits of nectar from the dust-covered goldenrod which had grown by the side of the road. Water from the Lou Mackey spring was flowing through the pipe which had been installed by the C.C.C. boys who had worked on a project sponsored by the Pennsylvania Game Commission on these lands. This section of the valley had not known a permanent resident for over fifty years.

Earlier in the preceding week, Dave had discovered some shelled corn on a sandbar at the edge of the Conodoguinet Creek, which at that time flowed through the refuge. He had an idea who the culprit was and thought we had a good chance of nabbing him. This suspect had been known to enter this refuge at other times in an attempt to decoy wild turkeys away by dropping a trail of corn kernels which led to his bait on the outside.

Early one morning we were quietly walking toward the baited sandbar when I stepped on a large rattlesnake which was coiled under some dead grass. The heavy frost of the night before had stiffened him to the point he was unable to strike me. Dave noticed what had happened; otherwise, I might never have known the snake was there. Breaking off a small switch, Dave put him to rest for good.

This corn on the sandbar apparently had been placed to attract wild ducks. Unknown to the general public, wild ducks by the hundreds used this section of the refuge as a resting area before continuing their southern flight. Dave was of the opinion the baiter had not planned to take ducks with a firearm, but with a more silent and devious device. His logic seemed sound to me, and we decided to work on that theory.

## Sky Full of Ducks

As we completed our strategy session, the sky above the sandbar suddenly became filled with ducks. This was not normal behavior for ducks at midafternoon. Someone was in the refuge. Without further conversation, two lean and lank Game Protectors were on their way. We were both thinking the same thing—surely this was it—yet neither of us said a word. But what a surprise lay ahead of us.

"There he is," I exclaimed a few minutes later. "No, it's not a man—it's a woman. No, there are two of them—three of them!"

Dave's facial expression was no different than mine perhaps. It just couldn't be true. But there they were. Three middle-aged women crawling through the rhododendron and thick undergrowth. As we neared them one said, "Mary, my prayer was answered." Then to me, "I just said, 'Lord, send us a man.'"

I quickly replied, "He doubled your order—there are two of us."

These three ladies looked like the Dogpatch triplets—their dresses and stockings were torn, their hair mussed, arms, hands and legs scratched, their faces dirty.





**TO SEE A sky rull of ducks wasn't unusual—but finding three lost schoolteachers certainly was!**

"What in the world are you ladies doing in here?"

"We're lost! We've been walking for over five hours," the praying lady replied. "This morning we drove to the top of the mountain, parked our car and proceeded to take a hike through these beautiful mountains. Somehow, we got turned around. Finally we found this stream and decided to follow it. We hoped it would bring us to civilization eventually."

We led the three women back to the

road. They were pretty well fagged and we stopped several times for them to rest. When we reached our car we asked them on which mountaintop they had parked theirs. They didn't know. So we asked them to tell us where they lived, and from where they had started in the morning. By this procedure we deduced they had parked on top of the Upper Strasburg Mountain where the road leads into Bear Valley. When we arrived there their faces lit up and as with one voice they chimed, "That's our car!"

The praying lady wanted to pay us for our trouble, but we told them we were public servants and there was no charge, but to stay out of all game refuges in the future as there was a monetary consideration commonly called a penalty of \$25, which could be assessed on anyone who enters a game refuge without proper authorization. They promised they would never go onto a strange mountain again without a competent guide.

Who were these three ladies that had been lost in the woods? They were three maiden lady college teachers who had set out to spend a beautiful October morning in lovely countryside, but got lost along the way. It happens, you know.

Oh, I almost forgot. You want to know what happened to the duck-baiter. Well, that's a much longer story and I'll tell it another time. But be assured—he didn't get any ducks.

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## Book Review . . .

### The Book of Pistols and Revolvers

The late W. H. B. Smith's classic, *The Book of Pistols and Revolvers*, has been updated by Kent Bellah in this latest edition of a book that first appeared over 20 years ago. An outstanding reference work, it gives a short history of hundreds of handguns ranging in caliber from the tiny 3 mm. Kolibri (about .12 caliber) to the .577, describes the mechanical design of each gun, lists ballistic data of the cartridges, and gives general information to let the reader see each gun in the context of its times. In addition, there is an informative chapter on the evolution of handguns, from the cannon lock of the early 14th century to today. (Stackpole, Harrisburg, Pa., 1965. 752 pp., \$13.50.)

# *The Tyro's Trapline*

By Ed Shenk

**M**ENTION "trapper" and what comes to mind? A big, bearded, buckskin-clad individual living 40 miles from nowhere, right? A hundred years ago that might have been the case, but not anymore. Today's trapper might be a schoolboy, doctor, farmer, schoolteacher or just about anyone else you can think of. They all have one thing in common—a love for trapping.

What about the beginning trapper? How does he get started? Perhaps I can guide you a little.

I'm going to try to summarize some basic procedures for trapping muskrats, minks and raccoons, the animals most likely to be found near the waters of our farmland and wooded areas. In other words, water trapping.

First off, let's talk about equipment. Certain items help make trapping game easier. Dragging a dozen traps in one hand isn't difficult, but as soon as you stop to set one you have to put the others down. One rolls into the icy water, the rest get scattered around. You pick them up and proceed to the next location and repeat the process. What am I driving at? Something to carry the traps in, of course, a pack basket, packsack or shoulder bag.

My choice except on small bushy streams is the pack basket. One eighteen inches high is just about right to carry a few dozen traps and the average catch of muskrats. These pack baskets can be purchased from any trapper's supply house advertising in the outdoor magazines. For carrying just a few spare traps on a small trapline, an army musette bag is good. These can be bought in most surplus stores.

Of course in water trapping a pair of rubber boots is necessary. On small, shallow streams you can get by with







*Photo by Thad Bukowski*

**TO AVOID** losing an animal, trap should be wired securely to a solidly-planted stake.

sixteen-inch all-rubber hunting boots. The ones with the three eyelets are best. Hip boots and chest waders are preferred when you trap the larger creeks and rivers.

A hand ax or good sharp hunting knife is needed for cutting trap stakes. While a digging trowel isn't a necessity except for fox trapping, one will come in handy for making special sets. Add to this equipment a pair of wire-cutting pliers and 50 feet of flexible wire (about 15 gauge) and you are ready to go. Except for traps, that is.

The standard long spring and under-spring Number 1 traps are adequate for muskrats where there is deep enough water to drown the catch. A trapped muskrat has very fragile bones in his forelegs and will possibly twist off his foot if unable to reach deeper water. The special Number 1 with an extra wire "guard" which goes over the trapped animal's upper leg and body will save enough trapped animals to more than make up for the extra cost. Among the best of these

traps are the Surehold, manufactured by Blake and Lamb, and the Victor Stoploss, by the Animal Trap Co. The Conibear, a killer trap by the Animal Trap Co., is also a good trap for certain sets. Start with a dozen or so traps and reinvest some of your trapping money into more traps.

#### **Beginner's Outfit**

A good outfit for the beginner is six Number 2 Victor Coil Springs for mink and raccoon, six Conibears and eighteen Surehold or Stoploss traps. Some good trappers may set as high as 500 muskrat traps in areas of large populations, but that's a full-time operation. For the trapper whose time is limited, a couple of dozen traps set at choice spots will be just as rewarding as 100 set in a haphazard manner.

Bright new traps have no place on a trapline. They are so easy to see that they are the first ones that the casual "bank-tramper" will locate and disturb or steal. Also, they are easily detected by mink and raccoon, though a muskrat won't be bothered one way or the other. Buy your traps a month or more before the season, and hang them out in the weather. They should start to rust, which is what we want. If they don't start rusting quickly enough, douse them once in awhile with salty water. In the meantime, collect a bushel of black walnuts and let them set until the green hulls turn black. By this time the traps will have a thin coating of rust. Boil about five gallons of water with quite a few of the walnut hulls in. When you have a strong, inky solution, put in the traps and simmer a couple of hours until the traps come out a deep brown or black. This should be done before each season.

Both large and small streams offer a great variety of trap locations, but a half dozen set types are the real money makers. Prospect your areas early in the fall and look for tracks, slides, dens, feed beds and places where the animals have deposited

their droppings. Mink droppings are about two inches long, pencil size in diameter and consist of twisted hair and small bones. Raccoon droppings are larger and look like a compact bunch of seeds, but also have in them tiny fish scales, crayfish claws or possibly hair or feathers. Muskrat droppings, generally deposited on small rocks or logs above water, look like dark brown, wrinkle-free raisins.

### Most Common Set

Muskrat den sets are probably the most commonly used by the beginner. Entrances to these dens are found in the stream or pond bank and can be completely under water or partially dry with just an inch or two of water at the entrance. The wholly submerged den entrances are best guarded by a Conibear trap because of the possibility of the muskrat swimming over the common trap without being caught. At partially submerged entrances where the animal is walking rather than swimming, the standard trap, preferably of the Surehold or Stoploss variety, should be used, placing the trap so the pan will be slightly off to one side of the center of the entrance. Sets at partially dry muskrat den entrances may catch a mink if care is used to slightly cover the trap with liquid mud or with a thin covering of water-soaked grasses or leaves.

Muskrat feed beds consist of chewed up roots, grasses, water weeds and sometimes shells of freshwater mussels. While these beds are often found along open banks of streams and ponds, by far the most productive ones are found beneath the overhanging banks or back under the roots of a streamside tree. Owls are natural enemies of muskrats, so the overhead protection is preferred. Traps set at the edge of these beds in about three inches of water will generally grab the rat by a hind leg, a catch preferred to clamping a trap on the fragile front leg. Try to place the trap so the animal moves between the jaws

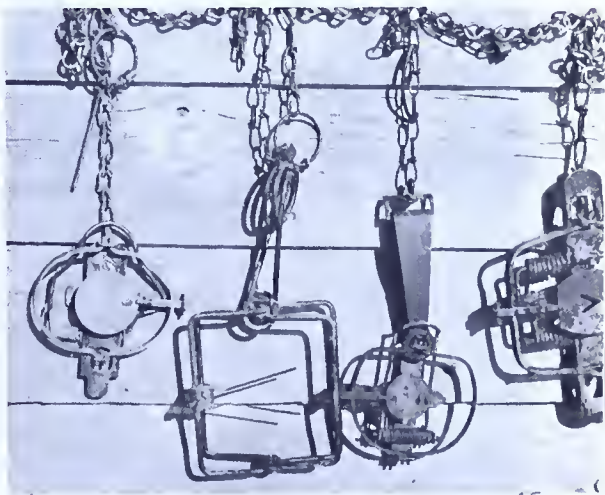
of the trap rather than over one jaw. This helps prevent the springing jaws from throwing the animal clear of the trap as it goes off.

In protected spots where no feed beds are in evidence, an artificial bed can be made by twisting a few water weeds into a flat pile. Add to this a few mussel shells or light colored roots from water plants and you have a natural looking set with an attractor to catch the eye of the muskrat. Most muskrats stay within two or three feet of the bank while searching for food, so you can count on them to see the set.

In early fall muskrats climb up the banks and travel to grain fields and grass patches. They use the same trails over and over until they become quite noticeable. These trails are called "slides." A trap set in the water at the bottom of a slide may be good for one to eight muskrats. Set the trap in about three inches of water, with the trap pan slightly to one side of the center of the slide. As the weather gets colder the muskrat will spend most of his time in the water and the slide will no longer pay off, so use it at the beginning of the season and look for more productive spots as the

**GOOD TRAPS for Pennsylvania furbearers include, from left, Blake & Lamb Surehold, Conibear, Victor Stoploss and No. 2 Victor coil spring.**

*Photo by Ed Shenk*





weather gets colder in the fall.

While commercial lures are not generally used in muskrat trapping, there are some areas where a lure can be mighty effective. Instead of bypassing several hundred yards of stream where signs are scarce and rats are few, dig a hole in the bank just above the waterline and in it place a few drops of lure. The trap is set in the water directly beneath the hole. This type of set will pay off with pleasing regularity.

Don't overlook the spot where a tiny stream enters a body of water. Minks, muskrats, and raccoons all puddle around in these spots and a well-concealed Number 2 trap set at the entrance may take some of each of these furbearers.

Now for a few sets which are slanted toward mink and raccoon, although they will catch most passing muskrats, too. The hollow log found along any waterway is always a potential set. The trap is concealed at the entrance and a bait such as a dead fish, crayfish or frog is placed inside

**FOR A BEGINNER** whose time is limited, a couple of dozen traps set at choice spots will be enough.

*Photo by Thad Bukowski*



the log and concealed by a few leaves. I prefer these sets where there is a small amount of water running through the log. A strictly dry hollow log set will catch too many undesirable animals such as rabbits, opossums or squirrels. Actually, I've even caught some of these animals in the water, but you lessen this chance by keeping the traps under water.

### **Good Mink Set**

Another good set for mink is around rock or log jumbles found at the water's edge. This nervous little creature explores most holes and passageways in its travels, and a trap set under water in likely spots around log jams or brush piles can be surprisingly rewarding. I once threw a dead sucker back into a crevice between two large rocks and concealed a trap with wet leaves at the entrance. Before I lifted the trap two weeks later, it had taken two large and one small mink, a large raccoon and four muskrats. Each catch was drowned.

Mink and muskrats like to travel and explore the dark confines of overhanging banks. By checking a number of these areas, you will find some with just the right depths of water to conceal a trap. A careful look may also reveal the tracks and claw marks of the furbearers you are seeking. Once again, a concealed trap may produce surprising catches.

Don't forget ponds either. Most farm ponds are created with an earthen dam. Muskrats tunnel through these in creating their dens and can become a real headache to any pond owner. Many people who own farm ponds are more than willing to have you trap these pesky creatures. Such ponds often have a population of tame or wild ducks, so the usual slide and feed bed sets should not be used. Conibear traps placed in underwater den entrances are the most useful and the set least likely to catch an unwanted duck. On some of these ponds I cry a little at the sets I have to pass

up because of the ducks, but then I generally get an invitation to return each year to thin down the muskrats, so it averages out. Keep your trail, slide and feed bed sets for the wilder ponds and marshes far removed from Farmer Brown's ducks.

The methods by which you fasten your traps are of extreme importance and must vary with the set location. The most common trap fastening is a stake with a fork on the end. The stake is placed through the trap ring and pushed into the stream bank. This is by far the poorest excuse for a trap fastening that is used. The trapped animal cannot reach deep water and will in all probability "wring-off" or otherwise escape. An animal in the water cannot exert as much force on the trap as one on dry land.

A stake with about two feet of strong wire attached enables the trapped animal to reach deeper water where he is more easily held and usually drowned. At some locations you can attach the wire to an underwater root rather than use a stake. Never wire the trap chain to a root high above the water or on shore. Now, what if there are no roots or the banks are so rocky that a stake will not hold? At such locations wire the trap to a rock of about 5 pounds. Believe me, in most areas a coil of wire is about as essential to a trapper as his traps.

Extra strong fastenings must be used in areas inhabited by raccoons, since they are such powerful animals



*Photo by Thad Bukowski*

**A TRAPPER'S job doesn't end out along the creek—he still has to prepare all those skins!**

either in or out of the water. I generally use double strands of wire when I expect coons. I also use heavier rocks to slow down these masked bandits a little quicker. There's nothing more disappointing than to come up to a good muskrat set, see the landscape all torn up, and find the trap pulled off somewhere by a tough old coon.

A few final words about trapping. Treat it and preserve it as a sport. Respect the rights of the landowner. Obey all seasons and trapping laws. And to assure a crop for next year and the future, never attempt to take the last animal.

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## **"Safe" Pest Control**

Pennsylvanians will remember the wholesale spraying of our forests with a DDT emulsion in 1965, intended to eliminate the canker worm. Now the U. S. Department of Agriculture, according to Secretary Freeman, is searching for a safe substitute for DDT. A 30-man research team of scientists is testing chemicals that are highly selective against individual insects and that break down after use without contaminating the environment. Malathion, Zechtran, and pyrethrum have been tested so far. Of the three substitutes, pyrethrum may prove to be the safest. Pennsylvania wildlife will breathe a little easier if the Department is successful in its search.



# The Philadelphia Gun Law

By Halbert E. Fillinger, M.D.

Forensic Pathologist, and President of the Pennsylvania  
Antique Gun Collectors Association

**M**UCH HAS BEEN claimed concerning the effectiveness of the so-called Philadelphia Gun Law (City Ordinance No. 560, April 15, 1965). Therefore, a look at some of the effects of this ordinance may be of interest.

Briefly, the ordinance requires each prospective purchaser of any rifle, handgun, shotgun, any antique firearm, or anything (except spear guns) capable of expelling a projectile,\* to apply for a license from the Department of Licenses and Inspections of the City of Philadelphia, to be fingerprinted, supply photographs and be investigated by the Police Department before the license to purchase is granted.

The homicide rate for Philadelphia, determined by the Office of the Medical Examiner, shows the pattern given in Table A.

From these figures it is apparent that despite the ordinance governing purchases, the rate of firearms deaths in Philadelphia is at least as high as before enactment.

Examination of the Homicide Unit files discloses that, in firearms deaths, over 90 percent of all weapons used were "found," or "a guy gave it to me." In fewer than 16 cases in the past three years has the handgun used in a homicide been traced to a source *outside* of the city. Almost all the weapons used were obtained *illegally*, many of them locally.

Much has been said of the number of applicants rejected for purchase of a firearm under this ordinance. The Department of Licenses and Inspections reports that, in 1965, 3157 applications were received with 91 dis-

approvals; in 1966, 2964 applications were received with 108 disapprovals; and up to July 10, 1967, 1662 applications were received, with 43 disapproved.

Most of those refused were on the grounds that the applicant had a criminal record, although in 1965 four were refused at the request of the family and in 1966 one [elderly man] was refused because of age, *despite the fact that nowhere in the statute is [maximum] age a criteria.*

## Applicants "Tied" to Guns

Every applicant refused had been fingerprinted, photographed and so "tied" to the weapon he was attempting to purchase that it is highly unlikely that any criminal use of the weapon could be anticipated. It is even more unlikely that a registered gun would be used in crime when guns are so easily obtained illegally in the city.

Very little is said of a W. Walker who, despite a record of a prison sentence in New York and committal to a mental hospital there, obtained a permit to purchase a pistol in Philadelphia.

Speaking broadly, the estimated 28,000 sales of firearms in Philadelphia in 1964 has now dwindled to about 3000. What happened to the rest of the gun business? It didn't just die out. It still thrives, but not through legitimate gun dealers who keep proper records of transactions to assist police in tracing a gun.

The Ballistics Unit of the Philadelphia Police Department, according to their former head, has been greatly hampered in tracing firearms involved in crimes, since the number of legal

\*Air guns are prohibited under an older preexisting ordinance.

TABLE A

	Total No. of Homicides	No. Involving Firearms	Percent of Total	Justifiable Homicides	No. Involving Shoulder Arms
1964	220	72	32.7%	9	14
1965	232	95	40.9%	8	13
1966	205	75	36.6%	5	11
1967 (to 7/10/67)	127	40	31.5%		

TABLE B

## Firearms Examined by Police

1960	1962	1963	1964	1966	1967 (to 7/15/67)
1495	1367	1406	1362	1597	861

sales, recorded according to Federal law, has so drastically dropped. The number of firearms examined by police has risen, however, despite the restrictions of the ordinance, as Table B shows.

Not only the sportsmen and target shooters, but also antique gun collectors have been markedly hampered in the pursuit of their hobbies, with no basis for the inclusion of antique arms in the ordinance. The sales of antique arms, estimated at 1000 to 1200 in 1964, have dropped to less than 35 in 1966. If any other sales occurred, they were illegal.

In summary, it can be said that the Philadelphia Gun Ordinance has prevented the purchase of approximately 242 firearms (most of them handguns, which would also have been prohibited by the State Uniform Firearms

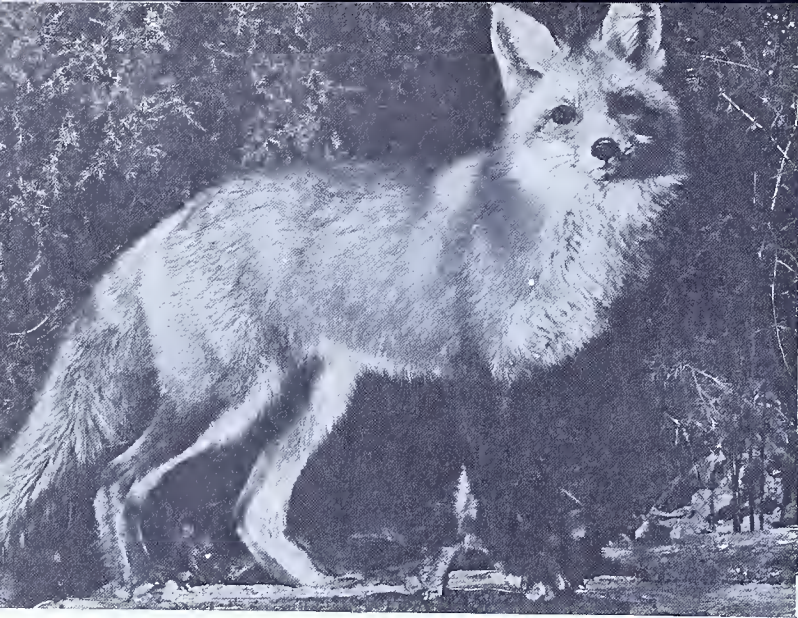
Act), and approved approximately 7783 requests. It has also produced an unenforced law (less than 6 arrests, one fine of \$25, two "no dispositions," no records on other arrests) which the first Assistant District Attorney, Richard Sprague, has stated is useless. Worst of all, best estimates would indicate that it has produced more than 50,000 illegal, unrecorded gun sales and attitudes of contempt for this law, which cannot help but, in at least some persons, breed contempt for laws in general.

*This article is abstracted from a statement presented to the U. S. Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency of the Committee on the Judiciary, during hearings on proposed firearms control legislation.*

## Pennsylvania Legislators Oppose Dodd Bill

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives has passed a resolution asking Congress to reject legislation calling for more stringent controls on the interstate sale of firearms by mail. The resolution asks that the U. S. Senate defeat the so-called Dodd Bill and "carefully examine and oppose any other legislation relating to registration and regulation of firearms which restricts the rights of law-abiding citizens and usurps the police power of the states to control firearms." The House's action has no binding effect on Congress but is an expression of sentiment of the House.





## Horses . .

**F**OX HUNTING was tried by most of the possible for a large. Dating back to pre-R for two centuries com together people from the interplay of action flame through the l against the sharp nos huntsmen gallop in p distance of the dogs'

These fox hunters does this happen. Th another day, and per sylvania hunting in throughout the season







## ... Foxes

hounds, though never  
he most exciting sport  
neastern Pennsylvania.  
ys, this fox hunting has  
ts fascination, bringing  
fe who are thrilled by  
red fox, moving like a  
matches his cunning  
ving hounds, while the  
to stay within hearing

kill the fox—and rarely  
ave him live to chase  
e only type of Penn-  
rry can provide sport







# FIELD NOTES



## The 99.9 Percent

**MONTGOMERY COUNTY**—It was a pleasure to work with some fine American boys while I was assigned to help out at the Junior Conservation Camp at Stone Valley in Huntingdon County. Too often, all the publicity on youngsters concerns the troublesome boys instead of the many fine ones in our country, but after working an assignment like this, I feel reassured that our state will be in good hands with fellows like these coming along.—District Game Protector R. G. Clouser, Lansdale.



## That's a Woman for You

**FRANKLIN COUNTY**—After Deputy Thomas Hawthorne returned home from the Deputy Training Classes at Brockway, his wife asked him to identify the bird sitting on the birdbath in the yard. He consulted the *Pennsylvania Birdlife* book but could not make a positive identification. However, he told her he thought it was a goldfinch. His wife broke out laughing and told him it was an artificial parakeet she had bought!—District Game Protector R. E. Schmuck, Greencastle.

## Ain't It the Truth?

**CRAWFORD COUNTY**—Only God can make a tree—but how quickly the creepy worms defoliate them.—District Game Protector W. E. Lee, Titusville.

## So Long and Good Luck, J. B.

**BEAVER, GREENE AND WASHINGTON COUNTIES** — Now, after 370 previous reports, it is hard to realize that I am retiring and this is the last one. Thinking back over the events in the past, the places visited, the areas worked, the friends made, it has been a great and lasting experience and I would do it all over again if I had the opportunity.—Land Manager J. B. McGregor, Washington

## That's How You Learn

**BERKS COUNTY**—Due to a malfunction of the cannon net, we were unable to catch any geese with it at French Creek Park, where they were creating a nuisance while feeding on the public beach area. Our hunting license agent from Morgantown loaned us his outboard motor and four youths who had been boating on the lake loaned us their time. Using their boats they helped herd the geese onto land and run them down. One group of geese was herded into an area far from our trucks. They were temporarily penned into an abandoned enclosure until we could pick them up. Two fell into a pit, and one young man went down and rescued them. One boy remarked that he had always wondered how a goose looked at close range and now he knew. — District Game Protector J. A. Leiendecker, Reading.

## First Step—Dragonfly

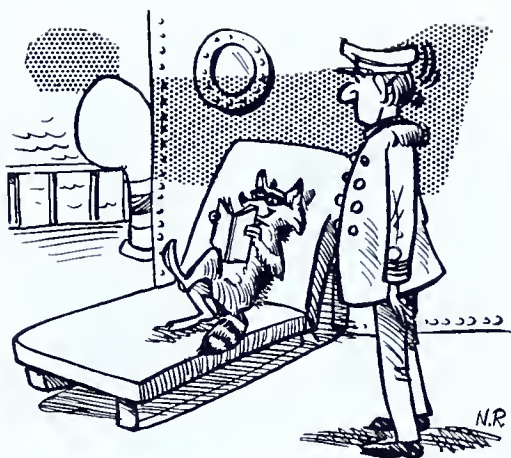
**VENANGO COUNTY**—"I'm gonna catch a dragonfly!" declared Cecil McKean of Franklin, R. D. 1, when he arrived at the Venango County Council of Sportsmen's Clubs' outing. Now, it's not unusual for an eight-year-old boy to want to catch a dragonfly but this pronouncement took considerable courage, for this meeting was the first field day for the Crippled Children's Society of Venango County, and Cecil is paralyzed from the waist down. I wish I could report that Cecil caught his dragonfly this time, but he didn't. Still, I wouldn't be surprised to hear he's done it someday. Cecil and his friends aren't quitters, and I've got a hunch they'll soon be figuring out ways to do lots of tough jobs in their own fashion. I'm proud of them for trying, and of the sportsmen who are helping them.—CIA R. D. Parlamen, Franklin.

## Real Danger

**FOREST COUNTY** — Recently I witnessed another wildlife tragedy brought on by man. Abandoned tar pits left over from an old chemical plant at Mayburg along the Tionesta Creek were death traps for a doe and her fawn. Two U. S. Forest Service men, Pat Skibinski and Joe Hepinger, helped me rope and pull them out. It was all the three of us could do to get the large doe out of the sucking, gooey mess. What they must have gone through before succumbing.—District Game Protector D. W. Gross, Marienville.

## Friends

**HUNTINGDON COUNTY** — Recently while on Clemson Island I saw five wild geese and forty mallard ducks staying on the pond with the captive geese.—Land Management Assistant G. H. Burdick, Huntingdon.



## Best Laid Plans . . .

**ERIE COUNTY** — A large raccoon recently tried to defect from the United States on board the *Bel Evelyn*, an ocean freighter out of Oslo, Norway, while it was docked at the Erie International Marine Terminal. The raccoon caused quite a stir among the vessel's officials, because the ship would have to be quarantined in Panama and could not be unloaded if the animal were not removed. The First Mate insisted that the stowaway be removed unharmed if possible, so a box trap was supplied and set in one of the large holds. Sure enough, sardines did the trick, hence a happy ending for all—except the stowaway coon, whose plans for basking in the warm tropical sun fell through.—District Game Protector R. L. Sutherland, Erie.

## Swan Song

**CENTRE COUNTY**—I received a call from a person in Milesburg who said he had a swan in his garden. I picked up the swan and took it to Penn State University for positive identification. It turned out to be a young whistling swan, which should have migrated north to its nesting grounds in early April. Unfortunately, the swan was injured and died several days later.—District Game Protector D. Sloan, Bellefonte.





### Camouflage

**LUZERNE COUNTY** — Deputy John Weir of Beaver Brook told me about a coal black woodchuck which had taken up residence near his home. The day I stopped to see it, the three young chucks were also near the den. Mother Nature apparently gave these chucks the pelt to match their surroundings, as their den is in an abandoned coal bank.—District Game Protector R. W. Nolf, Conyngham.

### Gobbler's Ghost

**CAMBRIA AND INDIANA COUNTIES**—On his way home from hunting last fall, empty-handed, Raymond Brink of Berwinsdale, Clearfield County, saw a turkey in the woods near the road, got out, stalked and shot it. Soon he had it home, where his wife and children excitedly admired the large bearded gobbler and proclaimed his prowess as a hunter. Suddenly, the turkey came to life and started racing around the kitchen, wings flapping wildly, the kids, Ray and his wife in hot pursuit! When they finally overpowered it, Ray found that a single No. 2 pellet had grazed the turkey's head, knocking it out. As if that weren't enough, the children insisted that, since the turkey wasn't seriously harmed, it should be freed!—Land Manager C. L. Ruth, Indiana.

### A Perch With a View

**TIOGA COUNTY**—I recently received a call that a bear was up a tree on Main Street. Deputy Carpenter and I spent three hours convincing him he should go back to the hills. As if that wasn't enough, on the day of the Laurel Festival either this same bear or another one decided to come into town and watch the parade from a perch in a tree on lower Main Street. With the help of several police officers we did keep him from entering the parade and finally got him headed for the woods.—District Game Protector R. L. Sinsabaugh, Wellsboro.

### The Big Thumb

**HUNTINGDON COUNTY** — Late in May our Food and Cover Corps was working on a food plot on State Game Lands No. 99. A helicopter came over and the foreman, Lema Kline, waved at the men in the copter. The copter landed to see if something was wrong. Finding nothing wrong the pilot took Kline on a tour of the Game Lands by air. Smokey said it was some experience, and from now on out he is going to wave at all planes, hoping he can hitch another ride. — Land Manager W. H. Shaffer, Huntingdon.

### Go, Woody, Go!

**CUMBERLAND COUNTY** — The following incident was related to me by Daniel Peters of Carlisle. Dan's wife put their pet boxer, Taffy, out for a romp. Several minutes later Mrs. Peters was alarmed by a commotion in the side yard. Opening the back door to investigate, Mrs. Peters was swept off her feet when a groundhog with Taffy in close pursuit, ran past her into the house. A chase all through the house ensued, with the groundhog ending up in the bedroom on top of the bed whistling defiance and Taffy barking treed.—District Game Protector E. F. Utech, Carlisle.

## What Show Does He Like?

**PERRY COUNTY**—Who says television is for people only? Paul Kline of R. D., Liverpool, would argue the point. It seems he gets company occasionally when a ring-necked pheasant comes up to the living room door and watches television. The pheasant has done this many times and has stayed for rather long periods of time.—District Game Protector J. I. Sitlinger, Newport.

## Not All Gone

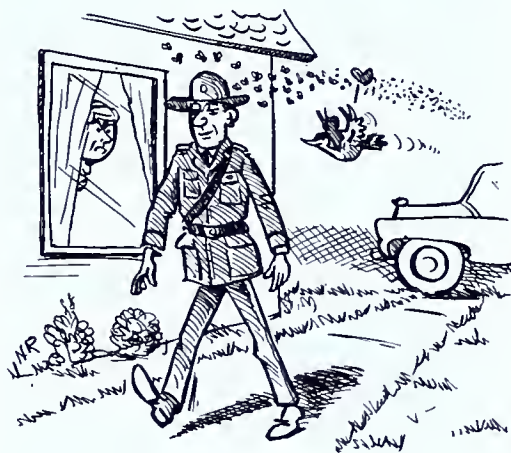
**SOMERSET COUNTY**—Many local residents are unaware that a few wildcats remain in the area. T. R. Kerrigan, hardware proprietor in Rockwood, has the evidence. On May 7 he and his wife were walking along the Western Maryland Railroad, about three miles east of Rockwood, and found a wildcat that had been hit by a train the night before. Mr. Kerrigan had his camera along and took a photograph. The cat weighed approximately 17 pounds.—District Game Protector D. C. Snyder, Meyersdale.

## Beats Hatching!

**ELK COUNTY**—In late June I released some ducklings from a crate on the Empire Tunnel Dam on State Game Lands No. 44. Several left the crate immediately, peeping and carrying on. The others I had to take from the crate. While this was going on, a wild adult female mallard swam out from the upper part of the dam and approached to within fifteen or twenty feet of where the first birds released were swimming around. She bunched these and waited until all ten of the ducks were released. She then gathered her instant brood and swam away. From the noisy conversation, I would say all concerned were happy with the transaction.—District Game Protector L. E. Milford, Portland Mills.

## Our Sentiments, Too

Recently I assisted instructing the Deputy Game Protector Class at the Ross Leffler School of Conservation in public relations. It certainly was a pleasure to participate in instructing such an interested group of Deputy Game Protectors. These officers, who were from all over the state, had sacrificed a week's vacation in order to attend this session at the Conservation School. I certainly think that the sportsmen of Pennsylvania are fortunate to have such a group of dedicated and unselfish officers, as represented by these Deputy Game Protectors, assisting in carrying on our wildlife conservation program.—CIA S. A. Kish, Avoca.



## Well, It's This Way . . .

**BEDFORD COUNTY** — Within a two-week period, the lady next door was first visited by a swarm of bees and then by a woodpecker which persisted in taking out the mortar between the joints of brick under the eaves of her house. Luckily for me, I was not at home for the first emergency, but was able to give a hand on the second one. Funny, but this neighborhood didn't seem to have such problems before I moved here. I wonder what the neighbors are thinking?—District Game Protector C. J. Williams, Bedford.

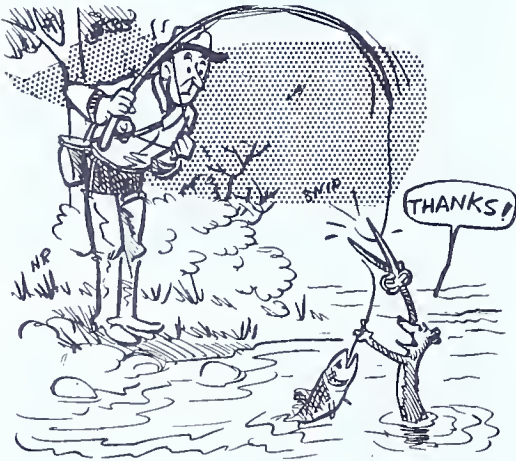


## Point of View

**CRAWFORD COUNTY** — While I was picking up a deer that a lady had hit, resulting in extensive damage to her new car, a man stopped and commented that if the Game Commission kept having doe seasons, there would be no deer left. The lady said she thought that even one deer was one too many, while another woman called me aside and said, "It's a shame to kill such a beautiful animal." Sometimes it's rather difficult to please everyone.—District Game Protector J. R. Miller, Meadville.

## Maybe He's Just Hungry

**PIKE COUNTY**—A gray fox has been making nightly trips to an area drive-in theater, distracting the attention of the moviegoers as he wanders among the cars searching for tidbits of food thrown out. He makes each movie sort of a double feature.—District Game Protector D. S. McPeck, Matamoras.



## Shoulda Gone Huntin'

**CLINTON COUNTY** — The other day Mr. Woods Rich of Woolrich told me a strange story. While fishing in the Pine Creek area, he had hooked a nice trout of about fifteen inches. Just as he was about to land it, a large mink swam up and stole the fish from his line.—District Game Protector J. B. Hancock, Lock Haven.

## People

A pair of wood ducks, either because they like the location or because of a housing shortage, took up house-keeping in a metal nesting box which had been placed for demonstration purposes at the entrance to the Pymatuning Museum. Thousands of people pass close by.

Mrs. Woody was denied her intentions. After laying a clutch of eggs, she was driven from her nest by intruders. In spite of appeals and warnings, objects of all kinds were deposited through the entrance to the box and someone even threw a pop bottle on her. The eggs were destroyed.—Bob Shelly, Custodian, Pymatuning Museum.

## What Next?

**MERCER COUNTY**—The life of a Game Protector in Mercer County is one of utter amazement. About a week ago, I had a deer hit by a wooden motor boat, resulting in a \$100 hole in the boat, but the deer survived. A few days later, while releasing pheasants, I observed a red-winged blackbird knock a hen pheasant out of the air in flight. And just prior to this time, I picked up a road-killed doe deer that was starting to grow antlers. I can hardly wait for the sun to come up, to see what tomorrow may bring. Maybe crop damage by passenger pigeons.—District Game Protector J. A. Badger, Mercer.

## Hoppy

**FAYETTE COUNTY**—While on patrol of Farm Game Project 147, Dunbar, R. D., checking woodchuck hunters, I saw a hen pheasant crouched in the grass with 8 chicks. I got out to make a better count. Lo and behold, the hen hobbled off on one leg, with the 8 chicks just inches away as if they were assisting poor old "hop-along" Mom.—District Game Protector A. J. Ziros, Connellsville.

## State Still Leads Nation in Hunting Licenses

**P**ENNSYLVANIA continues to lead the nation in both the number of paid hunting license holders and total income from the sale of hunting licenses, according to figures from the U. S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife.

In 1966 there were 955,234 paid hunting license holders in Pennsylvania, an increase of 37,410 over 1965. The Pennsylvania Game Commission's total revenue from the sale of licenses was \$6,290,628, an increase of \$296,178 over the previous year.

A paid license holder is defined as one individual, regardless of the number of licenses he purchases.

Out-of-state hunters also showed that Pennsylvania is one of their favorite destinations when crossing state borders to hunt. Last year 60,263 hunting licenses were sold to nonresidents, an increase of 7,717 over 1965. The 1966 figure placed the state among the nation's leaders in attracting non-resident hunters.

The Federal report showed that Michigan had 926,990 paid hunting license holders last year to rank second in the nation, while New York was third with 703,570 and California was fourth with 700,804.

Pennsylvania's lead over Michigan in the number of paid license holders was 20,000 in 1964; it climbed to 24,000 in 1965, and jumped to 28,000 in 1966. The Keystone State's margin over New York increased from 191,000 in 1965 to 251,000 last year.

According to the Federal report, there were 14,351,768 paid hunting

license holders in the nation last year, an increase of 21,000 over the preceding year. The total license cost to hunters was \$77,278,164.46, an increase of more than two million dollars over 1965.



*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III*

**THE TOP TROPHY** for many hunters.

"It is no surprise that Pennsylvania leads the nation in the number of hunters," Game Commission Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers said in reference to the report. "We have always felt that our state offers sportsmen hunting recreation unmatched anywhere else in America. We're proud to be the No. 1 hunting state."



# 25-Year Club

Pennsylvania Game Commission personnel have compiled an enviable record among public and conservation agencies: longevity of service. Few organizations, in any area of endeavor, can boast of so many dedicated employees. Here are three PGC employees who completed 25 years of service within the past year:



**R. L. SINSABAUGH**  
*D. G. P.*  
*Northcentral Division*



**MICHAEL GRABANY**  
*D. G. P.*  
*Northcentral Division*



**RANDALL WEBSTER**  
*Civil Engineer*  
*Land Management*

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## Conservation Education Week

Pennsylvania is making an all-out effort to encourage and accomplish the establishment and development of a conservation education program in our schools. Governor Raymond P. Shafer has proclaimed October 14-21, 1967, as Pennsylvania Conservation Education Week. The theme, "Teach Total Environment," is intended to impress upon all citizens that each individual must understand that he is dependent on, is affected by, and affects his total environment. Hopefully, we will motivate young people to become aware of the conditions of their immediate surroundings, whether rural or urban, and to take on new habits of stewardship.

The cooperating agencies are the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, Forests and Waters, Health, Internal Affairs—Geologic Survey; Fish Commission; Game Commission; U. S. Department of Agriculture—Soil Conservation Service, Forest Service.

## Archery Clubs in U. S.

There are over 3500 regional, state and local archery clubs in the United States. Pennsylvania has 135 clubs enrolled in the state archery association with 3000 members.

## **C. R. Studholme Wins Special Act Award**

Clinton R. Studholme, State Supervisor, Division of Wildlife Services, has been named winner of a Special Act Award sponsored by the U. S. Department of Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service.

Studholme, who is adjunct professor of wildlife management at The Pennsylvania State University, received the honor "for achievements in the fields of conservation education and public relations."

Working with Cooperative Extension Service staff members, the award recipient has presented 38 educational wildlife television programs, and is co-author of a continuing series, "Pennsylvania Wildlife Resources," that is enjoying wide acceptance throughout the East. This series is developed cooperatively with the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

Studholme served 12 years with the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Division of Research, and in his present position cooperates in several of the Game Commission's programs.

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## **National Jaycee Conservation Award to Pennsylvania**

A conservation project conducted by the Camp Hill Junior Chamber of Commerce under the direction of the Pennsylvania Game Commission has won the first place award in national competition. The award was announced at the 47th National Jaycee Convention in Baltimore recently. Initiated by Bob Clark and John Williams, and with the cooperation of District Game Protector Gene Utech of Cumberland County, the project included work in soil erosion control and live-trapping of rabbits from urban areas for release on State Game Lands.



**A. CLINTON GANSTER**

## **Clint Ganster Retires**

A. Clinton Ganster, Bounty Claims Agent for the Pennsylvania Game Commission, retired recently after 36 years of service. Before coming to the Harrisburg office in 1958, Ganster worked in the field as a special investigator, bounty claims clerk, traveling Game Protector and District Game Protector in Perry, Cumberland and Franklin Counties.

## **Subscription Refunds**

Occasionally GAME NEWS gets a request for a refund because of a subscriber's death. It is not possible to make such a refund; however, we are glad to transfer the remainder of the subscription to any other person designated by the family of the deceased.



# Hunters From 38 States Harvest Deer in Pennsylvania

**P**ENNSYLVANIA is headed for the top of the ladder when it comes to attracting deer hunters from other states. In fact, it's probably in first place now.

Statistics compiled by the Pennsylvania Game Commission show that deer hunters from 38 other states and three foreign countries were successful in the Keystone State during the past season. Nonresidents harvested 7703 whitetails in the Commonwealth.

"We've known for years that we have some of the finest white-tailed deer hunting available in the nation," Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers said, "but we were surprised to discover that hunters from so many states were successful in harvesting deer in Pennsylvania. And we know that there were hunters in Penn's Woods from most of those states that were 'shut out' last year—they just weren't fortunate enough to connect.

"It's been evident that Ohio hunters have been quite successful while in Pennsylvania, but we didn't realize they would bag 3034 deer in one season, which they did last year," Bowers said. "As might be expected, New Jersey sportsmen took 1578 whitetails, while New York hunters accounted for another 1328."

Bowers said some of the surprising figures uncovered in the Game Com-

mission study were these: Canada, which has long attracted big game hunters from the states to its provinces, had 14 hunters who tagged Pennsylvania whitetails last year; 140 hunters from Connecticut took Keystone State venison home with them; Florida, the Sunshine State, had 53 hunters who braved the Pennsylvania weather elements to bag deer; and 50 Illinois residents and 114 from Indiana scored.

Six hunters made the long cross-country journey from California to tag a Pennsylvania whitetail; Michigan, which boasts one of the nation's largest deer herds, had an even 100 hunters who took home Keystone whitetails, and 42 hunters from Massachusetts were successful.

The foreign countries from which hunters came to bag Pennsylvania deer were, in addition to Canada, England and Venezuela.

Bowers concluded, "Perhaps we don't have the largest deer herd or deer harvest in the country, although we're among the leaders in both categories, but I do believe we attract nonresident hunters from a larger area than any other state. And our records show these hunters get what they come for—white-tailed deer—the most popular big game animal on the continent."

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## Deputy Training Courses

Two groups of Deputy Game Protectors totaling 52 men recently completed week-long refresher training courses at the Ross Leffler School of Conservation. These men, who came from all parts of the state, traveled at their own expense and on their own time. Courses included law enforcement, hunter safety, public relations, police psychology, firearm instruction and information on the safety zone program. Such training helps keep these officers up to date in their work with the Game Commission.

# 1967 PENNSYLVANIA OPEN SEASONS FOR WATERFOWL AND OTHER MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS UNDER FEDERAL AND STATE REGULATIONS

Shooting Hours  
1 P.M., EDST, to Sunset through October 28; 12 Noon, EST, to Sunset thereafter.

One-half hour before Sunrise to Sunset (Except on October 28 when the opening hour will be 9 A.M., EDST).

One-half hour before Sunrise to Sunset (Except on October 28 when the opening hour will be 9 A.M., EDST). EXCEPT—Controlled Shooting Sections of Pymatuning Waterfowl Area—One-half hour before Sunrise to 12:00 Noon (prevailing time) on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, beginning October 14, 1967.

Species	Open Seasons			Daily Bag Limits	Maximum Possession Limits
	First Day	Last Day			
DOVES	Sept. 1	Nov. 9		12	24

†RAILS (Sora, Virginia and Yellow)	Sept. 1	Nov. 9		15††	30††
WILSON'S or JACKSNIPES	Oct. 2	Nov. 20		8	16
WOODCOCK	Oct. 14	Dec. 16		5	10

†NO OPEN SEASON—King and Clapper Rails.  
††Singly or in the aggregate of species.

DUCKS	Oct. 14	Dec. 2		3*	6*
COOTS	Oct. 14	Dec. 2		10	20
GALLINULES	Oct. 14	Dec. 2		15	30
MERGANSERS	Oct. 14	Dec. 2		5**	10**
GEESE	Oct. 7***	Dec. 15		2****	4
BRANT	Oct. 7	Dec. 15		6	6

EXCEPTIONS: \* Daily bag limit of 3 ducks may not include more than:—2 wood ducks; 1 canvasback; 2 black ducks.

Maximum Possession Limit may not include more than:—2 wood ducks; 1 canvasback; 4 black ducks.

Scaup duck bonus, bag of 2 daily and possession limit of 4:—November 15-December 2.

\*\* Not more than 1 hooded merganser daily, or 2 in possession.

\*\*\* Crawford and Erie Counties, including Pymatuning Waterfowl Area—October 14.

\*\*\*\* Daily bag limit in Crawford County—1 Canada goose.

ON THE OPENING DAY OF SMALL GAME SEASON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1967, IT IS UNLAWFUL TO HUNT ANY WILD BIRD OR ANIMAL, INCLUDING MIGRATORY GAME, PRIOR TO 9:00 A.M., EDST.  
(NO OPEN SEASON—SNOW GEESE AND SWANS. NO SUNDAY HUNTING.)

MIGRATORY BIRD HUNTING METHODS—Permitted: Bow and arrow, or shotgun not larger than 10 gauge, of not more than 3-shell capacity, which must be plugged to 3 shots so that plug cannot be removed without disassembling the gun; dog; blind; boat propelled by hand; floating device other than sinkbox; artificial decoys. Injured or dead waterfowl may be picked up by means of a motorboat, sailboat or other craft. Shooting is permitted from a boat or other craft having a motor attached if such craft is fastened within or tied immediately alongside of any type of stationary hunting blind. Prohibited: Electrical calling devices or recordings; rifles; handguns; live decoys; automobile; aircraft; sinkbox (battery); power boat, sailboat or any device towed by power boat or sailboat; salt or bait placed to lure, attract, or entice birds to, on, or over the area where hunters are attempting to take them; use of cattle, horses, or mules and motor-driven land, water or air conveyance or sailboat to concentrate, drive, rally or stir up waterfowl or coots.

FEDERAL STAMP FOR MIGRATORY BIRD HUNTING—It is unlawful for a person over the age of 16 years to take migratory waterfowl unless he owns and carries on his person a current Federal Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp, validated by his signature written in ink across its face. Not valid after June 30 following date of issue. This stamp is not required to hunt Rails, Gallinules, Woodcock, Wilson's or Jacksnipe, and Doves. Federal Migratory Bird Stamp available at all U. S. Post Offices.

NOTE: One (1) fully feathered wing must remain attached to each migratory bird (except doves) while being transported.

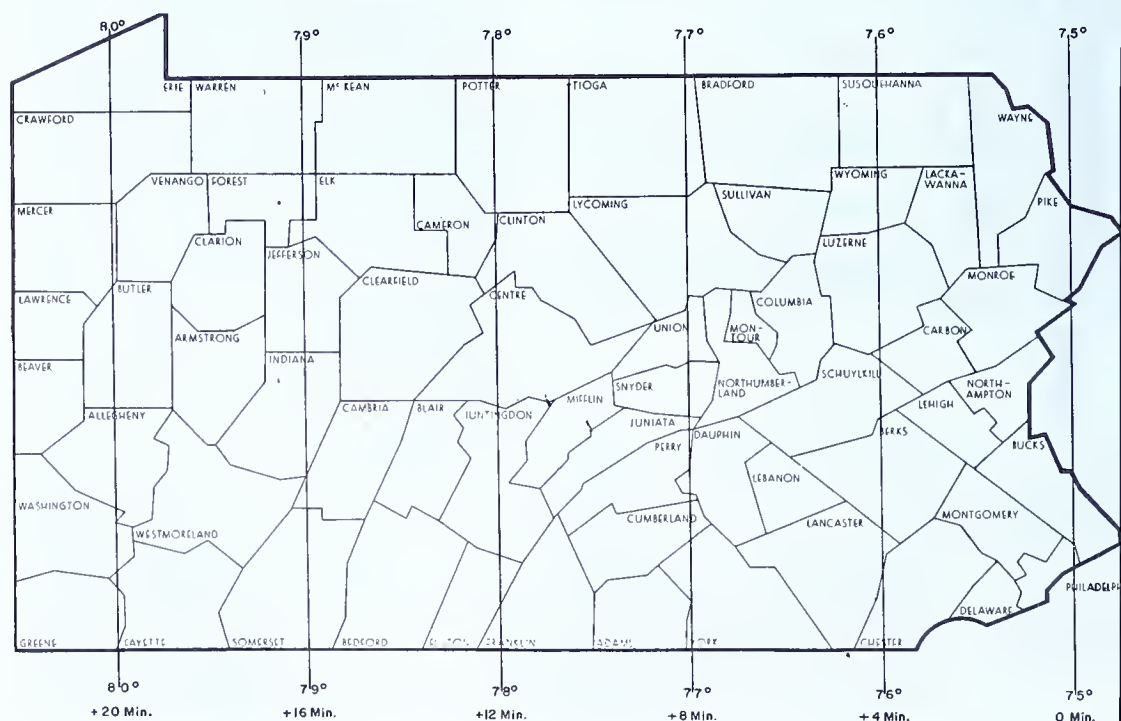


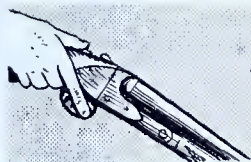
# 1967-1968 SHOOTING HOURS

(Based on the 75th Meridian. Add four minutes for each Meridian west of the 75th. See September, 1967, GAME NEWS, page 41, for exceptions.)

DATE	SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER		JANUARY		FEBRUARY	
	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End	Begin	End
1	5 58	7 33	6 27	6 44	6 00	4 59	6 33	4 37	6 53	4 47	6 40	5 20
2	5 59	7 31	6 28	6 42	6 01	4 58	6 34	4 37	6 53	4 48	6 39	5 21
3	6 00	7 30	6 29	6 41	6 02	4 57	6 35	4 36	6 53	4 48	6 38	5 22
4	6 01	7 28	6 30	6 39	6 03	4 56	6 36	4 36	6 53	4 49	6 37	5 24
5	6 02	7 27	6 31	6 38	6 04	4 55	6 37	4 36	6 53	4 50	6 36	5 25
6	6 03	7 25	6 32	6 36	6 05	4 54	6 38	4 36	6 53	4 51	6 35	5 26
7	6 04	7 23	6 33	6 34	6 06	4 53	6 39	4 36	6 53	4 52	6 34	5 27
8	6 05	7 22	6 34	6 33	6 07	4 52	6 40	4 36	6 53	4 53	6 33	5 28
9	6 06	7 20	6 35	6 31	6 09	4 51	6 41	4 36	6 53	4 54	6 31	5 30
10	6 07	7 18	6 36	6 30	6 10	4 50	6 41	4 36	6 52	4 55	6 30	5 31
11	6 08	7 17	6 37	6 28	6 11	4 49	6 42	4 36	6 52	4 56	6 29	5 32
12	6 09	7 15	6 38	6 27	6 12	4 48	6 43	4 36	6 52	4 57	6 28	5 33
13	6 10	7 14	6 39	6 25	6 13	4 47	6 44	4 36	6 52	4 58	6 27	5 34
14	6 11	7 12	6 40	6 24	6 14	4 46	6 44	4 37	6 51	4 59	6 25	5 36
15	6 12	7 10	6 41	6 22	6 16	4 45	6 45	4 37	6 51	5 00	6 24	5 37
16	6 12	7 09	6 42	6 21	6 17	4 44	6 46	4 37	6 51	5 01	6 23	5 38
17	6 13	7 07	6 43	6 19	6 18	4 44	6 47	4 38	6 50	5 02	6 22	5 39
18	6 14	7 05	6 44	6 18	6 19	4 43	6 47	4 38	6 50	5 04	6 20	5 40
19	6 15	7 04	6 45	6 16	6 20	4 42	6 48	4 38	6 49	5 05	6 19	5 41
20	6 16	7 02	6 46	6 15	6 21	4 42	6 48	4 39	6 48	5 06	6 18	5 43
21	6 17	7 00	6 47	6 13	6 22	4 41	6 49	4 39	6 48	5 07	6 16	5 44
22	6 18	6 59	6 48	6 12	6 23	4 40	6 49	4 40	6 47	5 08	6 15	5 45
23	6 19	6 57	6 49	6 11	6 25	4 40	6 50	4 40	6 47	5 09	6 14	5 46
24	6 20	6 55	6 51	6 09	6 26	4 39	6 50	4 41	6 46	5 11	6 12	5 47
25	6 21	6 54	6 52	6 08	6 27	4 39	6 51	4 41	6 45	5 12	6 11	5 48
26	6 22	6 52	6 53	6 07	6 28	4 38	6 51	4 42	6 45	5 13	6 09	5 49
27	6 23	6 50	6 54	6 05	6 29	4 38	6 51	4 43	6 44	5 14	6 08	5 50
28	6 24	6 49	9 00	6 04	6 30	4 38	6 52	4 43	6 43	5 15	6 06	5 52
29	6 25	6 47	5 56	5 03	6 31	4 37	6 52	4 44	6 42	5 16	6 06	5 53
30	6 26	6 46	5 57	5 02	6 32	4 37	6 52	4 45	6 41	5 18		
31			5 58	5 00			6 52	4 46	6 41	5 19		

## PENNSYLVANIA MERIDIAN MAP





# HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



*Photo by Elizabethtown Chronicle*

**SHOOTING AT Mt. Joy are Warren Beacher, Hank Jaxheimer and Beth Gibble.**

## Mt. Joy Sportsmen Answer Firearms Criticisms

**W**ITH SO many misinformed people ready to believe that all guns are used as weapons of crime, the Mt. Joy Sportsmen's Association has a loud and clear answer for any community: firearms training.

Talking to the instructors, one can see the interest and desire to better an already fine program.

Young shooters are taught to respect firearms for their potential, and at the same time to use them as sporting arms in recreation shooting and hunting. An impressive fact is the orderliness of the students. When they handle firearms, it is with the ability that comes only from fine instruction and dedicated practice.

Outsiders, and possibly even extremists who are prone to label firearms as instruments of crime, can here see participation in a sport which is just as clean and enjoyable as football, baseball, track or swimming.

The most important part of this training is in the safe handling of firearms by instructors Robert Murray, John Good and George Hain, all associated with the Elizabethtown De-

Molay Chapter and Mt. Joy Sportsmen's Association.

In addition to the class instruction, a competitive shooting program is held, with shooters from the Girl Scouts, Mt. Joy youngsters, and members of the Elizabethtown Chapter of DeMolay taking part. Rifles are provided by the Mt. Joy Sportsmen's Association, which is affiliated with the National Rifle Association.

Classroom instruction in the nomenclature of firearms and shooting procedures provides the initial discipline for these shooters. What each is aiming at is the "10-ring" within the bull's-eye, which measures only 3/16" in diameter. The self-discipline and practice required to help them score well also teaches them the proper respect for firearms.

Pa. Game Commission  
Hunter Safety Certified

To Date:

Instructors—7953

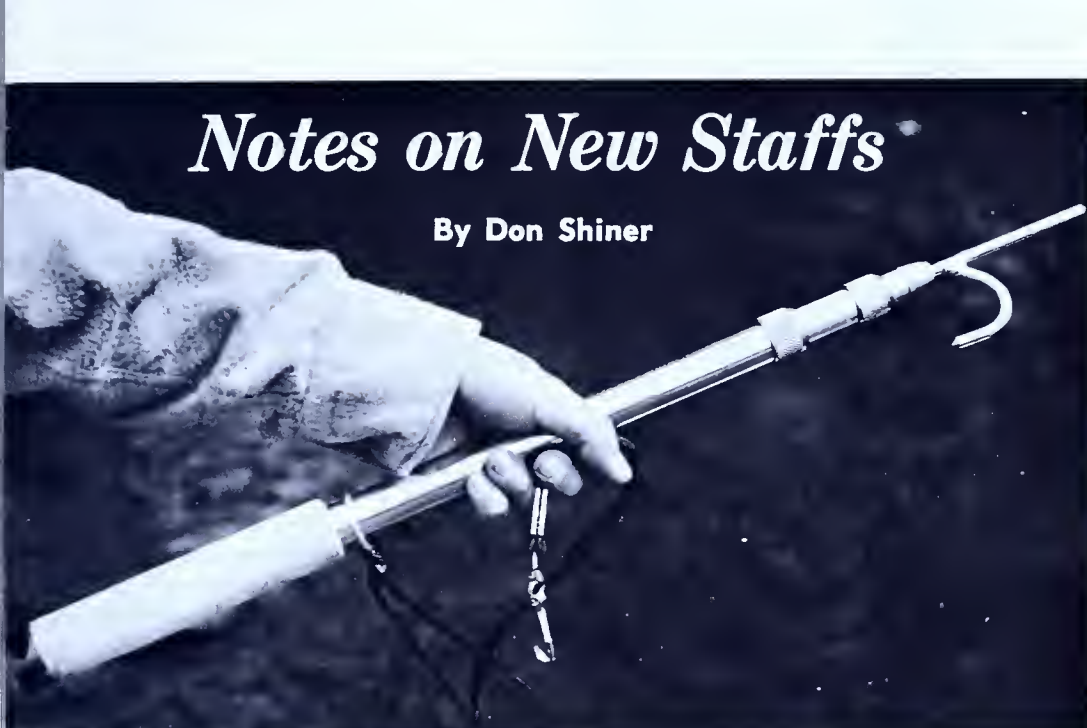
Students—126,077





# Notes on New Staffs

By Don Shiner



**W**HO WOULD have thought that carrying a walking stick—a sassafras, birch or other limb picked up along the trail—would become passe? Such appears to be the case. Two commercially made walking staffs are currently being marketed by the Hollywood Corporation of Chicago. The staffs are composed of sections of lightweight aluminum pipes, finished in black or gold.

You are probably thinking at this point, as I did, that metal walking staffs are a bit superfluous—indeed, even carrying our technology a bit too far. The woods are full of sticks which answer this need. But after using the new metal staffs a time or two on the trail, I'm forced to say that a gnarled and crooked stick just won't seem the answer anymore. There is more to these commercially made staffs than first meets the eye.

The lightweight metal poles not only give support to the weary traveler, but they serve as boat gaff, tent pole, camera monopod, or a support for binoculars.

The two new staffs which have come to our attention are the "wading staff" and "sportstick." Each consists of three sections of aluminum pipe

fitted with knurled collets, permitting the sections to telescope together. They measure 23 inches, collapsed, 54 inches fully extended, or anything in between.

The hand grip on the wading staff is cork, with a recessed groove for a thumb rest. The opposite end has a stainless steel hook and spike.

Several outings proved this staff is capable of taming a treacherous section of a trout stream in the Appalachia folds of interior Pennsylvania. The slippery floor of this stream is a real problem to waders. Rocks are encased in a jacket of diatoms, algae and other microscopic flora which makes them more slippery than a ski run. Venture into this stream without benefit of a wading staff or, say, boot chains to cut through this slippery coating, and you are doomed to a fall—or worse, a painful twist to the spine.

The staff was the answer for wading this stream without mishap. The steel tip dug into crevices among stones to provide firm support as I moved through the swift current and across diatom-coated rocks. An elastic cord and snap, attached to staff and to a belt or jacket, make it possible to drop the staff without fear of loss, so





**A LIGHTWEIGHT staff is useful in wading streams with slippery bottoms, as well as for steep-country hiking.**

that both hands are free to cast a fly, land a trout, or set a muskrat or beaver trap. Further, the steel hook which is welded to the spike allows one to reach down into icy water to retrieve a trap chain, drowned 'rat or beaver.

This model is a boon to boaters too. As one brings his skiff or runabout toward shore, the staff can be extended to grab hold of wharf or tree, and the boat is easily pulled into docking position while passengers embark or climb ashore.

The wading staff is likewise useful for pulling down limbs of hickory, apple, or other wild fruit trees to make picking more convenient, while not harming the tree. And besides serving as a walking staff in rocky terrain or for ascending steep slopes,

it is a formidable weapon for dispatching a poisonous snake or perhaps a small animal gone berserk with rabies.

The sportstick, the second model, is basically the same three sections of telescoping aluminum tubing. Its handle is redesigned to provide support for a camera or binocular. A large plastic knob, fitted with a nylon carrying cord, unscrews to reveal a small tilt-top camera attachment. The  $\frac{1}{4}/20$  threaded pin will fit the standard tripod socket in most cameras. This staff therefore doubles as a monopod for camera or binoculars.

### **Steady Support**

This sportstick, much like a tripod, is a tremendous aid when taking pictures under adverse light conditions. With camera mounted to the tilt-top, the staff provides steady support for slow shutter speeds and long exposures in dim light, preventing the camera movement which often results from hand tension during the critical moment when the shutter opens and shuts. This slight jarring results in blurred or fuzzy pictures. Hand quiver is even more pronounced when long focal-length lenses, such as found in telephoto optics, are used for closeup wildlife pictures. The cardinal rule in photography is to hold the camera rigid during the exposure. The sportstick is therefore an aid in improving outdoor picture quality.

This staff comes equipped with a "clampocular" accessory which fastens to the center post of a binocular so that the optics can be fitted to the camera tilt-top pin. This eliminates the discomfort to arm and shoulder muscles which comes when holding glasses by hand to study wildlife for long periods of time. Further, the view is free of hand quiver, so the optics project a clearer, sharper image.

Besides having all the advantages of a stout walking stick, these staffs can be used as tent poles when packing in a tent for an over-nighter.

When we discussed walking staffs with a guncrank friend, he asked why the company hadn't included another curved "hook" on one model so that it could be used for a rifle rest. Beats me why they hadn't done so. A staff so equipped would help the varmint hunter to achieve tack-driving accuracy when shooting chucks at long ranges. I gave some thought to the suggestion and concluded that the sport-stick could be made into such a shooting rest by fitting a small block of hardwood to the handle.

The block should have a U-shaped cutout to fit the rifle's fore-end, and be tapped to accommodate the  $\frac{1}{4}$ / $20$  screw in the handle. I cut out such a block to learn if it was practical. With block in place, the staff adjusts to any convenient height for a rest when shooting from a sitting or prone position. Further, the tilt-top screw makes it possible to adjust the rest to any angle, for shooting uphill or down.

The staff and homemade U-block can therefore improve your score on chucks. It can even be carried over into deer hunting for those long shots at deer across a field or ravine. A useful accessory, a staff like this. Give it some thought.



**AUTHOR'S SON, Don, uses staff with rifle rest to steady his aim for a long shot at a chuck.**

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## **Record Shoot for Keystone Federation**

The Keystone Federation of Bowhunters, in Montgomery County, set several new records in holding their eighth annual charity shoot for the benefit of the Retarded Children's Association. Four hundred fifty-one shooters competed, and the event raised over \$3000, making it the biggest Keystone shoot and the biggest archery competition in the east. It was an outstanding effort on the part of the four member clubs, Wapiti, Lower Providence Rod and Gun Club, White Stag Bowmen, and Lenape Bowmen.

## **More Trails in Pennsylvania**

Pennsylvania has 4238 miles of trails, the most of any state. There are 461 miles in state parks, 984 miles in State Game Lands areas, and 2791 miles in state forests.









By NED SMITH

*Deer-watching is not the only activity available in October. A closer look reveals a drumming grouse, migrating bluebirds, a junco from the West, and a polite copperhead.*

**I**F THERE'S a time in each year when all wildlife is in the pink of condition, it is October. Songbirds have grown new feathers to patch up their summertime moult. Snakes and frogs have fattened on September's mice and insects. Squirrels frolic in coats made glossy and thick by acorns unlimited, and the bear and woodchuck are fat enough to fast the entire winter.

To my mind, at least, the personification of vigorous good health is the white-tailed buck. He is at his heaviest now, hard of muscle and well larded, too—the result of an abundance of mast and browse. His thin red summer hair has been replaced by a dense, glossy coat of gray-brown. His antlers, rubbed free of the last traces of velvet, glisten in the sun as he tosses up his head to catch a distant sound.

If the buck seems excessively healthy that is all to the good, for he still has the rutting season to endure. With does to pursue and rivals to vanquish, a love-struck buck has little time for eating, and he soon loses all he has gained. Research carried out in New Hampshire reveals that 3½-year-old bucks lose nearly *one-quarter* of their total weight between November 1 and the end of December! Fortunately,

the mating fever usually abates in time for them to regain most of the loss before winter sets in.

It's no coincidence that birds and animals are in top condition in the fall. Soon enough autumn's abundance will be a thing of the past, and with it will go the opportunity to lay up reserves for the lean months ahead.

*October 1*—We were trying to locate a tiny spring east of Lover's Rock this afternoon when Glenn let out a gasp behind me. I had stepped over a copperhead, never noticing it, and he had seen the slight movement of its head in time to avoid planting his own foot right on it.

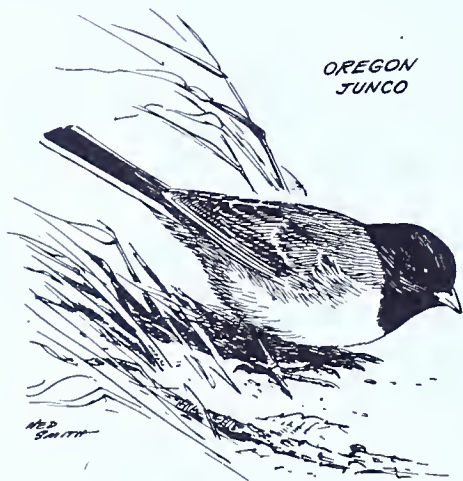
The snake's camouflage was perfect and, like copperheads often do, it remained absolutely still, hoping to avoid detection. Its sinister head lay across a muscular coil of its body, nose tilted upward, and the slitlike pupils of its eyes were nearly closed. As perhaps is often the case, it could have struck me, but didn't.

*October 2*—While driving across the mountain this morning I saw a sight to quicken the pulse of any deer hunter. Eight does came bounding out of a burn and across the road, fol-



lowed by a burly old buck with a tremendous set of antlers. He must have had at least ten points, and was a massive deer.

I've never seen a burned-over forest that didn't become a whitetail haven, and I've often wondered why. True, in time these fire-blackened hills are overgrown with succulent plants, but that doesn't explain why deer begin frequenting such places almost before the smoke settles.



**October 10**—While exploring a trail on the mountain below Loyalton today, I heard a grouse start to drum nearby. Looking up, I was astonished to see wingtips flicking out from behind a tree about fifty feet away. The next time he drummed I stepped to one side, and there he was—in full view. I watched through several performances—the preliminary beats, the accelerating roll, and the watchful intermissions. It was hard to believe he didn't see me there, for a grouse has phenomenal eyesight, but when I tried to move closer he flew.

Next to the spring mating season more drumming is heard in the fall than any other time of the year. Just last week I heard one thumping away a half hour after dark in the light of full moon.

**October 12**—This was the kind of day I've been waiting for—sunny and calm

with damp leaves underfoot—and I went up to the Game Lands to try to photograph some deer. My first subject was a doe feeding against a backdrop of colorful autumn foliage, and I got fairly close with my 300 mm. lens. Saw several more does, but spooked them before I could get a single photograph.

Stepping out onto the Game Lands road I found I had unexpected company. Down the road to the west a bow hunter was approaching. In the other direction a car was stopped and its occupants, two men, were motioning frantically to me. I couldn't decipher their signals, so I pussyfooted up to the car, curious to learn what was exciting them.

They were Government employees returning from the aircraft signal tower. Moments before they had seen two does stroll across the road, followed closely by an exceptionally fine six-point buck. As the deer were still in sight about thirty yards back in the woods they thought I might get a picture of the buck, but the foliage and shadows made a photo impossible. I just watched.

The buck was obviously in rut. His neck was enlarged and he crowded the does as they browsed, rolling his eyes and drinking in their scent, totally oblivious to everything but the fascinating creatures moving along before him. They, on the other hand, completely ignored him, as they did us. It was eerie, really, watching three completely wild and normally timid animals going about their business and paying no attention to our pointing, waving and talking.

When the bow hunter arrived we pointed out the buck and I told him of a woods road that intercepted their route. I expected him to come unglued at the sight of that nice rack, but he merely shrugged and said he probably couldn't get a shot anyhow. As he strolled on up the road I couldn't help wondering why he bothered going hunting.

*October 16* — We visited our bird-bander friends near Warren for a few days. Their backyard is one gigantic bird cafeteria, open the year 'round, so there's always something to see. This time it was a beautiful male Oregon junco feeding with a flock of white-throated sparrows. This bird differs from our slate-colored juncos in having a black head, brown back, and pinkish sides. Although its natural range is the Far West, individuals occasionally show up in Pennsylvania. We've seen several over the years in upper Dauphin County.

*October 20*—Eastern bluebirds are getting scarce, that's true, so it was an unexpected pleasure to count more than thirty in a loose flock above the White Church. They were perched all over several old apple trees and on the utility wires, and were continually dropping down to the ground (to pick up insects, I suppose) and returning to their perches. These birds were probably on their way south, but I've occasionally encountered small flocks spending the winter months in sheltered hollows in the mountains.

*October 24*—Today I was treated to a demonstration of air currents and a deer's smellability. Early in the morning the air was damp and heavy, with no discernible breeze. Before me, Shock's field sloped down to the run, and about two hundred yards in that direction a doe and her two fawns grazed contentedly. I was perfectly still and well hidden, but suspected that on a damp morning such as this there would be a downhill movement of air which would carry my scent to the deer below. I was right. Several minutes later the doe suddenly threw up her head and without hesitation hustled her fawns into the woods.

Along about noon the weather cleared. When I returned to Shock's field it was bathed in sunlight and there was a steady breeze at my back. A half dozen deer were feeding across

the run, and one lone doe was munching away about 100 yards from where I was hidden. I watched her for fifteen minutes with the breeze blowing directly from me to her, but she never once suspected I was there. Apparently the sun, warming the open field, created updrafts that lifted my scent above the deer's level, nullifying what should have been a telltale breeze.

Last week I witnessed an incredible demonstration of a deer's sense of hearing, or lack of it. I was hunting along an old woods road when a grouse roared into the thick scrub oak. There was time for one quick shot, but I missed.

Reloading, I started on, and was more than surprised on rounding the bend to see a doe calmly eating acorns from the gutter. She was unaware of my presence until she looked up and saw me standing there, whereupon she soared over the scrub oak and disappeared.

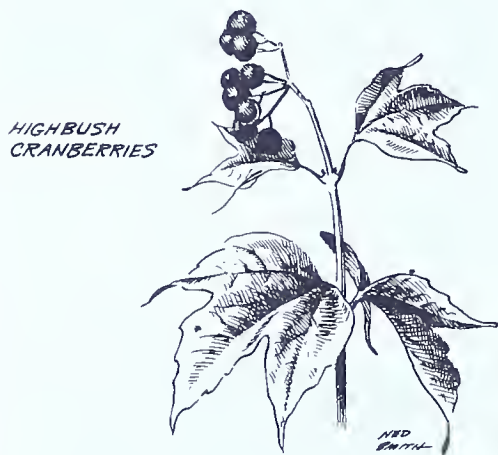


It seemed impossible that she hadn't been frightened by the shot from my 20-gauge—the muzzle must have been aimed almost exactly in her direction. Out of curiosity I stepped off the distance to where the shot had been fired, and it came to 109 steps. It's common knowledge that deer often have difficulty locating and identifying a sharp, loud sound such as a



whistle or shout, and unless this doe was stone deaf that's the only explanation I can offer.

October 29—There's a clump of highbush cranberry growing in a wet spot



at the foot of the ridge, and it is red with dead ripe berries. It'll be that way all winter, too, for nothing seems to eat them. I recently read an article stating that birds of northern regions where highbush cranberries are common are inordinately fond of these acid fruits, whereas birds that live where they are rare (such as here)

apparently haven't learned to eat them.

We've learned to eat them, though, for they make a delicious jelly. Actually the plant isn't a cranberry at all, but a viburnum, which doesn't affect the jelly one bit.

October 31—It was two o'clock when I went hunting today, and four in the afternoon when I found one of the most promising-looking grouse coverts ever. It encompassed three little draws, complete with hemlocks, laurel, brush, and windfalls. In it I flushed six grouse before finally getting a shot, and dropped a nice male bird as he clattered out of a grapevine tangle. I'm not a meat hunter, but must admit it is comforting to feel a grouse in your game pocket gently thumping your backside with each step.

When quitting time arrived I was more than a mile from the car, so I took an old wagon road, swishing through newly fallen leaves and putting squirrels to flight along the way. The last sound I heard on leaving the woods was the haunting *Whoo-too-who* of a great horned owl high on top of the mountain. Solemn and ghostly, it was an appropriate benediction, I thought, for a Halloween hunt.

## CONSERVATION CREED

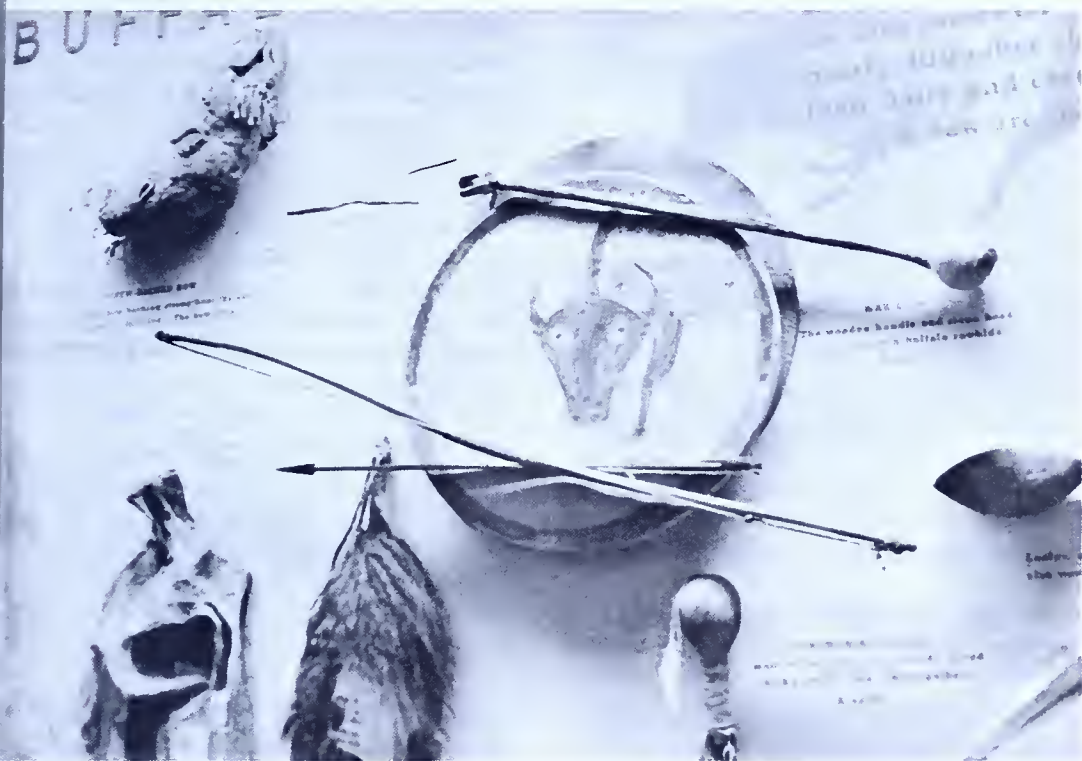
*I will pledge myself, as a responsible human, to assume my share of man's stewardship of the natural resources of the earth. I will use my share with gratitude but without greed or waste. I will respect the rights of others and abide by the law. I will support the sound management of the resources we have despoiled and the preservation of significant resources for posterity. I will never forget that life and beauty, wealth and progress depend on how wisely man uses these gifts—the soil, the water, the air, the minerals, the plant life and the wildlife. This is my pledge.*

Make October an . . .

# Archery Adventure

By Keith C. Schuyler

*Photos by the author with permission of the Smithsonian Institution.*



**CHEYENNE bow and arrow are crude by today's standards—but got game.**

**T**HOSE who step upon Pennsylvania's forest floor to begin the October hunt with bow in hand carry in their quivers a heritage which demands more than a casual approach to this great privilege. Those who merely regard it as just another way to kill a white-tailed deer are missing much. For each will duplicate an action that far predates any written history and harks back to the primitive of a bygone age as well as to the more remote recesses of the earth as it exists today.

If the preceding marks me as a romanticist, I attempt no camouflage. The physical presence of a person in this sport makes him a part of all that

ever was and is in bow hunting. Once you intrude into nature's stronghold in the manner of the animals themselves, you become far more a part of the picture than in any other method of hunting. Now you are removed from the more mundane activity of the target line, the noisy meeting room, the tall glass and the tall tale that is a pleasant but completely separate part of the experience.

And, you will be carrying the finest equipment that any bow hunter ever carried in the history of archery.

If you let your thoughts stray for a moment, you cannot help but think back to your primitive counterpart who hunted these same forests. It is



true that the Turks, the English and the Orientals developed archery in various degrees, primarily for war. But it is the American Indian whom we consider to be our hero, perhaps along with his counterparts, the Eskimo who lives among the ice floes of the Arctic, or the Aztec, who slips through the jungles of Central America.

Despite our superior equipment, we are bound by the same limitations of nature as have been imposed on the native American since time immemorial. For, it takes two things to spell success—equipment *and* skill.

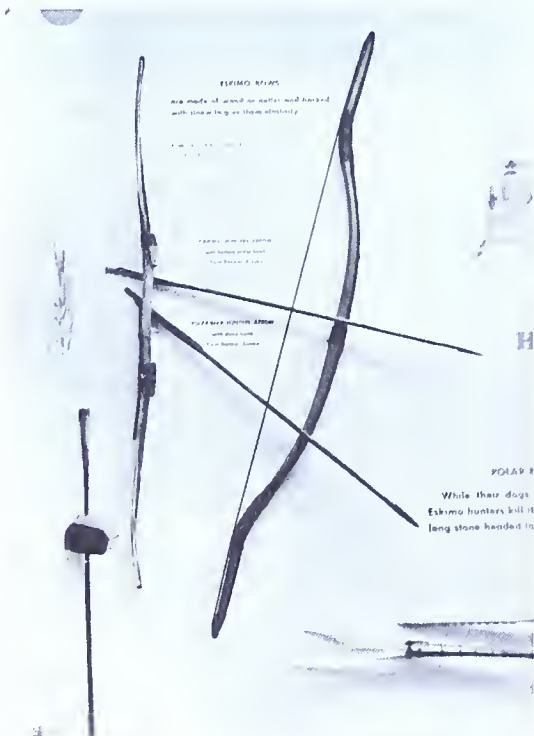
From the standpoint of equipment, the modern bow hunter has the best. His bow is usually constructed of fiber glass and laminations of domestic and exotic woods. It is scientifically designed to produce the best results consistent with the skill of its user. His arrows, even those of wood, are precision machined so that a matched set has no more than a tiny fraction of

an ounce difference between shafts. In addition, he has the availability of aluminum or fiber glass which reduces to an absolute minimum any differences in weight or conformation. His bowstring is of uniform strength and durability, the result of modern synthetics. Even his accessories are of the best, from bow quivers which hold the arrows readily at hand, to metal reinforced arm guards and bow sights which are scientifically designed for maximum performance. He walks in a camouflage suit which is far superior to the bare skin and animal hide breechclout which was available to the native American. He may walk in footwear that is designed to provide him with advantages of stealth equal to any ever devised. He is *equipped!*

#### Attuned to Another Year

Nevertheless, behind and beneath this 1967 archery accouterment beats many a heart that is attuned to another year, another day, when downing a deer could be a matter of life or death to the hunter himself. Sounds of trucks groaning up the mountain road or jets slicing through the atmosphere overhead are lost upon the consciousness of those who find in bow hunting the ultimate in outdoor exercise. Their eyes, ears and minds are in sympathy with sounds and sights of the forest which act out a new setting for each hunting excursion. And even though moments before he may have been with a group of hunters getting directions for a drive or a watch, that part of the woods in which he stands, sits or stalks becomes his own. His search is now a personal thing, always with the anticipation of the moment when only that infinitesimal distance of yards or feet separates him from his quarry. And he knows that all of nature will try to keep him from getting his arrow to the mark as air, leaves, and brush combine to augment the native wariness of the deer and frustrate the man with the bow.

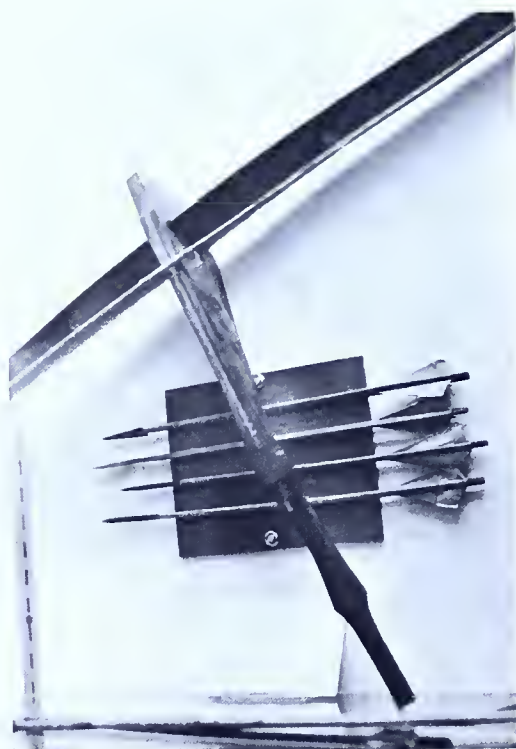
**TWO ESKIMO BOWS.** Left, a composite made of three pieces of caribou antler; right, a wooden bow.



When it comes to skill, a rather unusual relationship exists between the modern archer and the Indian who depended upon the bow for his livelihood. Some writers claim that the average shot taken by the Indian, even at big game, was at no more than 30 feet. His equipment, made of local materials and crude tools, was sorely limited. Yet, despite the disadvantages in equipment as compared to today's bow hunter, the Indian lived from his efforts. Although it is true that he started as a youngster to shoot the bow and continued to practice well into later life, no amount of practice could overcome the deficiencies of his equipment. Consequently, he had to get close to the game, and in the process he developed his hunting skill to an uncanny degree. Most of the wild tales of Indian skill with the bow and arrow were exaggerations designed to emphasize the heroic abilities of the white men who came back alive to tell about it after an encounter with the Red Man. Yet, these native citizens managed to live off the land and defend their homes against the newcomers for many years.

History reveals one rather obvious conclusion. Had the white man been limited to the bow as a weapon—even the excellent equipment available today—he would have been no match for the Red Man. It took firearms to overcome the Indian's advantage in stealth and stalking. Forced into the open by military tactics taught the settlers, the Indian was an easy target as he moved into close range where his crude archery equipment could be effective. When the Indian finally obtained firearms himself, his ranks had been so reduced that he was no longer serious competition for the foreigners who took over his country.

At the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, D. C., I am always fascinated by the Indian displays in the Museum of Natural History. With permission of the authorities, some of the exhibits which I photographed are



**PRIMITIVE Vietnamese crossbow with poison-tipped arrows — a silent and efficient game-getter.**

reproduced here to give a firsthand view of Indian and Eskimo equipment.

These photos show examples of the equipment which kept body and soul together before the white man appeared on this continent and modern inventions all but obviated the real need for such equipment. Yet, even as you and I walk into the woods on opening day of deer season, the bow and arrow and adaptations of it are still being put to use in other parts of the world. The Viet Cong, for instance, still resort to primitive weapons for warfare. Illustrated here is a crossbow with four poison-tipped arrows that came from that country. The bow is still used extensively in parts of the world where firearms are unobtainable, unlawful, or unknown.

Over thousands of years, the equipment of primitive man increased in usefulness. Nevertheless, it was always limited by the materials and the tools available. They were adequate be-





cause of the users' great skill in stalking and knowledge of the wild creatures' ways. There was no great need to increase the efficiency of the equipment itself, although the desire to excel with that available was doubtless shared by all. Breakage and replacement of valuable hunting tools was a continuing problem. Proper wood had to be found, and almost any available was utilized. It was necessary to take the sinews from the animals to wrap and back the bows as well as to tie on the arrow feathers. There was the additional chore of finding just the right flint stone or bone to make arrowheads and to fashion them into shape. After some of the white man's tools and metals became available to the Indian, his equipment improved somewhat. However, the bow was never to become a real match for firearms.

So now, as we take to the woods after the white-tailed deer, we cannot help but be aware that we are following, however crudely, in the footsteps of the greatest hunter of all. Possibly we are on about the same footing, for although the Indian outranked us by far in hunting skill, we have a tremendous advantage in equipment.

We have one other great advantage. There are more deer today in Pennsylvania than when the Indian depended upon the whitetail for much of his existence. In place of the Indian's ability to wait out a deer at its watering place, at any hour of the day the hunter might choose, we have many more hunters in the forest to keep the deer moving.

Taken straight across the board, it would appear we are somewhat on a par with the former inhabitants of this state when we set out for the whitetail. We follow a set of rules where the Indian had none, but our need is not so great. It is only those who take up the bow only for the same reason as did the Indian—to get meat—who miss out on the sport.



AS BOARD SHOWS, this shotgun patterns low and right, which would cause unexpected misses.

## *Shotgun Tips*

By Don Lewis

*Photos by Helen Lewis*

**"LOOK OUT, Tom, he's gonna cross in front of you,"** I yelled. I had just booted a nice sized rabbit out of a fallen treetop. Seconds later, I heard a shot and then a long silence.

**"Did you roll him?"**

**"Naw,"** was Tom's disgruntled reply as he came down off a bench above me. **"I'll never buy another low powered shell as long as I live. The darn things just won't kill!"**

**"Don't you think you're being a bit hasty with your decision?"** I asked as Tom sat down on a nearby log. **"Did you have a good open shot?"**

**"Open!"** he fired back disgustedly.

**"Almost like the runway of an airport. By the way, why didn't you shoot? It looks to me like you should have had a pretty decent shot down here."**

**"Yeah, he was in the clear, but I didn't know exactly where you were above me, so I just yelled instead of shooting."**

**"How about tradin' me a few high brass for some of this under powered stuff I'm stuck with?"**

Plunging my hand into my coat pocket I produced four or five express loads in exchange for a similar amount of short brass shells. When Tom dropped a high brass into his single





**WELL-FITTING** shotgun points naturally when used quickly, the eye positioned to see the barrel rib in foreshortened perspective.

barrel and slammed it shut he declared he was now set for anything that flew or ran.

"Ol' Buddy," I tossed at him amiably, "your problem is not in the shells but in that shotgun of yours."

"Whatta yuh mean?" There was a hint of anger in his eyes. "This happens to be a brand-new shotgun, and there's nothing wrong with it."

"Right as can be," I said. "It's in perfect mechanical condition. The only thing wrong is that it doesn't fit you. For one thing, it's a mile too long in the stock, and every time you bring it to your shoulder, it catches in your arm pit."

"Aw, my coat's just too big for me."

"Not so," I said. "You get a shotgun that fits you better, and you'll start hitting some of the things you shoot at."

"Fiddlesticks. They just don't make new guns that don't fit. With this high brass shell all I need now is a crack at another bunny."

When quitting time came, he had had four more cracks at rabbits and a beautiful shot at a grouse, but his game bag was empty. The high brass shells had not been the answer.

"Were you really serious about my

shotgun not fitting me?" Tom asked as we began to put our hunting gear in the trunk of my car.

"Absolutely. And just to show you that there is a real difference between two shotguns, I want you to handle mine before you remove your hunting coat." I handed Tom my Remington Model 31 pump gun. When he brought it to his shoulder, the heel of the stock did not catch under his arm, and the butt slid effortlessly into the hollow of his shoulder.

"Notice how the stock on that gun didn't catch under your arm and the butt fit right into your shoulder pocket and not out on your arm muscle? That's how a well-fitting shotgun should come up. Another thing, when this gun hit your shoulder, your eyes were looking down a line parallel with the top of the barrel. With both eyes open, you could see your target and make a perfect swing without losing sight of what you were shooting at. I wouldn't say this shotgun was made just for you, but it fits you much better than your new job. I'd find something different."

#### Tom Is Convinced

Tossing the old pump gun to his shoulder a dozen times convinced Tom that my argument had some merit, and that his new single shot had been a poor investment. A trip with him back to the sporting goods store found nothing new that suited him, but a fairly old 12-gauge double met all the requirements. Tom was a little unhappy to trade a brand-new shotgun plus a small handful of greenbacks for a gun that had seen at least fifteen seasons. This was all quickly forgotten when he had more to show for his efforts than just empty shells.

Although it's almost impossible to trace the smoothbore barrel back to its beginning, the smoothbore we now know as the shotgun came into existence during the late 1700s or early 1800s. This was about the time the early nimrod discovered it was pos-

sible to bring down a flying duck or tumble a scrambling rabbit with a gun loaded with more than one pellet. Still a muzzle-loading outfit primarily, the gun carried similar features to today's scattergun.

### Shotgun Types

Basically, there are four types of shotguns: the single shot, pump action, double barrel, and the autoloader. The single shot is still the best bet for the beginner. It has the fine safety factors of having to be opened, reloaded, closed and cocked before it can be fired a second time. This takes several seconds, at least, and cuts down the possibility of an excited hunter's running toward his game with a gun that is still loaded and ready to shoot, such as the double barrel or autoloader. The single shot soon teaches the novice that he must hold his fire and allow his target to reach a spot where his gun throws a good pattern. A quick snap shot usually leaves the inexperienced hunter staring with open mouth at a rabbit or a grouse that goes zipping along out in the clear, still within easy killing range. Or if he does hit something at close range, it's badly mangled.

The reliable double barrel is fading from view in this country, and as I see it, the pump gun's future is not too stable. This is not because either gun does not have plenty to offer the hunter, but simply because neither has as much to offer as the autoloader.

The double barrel, either a side-by-side or over-under, is actually two guns with one stock. One barrel usually has an open choke, the other a tight one. Improved cylinder and modified or modified and full are common combinations. Selecting his loads properly can give the hunter two distinct guns to choose from. This always appealed to me, since I could make this selection of barrels without any undue fuss. If a grouse was sailing toward me, I could shoot the full choke barrel first and save the short ranged barrel

for the closer shot if needed. Yet, in thick brush, the more open barrel gave the quick spread of shot needed. The old double barrel is a pretty potent outfit. Its biggest drawback is its rather high price—a result of the fact that this design requires much hand work, and that's expensive these days.

The pump shotgun is a legend among hunters. A score of books could be written about the feats accomplished with the slammin' slide action. Some of the old-timers could really rattle the shots off. In fact, the more proficient pump gun users could shoot just as fast as the modern day semi-automatic addicts.

In spite of the glory that surrounds the pump gun, it has to play second fiddle to the sleek semi-auto jobs. With the pump gun definitely bowing to the semi's, and the price tag zooming up and up on the good doubles, the popularity of these two fine shotguns is almost certain to suffer.

The autoloader is smooth and quick; it fits the philosophy of today's hunter. No effort is required to operate it, and its appearance seems to blend in with our way of life.

When buying a shotgun, the action type or gauge are not the only factors to consider when deciding what is

**WHEN GUN FITS, good results can be expected when game goes out.**





best for you. In Tom's case, it was the improper fit of his shotgun that caused him to do so poorly. If a true survey could be made, I think that most of today's shotgunners who have problems with their hitting could trace the trouble to ill-fitting shotguns. Too many hunters are concerned only with a particular gauge or make of gun. They fail to see that all gauges have sufficient power to kill at normal ranges if pointed correctly.

A shotgun has what is known as "feel." This might be called "fit potential," and is determined by its balance in the shooter's hands. Since every hunter is unique in build, it's impossible for just any shotgun to fit everyone. A good fitting shotgun will have its weight distributed between the hands. This will permit a rhythmic flow to the shoulder, and the gun will point or swing naturally, almost as if it's a part of the gunner's body. A gun that is either too short or too long will be awkward to swing. Actually, the gun will feel lopsided. The handling quality of your shotgun is very important. Make certain that the gun fits you and swings easily before you invest your money.

**RIFLEMAN'S** stance, with right elbow too high, left elbow too low, restricts easy swing that good shotgunning demands.



Even though all stocks may look more or less alike, there are significant differences among most. The length of pull, drop at the comb and heel, and the pitch of the stock contribute to success or failure. Few hunters bother to check any of these important features. The length of pull is the distance from the trigger to the center of the buttplate. Normal stocks have from 13½" to 14" pulls.

#### Determining Stock Length

A convenient way to satisfy yourself that a stock has approximately the proper length of pull for you is to place the butt of the stock in the bend of your elbow and see if your index finger easily reaches the trigger. A short stock can be lengthened by adding a recoil pad. Average drop in a stock is about 1½" at the comb and 2½" at the heel. Don't bank on these measurements always being the same. Measuring a few shotguns will quickly prove they vary. A good thing to remember is to choose your shotgun from a number that you have handled; don't send away for it.

The first thing you should find out about the shooting quality of your shotgun is where it places its pattern *for you*. This requires about a dozen shots, but it will repay you many times over. In a safe place, tack up a four foot square piece of cardboard or plain paper. Color in a 4" aiming point in the center of each target. Go back no farther than 25 yards, and, after loading your gun, raise it quickly to your shoulder, point it at the bull's-eye (*don't aim*) and fire. Do this a few times and you will see where the gun is placing its pattern in relation to where you think you are pointing the gun. If the gun is forming its pattern far off the bull's-eye, a change of sight picture or a different hold might bring the pattern back to center. In severe cases, altering the stock or buying another gun will be the only answer. The short yardage is used because 90 percent of small game

is killed at less than 30 yards. It's important for you to know where your pattern is forming at this distance.

### Sighting

There are many ways to sight a shotgun. Each hunter has a different method. To simplify it, let's consider just two: pointing and aiming. I like the first method where you keep both eyes open and look down a line parallel with the top of the barrel. You don't look at the front sight. In fact, you could remove it and never miss it! This method allows you to see your game at all times *above* the barrel. Remember, several inches doesn't make any difference to a shot pattern that is spreading out evenly in all directions.

The aimer pushes his face down tight against the stock and more or less takes a rifleman's aim at his target. If he swings ahead of the game, he also usually does all right. If a bird or bunny is moving, you have to lead it!

For best results, find out by clay-bird shooting how you like to shoot. Adopt a method that comes easily to you and one that puts most of your shot where you want it.

When shooting at a moving target, never swing a shotgun only with your arms. Your arms and hands do nothing more than hold the gun and pull it back against the shoulder. You swing from the hips, and your feet stay right where they are. If you are right handed, your natural swing is to the left, and it is somewhat difficult to swing—very far to the right. This is especially true when you attempt to twist the gun with your hands and arms. Learn to swing the upper half of the body and you will be able to swing in either direction without any discomfort. The shotgun is not held the same as the rifle. The average shotgun shooter should keep both elbows somewhat below horizontal and pointing slightly away from his body. His arms should be just rigid enough to hold the gun.



**PATTERN BOARD** shows that trap gun shoots high to accommodate for rising birds without blocking it from view with muzzle.

### What Gauge?

Some thought must be given to the gauge. The cries of protest may ring long and loud, but in my opinion the 12-gauge has a definite advantage over the 16 and 20. Instead of trying to prove it ballistically, I will simply say that the old 12-gauge throws more shot. To me, this means a denser pattern (not any larger) and thus a better chance of putting more shot into the target. The clay pigeon busters lean heavily toward the 12-gauge for the very same reason. The old cry that the mighty 12 kicks harder than the smaller gauges is a ridiculous reason for rejecting this gauge. A good fitting 12-gauge won't kick any harder than a poor fitting 20-gauge. The shotgun should be adapted to you, not you to the shotgun. You can hunt with any gun, but only the ones that fit you will be pleasant to shoot and show you top results.

The choke should be determined by the terrain and type of game you hunt. A rabbit hunter using a pump



or autoloader could get along very nicely with a modified or improved cylinder choke. The man specializing in ringneck hunting with a single barrel gun perhaps should tighten up a bit with a full choke barrel. The hunter who doesn't shoot a lot will do better with a more open choke gun.

Usually, No. 6 shot has been given the nod for general use. It's almost heresy to suggest anything different, but, for my money, a load of 7½s will put more meat in the pot. At the range that most small game is killed, No. 7½ will have more than enough penetrating power and will place an extra 3 or 4 pellets into your game.

This is a good increase, percentage-wise, and the more shot that strikes your game, the more you will kill.

The Pennsylvania Game Commission is offering more and more hunting time to enjoy our guns—an early squirrel and grouse season, the regular small game season, big game, a late small game season for grouse, rabbits and squirrels, and a spring gobbler hunt. Our guns are more important to us now than ever before, as hunting relaxes us and frees us from tension. So make your life more enjoyable by taking advantage of what the shotgun has to offer. You'll be happier. . . .

---

## Roast Pheasant

This recipe is for lazy hunters who like to skin their pheasant rather than pluck it.

Clean and wash the pheasant carefully. Stuff the bird with mushroom dressing. Completely cover the pheasant with thick hickory-smoked bacon slices and place in a covered roasting pan. Roast approximately 1½ hours, depending on the age of the bird, in a 350-degree oven. Serve with baked potatoes, asparagus, and a green salad with an oil and lemon dressing.

### Mushroom Stuffing

- |                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 cup chopped fresh mushrooms | 1 teaspoon salt              |
| 2 tablespoons butter          | ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder     |
| 3 cups dry bread crumbs       | ½ teaspoon celery salt       |
| 1 teaspoon chopped onion      | dash of pepper               |
| 1 tablespoon chopped parsley  | beef broth or bouillon cubes |

Brown mushrooms in butter, then add remaining ingredients. Add enough broth to make stuffing extra moist. This helps compensate for the dryness of the meat.

## "Shooting Tips"

Huelet L. "Joe" Benner, Olympic Gold Medal winner and many times National U. S. Pistol champion, has written a new manual, "Shooting Tips," for sport shooters. It is designed to help handgunners better understand basic shooting techniques and safe gun handling. The booklet contains tips on sight alignment, hitting stationary and moving targets, and care and cleaning of firearms. The 24-page manual may be purchased for \$.50 from High Standard, 1817 Dixwell Avenue, Hamden, Conn. 06514.

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## Pennsylvania Seasons and Bag Limits 1967-1968

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, in Harrisburg on June 3, 1967, established the following seasons and bag limits for resident game and furbearers for the 1967-68 hunting license year which begins September 1. Open seasons include first and last dates listed, Sundays excepted, for game.

Beginning September 1, 1967, legal hunting hours for all small and big game in Pennsylvania, with four exceptions, will be from one-half hour before Sunrise until Sunset. The exceptions are: 1. October 28, 1967—no hunting for any species before 9 a.m., EDST; 2. Raccoons—may be hunted any hour; 3. Doves—1 p.m., EDST, to Sunset through October 28; 12 noon, EST, to Sunset thereafter; 4. Spring gobbler season—May 6-11, 1968—one-half hour before Sunrise until 10 a.m., EDST.

### SMALL GAME

Daily Limit	Season Limit		DATES OF OPEN SEASONS	
			First Day	Last Day
6	30	Squirrel, Gray, Black and Fox (combined) .....	Oct. 14	Nov. 25 AND
			Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
2	10	Ruffed Grouse (not more than 10 in combined seasons) ..	Oct. 14	Nov. 25 AND
			Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
1	1	Wild Turkey—Counties, and parts of, listed below* .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 18
		—Counties, and parts of, not listed below .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 11
		—Spring Gobbler season* .....	May 6	May 11, 1968
4	20	Rabbits, Cottontail (not more than 20 in combined seasons) ..	Oct. 28	Nov. 25 AND
			Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
2	8	Ring-necked Pheasants, males only .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 25
4	20	Bobwhite Quail .....	Oct. 28	Nov. 25
2	6	Hares (Snowshoe Rabbits) or Varying Hares .....	Dec. 26	Jan. 1, 1968
Unlimited		Raccoons (hunting or trapping) .....	No close season	
Unlimited		Woodchucks (Groundbogs) .....	No close season	
Unlimited		Grackles .....	No close season	
Unlimited		Squirrels, Red .....	All months except Oct. 2-13, incl.	

### BIG GAME

1	1	Bear, over one year old, by individual .....	Nov. 20	Nov. 25
3	3	Bears, over one year old, by hunting party of 5 or more ..	Nov. 20	Nov. 25
		Deer, Archery Season, any deer—Statewide .....	Sep. 30	Oct. 27 AND
			Dec. 26	Jan. 6, 1968
		Deer, Antlered, with 2 or more points to an antler or a spike 3 or more inches long .....	Nov. 27	Dec. 9
1	1	Deer, Antlered and Antlerless, with required antlerless license, bucksbot only in Special Regulations Area listed below** .....	Nov. 27	Dec. 9
		Deer, Antlerless—Statewide .....	Dec. 11, 12 & 16 ONLY	
		—Counties, and parts of, listed below*** ..	Dec. 11	Dec. 16

### FURBEARERS

Unlimited		Skunks and Opossums .....	No close season	
Unlimited		Minks .....	Nov. 23	Jan. 7, 1968
Unlimited		Muskrats (traps only) .....	Nov. 23	Jan. 7, 1968
5	5	Beavers (traps only)—Counties of Susquebanna and Wayne ..	Feb. 10	Mar. 10, 1968
3	3	Beavers (traps only)—Remainder of State .....	Feb. 10	Mar. 10, 1968

NO OPEN SEASON—Hen Pbeasants, Cub Bears, Elk, Otters, Hungarian Partridges, Chukar Partridges, Sharp-tailed Grouse.

**Bad Weather Extension**—In case inclement weather during the regularly scheduled antlerless deer season prevents an adequate and desired harvest of whitetails, the Commission may schedule additional days and counties in which antlerless deer may be taken. Such announcements will be made via all news media.

**\*For special regulations concerning deer, turkeys and beaver, consult the 1967-68 Hunting and Trapping Digest.**

DOCUMENTS SECTION

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### COVER PAINTING BY RON JENKINS

Ask Pennsylvania hunters what their favorite wing target is, and chances are good that most will pick the ring-necked pheasant. This is certainly understandable. Ringnecks are big, bold and brassy. They have the nerve of a pickpocket and can be just as inconspicuous, despite their gaudy plumage. They'd rather run than fly, but when they do erupt underfoot the racket of their blast-off can shatter the nerve of any gunner. All in all, they're great game targets. For some hints on bagging them, see this issue's lead article.

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## *Thanksgiving . . .*

**P**ROBABLY most GAME NEWS readers think of only one thing when November rolls around: hunting. This is the traditional month for small game, and hundreds of thousands of us gear much of our fall schedule around it. This is normal and understandable, and we're in favor of it.

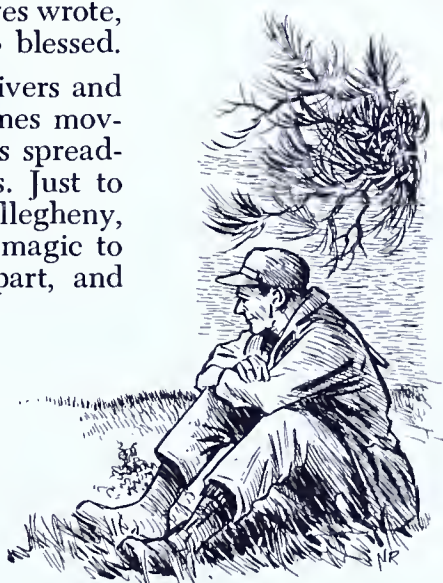
But at the same time, let's not forget that one of our most important national holidays, Thanksgiving, falls within this month, and that it wasn't declared a holiday simply so that we might gain another day in the field, which is what many of us take it for. The first Thanksgiving was celebrated by the Pilgrims at Plymouth, immediately following their first harvest in 1621. Thus the tradition itself is much older than our country. During the Revolutionary War, which gave us our freedom and created this country, the Continental Congress appointed one or more days of thanksgiving each year. The fact that, in those difficult days, our ancestors found many reasons to be thankful is all the more reason we should give some thought to the subject today. Certainly we have much to be grateful for.

In addition to private reasons known only to each of us, we have public reasons, shared by all who look around them and want to partake. Who can take a ride almost anywhere in a rural section of the state, particularly in the fall, and not be thankful he's a Pennsylvanian? (We don't feel the same way about urban areas somehow. Man-made conglomerations don't give the same satisfaction as nature—at least not once they get above village size. Fortunately, though, much of the state is agricultural, forested, or open country, within easy driving distance of any metropolitan center.)

The most outstanding feature, and probably the most satisfying of all, is our hills. Anchored on Pennsylvania's highest point, Mt. Davis in Somerset County, they curve upward in a huge, rugged "Y" that dominates the Commonwealth and lets us all, as Jim Hayes wrote, "look up to our horizons." Many states are not so blessed.

We can also be thankful for the Indian-named rivers and streams that course through Pennsylvania, sometimes moving swiftly in their narrow channels, at other times spreading gently between wide, tree-bordered meadows. Just to hear words like Monongahela, Susquehanna, Allegheny, Quemahoning or Youghiogheny lends a touch of magic to our environment that sets Pennsylvania a bit apart, and helps us further realize our heritage.

Of course, part of the outdoor Pennsylvania scene *does* have to do with hunting, so maybe you can combine some of your appreciation for its splendors with a bit of shooting—and bring home a wild turkey for the Thanksgiving table! What could be more fitting?—*Bob Bell*







# The Three Ways to Hunt PHEASANTS

By Russell S. Orr

**P**HEASANT hunting, like all Gaul, may be divided into three parts. First, there is the "walk-up" method. Then there is the type of hunting in which a pointing dog is used, and finally there is hunting with a retriever.

While these three methods are not necessarily listed according to their importance, or even according to the number of birds that are taken, they at least are listed so that the most common method is number one.

I feel that walking-up, or hunting pheasants without the assistance of a good dog, particularly after the first day or two, is almost pointless if a person expects to concentrate on pheasant hunting. If, however, the hunter will make his pheasant hunting incidental — for instance, to rabbit hunting—he is quite likely to have a bonus pheasant as a reward for a day in the field. The hunter who is fortunate enough to get a bird as a reward for a day of brush tramping and otherwise hunting good bunny cover can consider himself both skilled and lucky. In the first place, he selected a hunting spot where there were some birds. In the second place he made a good shot, more than likely, if he was able to bring down a pheasant, as normally these birds make more noise than a jet-propelled airplane when they take off, and this startles many hunters.

There is ample reason for elaboration on these points, but it's doubtful if such explanations will win many converts to this method of hunting.

Even so, a few suggestions may be in order. The important matter of the size shot to be used on a combination rabbit and pheasant hunt should be

considered. Few walk-up hunters use anything larger than No. 6 shot. Some use maximum loads, with a few even stuffing their scatterguns with Magnum charges. On the other hand, plenty of hunters swear by the low-brass or lighter loads, maintaining that No. 7½ or even smaller pellets should be used for both pheasants and rabbits. At the risk of getting a number of telephone calls and letters asking where the writer learned to hunt pheasants, the suggestion nevertheless is going to be made that the hunter who expects to shoot an occasional bird while tramping through Penn's Woods should use No. 6 or 7½ shot. These sizes are excellent on kicked-out pheasants and for practically all rabbit shooting. They give much denser patterns than the larger sizes of shot, and this is perhaps the most important factor in a shell's efficiency.

## Alert Hunter

Next, the gunner who brings home a pheasant, particularly after the first day of hunting season, definitely is the hunter who is alert every second he is in the field. While it is true that birds are most apt to flush when pushed to the end of a field, it's not at all rare for them to take to the air at any time and place, so expect them constantly. Of course, particular care should be used in approaching the end of any field, but especially where the field ends in heavy cover. If any birds are in the field, and if they have chosen to run, they almost certainly will run toward the thick cover. It is always advisable to tramp through the very last cover in the field. If any pheasants are present they may not flush until practically stepped upon, and that can





*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, 1*

**PHEASANTS OFTEN SQUAT** motionless in thick weeds and let the hunter walk by. It pays to kick out all such patches of cover thoroughly.

very well be in the last few inches of a field.

If you walk-up a pheasant and miss it, you often will be able to see where it lands, perhaps a few hundred yards away. If you really want pheasant drumsticks on the table, it could pay you to make tracks for the spot. Chances of raising the bird again are fairly good.

#### **Tops in Sport**

Hunting pheasants over a well-trained pointing dog is just about tops in sport, I feel. And if the dog has been trained to retrieve as well as to point, the hunter should have some real fun. The beautiful part of it is, this sport can be enjoyed almost any day of the season, as the dog will find birds that the walk-up hunter would never get to. You should be prepared for a few nasty looks from the dog, however, when you don't shoot at hens. The writer never has seen a hunting dog that could tell the difference between rooster and hen pheasants, and chances are you'll have to search for an answer when your dog gives you a look which plainly says, "Why the

heck didn't you shoot at that pheasant I just found for you?"

I want to make it plain I have no intention of entering into an argument on which is the best kind of dog. Some hunters swear that a good quail dog will be ruined if used to hunt pheasants. Others maintain it makes no difference. Still others declare the quail dog that masters the art of hunting pheasants may even be improved. Be that as it may, there is little doubt that there is great difference in the manner in which the two birds must be worked. Quail normally will hold steady to point if not pushed too hard and fast by the dog. Pheasants, on the other hand, will not hold long in one spot unless worked quite rapidly. The big bird is more likely to run ahead of the dog, at least until heavy cover is reached. The dog or handler who thinks a pheasant will hold fast for a slow-moving dog has plenty of time for second thoughts, but little if any chance of getting a shot. The bird most likely will have moved on to the next field, or at least to heavy cover, long before the slow-moving dog can hope to overtake it.

It should not be difficult for the gunner to tell that a pheasant is being trailed. The sudden nervousness, the twitching of the tail or the entire body, or other mannerisms peculiar to the dog should be learned. The sudden burst of speed put on as it works the grain field windrows, the rows of corn, or between and around trees on a hillside should be ample notice for any gunner that his dog is on a pheasant. This is the time when the hunter can be of greatest help to the dog. If there are several members in the hunting party (Pennsylvania Game Laws limit small game hunters to a party of five) then at least one hunter should try to get ahead of the fleeing game. If this can be done, he should be rewarded by a shot. This chance probably will come as the bird reaches the end of the field — or it could come when the bird finally decides to “hold fast” for the pursuing dog. In the latter case the shot may be taken by another member of the party. If the bird sees the hunter ahead of it, there is an excellent chance it will hold to point long enough for the hunters to get set for good shots when it finally is flushed.

#### **Retrievers Good**

Hunting pheasants over a well-trained retriever can be just as much fun as shooting them over a pointer. While the retriever will not point, he can be depended on to flush birds. The same general rules apply to the use of a retriever for pheasant hunting as those for the use of a pointer. A well-trained retriever will quarter back and forth in front of the hunting party, and all hunters should make sure they are not moving too fast for the dog. Give him time to thoroughly work out all cover. Retrievers the writer has gunned over have given plenty of indication when they were working birds. They became just as excited during such periods as the pointers. Pheasants flushed by retrievers may make shooting a little more







**OFFERING TO SHARE** your game with the landowner is only common courtesy, but it does a great deal toward keeping hunting ground open.

sudden-like than those lined up by pointers, but this can add to the excitement.

#### **Good Record With Dogs**

A retriever is particularly effective on wounded game, and reduces the loss of cripples. I have shot many birds over retrievers and can remember only two that were not brought in. By comparison, my dog brought back many birds which would have been lost without her. One find in particular shall always be remembered. A cock pheasant was knocked down into heavy cover at the bottom of a hill. The hunters rushed to the spot, expecting to pick up the bird. The retriever went to the spot, too. However, almost immediately, she started off in a straight line for the other side of the hill. One of the hunters lost no time expressing his opinion of a retriever which would leave downed game in order to trail live game. The writer, however, adopted a wait and see attitude. Sure enough within a couple of minutes the retriever came back over the hill. She was most proud in the way she carried the still fluttering cockbird in her mouth. Once again the retriever had proven her worth in the field while adding greatly to the sport "fit for kings."

So get a dog and go for pheasants. They're our top game bird.

---

### **Farm-City Partners**

November 17-23 has been proclaimed Farm-City Week in Pennsylvania. This yearly program is intended to develop a fuller recognition of the interdependence of our farm and city people. Food and dairy items sold to the man in the city by the farmer are often produced on equipment manufactured by the city dweller.

Another important part of life involves those two groups—hunting. In Pennsylvania, one out of every ten people is a hunter, and without the farmer's cooperation, hunting territory for this great number would be severely limited. Well over 27,000 farmers in this state have agreements with the Game Commission to keep more than 4,000,000 acres of land open to hunting. Therefore, it is only fitting that a week be scheduled to recognize the outstanding cooperation that exists between farm and city dwellers.



# The Wild Turkey in Pennsylvania

By Gerald A. Wunz and Arnold H. Hayden  
PGC Game Biologists

**T**HE WILD TURKEY is an all-American bird. In fact, he was originally confined to North America. He is so American that Ben Franklin proposed him for the national emblem. This proposal had considerable merit, as the turkey is big (our largest gallinaceous bird), iridescently handsome, and has much going for him in the way of wits and wariness. Fortunately for the turkey hunter, the eagle was picked. Had Franklin had his way, public sentiment would be opposed to hunting this greatest of all game bird trophies. Without sportsman interest and help, perhaps the turkey would have gone the way of the eagle and now be nearing extinction.

Turkeys were originally found from northeastern Mexico to southern Ontario and Maine. In the United States only the northern plains, the North-

west and the Pacific Coast were without turkeys. Because of the variety of habitats, ranging from Mexican arid scrub to dense eastern forests, six subspecies or varieties of turkeys evolved. External differences are minor color variations, with turkeys inhabiting arid western climes having lighter colored plumage. However, the internal physiological differences between subspecies are so great that generally one type cannot survive in another's habitat. Outstanding examples of the results of this difference are the abortive attempts to establish the Rio Grande turkey from semi-arid western Texas to the more humid piney woods of eastern Texas. Transplants of eastern turkeys from similar climes and habitat of nearby states were successful.

## Shrinkage of Range

The turkey probably suffered more than any other native game bird in the





*Virginia Game Comm. Photo*

**THE ADVANCE of civilization cut down the wild turkey's range greatly.**

aftermath of frontier civilization's advance across America. His large size and good table qualities were worth expending shot and powder on, and his home, the forest, conflicted with man's agrarian interests. Turkey habitat was decimated to one-tenth its original size and its numbers even lower. They were extirpated from their toehold in southern Canada and from nearly half of the 39 states in their original range, and appeared doomed to the same fate in others.

The early 1900s were the darkest years in turkey history, but through a general public awakening of conservation needs and the saving of this magnificent game bird in particular, wise management finally reversed this trend. Today, turkeys have been restored to all but a few of their original states, and have been successfully established in several western states beyond the limits of historical range.

The nationwide turkey population has more than doubled in the past ten years, and now is estimated at over one million birds. This is a significant achievement which every sportsman

and conservationist can regard with pride.

### **Original Range and Its Decline in Pennsylvania**

Pennsylvanians can be especially proud of their part in turkey restoration, not only because they were the leader in this field, but also because of the obstacles surmounted. Turkeys were reduced to such low numbers that only diligent protection could save those that were left. Also, it is amazing that these birds could be restored to such high numbers in a state with a dense human population, where the best turkey range was already claimed by industry or agriculture. Much of the remaining range was of such poor quality that few turkeys were found there even in pioneer times.

Originally, all of Pennsylvania was within the northern limits of turkey range, a line extending west from southern Maine to the Niagara and across southern Ontario to South Dakota. Though turkeys ranged throughout Pennsylvania, their relative abundance under the virgin forest conditions of colonial times was not well documented. From available accounts and landmarks named after turkeys, we can assume they were found in much greater abundance in the southern half of the state, particularly in the hardwood forests of the southeastern section. In fact, the absence of turkey reports in the historical records and legends of some northern tier counties suggests they were absent or relatively rare there.

The senior author's grandparents resided in the heart of this northern forest belt in the 1890s, when extensive exploitation of the virgin forests in that area was just beginning. Neither they nor their predecessors knew of any turkeys in this region. Similar reports have been given by other persons whose ancestors were pioneer settlers in our northern counties.

Paradoxically, today turkeys are most abundant in areas where they

were originally rare, and rare where they were abundant. The latter is easily understood because the good soils of southeast Pennsylvania were claimed by agriculture, but the former is not so apparent. The only logical reason that this poor original range is now supporting so many turkeys is the radically different forest composition that has occurred since logging. These northern tier counties lie within the northern hardwood forest belt which was originally forested primarily with white pine and hemlock—hence the name Black Forest area of Pennsylvania. Logging of these conifers, followed by fires and excessive deer browsing, eliminated pine and hemlock regeneration and allowed formerly suppressed beech, birch, maple and other northern hardwoods to become dominant. Oddly enough, our turkeys today utilize and actually seem to require some conifer stands as cover, particularly in their winter range, but apparently a predominant coniferous forest is not hospitable to the eastern wild turkey.

The destruction of forest habitat by the ax has often been credited with as great a role in the decimation of our turkey flocks as overhunting by early settlers. This may be true generally, but the foregoing suggests the present abundance of turkeys in north-central Pennsylvania was dependent upon this misuse of the ax. Perhaps

there was also a good side to the destructive timbering practices during the era of lumber barons, which greatly altered the forest composition to the benefit of turkeys.

#### **Saving of Pennsylvania's Dwindling Turkey Flocks**

Toward the middle of the 19th Century, turkey populations had dwindled in southeastern Pennsylvania and were beginning to suffer elsewhere in the state from civilization. Public concern resulted in local legislation to establish turkey seasons and ban molestation of nests and the use of traps, snares, blinds and baiting.

The first statewide law relating to turkeys, passed in 1873, provided for a closed season from January 1 to October 1. This might be considered the birthdate of wild turkey management in Pennsylvania. The \$25 penalty, very severe at that time, for each illegally killed turkey has not been changed to this day, despite inflation.

The first daily bag limit (2 per day) was set in 1887, and 1905 legislation also set a season limit. In 1915 the bag limit was set at 1 bird per day, 1 per week, and 2 per season. The season limit was reduced to one turkey in 1917 and has remained in effect to the present. The 1923 Game Code set the open season for the month of November and shooting hours between sunrise and sunset. The turkey call was outlawed until 1937.

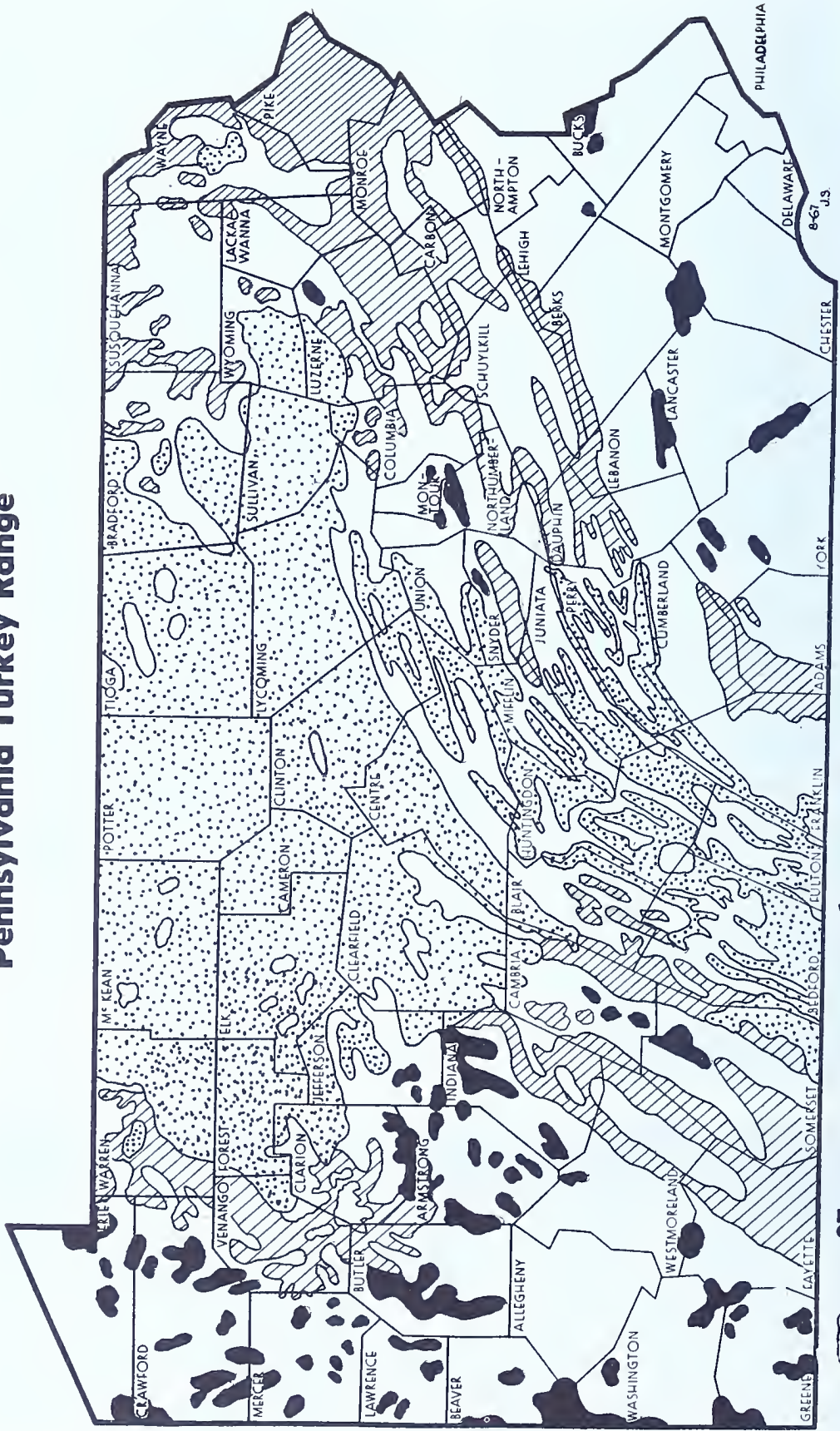
**PENNSYLVANIA'S TURKEYS** are most abundant today in areas where they originally were rare, and rare where they were formerly abundant.



*Photo by Herbert Zimmerman*





# Pennsylvania Turkey Range



 1ST. CLASS
  2ND. CLASS
  3RD. CLASS

More drastic measures to save breeding stock from overshooting and permit turkeys to increase were the statewide closure of turkey hunting during 1913 and 1914, and again in 1926. Increased harvests in each year immediately following showed the benefits to the turkey population. There have been no statewide closures since then, but individual counties were closed to hunting from 1929-1953. The season was opened statewide from 1954 to 1958, some counties closed in 1959, then opened statewide again since 1960, with a longer hunting period permitted in primary northcentral turkey range than in the remainder of the state. The manipulation of hunting seasons, lenient when and where turkey populations are high and restricted in critical areas, has been a management technique employed through the years by the Game Commission with good results to the welfare of our turkey population.

Refuges were also established in wild turkey range beginning in 1905, until there were over 100 in Pennsylvania. Seventy-three were established in 1935 and 1936 following a 1934 study of the turkey situation which indicated a need for greater protection for native breeding stock, as well as safe retreats for game-farm birds when liberated for breeding purposes. These refuges ranged in size from a few hundred to 3000 acres.

#### **Changes in Range and Population Status**

Game laws and refuges to save the turkey from extinction would have been meaningless without their enforcement. This was stringently provided by a dedicated group of Game Protectors and Refuge Keepers. This force was steadily increased to guard the turkey through its most critical years in Pennsylvania. The importance of our hunters and the public in general in the cause of saving this big game bird should not be slighted. Without this cooperation and support, success would have been impossible, even with the best law enforcement.

Public support for the Game Commission's law enforcement program saved the turkey in sufficient numbers to permit hunting in the rugged mountain country of southcentral Pennsylvania. However, there was no significant change in numbers or expansion of range until other management measures were put into operation by the Game Commission. Only about 3000 square miles of our 23,000 square miles of forested land were occupied turkey range and annual harvest averaged 3000 to 4000 turkeys.

It was not until the late 1940s and 1950s that populations and range expanded from the oak type forests of the southcentral into the vast transitional and northern hardwood forests of northcentral Pennsylvania. This increase was attributed mostly to the stocking of large numbers of game farm-raised turkeys. Unquestionably, natural movements of native turkeys from the southcentral across the unbroken forests of northcentral Pennsylvania also played a significant part in establishing turkeys in these forests that had finally matured from the vast brushlands created by logging and subsequent fires.

Ironically, failures of game farm stock to establish turkeys in this forest while still in a young pole stage of development had led many persons to believe the northern forests were completely unacceptable to turkeys. Oak-chestnut forests seemed synonymous with turkey range, but the turkey has since proved more adaptable than we thought. Today we have some of our finest turkey populations where oak is rare or absent.

The success in establishing turkeys in unoccupied range in the late 1940s and early 1950s, which increased our annual harvest and occupied range in the state four or five fold, was not without some adversity. While turkey range and populations increased northward, populations decreased in the original southcentral range. Also, populations declined somewhat on the





*Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III*

**FOUR-FIFTHS** of Pennsylvania's 25,000 square miles of forest land is capable of turkey management.

newly occupied northern range after their initial spurt of abundance — a natural phenomenon which usually occurs shortly after a species is successfully established in new range.

Since then there have been less spectacular but nevertheless steady increases in our turkey range and populations, particularly in our south-central area. Occupied range has also been extended on its northern periphery, except for some local restrictions where releases of game farm stock, at first successful, later failed.

#### **Present Turkey Range**

Pennsylvania's range is periodically surveyed to determine the turkey's current status. The last survey, completed in 1966, showed that 20,000 of the present total of 25,000 square miles of forest land in Pennsylvania are capable of some type of turkey management. This represents some 45% of the total state land area. Of this range, 1500 square miles, composed of pockets of forested land in counties with high human population, is considered inadequate to sustain huntable turkey populations without annual releases of game farm stock. This leaves approximately 18,500 square miles capable of maintaining self-perpetuating turkey flocks. Nearly

13,000 square miles (70%) are already holding good self-sustaining turkey populations. Most of the remaining forest land also has this potential, but establishment attempts with game farm turkeys have thus far been unsuccessful.

The bulk of the occupied range is in the northcentral part of the state, bracketed by the Allegheny River on the west and the North Branch of the Susquehanna on the east. The south-central range is bordered by the Susquehanna River and Cumberland Valley on the east and the Allegheny Mountain or Front on the west. This gives the occupied range map a mushroom shape with the stem in the south-central counties slanted to the right.

Significant is the fact that this occupied range is nearly continuous forested land across the state where turkeys can move rather freely from section to section without any natural or man-made barriers. Even rather narrow rivers, such as the Allegheny and West Branch of the Susquehanna, appeared to retard natural range expansion of wild flocks for a few years. Equally significant, there have been very few successful establishments despite repeated stocking of game farm turkeys in units of range isolated from the main range.

The only sections of the state without appreciable turkey range are the southeast section south of Blue Mountain, the western border counties and suburban Pittsburgh counties. Only five counties, all in the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia metropolitan areas, are considered completely void of turkey range potential.

#### **Occupied Turkey Range**

All of our northcentral counties are occupied by turkeys, usually with high populations. These are McKean, Elk, Cameron, Clearfield, Centre, Potter, Clinton, Tioga, Lycoming and Union Counties. Adjoining sections of northwestern and northeastern Pennsylvania with similar turkey densities are Forest, southeast Warren, east central

Senango, northeast Clarion, northern Jefferson, Sullivan, southwest Bradford and Wyoming, northeast Luzerne and extreme northern Columbia County.

Southcentral primary range counties are Bedford, Blair, Huntingdon, Fulton, Mifflin, Juniata, Snyder, Perry, western Franklin and northern Cumberland. Increased turkey populations in some southcentral areas now compare with the best northern county densities. Northeast Cambria and southeast Somerset County are adjoining southwestern counties with primary occupied range. There is essentially no range in the southeast section of the state with sustaining turkey flocks.

#### **Unoccupied Turkey Range**

All northcentral and most southcentral range is occupied, but significant portions of range in other divisions of the state are still without turkeys. Nearly half of the state's total unoccupied turkey range is in the northeast part of the state (2700 square miles), and the greater forest understory or brush density prevalent in much of the Pocono Plateau may later prove undesirable habitat. However, forest conditions appear acceptable for turkeys in unoccupied range elsewhere in the state.

Considerable research effort has been and is now being expended by the Game Commission to determine factors limiting turkey establishment success on this unoccupied range. Some limiting factors have already been discovered but much remains to be learned. For example, studies are now under way to determine turkey tolerance to brushy forests and to limited range. Conceivably the findings could alter establishment attempts in



*Photo by Roy Rumberger*

**IT IS THE Game Commission's aim to provide turkey hunting on all suitable range in the Commonwealth.**

the Poconos and on some of the isolated range units in the state now considered too small to support turkeys.

Why, when we already have good self-sustaining turkey populations on two-thirds of our best range, are we so concerned with establishing turkeys on the remainder? Simply because this potential but unoccupied range, by nature of its proximity to Pennsylvania's large urban centers, could furnish as much turkey hunting opportunity as that already provided by the remote northcentral range. In addition, some hunting pressure would desirably be diverted from farms to forest land. Therefore, it is the ultimate aim of the Game Commission to provide turkey hunting, insofar as practical, on all suitable range within easier reach of every hunter in the Commonwealth.

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### ***A Good Mouser***

The barn or screech owl is often called the "feathered cat" because it is a great foe of mice.







# Well—I'll Tell Ya!

By Del Poore

I THINK Abe Jenkins was born to complain. He's had that store down there at the crossroads nigh on to twenty year and you might as well make up your mind, that's part of the price—you buy somethin' at his store, you're gonna listen to what he's got to say! Wouldn't be so bad if he put some regulation on it, like five minutes for a five-cent item, or maybe ten pound of flour would give him enough time to really git rolling. But any way you cut it, you need somethin' like a new pair of boots or a hunting coat—brother, you're in trouble! It's a way of life with him, this gripin', and he'll cover anything from the Amalgamated Order of International Money Changers to the sad state of the nickel segar. And I can't say he don't have something on his side. I been livin' in this section of hills longer'n I kin remember and things have changed. Boy and man I seen it, and it's changed.

## Not Beholdin'

My grandpap used to farm right here where I'm sittin' now. Never was real good land, not like down in the crick bottom, but he made out and wasn't beholdin' to nobody. He loved the land, every last rock and blade of grass, an' he used to tell me, "Boy, this land's forever. Backward and forward, it's forever! That's why it's here, for you and me and that old limpin' coon you chased outa the apple pit!"

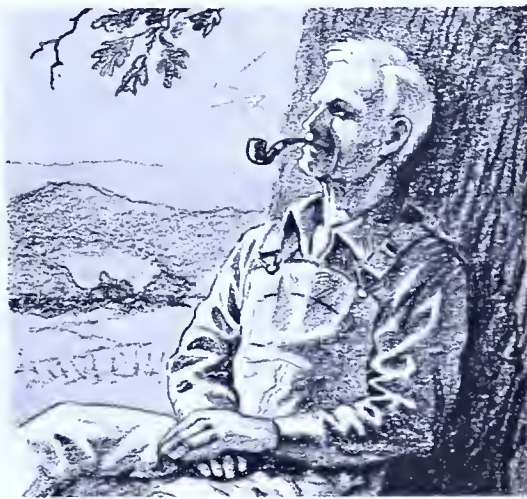
He'd light his pipe and lean back against the root and look out over the hills rollin' away into blue distance an' he'd talk like I wasn't even there, about when first one an' then the other of the armies swarmed over his pa's farm down in Tennessee, an' how he hid with his maw in the root cellar listenin' to the thunk o' the big round minie balls clatterin' agin the barn,

and how all the things in the woods disappeared till they wasn't even a cottontail left after Sherman's march. And he'd say, "They jest wasn't enough to feed 'em, nothin' for the men much less the mules, and by the time everything was burnt, not even anything a groundhog could eat."

I used to sit there listenin' and lookin' down over the grassy curve of the hill and see the deer feedin' like cows in the pasture, or wave my hand and watch a swarm of whitetails flashin' in the trees, and I'd think what an all-fired lonesome place it would be if you couldn't follow along the trails that pointed hooves had made or see the tracks like stitches in the snow.

It was mostly when the snow was on the ground that Grandpap and I would go out, me with what he called my popgun, a sassy little Savage 22 that fit my ten-year-old hands like it was molded, and him with a long-barreled rifle he loaded from the front. What he could do with that roarin' Betsy in the barn lot while he taught me to handle the popgun was fan-

**HE'D LIGHT his pipe and lean back against the root and look out over the hills rollin' away. . . .**





tastic. He could knock the neck off a bottle without even aiming. But out in the woods when the season opened up, we never seemed to git around to shootin' anything. We followed trails that almost turned us into mountain goats, flushing everything from rabbits to prime bucks, and never once did we bring somethin' home when we was together. It was always like there was so much to do and so much to see, we never even thought of it.

I'll never forgit the first time I walked out on my own with that popgun. I wasn't very old and I didn't know very much, but here I was with this beautiful machine of shiny walnut and blued steel in my hands with the oily smell driftin' up when I snicked the bolt in and out, and I felt like I was walkin' on air an' big as a house. It jest layed there in my arms waitin' for me to tickle it under the chin, tellin' me that together we could lick the world.

Well, it's a long cry from lickin' the world to knockin' a half dozen sparrows off a barn roof, but that's what me and the popgun did. I'd a probably gone right on knockin' them down till my bullets run out if Grandpap hadn't come up and told me to go git the birds. I didn't know what

**I USED TO** sit there listenin' and watchin' the deer feedin' like cows in the pasture. . . .



he wanted me to go git any old sparrows for, but I gathered em' an' they was mighty spindly and almost like nothin'.

"Take 'em in to your grandmal" he said, and that's what I did.

When suppertime come, there they was, all cooked and on my plate. I sure didn't want to, but I just kept my eyes down on my plate and I ate 'em. The funny part of it was, they wasn't bad at all. I could even eat the bones, they was so soft. I knew though, the main thing wasn't the sparrows, it was something my grandpap was tellin' me.

### Right Track

Maybe it wasn't right then I found out all the answers, but it set me on what I since come to figure is the right track—which is not to take what you ain't gonna use, and by golly, you trigger the gun, you don't let it trigger you!

I learned to handle that popgun an' later on, this rebuilt Enfield I still got. Between Grandpap and me we had plenty a meat on the table in them days. We had enough, and most of it come outa the woods. Sometimes it was a brace a squirrels I brought home, or rabbits, or mebbe a honker from down along the river. And when the season come for deer, usually Grandpap got his and I got mine, but somehow, never when we was out together.

It stayed that way, like a thing private to us both, a duty for the winter meat but nowise a part of the long rambles we made just bein' part of the earth an' all the things growin' on it. That's the kind a thing stays in your mind like pictures. Like the glory of the morning when the sun sparks up over the mountain an' across the field where the spider webs are set with drops of dew sparklin' like a sea of diamonds for a little while. Or the first flakes driftin' down dark agin the sky an' the hills fadin' soft and gray beyond the snow, an' overhead

the music of the honkers far away and the thin, wide pattern of their arrow in the sky.

The funny part of it is, them things are still here. If we wasn't so all-fired busy an' noisy about everything now-days we could still see the whole mountain my grandpap showed me in a raindrop.

But to git back to Abe Jenkins at the store. I was lendin' him my ear the other day when a shiny new car drove up out front and in come a young fella wearin' a pair a tight pants an' a sporty hunting rig. He busts right in an' asks does anybody know who can fix a gun. Abe breaks his stride just long enough to tell the young fella they ain't no gunsmith around these parts nowadays, an' the fella says, "I see you got some guns on display. Thought maybe you could fix mine. It seems to have gone on the blink, somehow."

At this point Abe, seein' maybe he could make a couple dollars off the stranger an' git hisself a brand-new audience at the same time, says, "I ain't no gunsmith, but I've had a might to do with guns. I'd be glad to take a gander at it. What seems to be the matter with it?"

The young fella shrugged, an' for the first time I see Abe Jenkins with



**THINGS STAY** in your mind—like the music of the honkers far away and the thin, wide pattern of their arrow in the sky. . . .

his mouth hanging open and nothin' comin' out.

"I don't know," the young fella says. "The gears are stuck!"

I had to admire Abe. He was caught on the downbeat, but he recovered fast. First of all he closed his mouth. Then, very carefully, he opened it agin.

"Well, now, I'll tell ya," he said, smooth as you please. "That's too bad. But I'll be glad to take a look at it, if you'll jest drive it in here!"

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## Book Review . . .

### The Book of Rifles

The late W. H. B. Smith was a tireless researcher, a painstaking writer. His *Book of Rifles*, now in its third edition, reflects this. After background information on the origin and development of gunpowder and shoulder arms, in which the cannon lock, matchlock, wheel-lock, snaphaunce, flintlock and percussion lock designs are discussed, as well as modern types, Smith goes into his real data—detailed descriptions on hundreds of shoulder arms found in fifty-two countries, beginning with Albania and concluding with Yugoslavia. Most of these are military rifles, but in some cases, particularly the United States, many sporting models are covered. History, design, mechanics and ballistics are gone into. An excellent reference, updated by Joseph E. Smith. (Stackpole, Harrisburg, Pa., 656 pp., \$12.50.)



# Privilege . . . and Responsibility



**HUNTING IS A TESTING** paradox for father and son, as they weigh both the privilege and the responsibility of it.

**By The Reverend George L. Harting**

**S**CARCELY any among us takes time enough to inventory the privileges of public hunting. To be free to bear arms, to hunt upon the lands of generous property owners, to have at one's disposal public hunting grounds, and to find game—these items ought not to be taken lightly.

But a day afield yields dividends beyond a trophy, for the fall of the year has its irresistible drives; who can sit still under their urging?

One would hardly imagine that the odor of dew on ripe standing corn, the smell of late-mown hay and ripening wild grapes, the tangy aroma of curing tobacco, the sight of a matured cockbird, or the busy activity of a feeding squirrel could mean so much. We only value such fall dividends

when we calculate what life would be like without them. The clinching delight, however, is the licensed privilege to bag surplus game in such stimulating environment.

Privilege it is, to be sure, a heritage from our forefathers that inevitably must be passed along to our posterity. But as a father hands to his son his first hunting license there are accompanying responsibilities, both to the father who gives it and to the son who receives it.

First there must be an awakening awareness of morality. How does this work out afield? One man may detest roast raccoon. This hardly allows him, however, to seek out mass war against this tribe simply to toss them down the "rat hole" of waste. Or how often

has a creel limit of trout lying in state on their willow bed, been regarded as "bony devils"? This is sacrilege. And more than once a successful hunter has been seen frantically trying to give away his bag, referring to the cottontails by saying, "Take the darned things, I don't eat them."

At this point, privilege and responsibility become twins toward an awakening awareness of morality. Here is mutual duty for father and son.

Second, we should embrace the Golden Rule conduct. This way of life is becoming for the sportsman, whether he is sitting in a pew, or look-out over a deer run, or deciding what to do now that the season's eighth ringneck has been bagged.

Right conduct could have kept open many an area of suitable cover now tightly marked "private." "I let no one hunt now," was the sentiment of one grower, who explained: "Even the law (Policemen) didn't stay out of my cornfields."

At this point, most sportsmen's groups neglect a golden opportunity. How often have owners complained of depredations and produced evidence to support their loss? Yet our organized sportsmen so seldom see the need to assist landowners. If a farmer's cow has really been shot, should he sustain the total loss; should not a sportsmen's group share that loss?

Golden Rule conduct needs no defense; its fruits would surprise all of us if it were more consistently exercised. Whether it be toward our fellow hunter, the landowner, or toward the Commission that addresses itself to our interests, privilege and responsibility remain couplets.

Third, we must cultivate the mind. Recreation at best is designed to yield

spiritual and emotional values. This is the reason parks are located near metropolitan areas. Its worth cannot be calculated in terms of dollars and cents, numbers or quantities. Recreation ought to yield peace of mind, gratitude, and a total well-being. This discounts competition and adopts the quiet poise of anticipation tempered by reflection. In this way a hunter's experiences never end.

### Three Dimensional

One's sport at best can be three dimensional: the excitement of the hunt; the contemplated delight of stuffed garnished mallard, roasted just right, to be shared by the family circle; and finally, the lifelong reflection stored in the scrapbook, the mind and the soul. One gentleman, knowing that he now parted his hair broadly down the middle, aware of the trend his days were taking, said, "When I am old and have chin whiskers I will hunt with my scrapbook."

At best, the returns of one's sport should flow from the soul as pure poetry. At this point privilege and responsibility make marriage. Eager youth, gun in hand, straining at the bit to get going, must be tempered and poised by the hunter of the passing generation who discloses to his posterity what has entered his soul.

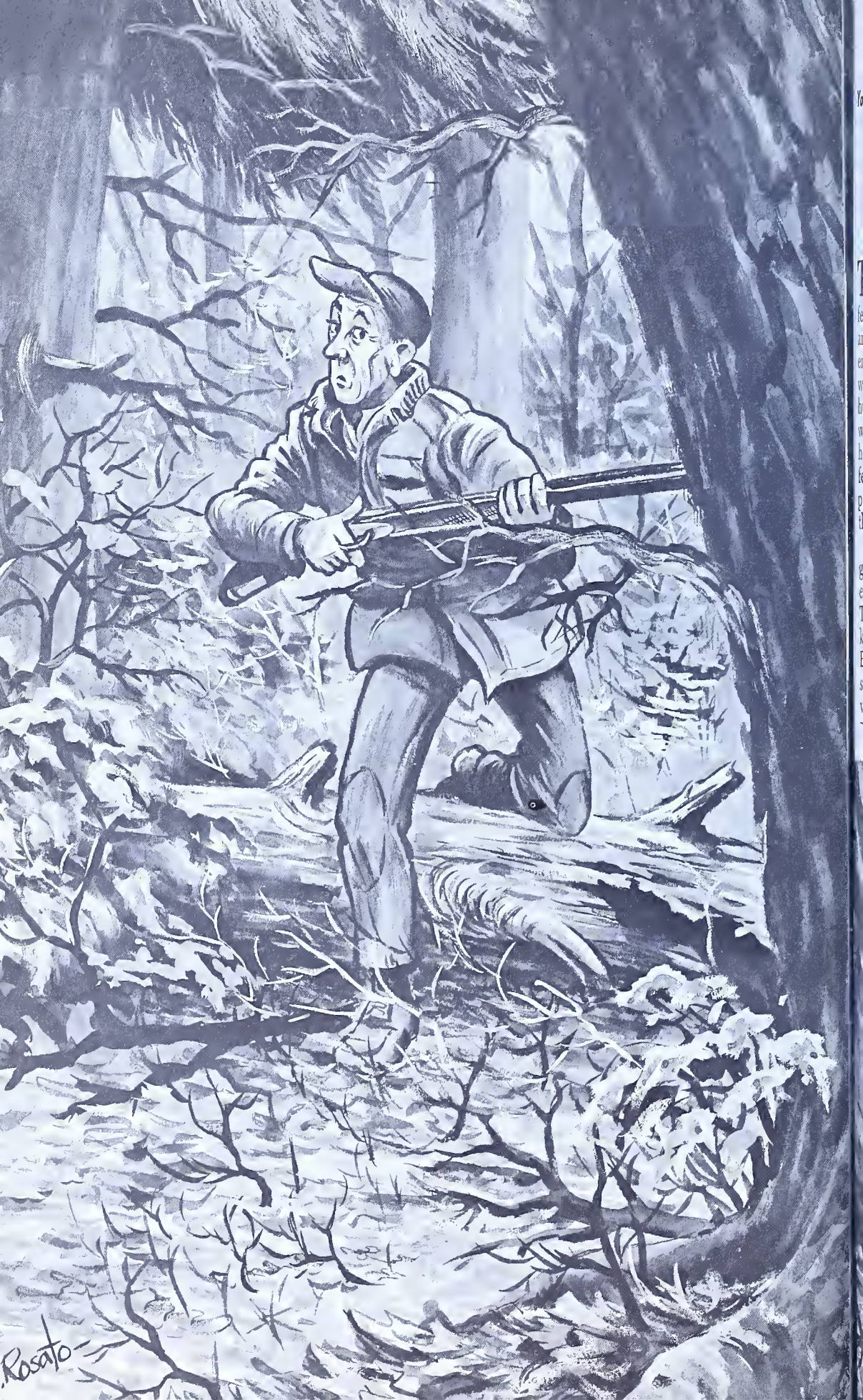
Sons have heard the tales of the hunt, they have eagerly anticipated their fathers' return from the woods, they have dreamed, questioned, coaxed. Fathers, with pride, have shared the events of the day in field, woods, and marsh. Suddenly the lad is twelve—he is eager to hunt. It becomes a testing paradox to father and son as together they weigh, on the one hand, extreme privilege, and on the other, sober responsibility.

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## *Frogs and Toads*

The use of the words "frog" and "toad" is often confusing. In general, frogs have smooth skins and toads warty skins.





Rosato



*You Other Guys Can Have the Pheasants . . .*

# *I'll Take Grouse*

By Guy Mauk

**T**O BE FAIR, some of the credit for this sparkling title must go to a fellow named Bob Bell\* who had an article in the GAME NEWS last fall entitled "We'll Take Pheasants." It was a fine article and it covered the hunting of these beautiful birds very well. Sadly, however, the author must have succumbed to subconscious guilt feelings, because he tried to put mere pheasant hunting above the hunting of that extraordinary bird, the grouse.

I propose that he who writes about grouse should at least know the difference between a hackle and a casbeke. This brings to mind that in the earliest known philosophical discourse an Egyptian father wrote a letter to his son advising him to avoid debates with experts and, above all, not to talk

about too many subjects at the same time.

Now, it is perfectly clear to me that the old man was a grouse hunter writing to a son who had turned into a pheasant hunter. I know how he felt because I have a kid brother who turned into a squirrel hunter. While he doesn't speak foolishly very often, he's about as useful as a bride at butchering time when it comes to putting together a bird hunt. But no one has paid much attention to the old Egyptian the past fifty centuries, so why should we grouse hunters bristle when we come across a few slackly reasoned statements in a pheasant article?

We bristle because Mr. Bell said that grouse offer only one kind of shot as opposed to a variety of shots af-

\*Now GAME NEWS editor.





forded by pheasants. Now, as a boy I shot many, many pheasants before I became a bird hunter, and this isn't the way I remember it. But to be absolutely sure, I checked with a couple of eel fishermen who used to sell Indian Tea down around Lewisburg about fifty years ago. On the side they were the best pheasant shots in the county and they still insist that there are only six pheasant shots: the right and left crossers, the right and left quarterers, the going away and the coming atcha. And that's how I remember it.

To keep things simple, let's eliminate minor variations in angle and agree that grouse also, at times, present these six standard shots. But, Great Sakes Alive, from this point on we have shots the corn stompers never



**THE ROCK SHOT** occurs when the birds are in the greenbriers—and the hunter is left holding the rock!

even dreamed of. First of all, grouse flush out of trees, and pure logic insists that since these six Tree Shots are from above your head instead of from around your feet they are upside down, thus have to be different from the six off the ground. We're already six up on the pheasants.

And while we're in the trees don't

forget the Falling Leaf Shot, where the grouse falls sixty feet straight down and quietly levels off six feet above the ground. There is also the Pole Shot, usually found in clearings on old burnt ground where two or three grouse will take off out of a tall skinny tree which has no limbs. There must be something for them to stand on up there, but no grouse hunter who has missed a Pole Shot has ever seen anything remotely resembling a perch. Eight up!

### Rock and Stick

Back on the ground, thank goodness, there is, of course, the Rock Shot. This is likely to occur when the birds are found only in the greenbriers. On such a day, on the way back in through the open woods, the hunter spots a huge greenbrier ball between two logs. With that malevolent intent sometimes held for greenbrier birds, he picks up the only rock in the woods—it weighs all of twenty pounds — and bears down on that greenbrier ball fully intending to blast it asunder with one well-aimed crashing missile. And he counts every feather on the catapulting bird as he tries to shake that twenty-pound rock loose from his paralyzed fingers!

There is also the Stick Shot. While similar, this shot lacks the intensity of purpose usually associated with the Rock Shot. Here, the hunter doesn't think the dog did too good a job on that downed treetop, and being too tired to go in himself, he listlessly picks up a stick to toss into the most promising spot. The bird will always flush somewhere between the time the stick was picked up and the time it was tossed, and since most people toss sticks with the hand that wears their trigger finger, this makes for fantastically erratic shooting and more plumage admiration. (While grouse aren't red, green, white and blue like pheasants, the beauty of their feathers while rocketing by ten feet away has transfixed the strongest of men!)

Another possibility is the Track Shot, and for this you need snow and the sudden realization that you're standing on the freshest grouse tracks in the world and that they go only ten feet into a small clump of brush. While you quietly try to get the attention of your partner, the bird buzzes out and instead of shouting "Mark" you for some reason shout "Track," and your partner thinks you have lost your mind. This is unusual, since grouse partners are given to a deep understanding which ordinarily covers the gamut of human foibles. This bird can be bagged if it doesn't fly straight up because your hands aren't encumbered with rocks or sticks. However, it usually *does* fly straight up, in which case you might as well kiss it goodbye.

#### Talk and Marron

Then, for lack of a better name, there is what is called the Talk Shot. This occurs while you and your partner are discussing the next move to be made, or chuckling about the old fellow you met up on the mountain who complained about not being able to bag "partridges" like he used to. At least you're standing still and engaged in quiet conversation when the bird thunders up. (In the interest of science and accuracy I should report that I once had this happen while hunting alone, but I was talking to myself, which probably explains the seeming inconsistency.) The bird can come from between you or flush at a distance. The most disquieting shot is a flush from a limb three feet above your head. I recall one Talk Shot when near the end of a beautiful day my partner and I were surveying a particularly lovely piece of grouse cover. We had just agreed that if a bird were to "flush out of there and fly up that way" it would be an ideal shot and the perfect ending to a great hunt. No sooner were these thoughts spoken than a grouse flushed and flew exactly as we had planned. Not one shot was fired as, in open-mouthed astonish-



**THE TALK SHOT** is different. It leaves both the hunter and his pal with their mouths open but no words coming out.

ment, we watched this obliging bird disappear in the sunset.

Perhaps the toughest chance is what we call the Marron Shot. It is named for my hunting buddy, John Marron of Latrobe, who missed the woodcock which was an integral part of the original Marron Shot. This requires a bird dog, a woodcock, a grouse, a coal bank, and four hunters in a line, each thirty yards apart. The dog points a woodcock at the base of the coal bank and the bird is flushed and missed by the closest hunter. Five seconds later a grouse flushes from the very same spot and flies over the guy who missed the woodcock and the other three hunters, all of them missing it cleanly, eight shots in all. To qualify, the bird must be clearly seen by all four hunters as it flies for at least a half mile.

The extreme difficulty of the Marron Shot always reminds me of the fellow up in Alaska whose wife got him out of a hot shower to shoot a wolverine in the front yard. He raced out into the 30-below weather, steam spouting from him in all directions, and shot the wolverine with a 300 Magnum. The 220-gr. bullet went through the wolverine, a snow bank,



a Caterpillar tractor engine, two walls of a garage, and probably is still going to this day. The Alaskan Wolverine Hunters and Protective Association has this shot recorded in their annals.

At any rate, we have by now cited fourteen more shots than anyone will ever get hunting pheasants, so you can see how inaccurate pheasant writers can be.\* Mr. Bell said some other things about grouse hunting and grouse hunters in particular which, for the time being, I'll pass up. Instead, I want to dwell on his statement that "the mud in cornfields

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\*Hmmm. Way we see it, six Tree Shots plus the Falling Leaf, Pole, Rock, Stick, Track, Talk and Marron Shots add up to thirteen, the way us ol' pheasant shooters count. Makes us wonder about "inaccurate" writers. . . -Ed.

makes for tough going." Hunting grouse, I've frozen solid as a deer hunter, and I've also scalded in my own sweat. I've jabbed my eyes with hawthorns and I've got as tired as a man can get. But I've never got stuck in the mud. I don't like cornfields and I don't like mud. I do love hillsides covered with dogwood and witch hazel, and the hollows full of hornbeam. The grapes and the logs. The high mountain ledges and the sharp slant of a slashed sidehill. Here is where the grouse lives! Clean hunting, quiet hunting, most certainly challenging hunting. For a bird I'm proud to salute when I get him, and doubly glad to salute when he gets away, I'll take grouse!

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## Book Review . . .

### "Recognizing Native Shrubs"

Botanist William Carey Grimm, in his new book *Recognizing Native Shrubs*, identifies almost every known shrub from the Gulf Coast to Canada. Grimm's effort should help sportsmen to discover and appreciate wild plants.

Many of us are ashamed of our lack of knowledge about native shrubs. Too often we try to grow foreign ornamental shrubs in places which are best suited to one of the native beauties. These home-grown varieties prevent soil erosion and provide food and cover for our wildlife. Virtually every eastern shrub is illustrated in this book and its range and characteristics are detailed. 305 pp., \$7.95. The Stackpole Co., Cameron and Kelker Streets, Harrisburg, Pa. 17105.

### Anderson Sets Two Records

World Champion rifleman Gary Anderson, a Nebraska divinity student and GAME NEWS contributor, set two national records with the smallbore rifle during the recent U. S. International Shooting Matches at Fort Benning, Ga. His three-day total of 3487 was 20 points higher than his 1966 record. The 1966 one-day score of 1156 by Army Captain Lones Wigger was topped by Anderson with 1167 points.

### Film Danger to Wildlife

Outdoor photographers who use Polaroid cameras are warned against discarding the tear-off negative sheets in the woods. Wildlife biologists have found that chemicals on the negative films have caused the death of animals which ate them. Photographers are asked to take a minute to dispose of these negative sheets properly.

*Few Hunters Are Aware of the Many Internal Organisms Living in Our Most Important Game Species, the White-Tailed Deer. Here Is Useful Data on . . .*

# Parasites of Pennsylvania Deer

By William M. Samuel

Research Assistant, Welder Wildlife Foundation

**M**OST DEER become infected at one time or another with one or several successful parasites. Many of these organisms are small, occurring in inconspicuous places and usually in small numbers.

Nematodes (roundworms) are the internal parasites most commonly found. Many have direct life cycles. That is, the parasites are transmitted from one deer to another as shown in Diagram A: Adult worms in deer (a) lay eggs which exit with the feces (b). On the ground these eggs hatch and develop into larvae (c). The larvae migrate from the feces into the surrounding vegetation, where they develop to the infective stage (e) and are swallowed by deer while feeding (a). The cycle is then repeated.

Some nematodes require an intermediate host such as a snail (d) or dung beetle for development of larvae to the infective stage (e). Here larvae penetrate into the snail or beetle and therein develop to the infective forms. The intermediate hosts (d) are ingested by deer while feeding on vegetation. Life cycles of this nature are termed indirect.

Most parasites are rather specific about where in the host they will take up residence, and those found in deer are no exception. For example, the meningeal worm resides in close association with the membranes that envelop the brain — the meninges. Many deer in Pennsylvania are infected, but apparently suffer little harm from this parasite. The meningeal worm is probably responsible for a neurologic disease of moose in Min-

nesota and eastern Canada. Of greatest concern are the geographic areas where whitetails and moose overlap in range. White-tailed deer are probably the normal host, with little or no damage resulting from infection, but moose are a poorly adapted and hence susceptible host for the meningeal worm. Other areas reporting this worm from deer are Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Virginia, Wisconsin, most of the southeastern states and many of the eastern Canadian provinces.

The esophageal lining yields the gullet worm, a large round worm which uses dung beetles and roaches as intermediate hosts. Worms are

Diagram A





found from the stomach entrance to the tongue. Although it is a relatively unstudied organism in deer, the detrimental effects of similar worms in domestic animals have been described as being minimal. No gross damage is noted in deer.

Stomach worms are prevalent, as 81% of deer examined harbored one or both small nematode species mentioned. The direct life cycle worms are probably widespread, as present work indicates them to be common in deer from areas as far apart as southern Texas and Wisconsin. Although they usually occur in small numbers, it is not rare to find over 1000 in the true stomach of one animal. Being extremely small they are easily overlooked in the lining of the stomach.

#### Legworm

Another interesting parasite is the legworm, which is found under the skin of the hock, foreleg, brisket and shoulder. These long (5"-plus), slender round worms are most difficult to observe even during the skinning process. This is probably because the lower leg is the preferred location, and hunters usually do not skin out this part. Although knowledge of the life cycle of this organism is incom-

plete, it is felt that a blood-sucking fly is the intermediate host.

Other parasites—infrequent in occurrence—are seven species of nematodes from the gastrointestinal tract, abdominal cavity and lungs; two species of tapeworms, one adult and one immature form, found in the intestine and abdominal cavity; the larval stages of the deer bot fly found in the nasal passages; and a coccidium from the intestinal tract.

Of special note is the deer bot fly which during the fall months flies near the head of a deer and drops her larvae in a droplet of fluid on the nose. The larvae migrate to the pharyngeal pouches of the posterior nasal passage near the windpipe and develop into larvae (1" to 2" long). In late spring these "maggots" crawl to the tip of the nose, drop off and develop into adults during the summer. Some biologists feel that deer are killed when invaded by large numbers (40-plus) of larvae. We do not completely agree with this, since several apparently normal deer were found to be infected with large numbers of the larval stages.

The variety of parasites encountered is impressive, but cannot be considered unique to deer from Penn-

**Table 1**  
**Parasite Species Recovered, Showing Their Location in the Host**

Common name	Scientific name	Location of adult worm in host (deer)
Capillary worm	<i>Capillaria sp.</i>	Small intestine
Bot fly	<i>Cephenemyia sp.</i>	Nasal passages
Lungworm	<i>Dictyocaulus viviparus</i>	Bronchioles
Coccidium	<i>Eimeria sp.</i>	Intestine
Gullet worm	<i>Gongylonema pulchrum</i>	Esophagus lining
Twisted stomach worm	<i>Haemonchus contortus</i>	True stomach (abomasum)
Common tapeworm	<i>Moniezia expansa</i>	Small intestine
Threadnecked worm	<i>Nematodirus filicollis</i>	Small intestine
Nodular worm	<i>Oesophagostomum venulosum</i>	Large intestine
Deer stomach worms	<i>Ostertagia odocoilei</i> and <i>Ostertagia mossi</i>	True stomach (abomasum)
Abdominal worm	<i>Setaria sp.</i>	Abdominal cavity
Thin-necked bladderworm	<i>Taenia hydatigena</i>	Mesenteries
Whipworm	<i>Trichuris ovis</i>	Large intestine
Legworm	<i>Wehrdickmansia cervipedis</i>	Under the skin
Meningeal worm	<i>Odocoileostrongylus tenuis</i>	Cranial cavity

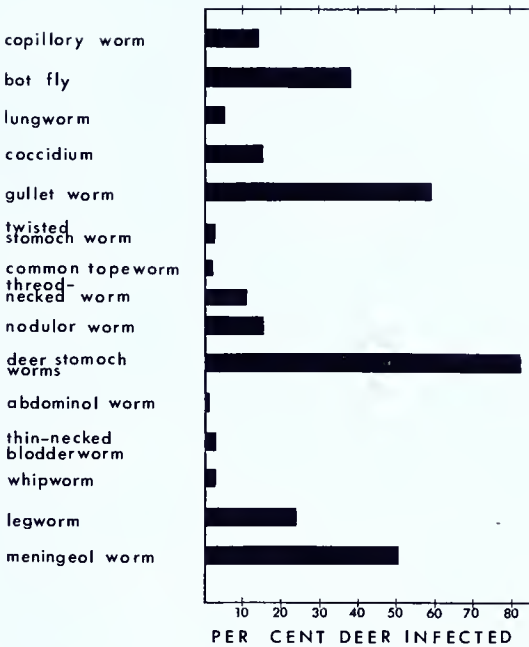
sylvania. Many of the above species are reported from deer over much of their range in North America.

Unfortunately, we know little about the effects of parasites on deer. A parasite by definition derives nourishment from its host. If health of the host deteriorates as a result of many factors, including malnutrition, and numbers of worms increase drastically, then it is quite possible that parasites could play a role in deer mortality. For example, deer found dead in late winter had the same worm species as those killed during the previous hunting season, but *more* deer had a *greater variety* of worms.

**Infection From Grazing**

In addition, in some areas of Pennsylvania where deer numbers exceed browse-raising capacity of the land, deer are forced to graze more intensively on ground level vegetation, making acquisition of parasites more probable. As food resource material is depleted, parasite infections could become more important in their effect on the host (as can occur in overstocked livestock areas).

Problems which might arise from deer having too many worms could be viewed as those of proper deer herd management. It should be obvious that at the present time control of deer parasites through use of drugs is not feasible and may not be desirable due to cost of implementation. But through deer harvest, deer numbers can be kept in harmony with their environment; food supply and perhaps worm burdens. Severe parasite infections may serve as sentinels, forecasting improper balance between deer and hab-



Data from Dr. R. L. Beaudoin and the author, Pennsylvania State University.

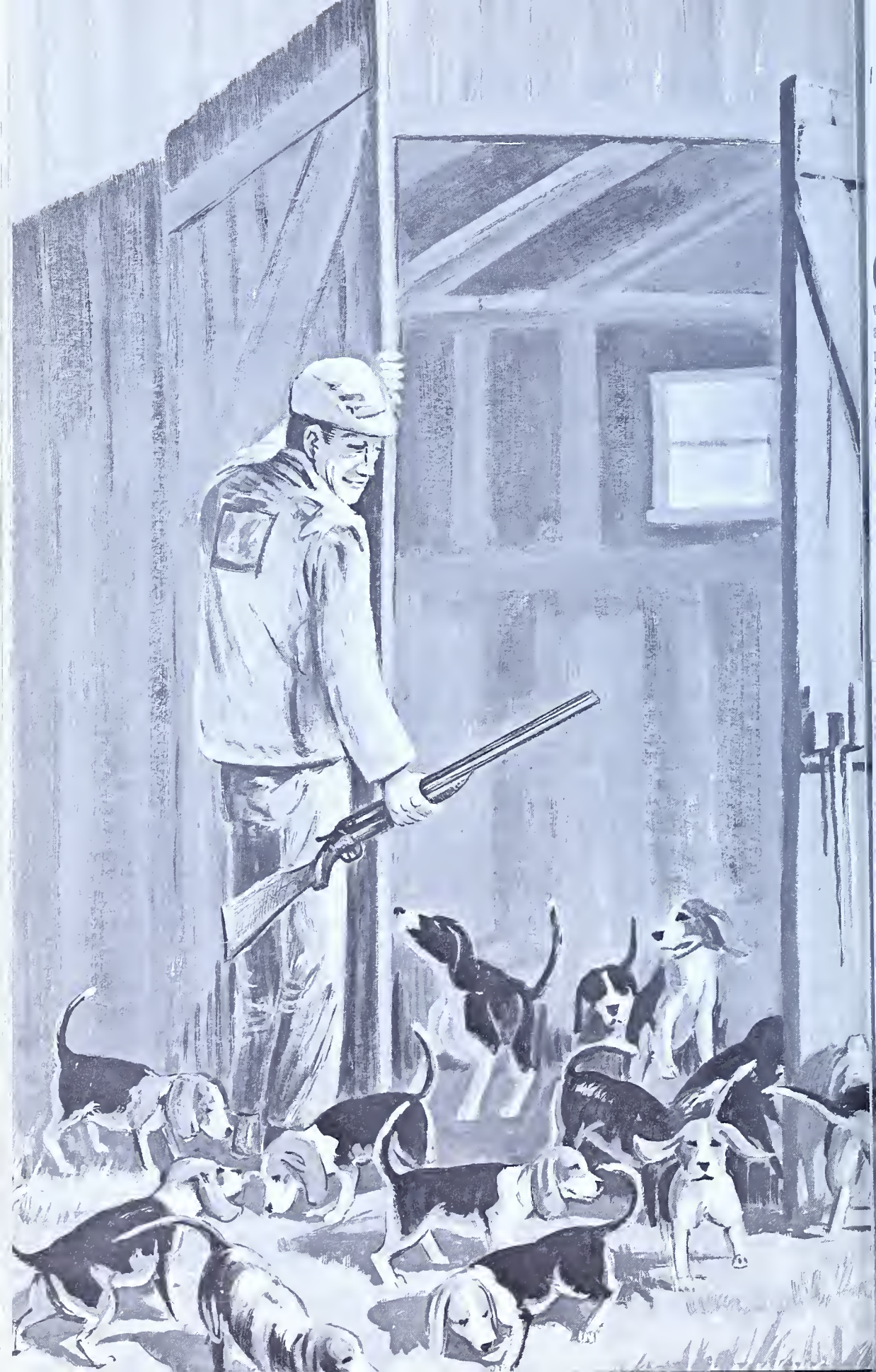
itat. Little more than speculation can be made at present, since we are ignorant of the occurrence of many of the parasites of deer, let alone their pathological and management implications.

Generally, the hunter need not be concerned about venison contamination by internal parasites. Using typical field-dressing procedures, little contact is made with parasitic species, and even if there were, few are infective to man. Thus, chances of self-infection by deer parasites through cleaning and/or eating venison is virtually impossible if reasonable sanitary practices are followed. Danger here is certainly no more than that involved in consuming properly processed pork, beef or lamb.

*Birds Not Affected*

Birds need not worry about the toxic and acrid qualities of some wild plants. They can eat the berries of poison ivy, poison sumac and the deadly nightshade without ill effects.





## ***A Dog of My Own***

**By Bob Latimer**

**G**ROWING UP in my section of Pennsylvania in the early 1900s was certainly interesting. At that time, anyone hunting small game also just naturally was supposed to have dogs. My father went along with this idea; in fact, he went all the way on it. He thought if you did lots of hunting you should have lots of dogs. He hunted a lot and *we did have lots of dogs!* For rabbit hunting we tried to not let the number get below five or six, and I've known it to be as many as two dozen. He usually kept a pair of bird dogs for quail, till a bad crust on the snow one winter about 1910 finished these birds in our area. After that the bird dogs we kept were used on grouse.

My father was a livestock dealer. We lived about a mile out of town and had a large stock barn there, which was where the dogs were quartered; we also had a sales stable in Muncy. To those of you who have grown up in the gasoline age and have not known the livery and sales stable era, truly you missed something wonderful. For a loafing place, it had any gas station I ever saw backed off the map four ways from the Jack. The mingled odors of harness oil, Dr. Le-Gear's Stock Tonic, hay and various other things associated with horses was sure enough invigorating — and much more pleasing than gas fumes.

It was a natural place for men to gather. Farmers coming to town would drop in, stable their horses in bad weather and visit awhile. Men loafing around town would also drop in to see what was going on. In summer the inside of the barn was cool, and in cooler weather the stove in the office made things comfortable. Plenty of

benches and chairs were available. Many heavy issues were discussed, and the problems of the then-not-so-complicated world were solved. From everybody stopping in from time to time, it was here that my father would get leads to any promising dog that the owner might agree to part with. Traveling through the country buying livestock also turned up others.

### **Pooch Prices**

Naturally, after hunting season was over the interest in getting new rabbit dogs dropped off some. The culls that hadn't turned out so well during the season were farmed out or given away to anyone who would take them. The best were kept as a starter for next fall. During the summer interest would pick up, and as it came toward fall, it reached a fever heat. Much driving around the country was done to try out a dog in a cornfield during the cool of an evening. Prevailing prices for the average ham-and-egg variety was normally five dollars, one a little better than average might cost ten, and a fifteen-dollar pooch was supposed to be able to do almost everything but flour and fry the rabbit. Not so much attention was paid to breeding then. It didn't make any difference if it was a beagle, a fox hound or crossed up. Of course, it was a matter of pride to have two or three good-looking ones in the bunch, but the main issue was, could he rout and run?

Being exposed to all this, and liking it too, it was natural when I was about fifteen that I thought I should buy a dog of my own for a start. I felt I really needed one to build to, and like everybody else, I had hopes of finding a "braggin' dog" type.



One day a farmer that lived across the river on the Montgomery Road came into the barn. He was a rather substantial citizen in that section, but didn't hunt at all. Had he been a hunter, I'd have known better than to ask if he knew of a dog for sale, especially at that time of year, coming up to fall. But in talking casually with him, I mentioned the subject. He said he was glad I had, that a dog had come to his place that summer and moved in. He hadn't minded at first, but lately they could hardly sleep nights for this dog running in the cornfield. Not doing any hunting, he said, and in order to get more rest at night, he might be interested in letting him go.

I remembered afterward that he never actually said this dog was a hound, merely that he was all black, not too big and seemed like an "easy keeper." The story of him keeping the family awake nights running in the cornfield did it, and I came up for the bait like a trout to a fly. Our barn boss, George Harvey, walked by while we were talking and gave me a wink, but I never did know which way he meant it. I was hooked too well by then, anyhow. After a reasonable amount of discussion for a dog deal,

**A LIVERY STABLE** had any gas station I ever saw backed off the map for a pleasant place to pass the time.



the farmer allowed he would part with this dog, as a favor to me, for five bucks, and I closed the deal sight unseen, afraid that if I didn't someone else would hear of it and grab him up. As soon as I could get away, I drove over to pick up my dog.

When I saw him, my heart sank. I had a fairly good idea I'd been "rubbed," but a bargain was a bargain. He was black and small, that much was true, and his tail curled nicely up over his back. His nose was snippy, his ears were pointed, and he carried them at halfcock. I never knew what his mother looked like, but am fairly certain that if she had ever met a hound anywhere, the familiarity never got beyond the casual sniffing stage. He seemed to like me. In fact, I think he liked me better than I did him. I brought him home, him sitting up on the buggy seat with me, and he appeared to take an active interest in things we passed on the way. When my father saw him and heard my story, he looked at me rather sadly, shook his head, and walked away.

The first week of the season my father's crowd always boarded and hunted from Wilson Corson's farm a couple miles from Glen Mawr on the Ogdonia Road. I was big enough then that he allowed me to miss that week of school and go along. Against Dad's wishes, we took Blackie—that's what I called my dog—along.

Blackie lasted the week out in much

better shape than the rest of the dogs. He didn't run much—in fact, none to mention. When the other dogs sometimes got out of hearing, he'd just curl up at the foot of the stump I was on and take a nap. When the dogs got close again, he'd jump up and scurry around in the leaves enough to scare away any rabbit that might be coming toward me. I took a lot of ribbing from the crowd about this, but not from Dad. He just suggested I leave Blackie in a brush pile—permanently. I knew by that time that's what I should do, but I didn't.

### **Blackie's Last Trip**

The next week while I was back in school, my father and one of his hunting partners, Des Reed, drove out back of Pennsdale to Tallow Bottom for a hunt and took Blackie along with a calf wagon full of other dogs. When they came home that evening, I was told they couldn't catch my dog when they quit and had to leave him. This seemed funny, as he'd never got that far away from me. Anyhow, that's the way it was, I was informed. Never did see my first dog again.

One day some years later, after my father was gone, Des asked me if I ever did know what became of Blackie. He was the kind of a dog that one would just as soon forget about, but as long as Des had mentioned it I said I was curious, so he told me.

Des said he and Dad had been on their way home late that afternoon, when they met a boy hunting along



**I BROUGHT BLACKIE home on the buggy seat with me, but when he left the last time it was with my father.**

the road after school. My father stopped the team and asked the boy about his luck. The boy said he hadn't had any yet, either good or bad. When asked where his dog was, he told my father he didn't have one. Dad assured him that everyone should have a dog to hunt with and the boy acknowledged this to be true. My father said he thought he had enough so he could spare one, got out and opened the calf rack on the back of the wagon, put a string on my dog and gave it to the kid. Des said both my father and the boy seemed well pleased with the deal.

About the only thing to be said in favor of buying a dog like Blackie turned out to be is this: the next one you get just can't help being better.

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## **The River Must Live**

Sportsmen's organizations may now obtain copies of an excellent new film entitled "The River Must Live." This movie, produced with the use of microphotography, shows how organisms in a river or stream, when unencumbered by large masses of pollutants, will clean the normal stream pollution naturally.

The full-color film follows the course of the Rhine River through four countries, from its source to where it enters the North Sea. The movie, which is 21 minutes long, can be ordered for free showings from the Shell Film Library, 450 N. Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Ind. 46204.





## 20th Junior

**T**HOUSANDS of Pennsylvania youth receive conservation training during the Junior Ranger Camps sponsored by the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection. Four two-week camping sessions are held each year at the State University School of Forestry. Instruction is provided in hunting, fishing, and other conservation areas. The camps are a part of the program since its inception and have been so successful.











# FIELD NOTES



## Movie Fans?

**INDIANA COUNTY**—Last month I was assisted by Indiana Borough Patrolman Jablunovsky in removing two young night hawks from the flat roof of the Indiana theater building.—District Game Protector A. J. Zaycosky, Indiana.



## Can't Fool Him

**PIKE COUNTY**—Black bears continue to headline activities in the Promised Land Park area. Food chests have taken a beating, but with no apparent hard feelings toward the bears. I took a trap over to relieve the fears of a few campers, but found that when a bear made its appearance the campers passed the word and a crowd of them would follow the big animal at about a fifty-foot distance and watch as it investigated the garbage cans in the camping area. When the bear got to the trap, the crowd pressed in, everyone waiting for the bear to go in, only to have Ol' Bruin size up the situation and nonchalantly move on to another garbage can.—District Game Protector A. J. Kriefski, Hawley.

## Hero's Reward

**BUTLER COUNTY**—Last fall I reported the heroism of a man who jumped into the path of a deer to save a young girl. I just received word from the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission that this man, Harold Fox of Monaca, has been awarded a bronze medal and \$500 for the outstanding courage shown by this act. I might add that this was first brought to widespread public attention through the **GAME NEWS**.—District Game Protector J. D. Swigart, Butler.

## Dam Builders

**ERIE COUNTY** — Beavers are reliable weather prophets. During long periods of dry weather, they do little work on their dams, but just before a storm they are out in force to build up their structures to hold as much water as possible. Near Union City, there is a culvert under a secondary road. I have had to drive iron stakes in front of the pipe to keep the beavers from plugging it to stop the water from going through. The dam builders give no trouble during dry weather, but before every rainstorm they are back, trying to plug the culvert again.—District Game Protector E. D. Simpson, Union City.

## Ho-Hum

**CRAWFORD-ERIE COUNTIES** — While driving along a road the other day, I passed under a high railroad trestle. I happened to glance up and saw that going along the trestle were three deer, seemingly quite unconcerned about the height they were crossing.—Land Manager J. C. Hyde, Townville.



### Ghost Buck

**FAYETTE COUNTY**—I was called to Camp Carmel along the Youghiogeny River to pick up a deer that was killed when it jumped off a cliff. When I arrived, the deer was dressed and draped with a sheet to keep out the flies. I loaded it on my deer rack and started off to the county jail at Uniontown. On Game Lands No. 51 I stopped to show my wife and daughter the Cat Rock Lookout. When I walked around the car the deer was gone! Going back down the steep 3-mile grade to look for the deer, I met a motorist coming up. I asked if he'd seen a deer wearing a sheet on the road. He looked at me like I was crazy, shoved his car in gear and sped off! Well, I finally found the deer, and got it to the jail, but I still can't help laughing when I recall the expression on that man's face.—District Game Protector J. J. Ziros, Connellsville.

### How Many Calories?

**LUZERNE COUNTY**—Barry Weeks of Sugarloaf parked his motor bike in front of a friend's house and went inside to visit awhile. When he came out he saw a woodchuck run into the brush. He tried in vain to start his bike but couldn't. In looking for the trouble, he found that the ignition wire coverings had been chewed off by the woodchuck. — District Game Protector R. W. Nolf, Conyngham.

### Worthwhile Goal

**SCHUYLKILL COUNTY**—This year Pine Grove Area Schools held their summer school outdoors at a Boy Scout camp, Camp Pine Grove, near the foot of the Blue Mountain. This officer was pleased to be a part of their Conservation Program. Several films were shown and a question and answer period followed. Both films dealt with animal life such as they were able to observe in the camp area. I'm sure they increased the youngsters' interest in wildlife. It's wonderful to see more and more schools making conservation a part of their program. —District Game Protector L. E. Bittner, Tremont.

### Sorry About That

**HUNTINGDON COUNTY** — The August, 1967, GAME NEWS carried a Field Note that I had written about "giving" trading stamps with my violations. A few days after this issue was mailed to subscribers, I received a letter. The envelope contained a new trading stamp book with one stamp on the first page, and a little note—unsigned—that said: "Sorry to hear about your bad luck! Here's a fresh start. A new book for you." Some of my friends are very considerate!—District Game Protector G. W. Wendt, Petersburg.

### The Big Ones

**PERRY COUNTY**—The coming antlered deer season should be a very good one, according to the number of bucks seen. Deputy Ray Gutshall of R. D., Newport, was sitting in his living room when the neighbor lady and her mother drove up. Excitedly they told of seeing seven bucks together in a nearby field, claimed three were in the trophy class. Lee Clouser of R. D., Duncannon, also saw five bucks together in his field and said there were no small racks.—District Game Protector J. I. Sitlinger, Newport.





### What's in a Name?

**DAUPHIN COUNTY**—The company doing the test boring for P. P. & L. Pumped Storage Project on Stony Mountain can verify the fact that the mountain's name is quite appropriate. The first 150-foot hole they had to bore took almost a month. One of the men operating the drills told me that he is averaging only 7 to 9 feet with diamond-tipped bits, and that on one site he bored only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet and had to replace the bit. Another hazard which the boring, seismograph and survey crews have to contend with is snakes. So far they have killed better than a dozen rattlers and several copperheads.—District Game Protector S. L. Opet, Millersville.

### This Is the Place

**SULLIVAN COUNTY**—Bob Shenk, an employee of the telephone company in Sullivan County, told me of being sent on a trouble call near Nordmont. After climbing a phone pole to locate the problem and correct it, he happened to notice from his vantage point three turkeys feeding under some hemlock trees. Upon further scrutiny, he discovered he could also see five deer, a grouse and a red squirrel. Bob has given up hunting, but he still enjoys seeing wildlife in its environment. — District Game Protector D. J. Adams, Eagles Mere.

### Scant Dozen

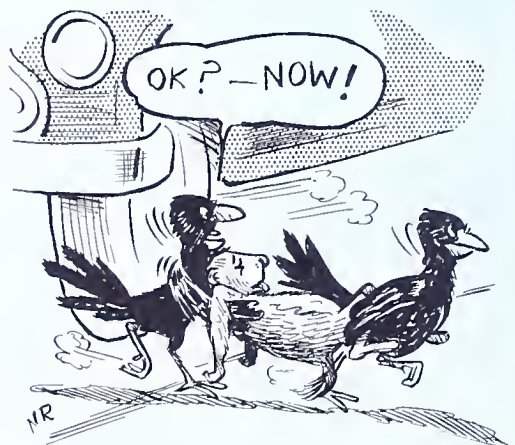
**HUNTINGDON COUNTY** — One evening the past week I saw eleven buck deer on Stone Ridge near Huntingdon.—Land Manager G. H. Burdick, Huntingdon.

### Not Particular

**SOMERSET COUNTY** — When I went to pick up a fawn deer in the Somerset area I noticed the lady who had called me coaxing the deer out of the field using a lime-flavored lollipop as bait. This lady told me the fawn would eat 5 or 6 lollipops a day—any flavor.—District Game Protector E. W. Cox, Somerset.

### Altogether, Now . . .

I recently watched two crows co-operating with each other in an effort to remove a freshly killed groundhog from an express highway. I don't recall ever witnessing a better example of wildlife teamwork. They never pulled but what it was a united effort, and they appeared to have signals. They would turn away from the passing cars in unison, duck as ballet dancers, and appeared to jump with joy as they finished the task. The more opportunity I have to observe crows, the more I appreciate and admire their intelligence.—CIA R. D. Parلمان, Franklin.



## Junior G-Man

**LEHIGH COUNTY**—Recently, my six-year-old son was visiting a Deputy Game Protector who lives close to the Game Lands. The boy saw a pickup truck in a field and watched a man driving some stakes near it. (It was the man's property and he was staking off a building lot.) My son went down and told the man that his dad was the Game Protector and he should quit driving stakes on the Game Lands. The gentleman told the boy he was allowed to do this. My son said he was warning him and he had better stop it. The man still paid no attention, so my son memorized the truck's license number and later told me what it was. Out of curiosity, I checked it out. He had it correct. I later talked with the Deputy and he told me the landowner had asked him who the half-pint Game Protector was. We all got a chuckle out of the incident.—District Game Protector J. R. Fagan, Allentown.

Well, Uh, Now Lemme See . . .

**FOREST COUNTY** — After giving talks to thousands of persons through the years, I thought I'd heard every question anyone was likely to ask, but a recent one from a Boy Scout at Camp Tionesta stumped me. "If a rattlesnake's fangs are curved," he asked, "how does it get the fangs back from around the bone in your leg?"—District Game Protector D. W. Gross, Marienville.

## Sensible Precaution

**CAMBRIA COUNTY**—A rabbit in Richland Township believes in getting her nest away from ground predators. She went up three concrete steps and then jumped several feet into a flower planter to place her nest.—District Game Protector L. D. Mostoller, Johnstown.

## Big Family

**BRADFORD COUNTY**—I saw an unusual sight this summer—one hen pheasant with seventeen chicks. This occurred along a hard surfaced road and the fields on both sides were clear enough to allow me to see very well. If there had been another hen in the immediate area, I would have seen her. Half of these chicks were almost full grown, except for tail feathers, while the others were about the size of quail. Could this hen have hatched her own brood and then adopted that of another hen?—Land Manager D. L. Stitt, New Enterprise.



## Who's the Duffer?

**SULLIVAN COUNTY**—A pleasant game of golf on the Eagles Mere Country Club was suddenly interrupted on the seventh green by a frightful screeching and squealing from the woods adjacent to the fairway. Eager to render assistance, but being a bit apprehensive as to just what they might find in the woods, two duffers each selected a No. 4 iron from their bags and began a very careful stalk upon the origin of the sound. The stalk was successful, and the two golfers located the source of the commotion—a man leaning up against a large tree blowing a predator call.—District Game Protector D. J. Adams, Eagles Mere.



## Firsthand Evidence

**MONTGOMERY COUNTY** — On the opening day of small game season I had two Deputies patrolling near Kulpsville. They parked their car along an underpass of the Northeast Extension of the Turnpike. The two Deputies, one in full dress uniform, stood on the edge of the underpass so they could see a group of hunters come across the field toward this road. As they approached the Deputies a cockbird flew toward the road and the one hunter shot. As shot hit all around them and the underpass and the bank on the opposite side of the road, the dead cockbird came hurtling down and crushed the Deputy's uniform hat down over his ears. The officers arrested the man for "Shooting across highway while hunting wild birds or animals." This was one case where the Deputy got the evidence "first-hand" or should I say "first on the head."—District Game Protector W. E. Shaver, Harleysville.

## Female of the Species

**BRADFORD COUNTY** — My nephew, Ricky Johnson, who recently spent a few days with us, was watching a few sparrows and blue jays using a small feeder in back of our house. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Hey look, there's a bird wearing lipstick!" I glanced out the window and there on the feeder was an adult female cardinal with a very red bill.—District Game Protector D. E. Watson, Towanda.

## Fair Exchange

**FRANKLIN COUNTY** — Organizations such as the Waynesboro Fish and Game Association, which gives complimentary memberships to all landowners who are in the Farm Game Project in their area, are promoting a better relationship between sportsmen and landowners. — District Game Protector R. E. Schmuck, Greencastle.

## Cat Chaser

**SNYDER COUNTY**—Henry Straub, who lives near Summit, told me he feared for the safety of his cat, as a gray fox chased it home almost daily. On one occasion the cat made it to the barn with only inches to spare. Another time Mr. Straub was waiting with a shotgun but missed the fox as the cat made it to the porch. I went out with a predator calling machine and after playing the fox calling record several times the fox came in and was shot. I wonder if it might have come in sooner if I'd had a cat call?—District Game Protector K. W. Dale, Middleburg.



## Double or Nothing

**BUTLER COUNTY** — It is truly amazing to sit at a Wildlife Display at a County Fair and listen to the comments of one person to another concerning the various animals. I think the remark I'll remember longest is the one told to me by a woman at the Butler County Fair this year. She said that while driving one night, she ran over a bobcat which weighed 93 pounds! No amount of reminding her that a 35-40 pound cat would be huge would make her change her mind. From now on, we keep our doors locked at night!—District Game Protector W. N. Weston, Boyers.



# CONSERVATION NEWS



*Did You Get a Buck?*

## Stop at a Deer Check Station

**A** NEW deer checking station, the fourth in Pennsylvania, has been put into operation this year near Delmont. It will contribute further data to help improve your hunting.

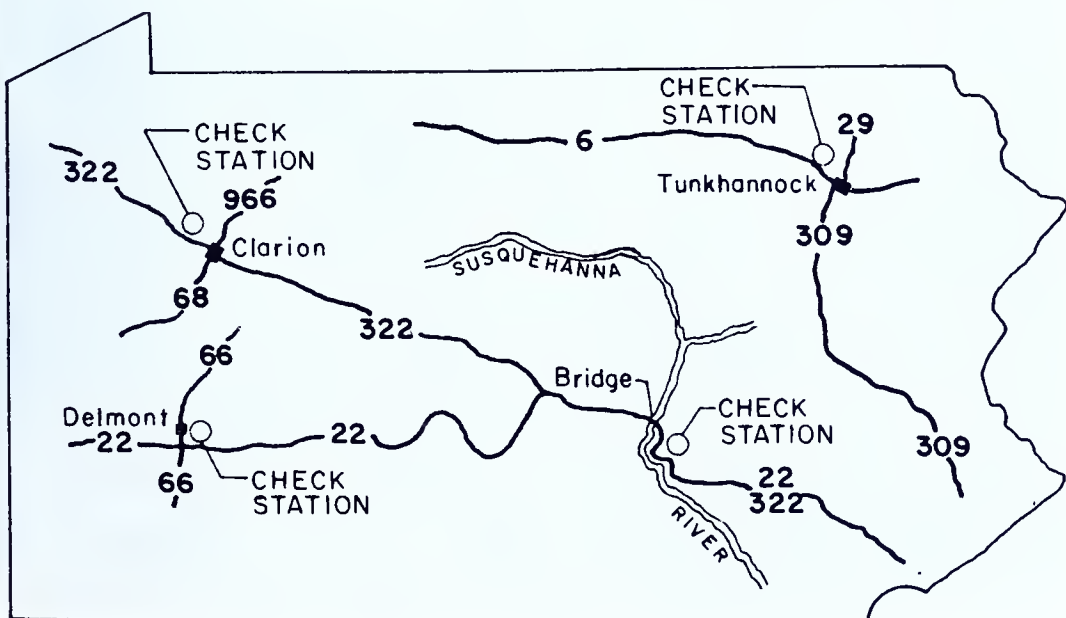
To a game biologist, the antlered deer you collect this fall is a unit of game which carries information that's valuable in helping him determine the physical condition of both the deer herd and the range on which it was harvested. Knowing such data, his report can help the Game Commission set seasons and bag limits which will provide future Pennsylvania hunters with the optimum amount of sport.

For this reason, it is asked that successful hunters stop at one of the four checking stations, where their deer will be weighed, antlers measured, and teeth examined to determine age.

When data from these checking stations are statistically analyzed, enough information results that future herd management can be improved. So if you kill a deer and are within reasonable driving distance of a checking station, pay a visit.

The four checking stations will be operated at least the first three days of the antlered deer season beginning November 27.

All stations will be well marked with signs. The northwest station is located just west of Clarion on Route 322. The central station is 13 miles north of Harrisburg on Routes 22 and 322 just off the east end of the Clarks Ferry Bridge. The northeast station is west of Tunkhannock on Route 6. The southwest station, new this year, is near Delmont, on Route 22 just east of its intersection with Route 66.







*PGC Photo by Ralph Cady*

**MISS PENNSYLVANIA 1967, Doris Ann Lausch, Lancaster, an avid small game and deer hunter, is all set to take her share of our state's fine supply of game.**

## Game Lands Timber Sales Total \$287,255

**T**IMBER SALES from State Game Lands totaled \$287,255 for the fiscal year ending June 30, the Pennsylvania Game Commission recently announced. The figure far exceeds timber sale returns for recent years. Saw logs provided the greatest amount of revenue in the timber sale program. Pulpwood, fence posts, mine props and cordwood were also in demand.

C. C. Freeburn, Chief of the Commission's Land Management Division, said the million-plus acres of State Game Lands undergo constant improvement and revision to provide additional nesting, feeding and escape cover and to produce a better grade of timber for the market.

Monies derived from the sale of forest products harvested on Game Lands are deposited in the Game Fund.

**THE LYNN ROSENKRANS MEMORIAL AWARD** was made at the 20th annual banquet of the Susquehanna County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs. Bob DeLuca, left, presented the poster prizes to Shelley McGeorge, first prize; Cathy Rosa, second; Dixie Kane, honorable mention; and Jerry Burrridge, third. Cindy Reynolds, not shown, won the essay contest.

*PGC Photo by S. A. Kish*





*PGC Photo by Roy Trexler*

**THIS YEAR'S** Franklin County turkey calling contest was won by E. J. Leap, left, of Hyndman. Other callers: T. C. Jenkins, C. Angle, H. R. Graybill, W. Weibley and J. King.



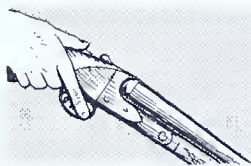
**WHEN BOB** McGuire of Lopez goes out to take bear photos, he believes in close-ups! Picture of himself and bear was taken by remote controlled camera, in Sullivan County.

**GIRL SCOUTS OF TROOP 614** lower flag at completion of Pennsylvania Youth Conservation Day program at Game Commission Training School. Sponsored by the Federation of Women's Clubs, 155 persons attended. Numerous aspects of conservation, such as a deer browse survey and tree and shrub identification, were discussed by PGC personnel. Awards for conservation projects completed by the youngsters were given.

*PGC Photo by R. D. Parlamen*







# HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



By John C. Behel  
PGC Hunter Safety Coordinator



OVER 20,000 PENN STATE students have been trained by John McHugh, above.

## Master Instructor

**N**OT THE CRASH of gunfire, but the smash of a bowling ball upsetting pins is the sound that first greets anyone looking for the Pennsylvania State University rifle range. It's enough to make you think you're in the wrong building. But if you keep searching you'll find a door with a sign reading: KEEP DOOR LOCKED, RIFLE RANGE.

Thousands of students have passed through this door—not just to get a few credits for a “phys ed” course, but because they had a deep interest in guns and wanted to gain the benefits of instruction from a master—John McHugh.

I sought him out the first time because I wanted to meet the man who had assisted the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Hunter Safety Program

so much. I've gone back numerous times since. The situation is always the same. The room is crowded to capacity with students eager to learn the mechanics of marksmanship and the rules, which they transform into habits, of firearm safety. Many students have to be turned away, due to limited facilities. Nevertheless, John McHugh has personally trained over 20,000 Penn State students in the safe use of firearms, over 3000 of these being certified during the past five years in cooperation with the National Rifle Association and the Game Commission's Hunter Safety Program.

Probably no other Pennsylvania instructor has given firearm and hunter safety instruction to more people. In addition to John's duties at the university, he's used his knowledge and

skill to train many off-campus groups in his limited spare time, as well as bearing the civic responsibility of County Juvenile Probation Officer.

Many hours of classwork are required before a student obtains his certification card stating he has completed John McHugh's course. And in a final examination consisting of 100 questions based on Game Laws, Federal and State Firearm Laws, Safety, knowledge of arms and ammunition, marksmanship, range procedures, conservation, sportsmanship, the hunter's responsibilities, and hunter/landowner relationships, the student must score 70 or better to pass. Many longtime hunters could not do this well.

Nor is proficiency with the rifle overlooked. Firing at the standard indoor range of 50 feet, a marksman must score 70 or better to qualify. The range may seem short to the uninitiated, but the 10-ring measures only 3/16 inch in diameter.

Anyone who has taken John McHugh's course will tell you it is tough—a real challenge. It follows naturally that, when successfully completed, a student remembers what he has learned. (Incidentally, one of McHugh's former students, I learned when putting this article together, is now the Associate Editor on the GAME NEWS staff.) Ultimately, the training and knowledge of all these students benefits every Pennsylvanian, if for no other reason than that they're safer to be in the woods with than most other hunters. All are living testimonials to the dedication to hunting of one man—John McHugh.

Pa. Game Commission  
Hunter Safety Certified

To Date:

Instructors—7,983

Students—127,130

**IN ADDITION TO AN** extensive conservation program, the Clarion Sportsmen's Club cooperates in presenting a Hunter Safety course in the fall. This large group was graduated last year.

*Photo from Eldu Johnston*





# Dog Boots

By Don Shiner

*Photos by the Author*

**A** NEW DOG BOOT made of tough kangaroo hide will interest GAME NEWS readers who work dogs in rough country, including areas overgrown with greenbrier and hawthorn. There is always the danger that tender toes and pads will get cut, chafed or punctured when the going gets hard, particularly during the fall gunning season when hunters rely heavily on dogs' help to rout game. Leather boots may well prove to be the hunter's best investment to assure the well-being of his canine companion.

This dog boot, available from the Austral Enterprises of Ballard Station,

Seattle, Wash., is made from one piece of leather, without a stitch of sewing or braiding. The boot wraps snugly around the foot and leg, and one size fits most hunting dogs, either front or back foot. Slit-openings allow toenails to protrude to grip wet grass and rocks and provide normal sure-footedness, and dogs seem to enjoy the comfort of these boots.

Recommended procedure is for hunters to carry the boots in a coat pocket whenever they take their dogs afield. There's no need to have dogs wear boots continually unless the terrain is such as to bring about a foot injury. This happens, particularly among dogs that have not been exercised regularly during the late summer training season to toughen feet. Boots can be slipped on whenever the going gets rough, when pads show signs of becoming tender, or are cut from jagged rock or briars. Sore feet can incapacitate dogs for a full hunting season, so it pays to help them.

## Lost Companionship

A gunning partner of mine experienced an incident which caused him to lose the companionship of his prized beagle for the best part of the game season. Trouble stemmed in part from his six-to-seven-day work schedule each week which minimized his opportunity to exercise the hound before the gun season got under way. The hound's feet naturally grew tender. On the morning of the small game opener, the beagle came limping back with a large thorn driven into the pad of her one front foot, and a minor cut on the other—this after an hour of running through an old meadow grown thick with briars. We extracted the painful thorn, then dabbed some antiseptic onto the wound to prevent



**KANGAROO HIDE BOOTS** wrap snugly around dog's feet, protect them from broken glass, thorns, and other dangers.

possible infection by the bacteria that's ever present in the soil. Despite much discomfort, the little beagle attempted to give chase to a few more rabbits, but what chance has a dog, with only three good legs, on a bunny trail? We finally put her into the car and went on alone. Much of the excitement of the day vanished—as had the season before her foot finally healed sufficiently to carry her weight through a full day of hunting.

I felt pretty awful about the incident since it was through my suggestion that we gunned the old meadow. Had we hunted the ordinary run of grass field or sparse woodlot, chances are the easy going would not have bothered her tender feet. On the other hand, had boots been slipped onto her feet before she dashed into the heavy cover, she would have emerged without injury.

#### **No Isolated Happening**

This is no isolated happening, as is well known among dog owners. Another hunting acquaintance who runs a handsome pair of blueticks had a similar experience cut short his fox hunting activity during the past winter. This day the 'ticks routed a fox on a stretch of bottomland, with the chase quickly moving to a hillside strewn with more jagged rocks than trees. The interesting chase barely got under way when one hound hobbled back with a badly cut paw. We surmised that the hound sliced the pad of his front paw by stepping on a jagged rock or maybe broken glass. The cut was pretty deep. We wrapped a strip of handkerchief around the paw, then sought aid from a veterinarian. The dog was out of action for the best part of a month.

Of course, simply owning dog boots is no assurance that injuries will never occur. A good example might be a dog jumping out of the car onto broken glass lying on the roadside. It all boils down to the hunter's judgment as to when boots should be



**A BAREFOOT DOG** can be kept out of the hunting fields all year by a badly cut foot.

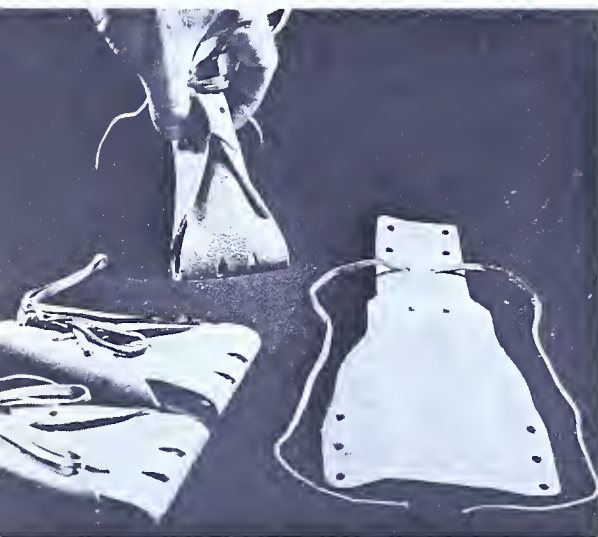
slipped onto his dog's feet, and when to allow them to remain uncovered so that pads stay toughened. Besides, some preliminary training must be undertaken before a dog will wear boots without having them disrupt his activity.

An initial trial of slipping boots on my hound showed that some adjustment is required, the length of which varies from one dog to another. My little hound sat obediently while I slipped boots on all four feet, put her toenails through the slit-openings, and then laced the boots snugly around each leg. She walked stiff-legged for the first half hour, afraid to bend her feet in the normal manner. After that, she acted normally.

Most dogs learn quickly to accept boots. In fact, after an initial trial or two, they sense new comfort and show no antagonism toward wearing them.

This style dog boot was developed in Australia for working dogs used to help drive cattle and sheep to markets sometimes 500 to 1500 miles away. These dogs keep the livestock moving during the day and from wandering off at night. A dog with sore





**LEATHER BOOTS** are simple in construction and durable. One size fits all dogs.

feet is worthless on the drive. The kangaroo hide boot came into being as a means of preventing lost time—and possibly lost cattle—during the long drives.

Kangaroo hide is an exceptionally good leather for boots, bull whips, laces, etc. It is strong, supple, resists wearing and remains soft and flexible even after repeated wettings and dry-

ings. A minimum of shrinkage or stretch keeps the boots snug.

The boot seems to be a necessity for dogs running in areas strewn with broken glass. Of late, an increasing amount of broken glass is found in fields and the outdoors in general, posing genuine hazards to dogs, wildlife and barefoot children. The problem will probably worsen, since many manufacturers are now marketing products in disposable glass bottles. The small deposit on bottles in the past, even though a minor sum, motivated most everyone to return the empties to retailers. With glass commodities being made in such tremendous quantities today and so cheaply, there is no longer need to return bottles for refilling. They are thus discarded, often unthinkingly, by litterbugs. Despite fines for littering and so much publicity toward beautifying America, glass bottles are discarded frequently in fields and wooded areas. Since the material is practically impervious to weathering, it remains a hazard for years to endanger both man and dog alike. Boots such as this will go a long way toward protecting hunting dogs from broken glass.

## Book Review . . .

### The Alien Animals

George Laycock's *The Alien Animals* is perhaps the most important conservation book of recent years. It is subtitled "The Story of Imported Wildlife," but a more fitting phrase perhaps would be "Man, the Meddler." It recounts the results of casually introducing various game, fish and bird species into parts of the world where they are not native, usually in hopes of future sport or because of some immigrant's nostalgia for a bit of his homeland. Occasionally, as with the ring-necked pheasant or brown trout, the outcome seems favorable. More often, it is tragic, as a species without normal environmental control can cause hundreds of millions of dollars worth of crop damage, soil erosion, destruction of native species, spread of disease, etc. The English sparrow and starling are examples in the United States, while the European rabbit is infamous for having overrun Australia and deer have decimated much of New Zealand. Many more examples are documented in this frightening book. (The Natural History Press, New York City, 1966. 240 pp., \$4.95.)



By NED SMITH

*Hunting season is in full swing and grouse are playing hard to get. Late fall weather brings us a flock of snow geese, migrating hawks, a white owl, and bear tracks in the snow.*

I **CROSSED** a weedy field today and something in a barren gully caught my eye, a curious bit of stone washed clean by recent rains. It was a spear point chipped from flint. I rolled it in my fingers, and felt its still sharp edge, and wondered how it came to rest in this particular spot. There were no spalls of flint nearby to indicate its maker did his chipping here, nor any other artifacts. It can't be proven, of course, but I prefer to believe it was hurled by an ancient hunter and broken free by the death throes of his quarry. And who's to say it didn't happen just that way?

It is an early type fashioned in some forgotten campground two or three thousand years before the time of Christ, and as long or longer before the coming of the bow and arrow to what is now Pennsylvania. To the Indian brave who bound it to its wooden shaft his spear was only half a weapon; the other half was his throwing stick, a wooden extension of his arm that drove the stone-age javelin with terrible force.

This prehistoric brave who used my spear point was a hunter by necessity. He roamed the woods before such things as maize and beans and squash were grown for food by squaws, and even wild plants took a

back seat to venison. Fishing on a significant scale was still two thousand years in the offing.

Yes, hunting was a grim and vital business in his day. He knew no rules of sportsmanship and couldn't laugh lightheartedly to see his quarry dodge his shaft. And yet, the fact that he, like I, went looking for a bird or beast to test his brain, his eye, and aim, this was enough to make me feel a certain kinship to that archaic man who hunted here before me.

*November 2*—I decided to paddle my canoe to the other side of the Half Falls Island for a little late season bass fishing this morning, but found a flock of thirty-three geese loafing in the shallows between the island and me. I knew the hunter who built the blind on a point upstream would see them when he checked his decoys at noon, so, not wanting to spoil his chance of bagging a gander, I paddled far up along the shoreline before crossing the river. It worked; they were still resting contentedly when I dropped behind the island.

My friend saw them, as I predicted he would, but when he tried to run them in his duck boat he found the water too shallow. He tried several approaches but always ran aground.





Finally he eased into position directly above them, hoping to drift close enough for a shot, but the boat came to a grinding halt on the rocks at about eighty yards range, and the geese took off.

I heard their clamoring takeoff on the other side of the island and listened for the boom of a shotgun, but none came. Instead, they climbed smoothly above the treetops, assembled into V-formation, and headed downriver without a casualty. The hunter phoned this evening to relate his hard luck story.

*November 7*—We found several inches of early snow on the mountains near Wiley Run in Cameron County, but no turkey tracks. I did spot some fair-sized bear tracks, however, so sparkling fresh I couldn't resist following them for awhile.

If ever a bruin deserved the description, "Clown of the woods," that one did. His footprints showed where he had tramped all over some fallen trees about five feet above the ground, knocking nearly all the snow off their trunks and branches. On the ground again, he took off at a lope for sixty or seventy yards, then as abruptly slowed to a walk. His footprints ascended one side of a snow-covered mound, apparently left by a fallen tree, and a broad trough revealed that he had slid down the other side on the seat of his shaggy britches. Near the rim of the mountainside he stood up on his hind legs several times and sat down on his haunches in two different locations before proceeding down the slope.

I thought I'd seen the last of his tracks, but later I looked down on an isolated hunting camp to find his footprints everywhere. They showed clearly where he had circled the cabin, peered in one window, and sniffed all around the bare spot where a hunter's car had been parked during the snowfall. Then off they went across the hollow.

Returning to the car, I learned that the other fellows had been watching an old bear and her cub within a few hundred yards of our parking place.

*November 8* — Scouting a mountain summit near Emporium for turkey sign, I spied a ragged piece of aluminum sticking out of the melting skin of snow. More of it was scattered about—all that was left of a television antenna. Apparently the metal appealed to the taste buds of the local porcupines, for they had devoured most of the larger tubing except the felled seams. What remained was shaved paper thin by their sharp incisors (the oxidized exterior obviously had a superior flavor). The smaller tubing was similarly shaved and had holes eaten through it in an unusual pattern.

*November 11* — It was cloudy and blustery when I finally wound up my work this afternoon, but I went grouse hunting anyhow. Bowers' pines didn't produce a feather, but just inside the adjoining slashing a cottontail bounced out of a windfall and streaked for the cover of the pines. I emptied the double-barrel as he ducked and dodged, but both loads blasted bark from a couple of sturdy, intervening tree trunks and the rabbit escaped unscathed.

Returning some fifteen minutes later I was astonished to see him scoot out of the same spot, but this time I didn't get a shot.

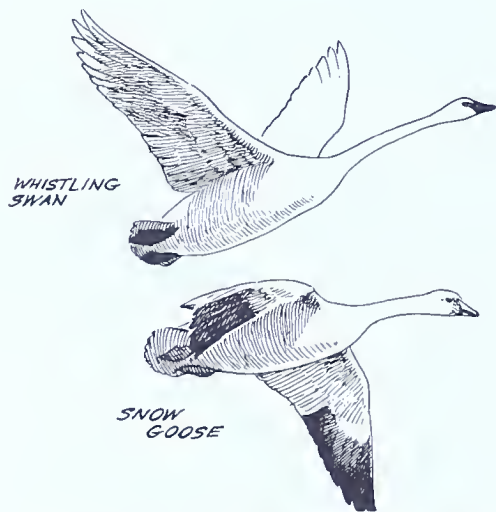
Before getting back to the car I had the agonizing experience of jumping three more rabbits in that infernal chopping and missing *all* of them! Thank heaven Jim B. wasn't hunting with me; just last week he was missing rabbits in the woods and I had generously given him some pointers on hitting them.

*November 13*—The weather has been pretty raw, so I was somewhat surprised to get a call from my brother



in New York City suggesting that we join them on Hawk Mountain today. The sanctuary's rocky brow, 1540 feet above sea level and completely exposed, is not the warmest place in Pennsylvania. Nevertheless, I agreed.

It was 10:30 when we arrived, and were told that a number of red-tailed hawks and about fifty loons, of all things, had already passed. Before noon we saw a number of redbills, plus a couple of red-shouldered hawks, quite a few migrating crows, a sharp-shinned hawk, and a few more loons. An immature goshawk, which had been hanging around the lookout for a couple of weeks, periodically criss-crossed our view, and at one time made two spectacular swoops at a passing redbill, missing by inches! The highlight of the morning flight was a golden eagle floating majestically in from the north.



In the afternoon more redbills came through, with one kestrel, another immature goshawk, and a few more red-shoulders. At one time eight red crossbills bounded by the foot of the lookout, and rollicking bands of goldfinches fed on black birch seeds most of the day. Two V's of migrating Canada geese passed in review—the first far out, the other close enough to evoke gasps of admiration from the appreciative audience on the mountaintop.

By 4:30 the sun had left the lookout, taking with it all the warmth and most of the hawk watchers, including us. The day's count included 56 redbills, 55 loons, and about 275 geese.

*November 17*—While trying to find some grouse along Rattling Run I thoroughly and systematically tramped out a particularly dense thicket of laurel and greenbrier, sounding, I suppose, like a regiment. When I at last turned my attention to an untouched clump in the center, a buck sprang from the ground and scurried out the other side, tail clamped down and head almost touching the ground as he ran. Flattened leaves showed where he had been bedded down beside a rotting log exactly sixteen steps from where I had been tramping around him in a semicircle for several minutes.

*November 18*—Dick M. called today to tell me there was a snowy owl on a barn roof near Millersburg. I drove up and there he was, his lightly barred white plumage gleaming in the sun, feathered feet gripping the slanting, shingled roof.

I parked the car some distance from the barn and quietly moved closer, snapping pictures with the telephoto lens every twenty feet or so. Many snowy owls are quite unafraid, but this one was uneasy from the start. He followed my progress through squinting yellow eyes as I eased closer, then suddenly hunched forward and flapped into the air. I expected him to barely clear the treetops. Instead he breasted the wind and rose higher and higher until little more than a speck against the cloudless sky. Drifting slowly southward he was eventually lost from sight against the mountain.

Ours is not good snowy owl country, even during winters of major invasions, for we've got too many mountains and woodlands. Apparently the white owls find the flat, open country

surrounding Lake Erie and the farmlands southeast of Blue Mountain more like their treeless, tundra home.

*November 20* — This morning we hunted grouse along the top of Mahantango Mountain, Jack walking the top while Jim and I lined up below him. It was a classic demonstration of the difference between a bird in the hand and one in the bush. By actual count we put up twenty-one grouse in two hours; we got shooting at three and bagged two. Practically all the birds flushed wild, crossed the top, and took refuge on the steep north side. The exceptions were the very first bird, which I dropped as he burst out of the downhill side of some grapevines, another that flushed behind Jim and me and which we both missed, and a third grouse that crossed too close to Jack and got clobbered for his poor judgment.

After lunch we flushed eight grouse before Jim got one shot and one bird. Pooped, we agreed that it's a good thing we don't always have to flush twenty-nine birds to get shooting at four.

*November 22*—An earlier warm spell has coaxed the winter cress farther out of the ground, and this afternoon I collected enough of the small, tender rosettes for a couple of meals. It was delicious, and gave us a five-month start on dandelion greens.

*November 23*—For all their cute antics, red squirrels can find more ways to get under my hide than any living animal except chiggers. Today one was fussing around under a black oak tree directly between me and two gray squirrels. The grays were out of range, but moving my way, and I knew it was but a matter of time until they'd be in my sights.

However, I hadn't taken the red squirrel into consideration. He suddenly flew into a rage, chasing one, then the other, up one tree, into the

next, and down the next, until the poor grays went back to where they'd come from. A little later they returned, feeding in my direction. Again the cheeky red squirrel drove them back. Every five or ten minutes the whole routine was repeated. I was seriously tempted to shoot the aggressive little cuss, but I guess it wouldn't have solved a thing. The grays suddenly lost interest in my neck of the woods and seemed content to play and feed well out of range.

SNOWY  
OWL



*November 25*—Nine times out of ten, when someone in our area says he has seen a flock of "snow geese" he is referring to whistling swans, those great white birds that often rest on the Susquehanna during the spring and fall migrations. This week, however, several hundred real, honest-to-goodness snow geese did pay us a visit. Even a tyro bird watcher could recognize them from their white plumage with black wing tips, pink bills and feet, and typical gooselike proportions. The young birds were strongly tinged with gray, but had the characteristic black wing tips. Today the flock was nowhere to be seen, but I did spot a pair of the birds flying above the falls near Liverpool.

Greater snow geese, the large eastern race, nest on islands in the Arctic Ocean and in northern Greenland.



They begin their journey south in September, just before freeze-up, making few stops en route. One of their most famous layovers, however, is on the lower St. Lawrence River near Quebec. Here their numbers are bolstered by new arrivals each day until, it is believed, the entire population of greater snow geese is present in one incredible flock! From there they move to their wintering areas along the coast from New Jersey south to South Carolina.

For years we have been driving to Chincoteague National Wildlife Refuge on the Virginia coast to see and photograph these snow geese in their winter home. To watch these handsome birds feeding in a marsh, the closest ones uprooting cordgrass within fifty feet of your car, or to witness the spectacle of four or five hundred gleaming birds rising above the marshes with a deep blue sky in the background is an unforgettable



experience for an outdoorsman.

But it's a shame to have to travel to another state to see these fine birds, especially when they pass over Pennsylvania in migration. Their stopping off in our area this fall was a real treat to us local folks: I hope they do it more often.

## Scouts Add Shotgun to Training Program

The Boy Scouts of America has enlarged its firearms training program to offer a merit badge in "Rifle and Shotgun Shooting," and to provide shotgun safety training for Scouts and Explorers.

Another innovation in the BSA program is the inclusion of handguns, for safety instruction only, without actual firing by participants. Previously, BSA training and merit badge qualification in shooting had been limited to rifles.

The BSA instituted its "skill through safety" shooting program in the mid-1920s. Since then, more than 80,000 teen-age boys have been awarded the merit badge for shooting. Many more—300,000 in 1966 alone—received intensive rifle marksmanship and safety instruction, and this summer the program is expected to reach an additional 250,000 Boy Scouts.

## Report Tagged or Banded Game

Tagged or banded birds and mammals play a major role in game management, the Pennsylvania Game Commission reminds sportsmen. The cooperation of the public in reporting marked wildlife to appropriate agencies or organizations is asked.

Federal and state agencies, sportsmen's groups, etc., regularly tag or band birds and mammals for various studies. Hunters can help assure the future of their sport by reporting the band or tag numbers and location and date of bagging or finding tagged or banded wildlife to the agency or organization listed on the tag or band.

# Tails—You (May) Win



**By Keith C. Schuyler**

*Photos From the Author*

**W**ERE YOU successful in getting your deer with a bow this year? Did you then stay home, feeling that your hunting was over? If so, you made a mistake. Squirrels were in season during late October, and they're unsurpassed as a challenging target. (They'll be legal game until November 25, and again from December 26 until January 6, but the late weeks coincide with another deer season, and many hunters don't want to chance spooking a whitetail by trying for other game.)

I found squirrel hunting an excellent way to occupy myself during the main archery inning in 1965, the last deer season I was successful with the bow. Because of his age, it was necessary to accompany one of my youngsters as he continued to try for deer.

I hunted with the camera until squirrel and grouse came in. Then I loaded up for bushytails.

Previously, I had done all my squirrel hunting with a 22-caliber rifle. Although I still carry the 22 if I want a mess of squirrels for the pot, there is good bow hunting available throughout November. There are always plenty of squirrels in the more remote spots, and while my squirrel score puts me far below expert, I have learned quite a bit about *how* to take them.

When you are going out solely for squirrels, your mental attitude is considerably different than when you are merely being pestered by them on a deer stand. There is no longer any question in your mind as to whether you will or will not shoot. This is the





**MANY SHOTS** at bushytails will be offered in trees, but broadhead arrows should not be used here—they are too dangerous. Rather, use blunts with flu flu fletching. Also, if you have already killed a deer but are hunting squirrels in an open deer season, it is advisable to carry no broadheads. This will prevent a possible misunderstanding with law enforcement officials.

game you are after, and now your planning is based on the desire and intent to bag a squirrel.

From the direction of the dinner table, the gray squirrel offers the only practical target. However, red squirrels and chipmunks are even tougher targets.

The gray squirrel measures about 18 to 20 inches from its nose to the tip of its bushy tail. Roughly half of this is squirrel, and a considerably smaller piece of that represents the killing area. We are talking about a bullseye maybe half as deep as your fist and twice as long. In the case of a chipmunk, you can narrow that down to a bullseye the size of a real bull's eye. The red squirrel is somewhere in between. Consequently, any time you score, you can chalk up another trophy.

#### **New Equipment Unnecessary**

There is little refinement needed in equipment to go squirrel hunting. Your deer hunting bow will suffice, although some may prefer a target bow. There is no argument here with sight shooters if they want to use these mechanical devices, but they will find it tough at distances frequently encountered in squirrel hunting. It is only with the arrow that we have any strong suggestions.

It is foolhardy and dangerous to shoot a broadhead at a squirrel in a tree. You are quite likely to lose the broadhead by sticking it into the limb, or it may go flying off into space even though you score a direct hit. Such a shot should not be attempted from the standpoint of safety alone. That arrow must come down somewhere, and a broadhead is specifically designed to do as much damage as possible. Don't use it. This is also true of field points, to a lesser degree, if standard fletching is used.

This would appear to eliminate all elevated shots, but flu flu fletching is the answer to the safety problem. Blunt heads are preferable, since they will knock the squirrel out of the tree

on a good hit. The arrow will stop or go only a short distance farther.

Different types of flu flu fletching are available for such shooting. As previously illustrated here, there is the wrap-around plastic, which does a good job in retarding an arrow's momentum after it has traveled about 30 yards. Another type has six or eight feathers of full or varying sizes. If feathers are properly placed, this arrow is likely to be a bit more accurate than one with the plastic fingers which project indiscriminately from the shaft of the arrow. However, for shots other than on the ground, flu flu fletching is a must for safety and easy arrow recovery.

For greater speed and accuracy, my preference is for standard fletching on ground shots where there is no danger because of a miss or a pass-through. Such shots include those where a squirrel is well down on a large tree or there is a high bank behind the target. Actually, you will find that most of your targets are on the ground early in the season when squirrels are busy gathering ripe, fallen nuts. Those still in the tree are not to the squirrel's liking, so these animals are busiest where they offer the best shooting.

#### **Blunt Points Best**

Several good metal blunt points are available. Or you can make a satisfactory substitute with a fired 38-caliber cartridge case. Various other heads are available, but those which are much larger than the standard point tend to distract vision when aiming. I prefer the type of blunt which closely conforms to a standard target head in size.

Choice of arrow shaft is a consideration, since breakage can be high. Blunt heads will take a lot of punishment, and some inexpensive arrows hold up much better with blunts than with other type heads. The cost of aluminum shafts and the likelihood of damage because of the risky terrain



**A SQUIRREL half-hidden among leaves and branches makes an extremely difficult target—one that will tax any bowman's ability.**

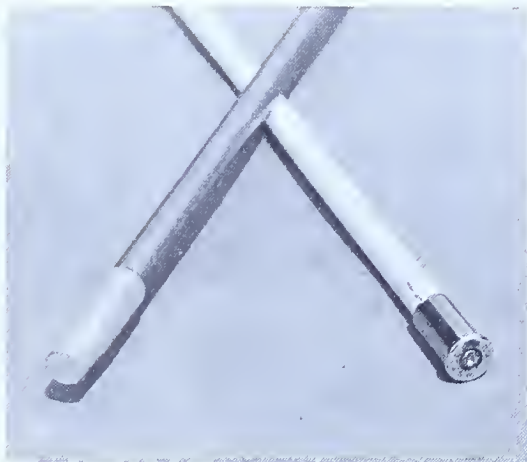
normally encountered in squirrel hunting practically preclude their use. Although fiber glass shafts are fairly expensive, they will not take a bend. Cheap cedar shafts are more expendable, and they will still provide fair performance.

Besides the risk of breakage, loss of arrows is not infrequent. It is unwise to move after a miss since the same squirrel may present another opportunity, or there may be more in the immediate area. Consequently, it often is difficult to remember where you took all your shots at squirrels. And it is not at all unusual for arrows to slide under the leaves where it is impossible to find them. This is particularly true late in the season, when more and more leaves cover the forest floor.

Last month's deer hunting should have helped you find some good spots for squirrels. Both deer and squirrels frequent the same areas since they share the same types of food. Sheltered hollows, corners near cornfields and spots with large dead trees are among the very best.

If you can find a spot where squirrels are running back and forth to cornfields, you are in business.





**BLUNT HEADS** may be of commercial type, as at left, or homemade, at right, the latter utilizing a "fired" 38-cal. cartridge case.

Then it is not necessary to go tramping the countryside looking for them. However, some hunters do not enjoy the stand-and-wait method. They can still have good hunting if they operate with proper caution. Early in the season, squirrels are moving much of the day, and you can find them by walking cautiously on old logging roads or through the big timber. The deer hunter's stop-and-wait method works equally well. However, it requires a good eye to find a squirrel which hid at your approach. Careful scrutiny of the trees sometimes will reveal a gray flattened against a trunk or along a limb.

On occasion I carry a pair of binoculars to use in studying surrounding trees. Careful use often reveals a half-hidden squirrel that would otherwise escape unseen. The 6x30 or 7x35 sizes are excellent here.

If you see a squirrel racing off through the trees, but he has shown no evidence of being aware of your presence, station yourself close to where he disappeared. Quite likely he will return along the same route in a matter of minutes. He is probably going to a supply of food from his nesting tree, and he will be back with his loot to provide you with a shot.

All hunters know how squirrels con-

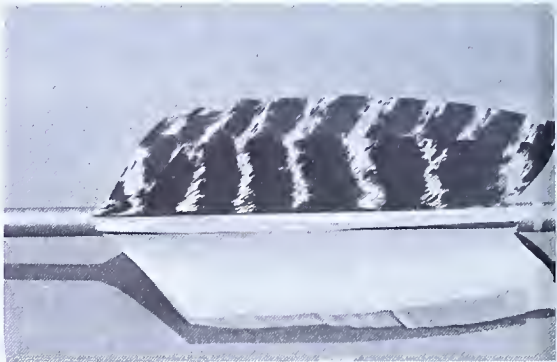
tinually dodge to the opposite side of the tree. As you walk around the base, the squirrel scurries around out of sight on the far side. You can sometimes trick him into showing himself by tossing a stick to the opposite side of the tree. Be ready to shoot fast when he appears on your side, as he will again vanish if he sees you.

Shots at red squirrels and chipmunks are incidental on a hunt for grays. It's tough to get the red squirrel to hold still long enough for a shot, and most of your tries must be at moving targets. Chipmunks also are of such a nervous disposition that they seldom sit still for long periods. An exception for both is when they have found some particular prize that they decide to eat on the spot. The gray is also excitable at times, but he spends much time digging among the leaves where he is more vulnerable.

Although the classic picture of a gray squirrel shows him in a tree, these animals actually spend much more time on the ground than is generally supposed. This means you should get plenty of practice at small objects in the grass. Apples, mushrooms—anything that will not ruin your arrow—are good practice targets. This requires extremely fine shooting. Not only is the target quite small, but you have the added disadvantage of compensating for short distances.

Squirrel hunting is always a gamble, but every tail makes a tale.

**AN 8-FEATHER flu flu** such as this one will give plenty of accuracy for squirrel shooting without going out of sight.



## ***The Rifleman's Best Friend***



**SIX SHOTS IN A DIME** at 100 yards. Impossible with open sights—and darn good with a scope! Shot by Ray Johns of Cowansville with a 225 Winchester.

**By Don Lewis**

*Photos by Helen Lewis*

**R**EACHING under my parka, I struggled to free a candy bar from my shirt pocket. Before I could finish this small task, I saw a deer walk out of a stand of pines, cross an old logging road, and enter into a small patch of woods on the opposite hillside. The distance wasn't more than 125 yards, but I couldn't tell whether it was a buck or a doe. The flying snow didn't help matters any, but the snow on the ground allowed me to follow the deer through the dense undergrowth. After a minute, the deer stopped in a thinned-out section of woods. The 6X scope plainly showed it was a buck with a very small rack.

My first shot didn't even startle the deer, and a sharp thud from across the hill told me my second landed in wood. The biggest problem was keeping track of the buck as he wandered through the maze of saplings. Without the scope, the deer couldn't be seen at all. A moment later I could see his shoulder, but, in trying to hurry the shot, I only succeeded in scaring him up the hill on the dead run. Before I knew it, he was gone. Disgusted with myself for not taking more time, I reloaded, checked my safety, and headed for the spot where I had last seen the deer.

Near the top of the hill, I hit his



tracks. I followed them for several minutes and then sat down to think things over. Since it was the first morning of the season, I expected any minute to hear guns cracking out where the deer had gone. Suddenly I spied a deer about 90 yards away. I studied it for quite some time through the scope before I could make out the rack. I had no doubt that it was the same deer.

### Through This Before

With my scope's cross hair fixed on the shadowy form, I was starting to squeeze the trigger when I remembered that I had been through all this three shots before. This kind of an opportunity doesn't occur too often, so I made myself be calm and try for one good open shot. Keeping the walking buck in the rear edge of the scope's field of view, I searched ahead for an opening. Afraid that at any moment another hunter would see the deer and shoot, I was tempted to fire, but I kept reminding myself that one well-placed shot is better than a dozen wild ones. I just watched and waited. When the buck walked out of a mass of grapevines, I saw the opening I had been looking for and pressed the trigger. The 150-gr. 30-06 slug found its mark and made a clean kill.

After field-dressing the deer, I sat down to do some serious thinking. The more I thought, the more convinced I became that it was not good shooting, hunting skill, or even luck that made it possible for me to drop my deer. The important factor was the rifle scope. Without it I would not have fired a shot! The 6X scope spelled the difference between just seeing a deer in the thick brush and making a kill. To me, this is too important to overlook. Although I was no stranger to scopes, I doubt if there was ever a time in my hunting career when I appreciated one's potential more.

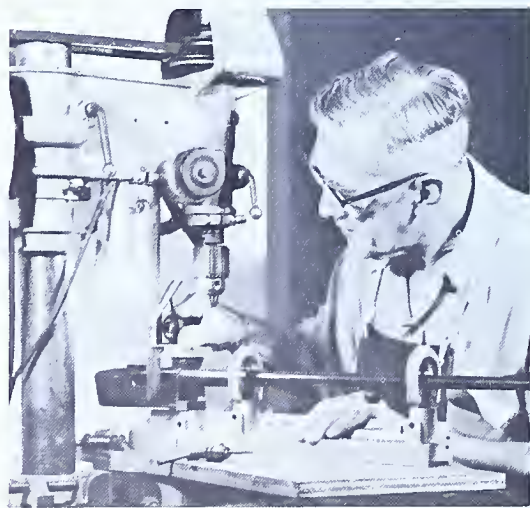
A hunter can purchase nothing for his rifle that will equal in value the benefits of the modern scope. No other

type of sight is even a fair substitute for one. Since no other equipment will increase the hunter's chances of getting his game more than the scope, I do believe that a scope is the rifleman's best friend.

Let's examine some of the reasons for these conclusions. Obviously, you can't shoot any better than you can see. You must have a clean, unobstructed view of your target if you expect to place the bullet where you want it. The magnifying power of the scope gives the shooter a closer look at his target and pinpoints the exact aiming spot. Open sights, regardless of the design, are inefficient except at very close range. In fact, when you align these sights, you actually block out much of the target, and, at 100 yards, it's almost impossible to pick out any small aiming point.

Three factors must be contended with when open sights are used—the two sights and the target. Two of these factors will always be out of focus. When you look at the target, the two sights are out of focus, and if you concentrate on the rear sight, the front sight and target are out of focus. The scope eliminates this problem entirely. With the scope you have just two factors to contend with—the reti-

**HOLES FOR scope mount bases must be straight and square. Only a good gunsmith should attempt this job.**



cle and the target. To make this situation even less a problem, both the target and the reticle are in the same optical plane and are always in focus. There need be no shifting of the eye's focus between target and sights as must be done with open sights. You simply see a bright picture of your target and an aiming unit that is sharp and clear. It's almost routine to place the reticle exactly where you want to place the bullet. At 100 yards this is easy to do with a scope and almost impossible to do with open sights.

### Poorly Mounted

Even though the scope has much to offer, a little understanding of it and its mount will eliminate a good many headaches. Some years back I met an elderly gentleman who was disgusted with his scope. As far as he was concerned, all scopes were just added weight. He said he would never forgive himself for getting rid of his peep sight, and assured me that when he got home he would soon dispose of the scope.

One glance told me he had one of the finest scopes of that time, and it puzzled me why he would be so dissatisfied with it. A quick check showed that he had improper eye relief and that the scope had not been focused *for his eyes*. In a matter of minutes, I corrected the focus problem and showed him how to get enough eye relief until he could have it adjusted properly. Throwing the rifle to his shoulder a few times taught him how to see through the scope. He was really amazed to find out what the scope can do for the hunter. I'll wager a shot at a 10-point that he still has the scope on his rifle.

Regardless of the quality of the scope, if it is improperly mounted or not focused correctly for its owner, it is useless. Many hunters feel that a scope can't be placed on the rifle improperly. Just stick it on in any manner, and they will be able to use it, they say. This is not so. Focusing for

the individual's eye is a must, and a mere quarter-inch displacement is important to eye relief. To assure my customers correct eye relief, I move the scope a fraction of an inch at a time until they can actually see, when



**A BUSHING in the drilling jig holds tap true, eliminates broken taps and helps give a good mounting job.**

they quickly raise their guns, that it is exactly right for them. Remember, you have no more than one-half inch of fore or aft head movement with any scope until you start to lose the full circle of light that represents correct eye relief. If any pulling or pushing of the head has to be done to get a full field of view, the scope is not mounted right for that shooter. If you're not getting good results from your scope, the problem could be in the mounting.

The average deer rifle has a trigger pull of five pounds or more. With open sights, the shooter is not usually aware of this heavy pull. He can't see how it affects his shooting. But he doesn't use a scope too long until he knows that something is wrong! Now that he can hold the reticle exactly where he wants to hit, the heavy trigger becomes hindrance, and it isn't long until he wants a lighter trigger so he can shoot precisely. A hunter gets anxious for the hunting season



when he easily punctures baby food cans at 100 yards. He can do this with a hunting scope and a light trigger.

Today's market is flooded with scopes. To the man who has little knowledge of them, but would like to own one, it must be a nightmare trying to make a choice. Not only does he have the type and power to consider, he surely must wonder about the vast range of prices. One advertisement shows a 4X for \$27.50 and on the opposite page is another 4X for \$45. To add to his woes, the variable powers have a much greater price span. This has to be confusing. He has to ask himself if the higher price represents more quality or a greater profit.

Someone once said that all that glitters is not gold. That old axiom could be applied to scopes by saying that all that appears bright might not be



**COLLIMATOR** on gun's muzzle makes preliminary bore-sighting easy, assures that first shot will be on target, thus saves time and ammo.

right. To start with, scope manufacturing is a highly complex business. The manufacturer, regardless of where his plant is located or the wage scale of his employees, has a few built-in optical shortcomings to contend with if he wants to produce a high quality scope. There are such things as chromatic aberration, distortions and astigmatism to name a few, and his measurements run from a few thousandths

down to maybe six-millionths of an inch. One can see that making a long-lasting, high-quality scope does not fall into the category of making box kites or plastic toys. These high sounding technical terms I have just mentioned may never be heard of by the general scope buying public, but these, along with other optical drawbacks, must be considered by the makers of good scopes.

In case the tongue twisting scope terms have made you curious, let's find out what each one means. Chromatic aberration refers to the failure of any single lens to focus effectively light rays of various colors. To correct this aberration, several different types of glass must be used that will bring the various colors to focus. Distortion speaks for itself and astigmatism is the inability of a lens to correctly focus at the same time lines lying at different angles. There are others, but these three point out some of the complexities in the making of a really fine scope. Experience over the years has taught me that there is a difference.

### Best Guideline

Probably the best guideline to follow when purchasing a scope is to simply ask yourself what you expect from it. To me a scope is a long-term investment. I have no intention of buying a scope just for a short period of time. I don't entertain the idea that if the scope doesn't last too long I won't be out very much. I can't forget the man who brought me an inexpensive imported variable power. He lost no time in pointing out the savings he had made over the high priced American made variables. Even though the scope was sold without any guarantee, business must have been good since the young man said he had to stand in line to get his.

His new rifle was already drilled and tapped, and I mounted the scope while he waited. Forty shots later found us with a scope that absolutely refused to hold its adjustment. Distor-



**HELEN LEWIS** makes final scope adjustments before taking rifle afield.

tion and parallax were severe, and when the power was increased, the cross hair moved far to one side. It was the worst scope I ever tried to adjust. I finally gave up in disgust, and this man had to admit that he was out not only the price of the scope, but also two boxes of 308 ammunition plus my work.

The life of a good scope is indefinite. Having the same respect for your scope that you do for your camera will assure you many years of precision shooting. The extra dollars spent in the original investment will give you this assurance.

The power of the scope seems to be the problem confronting most new

buyers. Really, it's not that serious. First, too much emphasis is placed on the size of the field of view. A 4X offers a 30-foot circle at 100 yards, while the 6X offers only a 20-foot field. This may sound like a lot of footage to sacrifice for the increased power, but I feel the benefits derived from the extra magnification are worth the sacrifice. Many hunters are afraid to venture into the higher powers due to the shrinkage of the field. Actually, there is little to fear. With a minimum of practice, the average rifleman will become just as proficient at fast aiming with the 6X as he was with the 4X, and the higher power will permit more precise shooting.

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## The Gun Digest

John Amber has done it again, coming up with another outstanding *Gun Digest*. Shooting buffs have learned to look forward to this popular gun annual, and this 22nd edition is another winner. About one-third of its 400 pages is given over to catalog material, listing practically every American rifle, shotgun and handgun, along with complete specifications and prices. Available foreign guns also are shown. This section is an excellent reference; however, the near-50 feature articles by such gun writers as Jack O'Connor, Warren Page, Charles Askins, George Nonte and Francis Sell are far more interesting reading. All aspects of gunning are covered, from a history of breechloaders to the announcement of a new machine for measuring chamber pressures, and from shotshell collecting to an accuracy report on \$150 air rifles. Plus 16 color pages of beautiful guns created during the past seven centuries—all for \$4.95 from The Gun Digest Co., 4540 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. 60624.





**THE OUTDOOR WRITERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA** met at Lake Waskesui, Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan, this year. Among Pennsylvania writers attending were, standing, Seth Myers, Thad Bukowski, Will Johns, Bob Moorhouse, Roger Latham; kneeling, Bob Bell, Bob Parlaman and Paul Blair. Besides the workshops, the week-long program included trap shooting, with ammo brought by Charles Dickey of the National Shooting Sports Foundation, and fishing.



# 1967 PENNSYLVANIA OPEN SEASONS FOR WATERFOWL AND OTHER MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS UNDER FEDERAL AND STATE REGULATIONS

## Shooting Hours

1 P.M., EDST, to Sunset through October 28; 12 Noon, EST, to Sunset thereafter.

Species	Open Seasons First Day	Last Day	Daily Bag Limits	Maximum Possession Limits	Shooting Hours
DOVES	Sept. 1	Nov. 9	12	24	1 P.M., EDST, to Sunset through October 28; 12 Noon, EST, to Sunset thereafter.
†RAILS (Sora, Virginia and Yellow)	Sept. 1	Nov. 9	15††	30††	One-half hour before Sunrise to Sunset (Except on October 28 when the opening hour will be 9 A.M., EDST).
WILSON'S or JACKSNIPES	Oct. 2	Nov. 20	8	16	
WOODCOCK	Oct. 14	Dec. 16	5	10	

†NO OPEN SEASON—King and Clapper Rails.

††Singly or in the aggregate of species.

Species	Open Seasons First Day	Last Day	Daily Bag Limits	Maximum Possession Limits	Shooting Hours
DUCKS	Oct. 14	Dec. 2	3*	6*	One-half hour before Sunrise to Sunset (Except on October 28 when the opening hour will be 9 A.M., EDST). EXCEPT—Controlled Shooting Sections of Pymatuning Waterfowl Area—One-half hour before Sunrise to 12:00 Noon (prevailing time) on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, beginning October 14, 1967.
COOTS	Oct. 14	Dec. 2	10	20	
GALLINULES	Oct. 14	Dec. 2	15	30	
MERGANSERS	Oct. 14	Dec. 2	5**	10**	
GEESE	Oct. 7***	Dec. 15	2****	4	
BRANT	Oct. 7	Dec. 15	6	6	

## EXCEPTIONS:

\* Daily bag limit of 3 ducks may not include more than:—2 wood ducks; 1 canvasback; 2 black ducks.

Maximum Possession Limit may not include more than:—2 wood ducks; 1 canvasback; 4 black ducks.

Scaup duck bonus, bag of 2 daily and possession limit of 4:—November 15-December 2.

\*\* Not more than 1 hooded merganser daily, or 2 in possession.

\*\*\* Crawford and Erie Counties, including Pymatuning Waterfowl Area—October 14.

\*\*\*\* Daily bag limit in Crawford County—1 Canada goose.

ON THE OPENING DAY OF SMALL GAME SEASON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1967, IT IS UNLAWFUL TO HUNT ANY WILD BIRD OR ANIMAL, INCLUDING MIGRATORY GAME, PRIOR TO 9:00 A.M., EDST.  
(NO OPEN SEASON—SNOW GEESE AND SWANS. NO SUNDAY HUNTING.)

MIGRATORY BIRD HUNTING METHODS—Permitted: Bow and arrow, or shotgun not larger than 10 gauge, of not more than 3-shell capacity, which must be plugged to 3 shots so that plug cannot be removed without disassembling the gun; dog; blind; hoat propelled by hand; floating device other than sinkbox; artificial decoys. Injured or dead waterfowl may be picked up by means of a motorboat, sailboat or other craft. Shooting is permitted from a boat or other craft having a motor attached if such craft is fastened within or tied immediately alongside of any type of stationary hunting blind. Prohibited: Electrical calling devices or recordings; rifles; handguns; live decoys; automobile; aircraft; sinkbox (battery); power boat, sailboat or any device towed by power boat or sailboat; salt or bait placed to lure, attract, or entice birds to, on, or over the area where hunters are attempting to take them; use of cattle, horses, or mules and motor-driven land, water or air conveyance or sailboat to concentrate, drive, rally or stir up waterfowl or coots.

FEDERAL STAMP FOR MIGRATORY BIRD HUNTING—It is unlawful for a person over the age of 16 years to take migratory waterfowl unless he owns and carries on his person a current Federal Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp, validated by his signature written in ink across its face. Not valid after June 30 following date of issue. This stamp is not required to hunt Rails, Gallinules, Woodcock, Wilson's or Jacksnipe, and Doves. Federal Migratory Bird Stamp available at all U. S. Post Offices.

NOTE: One (1) fully feathered wing must remain attached to each migratory bird (except doves) while being transported.



# Pennsylvania Seasons and Bag Limits 1967-1968

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, in Harrisburg on June 3, 1967, established the following seasons and bag limits for resident game and furbearers for the 1967-68 hunting license year which begins September 1. Open seasons include first and last dates listed, Sundays excepted, for game.

Beginning September 1, 1967, legal hunting hours for all small and big game in Pennsylvania, with four exceptions, will be from one-half hour before Sunrise until Sunset. The exceptions are: 1. October 28, 1967—no hunting for any species before 9 a.m., EDST 2. Raccoons—may be hunted any hour; 3. Doves—1 p.m., EDST, to Sunset through October 28; 12 noon, EST, to Sunset thereafter; 4. Spring gobbler season—May 6-11, 1968—one-half hour before Sunrise until 10 a.m., EDST.

## SMALL GAME

Daily Limit	Season Limit		DATES OF OPEN SEASONS	
			First Day	Last Day
6	30	Squirrel, Gray, Black and Fox (combined) -----	Oct. 14 -----	Nov. 25 ANI
			Dec. 26 -----	Jan. 6, 1968
2	10	Ruffed Grouse (not more than 10 in combined seasons) --	Oct. 14 -----	Nov. 25 ANI
			Dec. 26 -----	Jan. 6, 1968
1	1	{ Wild Turkey—Counties, and parts of, listed below° -----	Oct. 28 -----	Nov. 18
		—Counties, and parts of, not listed below ---	Oct. 28 -----	Nov. 11
		—Spring Gobbler season° -----	May 6 -----	May 11, 1968
4	20	Rabbits, Cottontail (not more than 20 in combined seasons)	Oct. 28 -----	Nov. 25 ANI
			Dec. 26 -----	Jan. 6, 1968
2	8	Ring-necked Pheasants, males only -----	Oct. 28 -----	Nov. 25
4	20	Bobwhite Quail -----	Oct. 28 -----	Nov. 25
2	6	Hares (Snowshoe Rabbits) or Varying Hares -----	Dec. 26 -----	Jan. 1, 1968
Unlimited		Raccoons (hunting or trapping) -----	No close season	
Unlimited		Woodchucks (Groundhogs) -----	No close season	
Unlimited		Grackles -----	No close season	
Unlimited		Squirrels, Red -----	All months except Oct. 2-13, incl.	

## BIG GAME

1	1	Bear, over one year old, by individual -----	Nov. 20 -----	Nov. 25
3	3	Bears, over one year old, by hunting party of 5 or more --	Nov. 20 -----	Nov. 25
		Deer, Archery Season, any deer—Statewide -----	Sep. 30 -----	Oct. 27 ANI
			Dec. 26 -----	Jan. 6, 1968
1	1	{ Deer, Antlered, with 2 or more points to an antler or a spike 3 or more inches long -----	Nov. 27 -----	Dec. 9
		Deer, Antlered and Antlerless, with required antlerless license, huckshot only in Special Regulations Area listed below° -----	Nov. 27 -----	Dec. 9
		Deer, Antlerless—Statewide -----	Dec. 11, 12 & 16 ONLY	
		—Counties, and parts of, listed below° --	Dec. 11 -----	Dec. 16

## FURBEARERS

Unlimited		Skunks and Opossums -----	No close season	
Unlimited		Minks -----	Nov. 23 -----	Jan. 7, 1968
Unlimited		Muskrats (traps only) -----	Nov. 23 -----	Jan. 7, 1968
5	5	Beavers (traps only)—Counties of Susquehanna and Wayne	Feb. 10 -----	Mar. 10, 1968
3	3	Beavers (traps only)—Remainder of State -----	Feb. 10 -----	Mar. 10, 1968

NO OPEN SEASON—Hen Pheasants, Cuh Bears, Elk, Otters, Hungarian Partridges, Chukar Partridges, Sharp-tailed Grouse.

*Bad Weather Extension*—In case inclement weather during the regularly scheduled antlerless deer season prevents an adequate and desired harvest of whitetails, the Commission may schedule additional days and counties in which antlerless deer may be taken. Such announcements will be made via all news media.

**\*For special regulations concerning deer, turkeys and beaver, consult the 1967-68 Hunting and Trapping Digest.**

# Pennsylvania Game Commission Directory

P. O. Box 1567

South Office Building, State Capitol, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120

GLENN L. BOWERS ..... *Executive Director*

ROBERT S. LICHTENBERGER ..... *Deputy Executive Director*

JOHN M. SMITH ..... *Comptroller*

## Division of Administration

DANIEL H. FACKLER ..... *Chief*

## Division of Research

HARVEY A. ROBERTS ..... *Chief*

## Division of Land Management

C. C. FREEBURN ..... *Chief*

## Division of Law Enforcement

JAMES A. BROWN ..... *Chief*

## Division of Minerals

JOHN B. SEDAM ..... *Chief*

## Division of Propagation

RALPH E. BRITT ..... *Chief*

## Division of Information and Education

ROY W. TREXLER ..... *Chief*

## FIELD DIVISIONS

NORTHWEST DIVISION—Lester E. Sheaffer, Supervisor, 1509 Pittsburgh Rd., Franklin 16323. Phone: A.C. 814 432-3187 or 432-3188

Butler, Clarion, Crawford, Erie, Forest, Jefferson, Lawrence, Mercer, Venango, Warren. SOUTHWEST DIVISION—G. L. Norris, Supervisor, 339 W. Main St., Ligonier 15658.

Phone: A.C. 412 238-9523 or 238-9524

Allegheny, Armstrong, Beaver, Cambria, Fayette, Greene, Indiana, Somerset, Washington, Westmoreland.

NORTHCENTRAL DIVISION—Raymond H. Morningstar, Supervisor, P. O. Box 216, Avis 17721. Phone: A.C. 717 753-5641

Cameron, Centre, Clearfield, Clinton, Elk, Lycoming, McKean, Potter, Tioga, Union. SOUTHCENTRAL DIVISION—William A. Hodge, Supervisor, 327 Penn St., Huntingdon 16652. Phone: A.C. 814 643-1831

Adams, Bedford, Blair, Cumberland, Franklin, Fulton, Huntingdon, Juniata, Mifflin, Perry, Snyder.

NORTHEAST DIVISION—Norbert J. Molski, Supervisor, Box 220, Dallas 18612.

Phone: A.C. 717 675-1122 or 675-1123

Bradford, Carbon, Columbia, Lackawanna, Luzerne, Monroe, Montour, Northumberland, Pike, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Wayne, Wyoming.

SOUTHEAST DIVISION—Temple A. Reynolds, Supervisor, R. D. 2, Reading 19605.

Phone: A.C. 215 926-6071

Berks, Bucks, Chester, Dauphin, Delaware, Lancaster, Lebanon, Lehigh, Montgomery, Northampton, Philadelphia, Schuylkill, York.

## GAME FARMS

EASTERN GAME FARM—Joseph L. Budd, Superintendent, R. D. 2, Schwenksville 19473. Phone: A.C. 215 287-8151

WESTERN GAME FARM—Jack N. Anderson, Superintendent, R. D. 1, Cambridge Springs 16403. Phone: A.C. 814 398-2212

LOYALSOCK GAME FARM—Charles Pfeiffer, Superintendent, R. D. 2, Montoursville 17754. Phone: A.C. 717 435-2500

STATE WILD TURKEY FARM—Eugene P. Nelson, Superintendent, Proctor Star Route, Williamsport 17702. Phone: A.C. 717 478-2252

SOUTHWEST GAME FARM—Clarence Wilkinson, Superintendent, Box 1, Distant 16223. Phone: A.C. 814 275-7640

STATE WILD WATERFOWL FARM—Henry R. Pratt, Superintendent, R. D. 4, Meadville 16335. Phone: A.C. 814 382-3755

## HOWARD NURSERY

SUPERINTENDENT—George Weller, R. D. 2, Howard 16841. Phone: A.C. 814 355-4434

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# *Pennsylvania* **GAME NEWS**

DECEMBER, 1967

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R. Theodore Godshall  
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Mrs. Zelda Ross  
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#### COVER PAINTING BY NED SMITH

December is traditionally Pennsylvania's deer month. And deer season is like no other time of year. The air is different, attitudes are different, the hunter's clothing is different, his food is different, his stories are different, etc., etc. Why? Ask a deer hunter, and he'll stammer around for days trying to tell you why the moment depicted on this month's cover gives him a feeling that's different from any other in life. But if you're a deer hunter, you know why. And if you aren't, you'll be ready to head for the big woods after reading this month's stories.

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**YOU'LL RING  
A BELL WITH  
OUR HUNTING  
FRIENDS WHEN  
YOU GIVE**

**GAME  
NEWS**



*Say . . .*

*Merry  
Christmas*

*with*

**GAME NE**

*Use*

*This*

*Form*

# ***December . . . the Month of the Deer***

**D** ECEMBER. The closing month . . . the final chapter. Winter nights that stretch forever, cold, bitter, like the keening note of the ghost wolf haunting the ancient ridges of the Endless Mountains, padding remorselessly on a never-ending trail.

Under the thin moonlight the snow's glitter fades in the distance, blending into the shadows beyond. The low-hanging stars are blotted out by the ragged bulk of surrounding hills, and in turn are blunted by dull clouds that form with the false dawn. The air is brittle, frozen.

The world is silent. Even the wind is stilled, as if listening for the sun to break the horizon . . . and not sure that it will. Minutes lengthen . . . and lengthen. The night's battle is a stubborn rearguard action, doomed but fought to the very end. Then a paleness appears and then a glitter in a notch to the east. Tiny but implacable, it grows into a sliver, an arc, a glazed circle. It emits no heat. Just a flat light that barely pierces the cutover hardwoods, makes only token penetration of the black pines. Where tiny ridges of plowed ground stick up through the snow in nearby fields, it casts thin shadows along the broken edges. Not far away the bulk of an old oak stands in solid silhouette, the curl of a random leaf, now crisp in death, quivering in the chill wind that always comes with the dawn.

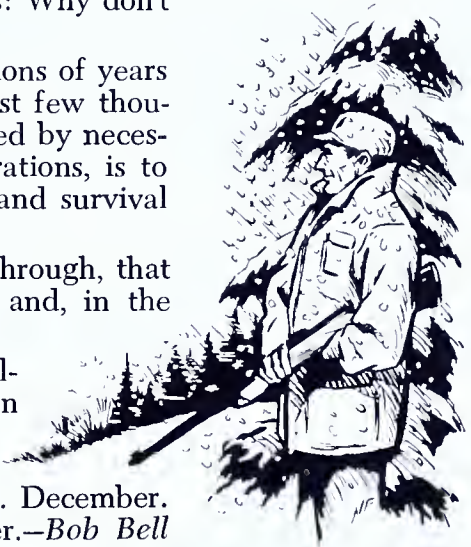
This is December. The December known only to the deer hunter. He's out there, alone, muffled in wool, watering eyes searching constantly for animal movement, booted feet moving silently on the forest floor, numbed fingers caressing his rifle. Alert, responsive, belonging. Truly part of his environment.

Why do you hunt? someone asks, and the hunter is brought up short. It's difficult to answer a question that needs no reply. The real question, which should be put to the thoughtless questioner, is: Why don't you hunt?

Man has always been a hunter. Of the millions of years he has roamed the earth, only during the last few thousand has he tilled the soil. His instinct, whetted by necessity through hundreds of thousands of generations, is to hunt. To hunt successfully is to survive, and survival is the primary drive of all species.

He knows, even if he has not reasoned it through, that any other means of subsistence is artificial and, in the end, transitory.

And so, despite the annual softness developed by fifty weeks of luxury, at some certain time he responds to the drive that keeps the survival instinct intact for future need and goes in search of food. The time is now. December. The month of the deer. And the deer hunter.—*Bob Bell*







CHUCK  
RIVER

*Sometimes It Takes More Than a Big Buck  
To Make a Young Man . . .*

# Hunter of the Year

By Bill Walsh

**"MAN**, that's a deer!" Grant said it to himself, but even the thought boomed in his ears. It was important to make no motion or sound, for should the buck continue its direction it would walk right in front of his father's stand and be an easy opening-day shot. And that's the way the boy wanted it.

He'd watched the heavy-antlered deer easing its way up the draw since before dawn; so long that the muscles between his shoulder blades ached. The buck moved quietly in the snow—a stealthy step or two at a time with long pauses in the hemlock thickets. The tines had shone ghostly white at first. But now, with sun-up, they gleamed cream ivory — twelve long points on heavy beams that would beat anything hanging on any wall in the county.

## Hunter of the Year Trophy

More than big enough, he knew, to win the Hunter of the Year trophy at school. He had daydreamed many times that he stood on the assembly stage accepting the award to an ovation of his sophomore classmates and the begrudging admiration of the juniors and seniors.

Grant suddenly sucked in his breath and held it. The buck was looking directly at him. He knew the color-blind deer did not see his crimson cap and hunting coat against the bark of the beech tree as a man sees it. And he was standing downwind of the deer, so he shouldn't be scented. The thought brought to Grant's mind one of Pop's early teachings about selecting a deer stand on the correct side of the trail.

"It isn't as difficult as it sounds at first. Remember—at any given point, at least half the whole danged world has got to be downwind of a deer. Just make sure you're somewhere close by in the other half."

That was in those carefree days when Pop laughed a lot; before he'd spent all that time in the hospital and the weight of his disease had stooped his once square shoulders.

## Had Less Than a Year

He could still feel Mom's hand tighten in his when Doc told them Pop would surely die in a year or less.

"Shall I tell him?" Doc had asked.

"There's been nothing but the truth between us since we were children together," Mom had said. "He's the kind of man who'd want to know."

That had been two months ago. So this was probably Pop's last deer season . . . Pop who lived from year to year to chase deer up and down his favorite hills . . . who now was reduced to waiting on a stump where Grant had left him.

The buck continued to stare directly into Grant's eyes. The boy tried not to blink but it was impossible. The buck didn't seem to notice. The deer stood at least thirty feet away but anyone who has watched such a prize can realize how much nearer it seemed. It was as though Grant could feel the animal warmth of the creature.

He and Pop had watched the buck all summer, often seeing him at dusk in the buckwheat field near the woods. They'd watched the tremendous antlers come on—in bulbous velvet at first. In October they'd seen him in the old orchard.





**THEY'D WATCHED** the tremendous antlers come on, in bulbous velvet at first.

In the woodlot Grant found the tortured saplings, scrubbed bare of bark, where the buck had rubbed away the itching of the shredded velvet to reveal the spear-sharp points . . . the awesome, businesslike, rut-hard points that made him a buck among bucks.

As Grant remembered these things, the buck looked away and continued up the draw, gingerly setting each hoof. Grant wished he could afford the luxury of shouldering his rifle for a closer look at the deer through his scope—the one Pop had bought him last Christmas. But the slightest motion might ruin it all. Even though his muscles hurt and the heel of his right foot burned where he'd anchored his weight, he dared not move.

#### Headed for Pop

The buck slipped along more quickly now, following the trail Grant had supposed it would, to its appointment with Pop's 30-06. Grant was proud of his own deer gun—an old 32 Special—and the new scope, of course. But he regarded Pop's 30-06 as the "big gun," always remembering that Pop had told him when he was a small boy that it would be Grant's one day.

To a sportsman like Pop, the quality and construction of such a firearm

breathed a permanence that belonged to more than one lifetime. Accordingly he had hand-rubbed the walnut stock so that the wood felt like fine furniture, velvet to the touch. In wet weather, the moisture rolled off or "beaded" on the surface. After each day in the field he wiped dry the metal parts and an oil-rich chamois cloth affectionately caressed them.

Grant could just make out the form of the deer as it moved up the slope the final hundred yards to Pop's stump. Now he could put the scope on it. The deer stopped and looked back, seemingly at Grant. But the sound of a cracking twig far down in the valley from whence the deer had come wafted up to Grant's keen ears. He marveled at the hearing of the buck; it had turned its head though several hundred yards still farther from the disturbance. No wonder deer had the odds with them in hunting season, he thought.

#### Bounds Over Knoll

The buck slunk up the few remaining yards of the hill. At the crest it tested the wind and turned big ears into every direction . . . then bounded over the knoll.

Grant congratulated himself excitedly, waiting for the authoritative boom of Pop's rifle. It could only take a few seconds now, everything had worked out all right. But no shot came.

He realized he had gambled. The appearance of a third hunter from any direction might have diverted the buck. Then he'd have lost the deer, the splendid set of antlers, the trophy—and Pop's last deer.

Five minutes ticked away. Grant heard no shot. He started to get nervous. Surely Pop should have seen the buck the moment it topped the ridge. Of course, a deer could pull a lot of tricks. Grant envisioned a number of circumstances . . . Pop waiting for the deer to take just one more step to place itself in the correct opening;

the deer attempting to circle behind the man who might have given away his presence with some slight motion or sound. . . . Heck, he reasoned, a dozen different things could have it temporarily fouled up. But Pop *would* get the deer before it was over, he was sure of that.

Another five minutes . . . then another five faded into the past. Still no shot. Then a sudden fear struck him. Maybe Pop was sick! He had spells of dizziness now and then. He'd better get up there quick, he thought, deer or no deer.

Pop caught his first sight of the deer in exactly the spot he knew one would emerge should it work its way past Grant. He'd sent his son to the best stand—where he usually stood himself—for two reasons: he wanted to see the boy get a *good* deer before he died, and because he didn't want to tax his waning strength.

"Gosh, but it's a beauty," he whispered to himself, the way his son had done. "How did Grant ever miss seeing that set of horns? I oughta cut his shirttail when he comes up. That's as bad as missing one outright!"

#### Chase It Back!

The buck came on, unaware that Pop's eyes studied him. The man reasoned quickly. The critter must have sneaked behind the boy. However, if chased back down the hill it would go the quickest way — on the trail Grant was watching. Pop moved quickly and deliberately. . . .

When he stepped into the trail there occurred one of those man-animal encounters that belongs on motion picture film but seldom is captured there. It's said that animals are expressionless, but when the buck rolled its eyes so that white fear showed at the corners—when every hair on the magnificent body expressed surprise and fright — Pop would argue that an expression of alarm had flickered across the "face" of the deer.

What Pop couldn't have known and the man-wary buck couldn't have forgotten was the snapping of that twig . . . the whatever-it-was that had made its head turn back toward the valley just before it topped the ridge. The deer would not go back the way it had come.

Turning, it quartered down the hill some ninety degrees from its path of ascent. Pop had no chance for a shot when he realized Grant would never see the animal . . . or even hear it. He sighed and shrugged his shoulders. The gamble had been "right" and there was only minimal regret as he sat back down on the stump.

A breathless Grant feared what he'd find at Pop's stand. He was unprepared for the barrage of questions.

"Didn't you see a buck? Did you fall asleep? Are you sure one didn't sneak in behind you?"



**ANOTHER FIVE** minutes, then another, faded into the past. . . .

Then there were questions of his own and Pop answering, "No, nothing came by here. Couple of bluejays are all I've seen. Boy, I thought sure we'd have fur in the sights by now. Are you positive that big deer we've been watchin' all year didn't show up down there? By all rights he should have."

The questioning continued for sev-





**POP FIDGETED.** "I guess I was lookin' the other way if a big buck came up here by my stand. I'd surely a shot, you know that!"

eral embarrassing minutes. Absorbed in the dialogue, they turned, startled, at the scuff of boots coming up behind them. Grant welcomed the opportunity to change the subject as a puffing scarlet-clad hunter approached them, obviously following the tracks of the deer. When he reached the spot where Pop had stepped out in front of the big buck, the hunting cap was swept off to reveal a balding head busily being scratched in bewilderment.

"Why, it's Mr. Wheeler," Grant said. "He'll never get a deer making as much noise as he does!"

"Hush, he'll hear you." Pop laid his hand gently on Grant's arm. "He doesn't care about getting a deer. He just likes to walk in the woods when all the excitement's stirring. He says it's better for his blood than a bottle of pills." He turned to the newcomer.

"And what is the vice-president of the most respected bank in town doing in the deer woods during the Christmas rush?" Pop asked.

"What in the name of all that's sensible is going on here?" Mr. Wheeler roared, lifting his knees extra high at every step, in what was more a display of his exhilaration at being alive than necessity, Grant thought. The snow was light fluff and easy to walk in.

When neither answered, Wheeler said, "From the way I'm reading these deer tracks you've both decided to give up buck hunting."

Grant and Pop tried to turn his torrent of words into another channel but the vacationing banker talked like a waterfall.

"I've been following the biggest set of antlers I've ever seen in this country," he steamed. "Saw 'em in my

headlights before sun-up 'way down on the valley road. So I parked right there and waited for light enough to track the deer that was carryin' all those horns.

"Musta been doin' a pretty good job of it, too, for a city slicker because . . ." and here he pointed a fat finger like a scolding teacher, ". . . that deer never broke out of a quiet walk until right back there . . ." he pointed to where Pop had sat, ". . . *where* the conglomeration of man tracks and deer tracks looks as though someone poverty stricken for brains tried to shake hands with the deer instead of shooting it!"

Pop fidgeted. "I guess I was lookin' the other way if a big buck came up here by my stand. I'd surely a shot him, you know that!"

#### **Avoids Son's Gaze**

Grant tried to look Pop square in the eye but his father wouldn't hold his gaze steady. Completely ignoring Grant, he engaged the banker, "Well, we sure got our Christmas Club checks right on time this year. You fellows certainly are prompt."

Grant walked to the area of Pop's stand. He deciphered the story that had been written there in the snow all the time. He turned to study Pop's face but the bent figure had turned the back of the red-plaid coat to him. As far as Grant was concerned, however, Pop never stood taller. He returned to Pop's side.

Wheeler swung his arm in a grandiose, theatrical kind of arc and ended it by jabbing the thick finger under Grant's nose.

"And you, young man!" He shook his head in frustration and mock disgust. "We'll need to take you to the eye doctor at the earliest opportunity. Why that deer left tracks no more'n thirty feet from where your dad usually stands on opening day till he gets itchy feet. Somebody with smaller boots was standing there this morning. I know 'cause I looked. The snow's

all tromped down at the base of that big beech. You *were* there, weren't you?"

#### **His Turn to Stammer**

"Well, yes . . . I guess . . ." Grant stammered. It was his turn to evade his father's searching gaze.

"It was a buck, wasn't it?" Wheeler pressed relentlessly. "Why didn't you shoot it? It woulda made you the Hunter of the Year at school. My kid would give his eye teeth for a deer like that!"

"I couldn't get the hammer back," Grant lied. "Musta had some ice in it. It's all right now. . . ."

"You told me you hadn't seen a deer," Pop said. Then the understanding came—like a warm wave descending on him, covering him from head to foot. He turned his back to the boy so no one would see the quick tear. He fought it off and turned to his son, putting his gun aside. Wheeler was speaking but they didn't hear.

"I wanted you to have 'im, Son," Pop said. He squeezed the boy's shoulders. "So you could get that trophy."

"I wanted *you* to get 'im." Grant's voice faltered, "Because . . . well . . . just because!"

#### **Foundation for Character**

Wheeler seemed oblivious of them. He prattled on, "Well—no matter. Important thing is *not* the deer, I always say. The way I see it, the restraint, judgment and wisdom a young fella picks up in handling a deer rifle are just building blocks for his character to grow on. Isn't that right?"

"Yes, that's right," Pop told him.

"Well," Wheeler concluded, "somebody better keep after that buck just to keep it honest. If it bumps into any more like you it'll think deer season isn't in until next week. Then someone who doesn't deserve 'im will get 'im!" He took off down the trail and disappeared among the trunks of the second growth, the sound of his progress clearly audible long after he'd



faded from view in the distance.

Grant and Pop looked at each other and laughed. They turned toward home. They strode side by side, not speaking until they reached the house . . . and then the talk was of everyday things.

Grant and Mom sat in the principal's office on a Saturday morning. The principal cleared his throat. He sat behind the large but plain oaken desk and attempted strict formality, though he'd been a friend for years. He'd been a pallbearer at Pop's funeral, too, but that was some months in the past and Grant could think about it now without the quick stab of grief that had gripped him at first.



**"WELL," WHEELER CONCLUDED, "somebody better keep that buck honest."**

"I wanted you both here," the principal began, "because I knew this would be of equal concern to your mother. As you know, we haven't yet given the Hunter of the Year award. Two of the boys got deer whose antlers are almost identical, for one thing . . . but I've been holding off for an-

other reason. I met with the other members of the awards committee last night and they agreed with me that such an award should be given for the 'quality' of a hunt as well as for the size of the game brought home. They agree with me, Grant, that you should get it this year."

"Why, I didn't even shoot . . ." Grant's voice trailed away.

"That's just it." The principal handed Mom a piece of paper.

"Why, it's Pop's handwriting," she exclaimed, reading it eagerly.

"Your father sent it to me before he died," the principal said. "He had a keen sense of values and he told me what you'd done on opening day of deer season. He nominated you as Hunter of the Year. You'll receive the trophy at assembly next week."

"May I keep this letter?" Mom asked. The principal smiled and nodded.

At home, Mom went straight to the over-the-mantel spot where Pop's 30-06 had hung since the funeral. Grant had avoided taking it down. She handed it to her son.

"Now I know what Pop meant on the evening of last opening day when he said he wasn't afraid to leave me now . . . that there was a fine young man in the house to take his place. Now get after this rifle. There's a speck of rust on the barrel and if you're ever going to hand it down to *your* son one day you'll have to take good care of it."

Grant took the gun. He knew it was empty. Yet he opened the bolt as a safety precaution because that's the way Pop had taught him. He glanced over his shoulder as he went down the basement stairs to the workbench where the cleaning tools were kept. He smiled at the picture of his mother holding the letter in her lap.

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In Russia, where there supposedly is more regimentation than anywhere else, a license is not required to purchase a shotgun.

# A Point for Every Year

By Amos A. Frownfelter

I STARTED hunting deer in 1930 when I was 17, and for the next 26 years I suppose you could say Lady Luck was more than good to me. I usually hunted the full season and by the end, if I didn't have a buck, I had a piece missing from my shirt.

In all those years, I don't recall one season when I didn't see a buck and get some kind of a shot. Fantastic, perhaps, but true! I only mention this to offer some insight, so that you might better understand my disappointment and frustration in the 10 years to follow.

On December 19, 1956, while working as a lineman, I fell 20 feet and wound up in the Polyclinic Hospital in Harrisburg where I was to spend the next six months. I was lucky to be alive—but I was paralyzed from the waist down. The doctors told me I'd never walk again. I couldn't believe it, but about five months later I had to admit they were right. Would this mean the end to my hunting, fishing, and all the other outdoor activities I had so greatly enjoyed?

To begin with, how could I drive my car? With an automatic transmission and hand controls? Well, maybe. So several months after I left the hospital, I had my car equipped and ready to go. Now would be the acid test.

My wife was as eager and excited as I was about this new adventure. She pushed my wheelchair up alongside the open car door and, by putting one hand on the door and the other on the seat of the car and lifting myself, I was in. After resting a moment I decided to give it a whirl. This business of learning to drive a car with hand controls is really an experience in itself. I figured it would take a lot of time—and it took longer than I figured.

So I missed the deer season in 1957. But by the fall of 1958 I was ready. I had bought a new rifle—a Remington 244 with an 8-power scope. I assumed if I ever did get a shot it would probably be a long one and I would need the magnification.

Early on the first day I had my car parked in a friend's field. My brother had helped me out of the car and into my wheelchair. Here I could watch the open field and the edge of a wooded area. When my brother left, we agreed to a series of signals in the event I needed help and had a plan that he would circle back through the woods toward me about ten o'clock.

## Car Spoils Shot

About 9:30 I saw a movement to my left. At first I thought it was my brother coming back a little early. But no, it was a deer—and coming straight toward me! It hadn't entered the field yet and, judging by the way it was traveling, probably wouldn't. I looked through the scope and discovered that Lady Luck was still with me. It was a buck. But now I realized if I was going to get a shot, I was going to have to move the wheelchair into a better position. By the time I had moved it around the buck had moved, and now my car was in the way. He seemed to know that he had tricked me, for he raised his head and walked straight away. And me looking at him through the car windows! By the time my brother got back, I think I would have sold all my hunting gear for a ten-spot.

But by the next year I was ready again. I didn't see a buck that year, but I had an antlerless license and so figured I had a better chance at a deer than in 1958.

Antlerless season arrived. The first morning found me sitting in my wheel-





chair on an old woods road with wonderful deer country all around. Two of my brothers had stationed me there, then started out, hoping to drive something in my direction. And they did. I shot my first deer since the accident. And incidentally, the first doe of my life. It wasn't as thrilling as shooting a buck, but it sure was encouraging.

Maybe that doe was a jinx. I don't know, but anyway, I drew blanks for the next few years. Then in 1965, the Pennsylvania Game Commission announced that, by obtaining a special permit, any paraplegic would be allowed to hunt from his car. Previously

only veterans had been given this right. What a break! *Now* if I had my car parked in a field and saw a deer, I could move the car to my best advantage. By being in the car I could also maintain much better balance in sitting as well as shooting.

I contacted a lot of farmers that fall. Some I had known previously but a lot I hadn't. But not a single one refused me permission to drive into their fields. I think that is truly amazing. It was a heartwarming example of people trying to help their fellowman. They were all very considerate and understanding, and I knew I must

be considerate of them also. If a field was wet and soft, or had been sown in wheat, I would avoid it. In deer season, on several occasions farmers even met me in the early morning to wish me luck—and open gates. For all of this, I am exceedingly grateful.

Armed with my permit to hunt from the car and permission to hunt in some genuine hot spots, 1965 looked like a real good year for me to get that long overdue buck. I hunted with a lot more enthusiasm . . . but a lot less luck. I didn't see a buck all season. Well, I again had an antlerless license, maybe I could get another doe. I had practiced shooting from the car at a target and I felt more confidence in my ability than I had for years. I was much steadier than when I shot from the wheelchair. And sure enough, the first day of antlerless season, I connected. It was a fine mature doe.

#### **Wanted a Buck**

I could hardly wait for the 1966 season. That doe the previous year gave me the confidence I needed. Finally, the big day arrived. Some friends had a good deer crossing located for me, but I'd have to drive through fields to get within shooting distance of it. Well, it rained all Sunday night, as all of us know, and most of Monday. Consequently, I couldn't get to the area my friends had picked out for me and I didn't see a deer all day. Tuesday, I still couldn't drive into the fields, but I did see some does from the roads. Wednesday afternoon I drove around for awhile, trying to decide where to go hunting Thursday. My brother-in-law planned to go with me the next morning and we wanted to get an early start. I talked to a farmer friend I knew and he told me of a deer crossing I didn't know about.

So Thursday morning my brother-in-law and I were there at seven o'clock. I haven't mentioned this before, but I'm a southpaw and all my shooting must be done through the

right window of the car. This morning I was still behind the wheel, the gun empty and the window up. For some reason I glanced at the rear view mirror just in time to see a doe followed by a buck, pass behind my car and start across the open fields.

I went into action—sliding across the seat, winding down the right window, getting my gun, and loading it. All this seemed to take hours, but finally I was in position. The first shot missed—over his back. The doe cut out on her own and Mr. Buck really opened up! I shot three more times and each shot seemed to generate more speed. Only one more shell left. And oh, brother, those leaps!

Just then he changed direction, giving me a little better shot. I knew I had to make this one count. I wouldn't get another. I took more time, and when I squeezed the trigger I knew I had scored a hit. He kept going for a short distance and fell over. The bullet had penetrated through the ribs and heart, coming out the neck. So you can see, he was running almost directly away when the bullet struck.

#### **170-Lb. 10-Pointer**

It was the luckiest shot I ever made. We estimated his weight at around 170 pounds. A beautiful 10-point with an unusually heavy rack. I couldn't help musing to myself, "A ten-point. A point for every year I missed." It was the first buck for me since my accident 10 years earlier. And, incidentally, the nicest buck I've ever taken. He was worth all those bad years, and then some.

I'm having him mounted (another first) because I know I'll never get another his equal.

I feel this story would be meaningless if I didn't end it with this thought: No matter how severe a handicap might be, if there is something we love to do and are determined to do, there is usually a way and a means of doing it. And it sure makes life more meaningful and worthwhile.



# He Bedded Down Too!

By John S. Marutiak

**T**H-WHUMP — *th-whump* — *th-whump*. Three shots, evenly spaced as though mechanically controlled but in all probability a bolt action rifle being operated as rapidly as possible, rolled up the hillside and reverberated across the valley and back again as only a heavy caliber rifle can sound on the first day of deer season.

Half aloud, I counted, "Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred." This is a little game I cultivated many years ago—counting the shots I hear in a given territory while deer hunting. At 50, 100 and 150, I check my watch. On this day the first 50 shots were heard by 7:35 a.m. and number 100 at 8:55 a.m.

## In Huntingdon County

I had not yet seen a deer and I was getting restless. I debated whether to move up the ridge, down the ridge, back on the other side of the point or to remain at the spot I had selected the day before. My choice had been an outcropping of rocks facing northeast on a ridge along Route 26, south of Hesston, in Huntingdon County. Dean Lesnett, former District Game Protector and my old Marine Corps buddy, who had been successful on that same ridge six out of the past nine years, suggested I take this stand. He knew this point had produced a buck each year for the past seven.

Undecided what I should do, my stomach reminded me of the ham and cheese sandwiches in my coat. A small white pine had set its roots down into the cleavages of the tilted rock strata, growing straight up once its trunk cleared the protruding rocks. I sat down and leaned against it, poured a cup of coffee from my small Thermos and dug out a sandwich. I

had only taken one bite when I caught a movement about eighty yards off to my left. Immediately I froze. Then, very slowly, I picked up my rifle, sandwich still in my left hand. I turned my head slightly, ever so slowly, and my heart began to pump excitedly as a big deer materialized from nothingness. The sudden excitement subsided as I saw it was a doe, and my heartbeat returned to normal. Nevertheless, I remained alert.

The doe browsed her way through the tangle of windfalls and huckleberry bushes. After several moments, she lifted her head and stared behind her. I saw deer legs move and suddenly another doe appeared. Several moments ticked by before these two deer began to browse again, moving closer to me. Their constant surveillance, the transfixed position of their ears, the way they stood and stared, erect, immobile at the slightest noise, sifting the wind as the air currents swept across, then down and back up the hillside, made me marvel at the uncanny faculties with which nature has endowed these wonderful animals. No small wonder a man rarely ever walks up on a feeding deer.

## I Expected More

The actions of these two made me think more deer were following. Then I spotted three more deer moving through the brush, slightly downwind from the others. These also were feeding, but their actions were just as cautious, even though moments before they had been preceded by others from their herd. These deer were proceeding in their separate ways, probably ten to twenty yards apart, in no particular hurry or pattern, yet purposeful, as if by some prearranged agreement they were to





get to the top of this ridge by moving up diagonally between the two highest rocks.

I tried to watch each deer, fearful of any movement which would betray my presence, yet wanting to know what each one was doing, should a buck come along. Finally, the lead doe drifted directly downwind within about twenty yards of my stand, looked around and, apparently not aware I was above her, she lay down. I was completely surprised. I had never seen this before, although on quiet rainy days I have walked up



**THE TWO DOES** drifted directly downwind and, apparently not aware of my presence, bedded down.

on bedded deer and have seen them get up leisurely and move off.

In a moment another deer bedded down. Holy Mackerel, I thought, what is this? Here I am in the midst of five deer, no seven—as two more does moved into view—and they're beginning to bed down for the day. I'll be stuck here. If I move, they'll spook. And since I don't dare move for fear a buck may be behind them, I might have to remain motionless for hours.

I could see that steam no longer lifted off my coffee; it was cold. My sandwich, with one bite missing, was still in my left hand. I was amazed to see one of the deer beginning to chew her cud. A slight bulge about the size of a golf ball rolled up her throat, she

chewed for about a minute, then swallowed. A few seconds later the procedure was repeated.

My main interest was with the two does that were bedded down, although I forced myself to scrutinize the area from which the last two had appeared. Trying to watch the feeding deer, turning my head ever so slightly to peek at the bedded does now and again, and intensely peering into the brush for more deer was exciting beyond description. One doe closed her eyes momentarily, then perked up alertly and, I imagined, somewhat guiltily, as a dinner guest who falls asleep and suddenly awakens while the main speaker is highlighting his speech.

I had become quite tense. How long could this go on? What course should I follow if the wind shifted, or if I had to cough or sneeze? Now the other deer were also moving closer to me and soon another bedded down.

### Majestic Antlers

Suddenly, in the brush about ninety yards ahead, loomed a majestic pair of symmetrical antlers. That's all I saw, the antlers glistening in the sun. The sight seemed to paralyze every fiber within me. This was the moment every deer hunter anticipates. Now it was me against that buck, a buck in his environment where, except for the odd quirk of chance, the odds all favor the deer.

It was no longer important that scattered throughout the area were several old friends who tried to bring me up to date on a year of their lives in a matter of five or six evenings at camp. Even the early morning chatter at the breakfast table, the razzing about previous years' misses and the compliments received for other trophies seemed distant now. Every thought was concentrated on those antlers.

They belonged to a very cautious buck. It seemed like hours since the first doe appeared, and now, after



**THE BUCK BEDDED DOWN TOO**—but then he was up and away, swinging off at an angle from me. . . .

seven other deer preceded him, he approached. I watched intently, not daring to move since his eyes were searching for danger. Slowly he stepped forward, then stopped. My rifle remained cradled in my arms. I dared not move for fear that I might spook either the buck or the does. The buck moved. Another five or six feet would put him in front of the screen of brush which now partially obstructed my vision. He stood stock-still for several moments, looked around again—and then he bedded down too!

#### **Now What?**

Now what should I do? I could still see his antlers, though I could not see him. But I knew the direction he'd been walking so I had a fairly good idea how his body lay. I fought a strong impulse to stand up and get off a snap shot. Could I get off a shot while the buck was bedded

down? Should I wait until all the deer were down and asleep? What would happen if they were disturbed and started to sneak off? Or what if they

**THE WOODS** exploded with bounding whitetails, but only one had antlers!





became frightened and took off in brush-clearing bounds? I probably wouldn't even get off a shot. My mind raced and skipped about. Here before me was a nice buck and I was totally befuddled about what to do.

A plan began to formulate in my mind. If I could stand up on the log on which I was sitting, perhaps I could see the buck's body. If that was inadequate, I still had several feet of elevation remaining if I could get up on the rock behind me. I looked about for the other deer, but could not account for all seven. Between the time I spotted the buck and now, several more must have bedded down and I couldn't locate them.

### **Away They Go!**

Cautiously, I got my feet into position. But the very second I got to a half-crouched position, a doe I hadn't seen snorted and the woods exploded with bounding whitetails. My buck was up and away, swinging off at an angle from me. I swung my rifle up, trying to find him in my 4X Bushnell scope. I could feel my opportunity fading with each leap. I was concentrating desperately for one shot, knowing I could not operate my bolt action 721 Remington 30-06 fast enough for a second shot.

I felt the rhythm of his leaps and tracked him in my scope—trying to find an opening through the trees. Then he swung abruptly to the right and began to circle. If he kept on as headed, he would cross a small logging trail about 120 yards below me. I had watched this trail earlier and knew it was about 5 feet wide. I would shoot only if I had a clear shot. Experience taught me that. I've passed up a few bucks in the past because I could not confirm my first glimpse that it was a buck, and I've also passed up shots in heavy brush for fear I would only cripple a fine game animal.

Now, as this big buck hit the opening, I fired. He disappeared. I scoped the area but couldn't see any signs of him. Then I moved closer—and saw him sprawled out, just beyond the trail. He wasn't even kicking. I hurried down.

### **134-Lb. 8-Point**

The 165-grain Hornady bullet had hit him in the neck. A beautiful 8-point, he field dressed 134 pounds, I later learned. I looked at my watch. It was 10:30. Man can accomplish a great deal in an hour and a half, but only a few times in my life were as gratifying as this one.

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## **Triple Trophy Awards**

Hunters are reminded that Triple Trophy Awards will again be made to those who are successful in bagging a wild turkey, an antlered deer and a black bear in Pennsylvania during the same hunting license year. Chances of success are increased this year, as the spring gobbler season, May 6-11, 1968, falls within the current license year, and hunters thus get an extra week to try for this fine game bird.

This award is the original one of its type, and is made possible because Pennsylvania is one of the few states where these three species can be harvested. Last year, 67 Pennsylvanians qualified for the award. However, it is not limited to resident hunters; nonresidents also are eligible so long as the three species are taken in the Keystone State. A shoulder patch and a certificate signed by the Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission are presented to each Triple Trophy Award winner.

*When It Came to the Ways of the Wild, Bart Learned,  
Nobody Knew More Than . . .*

# THE KID

By Paul A. Matthews

**H**E STOOD with his back to the wind and his head slightly bent—much like the gnarled oaks that clawed for a toehold along the rocky ledges of Mallory Run. The snow piled a feather-thin ridge across his shoulders and along the collar of his faded jacket, and his hunting cap—a resurrection of the past—failed to contain the thatch of tow hair that struggled for freedom like bristles in a wire brush.

That was the way Bart always remembered the Kid—a youth aged in many ways, steeped in the lore of the country and as much a part of the woods as the trees themselves. He remembered the old single-shot rifle the Kid always carried—a 38-55 with full-octagon barrel and a crescent-shaped buttplate that pounded the shoulder unmercifully. Yet the Kid swore by the old rifle—had more faith in it than Bart did in his new bolt action.

## No Lead Sprayin'

"You take a single shot," the Kid would say, "an' you've got to make things count. There's no lead sprayin' an' there's no careless shootin'. A man's gotta hit right or he ain't going to get the deer."

And Bart had nodded as most adults do toward any kid—with an air of indifference intended to place people in their proper perspective.

That had been twenty-five years ago, or maybe even more. Bart didn't remember exactly. He did remember the Kid's first visit on a late winter afternoon, how he stood there on the stoop of the old farmhouse with the single shot cradled across his left arm and his face looking red and



**BART REMEMBERED** the Kid's first visit on a late winter afternoon, some twenty-five years earlier.

wind-whipped. His clothes were faded dungarees from a far-away place called Sears, Roebuck, and his eyes were chips of gray flint punched deep into his head.

"I wondered if you'd like to go deer huntin' with me tomorrow," the Kid had said, and Bart stiffened and backed up a step or two. "You're new in the country," the Kid went on, "an' maybe I could show you some of the good spots."

For a moment, Bart studied the Kid. It was true the country was new to him and that he didn't know the best places to hunt. He'd heard the men of the neighborhood discussing such places as Goose Hollow and Mallory Run and Orange Hill, but for all he knew, they could have been talking about Timbuktu.

Still—to go deer hunting with a young fellow he didn't even know? But by that time his wife Betty had



picked up the thread of conversation from the kitchen and promised that Bart would go.

The Kid grinned. "I'll be here at six," he promised.

"The Kid doesn't want you to go with him," Betty explained to Bart later. "He wants to go with you. He's got no father."

At six o'clock in the morning Betty's kitchen was a reservoir of odors and sounds—the rich smell of bubbling coffee, the tangy steam of sprawling buckwheat pancakes, and the hot, sharp sizzle of curling strips of bacon in a cast-iron spider. The Kid came in as he'd promised, his face reddened by the frost outside, and set the old single shot in the corner, taking the precaution to open the lever so Bart could see it was unloaded.

#### Uneasiness Subsides

Bart noticed, and the uneasiness that had plagued him since the fore-going afternoon subsided a bit. He motioned the Kid to a chair and the two of them ate with little time for talk.

"You ever shoot a deer?" the Kid finally ventured.

"No. But I'll make out all right. You haven't got to worry for me."

The Kid nodded. "Deer fool people," he said. "They get excited an' shoot when there ain't horns. An' sometimes when there are horns, they shoot before they have to."

Bart agreed, though he was nettled. He didn't like to appear a beginner. He drained his coffee cup, pulled on his hunting clothes and headed for the door. "Let's go," he snapped.

The Kid took him to a wooded knoll somewhere on a ridge that he said was the northern extremity of the Buckhorn. "Down below," he explained, "is Goose Hollow. That off to the left is the slashin', an' the mountain to right is the Buckhorn. Now, I'm going back the way we came in an' swing over on top of the mountain an' work down below you. In

about an' hour an' a half, you'll see me coming up along the edge of that ravine." He pointed to a large hemlock a few hundred feet below them. "You stay here, Bart, an' you'll see deer. Maybe a buck." And with that, the Kid turned and went back up the trail.

With the Kid gone, the woods grew quiet. Bart hardly noticed the chickadees bobbing up and down on the hemlock tips or the chipmunk that scurried along a dead tree, stopping every now and then to sit on its haunches and survey the world of gaunt oaks and barren hickories. Bart didn't see the phantom shadow of the great horned owl in its silent glide, nor was he conscious of the bluejay nagging in the ravine below. He did see the disc of sun slipping upward over the ridges to his left, and he felt the first probings of cold in his toes. And deep inside his mind, he began to wonder how foolish a grown man could get.

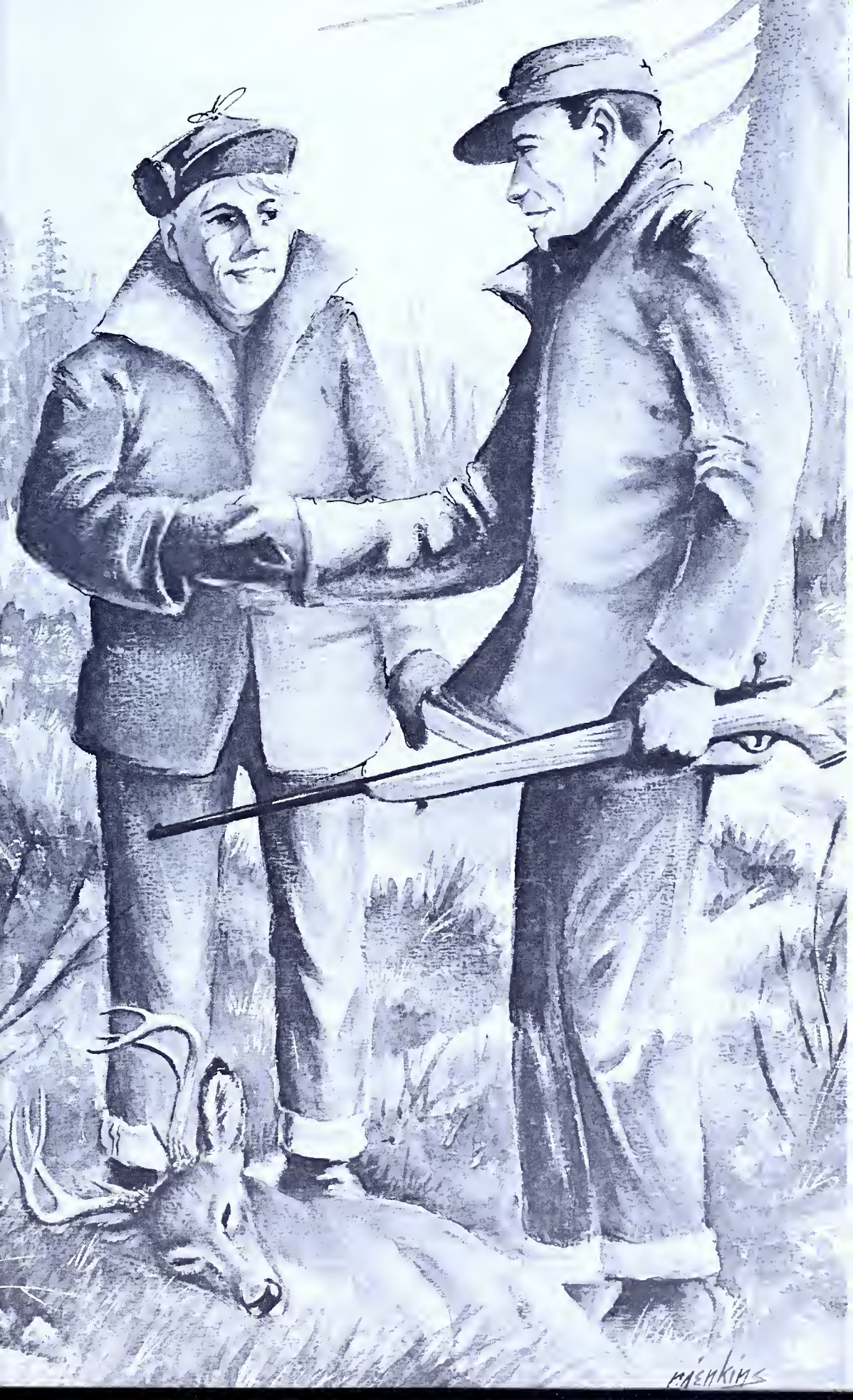
For half an hour, Bart stood the cold and wind of the point. He wiggled his fingers in his mittens to stimulate circulation, and kicked and shuffled his feet to make certain they were still a part of him. And as the cold worked deeper, he shivered and walked in small circles and wished he'd told the Kid that he wanted to hunt alone. At least a man could keep warm by walking.

It was then he saw the buck—standing not more than sixty feet away and staring straight at him.

What happened during the next few minutes, Bart never knew. He couldn't recall aiming the rifle nor pulling the trigger. All he could be certain of later was that suddenly his rifle was empty, the buck had long since been swallowed up by the brush, and his heart was hammering frantically against his ribs. Bart shook until his teeth rattled. When he regained some control, he sat down on a log and waited.

It was a good fifteen minutes be-





menkins



fore the Kid came in sight, and as he approached, Bart could tell by the look on his face that the Kid already knew. There was a flicker of a grin when Bart tried to explain what had happened, and a hint of disgust in the twisted eyebrows when the Kid asked Bart what part of the buck he had aimed at. Bart reddened and the subject of bullet placement was dropped.

"I don't suppose he'll come back this way?"

The Kid looked at him. "No, he won't be back this way." And then he added, "But that don't mean we can't go after him."



**BART'S DEER** was gone, but the Kid figured they could go after him.

Bart scanned the surrounding hills. They seemed to stretch to forever. "You've got about as much chance of finding that buck as one fish in the ocean," he said. "He won't be within miles of here."

"We could try."

Bart sighed. "Okay."

The Kid sketched a map on a dead log. "You go back this trail to where we passed that old cabin," he said, "and then you take the trail off to the right for almost half a mile. It peters out on a little ridge overlookin' a bench. When you get there, look

around an' you'll find a big hemlock that's been hit by lightnin'. You stand right there with your back to the tree."

Bart nodded and looked at his watch. "How long will it take me to get there?"

"I'll give you half an hour, an' then I'll start workin' through the slashin' an' along the outer edge of the bench."

"Okay, Kid. I'll give it a try." He turned to go and the Kid stopped him.

"Bart."

"Yeah?"

"Be sure an' stand with your back to that tree, because to any deer coming up along the bench, you'll be on the skyline."

Bart snorted and stomped off up the trail.

"An' take your time," the Kid called. "There ain't no deer can outrun a bullet."

All the way out to the bench, Bart sputtered and fussed and swore he'd never hunt with the Kid again.

### **Ideal Spot**

But as the Kid had directed, Bart found the hemlock that overlooked the bench, and he had to admit to himself that here was an ideal spot. Not far away was the slashing—a dense area of second growth maple and oak and ash knit together with gnarled mountain laurel and scrub pine. And below him was an area of deadfalls and old treetops left by previous lumbering—an area so cluttered that a hunter down there couldn't see, yet open enough so that a man on the ridge, as he was, was afforded the equivalent of an aerial view. The Kid had really set it up for him this time, and Bart began to notice the woods about him.

He noticed how the dead quiet merged into activity—fluttering chickadees, stuttering gray squirrels, chipmunks and always the nagging bluejay. He began to hear the sounds around him—the creaking of trees in

the wind and the sharp snap of frozen fibers breaking under stress. He heard the rattle of dead leaves on the scrub oak and was suddenly conscious of a distant cornflake crunch that might have been a man taking a step.

Bart watched. His eyes bulged in their sockets and grew moist.

There it was again. A sharp snap—not heavy enough to be frost—way out on the bench and a little to his right. He strained his neck and shifted to see better. “Stay next to the tree,” the Kid had warned, and Bart heeded the warning.

Another snap—and a rustle in the leaves. Something was moving around out there. Closer this time.

Bart hunkered down on his heels—twisting, straining, looking. Then something moved and he saw it was a doe, her ears upright and swiveling as she felt her way across a small clearing. Another doe followed her, and another, until six had passed the clearing. The last doe, Bart noticed was exceptionally large and kept looking back over her shoulder.

### **Buck Follows Does**

What was it the Kid had told him? “If a bunch of doe come through, Bart, always watch for a buck to follow. ‘Specially if the last doe keeps looking back.”

Bart’s chest pounded like a kettle-drum and his nerves grew taut as fiddle strings. His hands shook and the rifle, when he tried to steady it, cut circles in the air.

And then it was there, moving like a shadow across the clearing and out of sight before Bart even had time to aim. The air went out of him like a burst balloon and a wave of heat rushed through his body. He felt his nerves sag, felt his eyes relax and heard the chickadees once more. Bart stood up to stretch his legs—to rest before the Kid came through—and then he saw the buck again, this time standing beside an old deadfall.

Bart never forgot those next few seconds — the ease with which he raised the rifle and the way his eyes focused along the barrel. He was conscious of the muzzle flash and the sharp blast in the frosted atmosphere, and he remembered the buck collapsing as though the forest floor had dropped from beneath him.



**THE STAND** was an ideal spot overlooking a slashing and an area of deadfalls.

Later, he remembered the Kid’s grin, a grin so wide it seemed to sever his face! And how those gray eyes had misted over when the Kid stuck out a bony hand and Bart had grasped it!

“That was a good shot, Bart,” the Kid had said. “An’ I bet you never even sighted in your rifle.”

Yes, that was a long time ago—thirty years perhaps—long before anyone had heard of places called Pearl Harbor and Iwo Jima. That was the way Bart remembered the Kid—standing there with his back to the wind and his head slightly bent as though to hide the twinkle in his eyes while he explained some of the mysteries of deer hunting and the necessities of sighting in a rifle. And Bart had felt like a first-grader in the presence of awesome knowledge.





# ***Pennsylvania Deer Hunt***

**By Don Shiner**



**T**HERE ARE a lot of ways to hunt deer in Pennsylvania. You can still-hunt, drive, trail watch, use binoculars or spotting scope to examine distant hillsides and shoot with target-scoped, bull-barrel, set-trigger rifles chambered for hopped-up wildcat loads. You can day hunt from your home, go from a snug cabin built in prime whitetail country, even camp out—with the assurance that mosquitoes will be no bother! Or you can combine various methods. It makes no great difference, so long as you go. But to miss a deer season in Pennsylvania—that's unforgivable. So get your equipment ready and head for your favorite deer cover, be it big woods mountain country or flat land farm. Hope I'll see you!

**STALKING ALONE THROUGH** good deer cover, especially with a fresh fall of snow to aid visibility, can be the high point of a hunter's year.







**AS EVERYONE KNOWS,** there are more does than bucks in the woods—which helps account for the antlerless deer season—but there are plenty of antlered deer, too, and maybe your tag is destined for one.







NIROSATO

## ***The After-School Buck***

**By Joseph F. Frontino**

**D**EER HUNTING is just that: an intriguing challenge. In attempting to take a buck on his own terms and in his own environment, one must play by the quarry's rules. Obviously, the odds are not in your favor. I have had many thrilling deer hunts, but I never before encountered such a nerve-racking experience as last year's.

My only thought for almost two weeks of persistent hunting was that I could disprove the observation that a buck rarely gives you more than one opportunity. I couldn't think of anything else, except that I had been tormented twice already by the same animal.

### **A Third Chance?**

Would I get another chance? I felt as though I were being driven by some irresistible force. I had to return every day, always with the hope that, maybe today, if I were patient enough, he'd try me once more in our battle of wits.

I teach in the small town of Spangler in western Pennsylvania. This, in itself, should explain why I don't get as much time as I would like to be in the woods.

Our school system gives us a holiday the first day of antlered deer season, and if you do not bag a buck that day, you have to do what most of the kids do—hunt after school. That's what I did last season, for I didn't connect on Monday.

Luckily, I live in prime deer country and can be in the woods by 3:30 p.m. This gives me about one and one-half hours of good hunting.

I went out after school on Tuesday afternoon. I was driving unconcernedly along an old dirt road when I

spotted two does and a buck just off the road in the woods. I stepped out of the car and slipped into the woods, loading one shell into the rifle. After a moment, I located the deer, put the cross hairs on the buck's front shoulder and squeezed the trigger. Nothing happened. By the time I figured out that I had forgotten to move the safety off, the deer were gone. I was so disgusted with myself that I just sat down on a log, muttering to myself and trying to realize how I could have done such a stupid thing.

### **Pushed Out by Hunters**

I finally came to my senses when two hunters appeared. I knew them both, and when they saw me, one of them said, "You're too late; the deer just crossed. We pushed them out of the bottom."

I told them I had seen the deer and that one of them was a buck. I reluctantly (for the fear of ridicule) proceeded to tell them what had happened, and one of the men said, "Don't feel bad, Joe, I've made the same mistake myself." Anyway, they left because they both had to work the night shift at the coal mine. They had showered and dressed that morning after finishing a shift the previous night. Neither one had had any sleep, so they were going to quit for the day and get some sleep before going to work that night.

### **Picked Up Buck Track**

About twenty minutes later, I picked up a track and soon saw a deer moving ahead of me in some grapevines. It was so thick I couldn't see its head. When I did see that it was the buck, it was too late. He was walking away



from me and disappeared before I could get a shot. I was so disgusted with myself that I left the woods. He had done it again, and I was almost at my wits' end.

I hunted the same little patch of woods Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and the following Monday with no success. During all that time I hadn't seen a hunter or a deer.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the following week were a repeat performance of the previous days' hunting—no deer—no hunters.



**AFTER I SQUEEZED the trigger, everything was quiet except my heart!**

Every day I was plagued with the same thoughts. I knew that buck was around there somewhere . . . or was he? Had somebody already got him? Had he been pushed to some other section? Was I wasting my time in this one spot? It was over a week since I saw him, maybe he'd been bagged by someone else. And it seemed I no sooner got into the woods than I had to leave. An hour and a half wasn't much time, and time was precious, because not many days were left in the season. Boy, I wanted to get that buck. Something told me not to go anywhere else; that buck had to be here somewhere, and if I was patient

enough and tried hard enough, he'd make a mistake. My wife told me every day before I left that I'd get him. I just laughed. But he was there, I knew he was there. But where? Was he on top, or in the grapevines where there was good cover? Or bedded down in the choppings at the bottom, feeling fat and sassy because the hunting pressure was off? Most hunters had given up by now and his chances of survival had greatly increased. But I was still after him.

### Chances Diminishing

I felt rather stupid, actually, knowing my chances were diminishing as each day passed. I even thought of giving up the seemingly ridiculous hunt. But I hated to quit and have to resort to the old standard excuses a hunter uses when he doesn't get his buck. I know them all; I've used them myself.

All these things crossed my mind with increasing anxiety as I stalked the same patch of woods day after day, striving for just one more glimpse of that wary animal.

### Checked Safety

I checked my safety for about the fifteenth time that afternoon. I wanted to make sure it was on but that I could get it off in a hurry. I didn't want to repeat the second day's fiasco. If I missed him clean, that was okay, but I wouldn't admit I was licked until he beat me again. And if I got that split second, I'd be ready. Otherwise, all I was going to see was the flash of a white flag, and that would be the end of it for me. If I didn't get him this time, he'd deserve his freedom and I'd admit defeat.

About twenty minutes before quitting time, it started to get dark and I began working dejectedly down the gas line toward the car. Then things began to happen.

I heard a dog barking, so I stopped and looked to the right. Two deer were racing over the top of the hill.

In an instant all I could see were white tails.

While I was looking after them, I saw something move on the edge of the gas line to my left. It was the buck. He probably had been following or traveling with the does, and when he saw me, he turned and tried to sneak into the grapevines before I could spot him.

#### **A Long Shot**

I spun back to my left and put the scope on him. He was directly in front of me about 300 yards away. I pulled the trigger.

After I squeezed the trigger, I saw nothing and everything was quiet, except my heart. It was hammering against my chest. Had I scored?

I started to walk, second guessing myself and muttering about what I could have or should have done to get a better shot. Meanwhile, it was getting darker, and I was having a little difficulty finding the spot where I had last seen the deer.

Then I heard some thrashing in the grapevines. I couldn't believe my eyes. The buck was in there and trying desperately to get up. I placed a final shot.

There he was. A magnificent animal. The game had ended for this gallant creature, and I had mixed emotions. No one knows how a hunter feels and what he thinks when he sees his buck down, but I'll say this: it is a feeling different from any other that you'll ever have, no matter how much hunting you might do.

#### **Proud**

It was nearly dark now and the woods were suddenly quiet. I hurried to field dress the deer, grinning in anticipation. The kids would surely be proud that their ol' dad had got his buck, and when my wife would say, "Did you get him, Joe?" I'd casually say (like there was nothing to it), "Sure, he's out in the car trunk. Wanta see him?"

I couldn't wait to get home.

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### ***13th North American Big Game Competition***

The Boone and Crockett Club has announced that competition for the Thirteenth North American Big Game Competition, 1966-1967, will close on December 31, 1967. Trophies taken during any year are eligible for this competition if they have not been entered in any previous one or listed in editions of *Records of North American Big Game*, provided that they were taken in fair chase. Public exhibition of winning trophies will be held at the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh in May, 1968. For full information, write the Boone and Crockett Club, Carnegie Museum, 4400 Forbes Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213.

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#### **Recipe:**

#### **Prime Venison Chops**

Treat venison like top-grade beef and it will reward you with a delicious treat. Cut your venison chops at least ¾-inch thick. Trim any fat from the meat and sprinkle with unseasoned meat tenderizer. Broil the chops in the oven 10 minutes on the first side and 5 minutes on the second. Place on hot platter, spread a teaspoon of butter on each chop and season with salt, pepper and a pinch of garlic powder. Serve with creamed potatoes, baked squash, and a green salad with French dressing.





*PGC Photo by Ralph Cady*

**AWARDS FOR TOP DEER TROPHIES** were given to Maynard and Vernon Reibson; PGC Supervisor George Norris, who accepted for R. K. Mellon, and Andrew Getsy, who was accompanied by Miss Alice Duclos.

## Top Pennsylvania White-Tailed Deer Trophies Announced

**T**WO BEAUTIFUL deer heads have established new records for whitetails taken in the state under the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Deer Records Program. Final tabulations announced on September 23 show that the new records are in the Typical White-Tailed Deer with Gun and White-Tailed Deer with Bow and Arrow categories.

The new record holder in the Typical class is a magnificent buck taken by the late Floyd Reibson of R. D. 2, Forksville, in 1931. Now owned jointly by Mr. Reibson's brothers Maynard and Vernon, Forksville, this outstanding deer totals 180-4/8 points under the internationally recognized Boone and Crockett Club scoring system. The

previous record was taken by Raymond Miller of Bedford in 1957. It scored 177-5/8 points.

The new first place deer in the Archery class was taken in 1965 by Andrew Getsy, 512 S. Third Avenue, Patton, in Cambria County. This beautiful rack scores 155-1/8, topping the previous record by more than 23 points. The old record was held by Marlin E. Spangler, Boswell.

The top Non-typical white-tailed deer measured in the 1967 program was taken by General R. K. Mellon of Ligonier, Westmoreland County, in 1966. Antlers on this buck score 200-1/8 points—an outstanding head, though not quite equaling Pennsylvania's top Non-typical buck which

was taken in Juniata County in 1951 by Ralph Landis of Port Royal. The record holder, measured two years ago during the first Pennsylvania Deer Records Awards Program, measured 207-7/8 points.

Glenn Bowers, Executive Director of the Game Commission, had the honor of presenting this year's awards. Each winner received a bronze medalion sculptured with a buck's head and inscribed with the successful hunter's name and the date of award. A framed certificate listing all pertinent data also was given to each. Maynard and Vernon Reibson accepted the award for their brother Floyd, while Game Commission Field Division Supervisor George Norris, Chairman of the Measuring Committee, accepted the award for Mr. Mellon in the general's absence. Andrew Getsy was present to receive his award.

#### **Role of POWA**

The ceremonies were conducted during a banquet of the Pennsylvania Outdoor Writers Association at Allenberry, near Boiling Springs. This group of writers was instrumental in establishing the Deer Records Program in 1965, and has worked closely with the Game Commission in bringing it to hunters' attention.

Roy Trexler, Chief of the Game Commission's Information and Education Division, spoke to the large gathering of sportsmen and their wives, telling how the program was initiated several years ago in order that records of the fine deer taken in Pennsylvania could be collected. He pointed out that in times gone by many people believed that, though the state had a large number of deer, few were of trophy size. This belief was not shared by Game Commission personnel, POWA members and individual hunters who knew from personal observation that a tremendous number of excellent deer had been taken—and were being taken each year—in Pennsylvania. But in order to prove this

and let the state gain the recognition it deserved, a records keeping system was needed.

Various methods of scoring deer antlers were considered, but in the end it was deemed logical to adopt the Boone and Crockett method. This permits a direct comparison of any deer head with the hundreds of others which constitute the world's top trophies for this species. These are listed in *Records of North American Big Game*, compiled by the Boone and Crockett Club Records Committee.

#### **Over 1400 Measured**

More than 1400 deer racks were measured in Pennsylvania's program this year, an increase of 100-plus over the last session, despite the fact that spike bucks were measured in 1965 but not this time. Handsome certificates listing the hunter's name and the official score of his trophy have been given to the owners of all deer heads which totaled 140 or more points for Typical racks, 160 or more for Non-typical, and 120 or more if taken with bow and arrow. This year, 167 certificates were distributed. Of these, ten exceeded the 160-point minimum required for listing in the Typical section of *Records of North American Big Game*, and three qualified for the Non-typical list, which has a 180-point minimum. Floyd Reibson's new Pennsylvania record should be well up in the standings of the next Boone and Crockett book, as it equals the score of the 32nd place deer in the latest (1964) edition. The current all-time Typical whitetail record, incidentally, scores 202 points.

Everyone connected with the Deer Records Program feels that it has been highly successful, not only from the standpoint of hunter response, but also in showing that this state contains many trophy deer. It is expected that measuring sessions will be conducted at two-year intervals in the future—and also that outstanding bucks will continue to come out of Pennsylvania's hills for many years to come.





**THIS IS THE ONLY** known photo of Floyd Reibson with his tremendous trophy.

## **Pennsylvania's Biggest Buck**

**M**OST HUNTERS go a lifetime, perhaps collecting a good deer every year, without ever getting a truly outstanding buck. Many never even see such a deer in the woods. That's the nature of things, and it's not difficult to understand. But for an occasional hunter, the once-in-a-lifetime chance comes early.

That's the way it was for Floyd Reibson. In 1931, when he collected

the beautiful buck that is now Number 1 in the Pennsylvania records, Floyd was eighteen years old.

The full story of the hunt is unknown at this time, but some details are recalled by his brothers Vernon and Maynard. They illustrate how a knowledge of basic woodsmanship, plus determination and the ability to recognize a unique opportunity when it arises, can mean success.

At that time the Reibson family was living in Hillsgrove, Sullivan County, and all the boys were interested in hunting. Furthermore, they had seen this huge buck in the summer. Perhaps more important, his tracks had been studied and it was noted that one hoof was twisted and left a distinctive mark.

Early in hunting season, Floyd left his home to help on a job distilling birch oil from saplings. Such oil was commonly sold as a liniment in those days. Because it was hunting season, he carried his rifle, a Model 99 Savage 303 caliber, but he had only two cartridges for it.

It had snowed during the night, and not far from town Floyd crossed a set of large deer tracks in the fresh white cover. With a surge of excitement, he recognized the distinctive twisted print of the big buck. All thoughts of the birch still vanished from his mind. He wanted that big bruiser of a deer!

#### **Buck in No Hurry**

All alone, Floyd took the trail, hurrying along with the little Savage clenched tightly in his hands, eyes searching the terrain ahead. The tracks led uphill, twisting between thick patches of cover, with no indication of fear or excitement. The deer, which apparently had passed by just before dawn, obviously did not know it was being trailed. It seemed to be heading for a place to lie down after feeding. But if the deer was not excited, the same certainly couldn't be said for Floyd! He knew the biggest buck he'd ever dreamed of—one that any hunter in the county would trade his pet rifle for a shot at—was somewhere just ahead of him, probably not more than a half-mile distant. Floyd's heart was thudding in his ears and, despite the cold, he was sweating. He wiped his face, gripped his rifle tighter, and sneaked upward along the flank of the hill, hoping against hope.

Suddenly, the deer flashed into view, huge antlers bulking high and

catching the early morning light. The huge animal was in sight for only a moment, but in that time the little Savage jumped to Floyd's shoulder and he pressed the trigger.

Motionless, Floyd strained his ears to listen—and heard the sound of the deer vanishing. He raced to the spot where he'd last seen the buck, but it wasn't there. Only tracks. Heartbreak flooded over him. He'd missed his chance at the biggest buck in the woods. And then he saw the specks of red.

Hope surged again, and he once more took the trail. Into a valley and to the top of another ridge he followed the tracks, alternating between hope and despair, before he again saw the deer's shadowy form in the trees ahead. His heart was hammering now, not only from excitement and the effort of his chase, but also because he knew this was his last chance—his last cartridge was chambered in his gun.

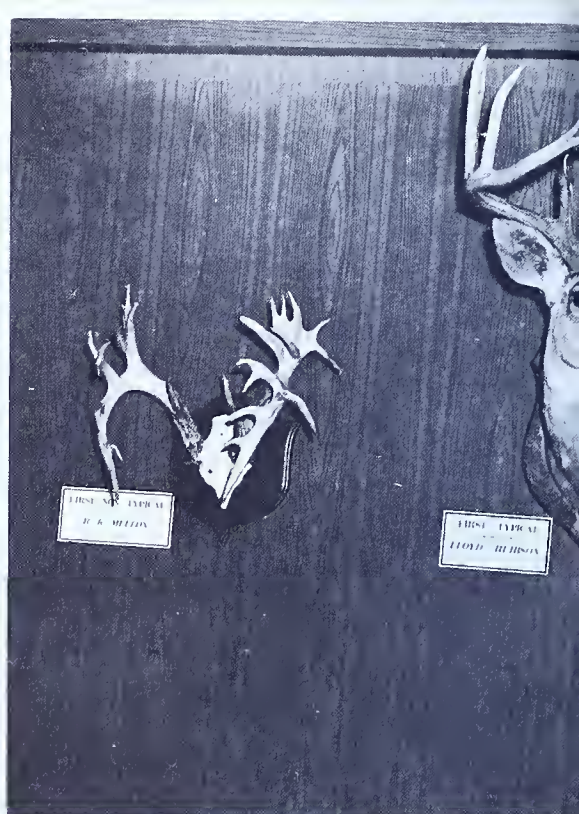
The front sight moved onto the deer's shoulder, wavered slightly, then settled. A sharp *Crack* broke the stillness. The hunt was over. . . .

At the beginning of this account, we mentioned that getting an outstanding white-tailed deer trophy was a once-in-a-lifetime chance. Normally, this is the best that can be hoped for. But perhaps the most amazing part of this story is that during the season before he got his record holder, Floyd Reibson killed an 11-point buck which his brothers say was similar in size to his Number 1 trophy. He later gave its mounted head to a friend living near Elmira, N. Y., and for a long time it was in a fire hall in that area. Then it disappeared. The Reibsons have made a great effort to locate it, but have been unsuccessful. Perhaps some GAME NEWS reader can let us know its whereabouts. It would certainly be unusual if one hunter were to have two deer in the Pennsylvania records.





**WINNER OF top archery trophy Andrew Getsy and his fiancée Alice Duclos, above. Below, Supervisor George Norris accepts Gen. Mellon's awards for non-typical winner from PGC Executive Director Glenn Bowers.**



**BRONZE MEDALLION WINNERS were the score 200-1, R. K. Mellon, Ligonier; typical 155-1, Andrew Getsy, Cambria.**

## GAME COMMISSION DEER RECO

**T**HE second Pennsylvania Deer Rec... lenberry in Boiling Springs. Climate generated intense interest among Keys... nia Outdoor Writers Association fall... other conservationists. Bronze medallio... for the three top deer heads.







magnificent trophies. From left: non-typical  
Floyd Reibson, Hillsgrove; archery, score



AWARDS FOR best typical trophy are  
shown by Vernon and Maynard Reibson,  
top. Below, Roy Trexler, Chief of Game  
Commission's Information and Educa-  
tion Division, gives history of program.

PGC Photos by Ralph Cady

## S AWARDS

Program was held September 23 at Al-  
ear's antler measuring program which  
, the affair was part of the Pennsylva-  
was attended by sportsmen, writers and  
y created for the event, were awarded





# TYPICAL WHITE-TAILED DEER WITH GUN

Rank	Name	Address	County	Year of Kill	Scoring Points
1	Reibson, Floyd				
2	Owner—Vernon & Maynard Reibson	R. D. 2, Forksville, Pa.	Sullivan	1931	180-4*
3	Zerbe, John				
	Owner—Ken Zerbe	McClure, Pa.	Mifflin	1936	176-5
4	Rothrock, George				
5	Owner—Geo. Minarchick	Philipsburg, Pa.	Centre	1931	169-2
6	Schultz, Ezra	Box 5, New Albany, Pa.	Bradford	1927	169-0
7	Walcheski, Vince	R. D. 2, Canton, Pa.	Bradford	1932	166-7
8	Kesner, Jay F.	R. D. 1, Shippenville, Pa.	Jefferson	1965	165-1
9	Welsch, Hank	Maple St., Erie, Pa.	Clearfield	1926	161-7
10	Bliss, Lyle				
11	Owner—Clair Taylor	Rixford, Pa.	Potter	1930	160-7
12	Streng, Arthur F.	1442 Bellaire Pl., Pittsburgh, Pa.	Somerset	1949	160-6
13	Luckey, Vernon	Box 36, Sylvania, Pa.	Bradford	1951	160-2
14	Killam, Marcus				
15	Owner—Harold Gumble	Paupack, Pa.	Pike	1870	159-7
16	Mulcahy, Joseph H.	2501 Jackson Ave., Windber, Pa.	Somerset	1950	159-1
17	Diederich, Fred W.	R. D. 1, Fayette City, Pa.	Fayette	1945	158-6
18	Chyko, John A.	448 E. 8th St., Bloomsburg, Pa.	Columbia	1946	158-3
19	Clontz, Daniel				
20	Owner—Ralph S. Gingerich	R. D. 1, Hellam, Pa.	Cameron	1925	158-0
21	Hobart, Rolla B.	P. O. Box, Kinsman, Ohio	Mercer	1945	157-7
22	Parker, Arthur	R. D. 2, Millville, Pa.	Columbia	1948	157-4
23	Stants, Dale	R. D. 1, Coopcrstown, Pa.	Venango	1966	157-4
24	Humenick, Leo	R. D. 1, Beaver Meadows, Pa.	Carbon	1959	157-2
25	Keck, Ralph	Box 149, Seward, Pa.	Indiana	1958	156-7
26	Wenrich, William R.	Colebrook Rd., Manheim, Pa.	Schuylkill	1955	156-6
27	Martini, Silvio	St. Marys, Pa.	Elk	1957	156-4
28	Meyer, Buster	Lookout, Pa.	Wayne	1955	155-4
29	Braughler, Floyd	Marion Center, Pa.	McKean	1929	155-2
30	Conklin, Glenn R.	Pittsfield, Pa.	Warren	1928	155-2
31	Heft, Sherman	R. D. 3, Wyoming, Pa.	Luzerne	1947	155-2
32	Gill, Cecil E.	R. D. 2, New Wilmington, Pa.	Mercer	1966	155-1
33	Walczak, Gerald T.	624 West Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.	Butler	1966	155-1
34	Steigerwalt, Ronald R.	R. D. 2, Lehighnton, Pa.	Carbon	1957	154-7

\* Scoring by the Boone and Crockett method is done in one-eighth inch units, thus the score of the No. 1 head here, for instance, is 180-4/8.

Rank	Name	Address	County	Year of Kill	Scoring Points
26	Best, Vern	Emlenton, Pa.	McKean	1950	154-5
26	Owner—Shorts Barber Shop	R. D. 3, Grove City, Pa.	Venango	1943	154-5
27	Riddle, Charles	R. D. 1, Mars, Pa.	Forest	1941	154-3
28	Guyer, F. J.	R. D. 3, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.	Somerset	1949	154-0
29	Fenton, Wade W.	R. D. 4, North East, Pa.	Erle	1944	153-7
30	Post, Ray				
30	Groe, Albert				
30	Owner—Russell Lucas	Philipsburg, Pa.	Centre	1940	153-4
31	McDonald, Fred M.	R. D. 1, Claysburg, Pa.	Bedford	1966	153-4
31	Cornelius, Reginald	R. D. 2, Wellsville, N. Y.	Potter	1933	153-3
31	Fairman, Milton	R. D. 1, Creekside, Pa.	Jefferson	1941	153-3
32	Chess, Lee	R. D. 3, Greenville, Pa.	Mercer	1945	153-2
32	Swistock, Alex	R. D. 1, Houtzdale, Pa.	Clearfield	1932	153-2
33	James, Clarence	R. D. 1, Hawley, Pa.	Lackawanna	1925	152-4
34	Mellon, S. P.	Ligonier, Pa.	Westmoreland	1965	152-3
35	Rider, George, Sr.	Central Ave., Chicora, Pa.	Warren	1928	152-2
35	Van Sickles, Jack	R. D. 2, Port Allegany, Pa.	McKean	1935	152-2
36	Bennink, Paul	R. D. 1, Columbus, Pa.	Warren	1948	151-5
37	Mellon, R. K.	Ligonier, Pa.	Westmoreland	1965	151-3
38	Bonser, Robert	213 Exeter Ave., W. Pittston, Pa.	Wyoming	1945	151-2
38	Pitman, Verna E.	512 S. 3rd St., Newport, Pa.	Perry	1945	151-2
39	Fry, E. H.	R. D. 1, Seneca, Pa.	Venango	1930	151-0
40	Emerick, John M.	R. D. 1, Hyndman, Pa.	Bedford	1958	150-4
40	Price, Kenneth	R. D. 3, Stroudsburg, Pa.	Monroe	1919	150-4
41	Heidorn, Donald	Alum Bank, Pa.	Mifflin	1946	150-3
42	Dunn, A. E.	R. D. 7, Butler, Pa.	Forest	1933	150-0
42	Grove, Alan R.	R. D. 4, Centerville, Pa.	Crawford	1955	150-0
42	Shartz, George	Farmington, Pa.	Fayette	1939	150-0
43	Perry, A. L.	R. D. 1, Martinsburg, Pa.	Blair	1959	149-7
44	Ellison, George H.	1305 Hall St., Elmira, N. Y.	Potter	1924	149-2
45	Hartenstine, Edward L.	R. D. 1, Elverson, Pa.	Berks	1966	149-1
46	Dolan, John K., Jr.	R. D. 3, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.	Somerset	1953	149-0
47	Miller, John W., Jr.	525 Front St., Warrior Run, Pa.	Luzerne	1966	148-6
47	Moyer, Merl	R. D. 2, Kersey, Pa.	Elk	1932	148-6
48	Shreve, Morris	R. D. 2, Centerville, Pa.	Warren	1926	148-5
49	Thomas, William	Pleasant Gap, Pa.	Centre	1961	148-4
50	Weyman, Stanley	1282 Saxonburg Blvd., Glenshaw, Pa.	Allegheny	1966	148-3
51	Ash, Everett				
51	Owner—Margaret Bradley	R. D. 2, Centerville, Pa.	Forest	1930	147-6
51	Gappa, Frank J.	309 New Dorwart St., Lancaster, Pa.	Lancaster	1966	147-6



Rank	Name	Address	County	Year of Kill	Scoring Points
52	Howard, Irvin	1744 Bedford St., Johnstown, Pa.	Bedford	1949	147-4
53	Blattenberger, H. D.	109 W. Penn St., Martinsburg, Pa.	Blair	1954	146-7
53	Lohr, Robert	R. D. 4, Meyersdale, Pa.	Somerset	1965	146-7
53	Waddell, Francis J.	168½ Prospect St., Johnstown, Pa.	Cambria	1960	146-7
54	Putnam, Roland T.	Spartansburg, Pa.	Somerset	1932	146-6
55	Bliley, Roy	Mountainside, N. J.	Warren	1965	146-4
56	Rhoades, Frank	R. D. 1, Corsica, Pa.	Clarion	1949	146-3
57	Arbuckle, Wayne K.	R. D. 1, Hadley, Pa.	Mercer	1959	146-2
58	Colvin, Hunter S.	R. D. 2, Charleroi, Pa.	Potter	1935	146-1
58	Gustin, George	Lakewood, Pa.	Wayne	1946	146-1
58	Martin, Perry M.	R. D. 2, Dunbar, Pa.	Fayette	1936	146-1
59	Kuzneski, Walter	Blossburg, Pa.	Tioga	1946	146-0
59	Null, Victor D.	R. D. 4, Box 80-B, Johnstown, Pa.	Somerset	1959	146-0
60	Ninno, William	Roulette, Pa.	Potter	1935	145-7
61	Rung, B. Robert	Proctor Star Route, Williamsport, Pa.	Lycoming	1966	145-6
62	Allison, Willis E.	R. D. 1, Renfrew, Pa.	Forest	1942	145-5
63	Anderson, Ralph	R. D. 1, Tunkhannock, Pa.	Wyoming	1966	145-4
64	Lindberg, O. E.	2805 Cleveland St., McKeesport, Pa.	Somerset	1945	145-1
65	Snyder, Henry C.	440 Maple St., Freeland, Pa.	Luzerne	1922	145-0
66	Auman, William	445 Benedict St., St. Marys, Pa.	Elk	1944	144-7
67	Raybould, Robert E.	R. D. 3, Slippery Rock, Pa.	Butler	1949	144-6
67	Wilkinson, Louis A.	R. D. 3, North East, Pa.	Erie	1946	144-6
68	Barnes, David A.	R. D. 1, Millerstown, Pa.	Perry	1944	144-5
68	Krick, Mervin T.	R. D. 1, Duncannon, Pa.	Perry	1940	144-5
68	Smith, George	8-A, Lumar Village, Butler, Pa.	Clarion	1940	144-5
69	Steffen, Charles	5th St., Mifflintown, Pa.	Junata	1954	144-4
70	Michel, Robert H.	R. D. 1, Yardley, Pa.	Bucks	1966	144-3
71	McDonald, Jack	Ligonier, Pa.	Westmoreland	1966	144-1
72	Bateman, Andrew	Million Dollar Hgwy., St. Marys, Pa.	Elk	1925	144-0
72	Coahran, J. M.	Smethport, Pa.	McKean	1937	144-0
72	Harshbarger, I. Z.	McVeytown, Pa.	Mifflin	1899	144-0
72	McCahan, Walter C.	Port Royal, Pa.	Junata	1921	144-0
72	Shartzler, George	Farmington, Pa.	Fayette	1940	144-0
72	Siegel, Stanley	829 North St., Circleville, Irwin, Pa.	Westmoreland	1966	144-0
73	Clawson, Todd	R. D. 2, Box 135, Blairsville, Pa.	Indiana	1945	143-6
73	Daugherty, W. L.	Apollo, Pa.	Armstrong	1944	143-6
73	Mathias, Leon E.	711 N. Front St., Milton, Pa.	Union	1947	143-6
74	Barna, Steve	R. D. 1, Waymart, Pa.	Wayne	1946	143-5
75	Romesberg, Roger L.	410 Market St., Rockwood, Pa.	Somerset	1953	143-4
76	Burkhart, Clair E.	150 New York Ave., Box 334, Rochester	Elk	1929	143-3

<i>Rank</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>County</i>	<i>Year of Kill</i>	<i>Scoring Points</i>
77	Trimble, Robert	Georgetown, Pa.	Beaver	1961	143-2
78	Rutherford, Roy	Forest City, Pa.	Susquehanna	1955	143-1
78	Swanger, C. E.	Star Route, Mill Creek, Pa.	Huntingdon	1941	143-1
79	Riddle, Clayton, Sr.				
	Owner—Clayton Riddle, Jr.				
80	Adamek, Michael	Box 176, Rossiter, Pa.	Clearfield	1941	143-0
80	Scott, John	Cairnbrook, Pa.	Somerset	1955	142-6
	Owner—Michael Goda				
81	Clouser, Earl R.	224 Rockestein Ave., Butler, Pa.	Forest	1932	142-6
81	Coursin, David L.	R. D. 3, Lewistown, Pa.	Mifflin	1965	142-5
81	Montross, Theodore	R. D. 2, New Florence, Pa.	Indiana	1966	142-5
81	Reep, Bryan	Center Moreland, Pa.	Wyoming	1951	142-5
	Owner—Butler H&F Club				
81	Snyder, Charles T.	R. D. 1, Petrolia Pa.	Butler	1960	142-5
82	Benuti, Pete	R. D. 1, Franklin, Pa.	Venango	1943	142-5
82	Smith, Ivan E.	1754 Borland Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa.	Elk	1957	142-2
83	Harshbarger, C. A.	211 E. Pleasant, Corry, Pa.	Forest	1930	142-2
	Owner—Mrs. Elva Hesser				
83	Hensel, Charles	R. D. 2, Lewistown, Pa.	Mifflin	1905	142-1
83	Narsteld, W. H.	103 Vine St., S. Connellsville, Pa.	Fayette	1947	142-1
	Owner—Richland Spts. Club				
83	Titus, Leonard R.	Box 97, Gibsonia	Forest	1930	142-1
84	Caldwell, Roy	Bradford, Pa.	McKean	1942	142-1
	Owner—Glenn Leslie				
84	Keebaugh, Chalmers S.	New Florence, Pa.	Westmoreland	1935	142-0
84	Sites, Harry J.	Houstontown, Pa.	Fulton	1927	142-0
85	Williams, Allen	R. D. 2, Manheim, Pa.	Lebanon	1953	142-0
86	McKee, Hugh E.	R. D. 3, Bloomsburg, Pa.	Columbia	1948	141-7
87	Lehman, Herman	611 Freedom Ave., Burnham, Pa.	Mifflin	1924	141-5
87	Montross, Donald A.	Lewisville, Pa.	Potter	1941	141-3
88	Anthony, Lloyd W.	R. D. 3, Tunkhannock, Pa.	Wyoming	1950	141-3
88	Figas, Stanley, Jr.	R. D. 2, Titusville, Pa.	Crawford	1963	141-2
88	Kirkpatrick, Fred	422 Second St., Weatherly, Pa.	Carbon	1955	141-2
88	Powell, Clement	526 Lawn Ave., Sellersville, Pa.	Pike	1938	141-2
89	Filchok, George	R. D. 2, Uniondale, Pa.	Susquehanna	1962	141-2
	Owner—Victor Filchok				
89	Maharty, Robert	R. D. 1, Grindstone, Pa.	Fayette	1954	141-0
90	Bolze, Bruce L.	251 Andover St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Luzerne	1925	141-0
91	Foust, Mahlon W.	R. D. 1, Landisburg, Pa.	Perry	1945	140-7
91	Turella, Samuel J.	1 Bridge St., Huntingdon, Pa.	Huntingdon	1922	140-6
		Box 271, Jennerstown, Pa.	Somerset	1950	140-6



Rank	Name	Address	County	Year of Kill	Scoring Points
92	Jackson, L. P.	R. D. 3, Troy, Pa.	Bradford	1943	140-5
92	Shuey, Henry W.	Box 3, Ono, Pa.	Lebanon	1948	140-5
93	Ross, Harold V.	R. D. 1, Falls Creek, Pa.	Jefferson	1947	140-4
93	Wallace, Paul E.	R. D. 2, Box 294, Boswell, Pa.	Indiana	1964	140-4
94	Orisan, Albert	1009 N. Main St., Forest City, Pa.	Susquehanna	1955	140-3
94	Waak, Stephen	Hazleton, Pa.	Schuylkill	1962	140-3
95	Lucas, Franklin	R. R. 3, Pine Grove, Pa.	Schuylkill	1967	140-2
96	Plouse, LeRoy	R. D. 2, Sayre, Pa.	Bradford	1937	140-0

### NON-TYPICAL WHITE-TAILED DEER WITH GUN

1	Mellon, R. K.	Ligonier, Pa.	Westmoreland	1966	200-1
2	Resinger, Kenneth	Ickesburg, Pa.	Perry	1949	196-6
3	Kirkland, Claude	438 Chestnut St., St. Marys, Pa.	Elk	1930	181-1
4	Pekala, Lawrence	Fern Glen, Pa.	Luzerne	1946	179-7
5	Lauver, J. Emory	McAlisterville, Pa.	Juniata	1948	178-4
6	Seiwell, Charles	Rock Glen, Pa.	Luzerne	1962	176-5
7	Kowalski, Alfred	448 E. 8th St., Bloomsburg, Pa.	Columbia	1941	170-3

### WHITE-TAILED DEER WITH BOW AND ARROW

1	Getsy, Andrew	512 S. 3rd Ave., Patton, Pa.	Cambria	1965	155-1
2	Bonser, Robert	213 Exeter Ave., W. Pittston, Pa.	Wyoming	1960	151-4
3	Dixon, Elsworth	R. D., Mt. Union, Pa.	Mifflin	1965	137-2
4	Goga, Mike	860 Main St., Central City, Pa.	Somerset	1966	126-3
5	Greenawalt, James E.	R. D. 3, Box 191, Ligonier, Pa.	Westmoreland	1965	125-2
6	Peterson, Harry J.	4015 Iroquois Ave., Erie, Pa.	Warren	1966	124-1
7	Dean, William G.	135 E. Clinton St., Lock Haven, Pa.	Clinton	1951	120-2

### WHITE-TAILED DEER PICK-UP (TYPICAL AND NON-TYPICAL)

1	Barkley, W. C.	R. D. 1, New Florence, Pa.	Westmoreland	1966	178-4
2	Casteel, Donald	310 W. First St., Clearfield, Pa.	Westmoreland	1950	161-3
3	Belding, Richard B.	Box 155, Bradfordwoods, Pa.	Allegheny	1966	158-3
4	Barkley, W. C.	R. D. 1, New Florence, Pa.	Westmoreland	1965	149-5
5	McGinnis, Dan	Emlenton, Pa.	Venango	1957	147-0
6	Pa. Game Commission	Harrisburg, Pa.	Centre		140-6



# FIELD NOTES



## More Than They Bargained For

**HUNTINGDON COUNTY**—Kenneth Cohenour and Garry Hershey from Three Springs were taking a walk on State Game Lands No. 99 in southern Huntingdon County, hoping to see some deer on the food plots. Hearing a noise on the far side of a field, they crept through and came face to face with a very large black bear standing on his hind feet and pulling apples from a tree nearby. They watched the bear for nearly ten minutes before he took off for parts unknown.—Land Manager W. H. Shaffer, Huntingdon.

## The Time Is Now

**FOREST COUNTY**—What does it take to make a buck? Three good open winters? Three good mast crops? Antlerless seasons? Which one is responsible for the extra-nice antlered deer being seen going into this season, or are they all necessary? It used to hurry this timber country to put antlers of any kind on a deer, and to get them up to 120 pounds. This year we know there is a large percentage of bucks with nice racks.—District Game Protector D. W. Gross, Marienville.

## Picture in Memory

**MIFFLIN COUNTY**—While visiting near Benzette in Elk County I had an opportunity to show my 11-year-old son a bull elk of approximately 700 pounds. The bull had a large set of antlers with 12 or 14 tines. Unfortunately, it was raining and gloomy at the time, so we could not get movies of this magnificent animal.—District Game Protector J. D. Moyle, McVeytown.

## Fascinating Subject

**HUNTINGDON COUNTY**—While assisting Game Protectors Moyle and Shaffer at the Mifflin County 4-H Fair, I noticed that more interest was given to the live snake display than anything else we had.—LMA G. H. Burdick, Huntingdon.



## Target for Today

**JUNIATA COUNTY**—In answer to a muskrat damage complaint, I was setting a few traps along a farm pond. I was squatted down and leaning out over the water when I felt a sharp pain. I thought I had bent over a thistle, but when I glanced back all I could see was yellow jackets! They were swarming out of a hole directly under me, and as they came out they hit the part of me that was closest—and also, unfortunately, where my pants fit the tightest. Their aim was deadly. The owner of the pond, Jack Hetric of Centre, was watching, and even though he said he sympathized with my plight the tears of laughter in his eyes told another story.—District Game Protector R. P. Shaffer, Mifflintown.



## Stupid Starlings!

**LUZERNE COUNTY** — Recently, LEA Paul Glenny asked me to assist the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service in collecting ten starlings for a pesticide monitoring program. I said, "No problem, anybody can get ten starlings." I asked a deputy to trap the starlings. After a week, he hadn't caught one starling. Two deputies and I decided to shoot them. Total starlings killed, one—after 13 hours of hunting. Then C. R. Studholme, Predator and Rodent Control agent, F. & W. Service, and I tried shooting them. From 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. we killed one. We visited traps where farmers were having bird damage to grain crops. One had about sixty birds in it — grackles, cowbirds and redwing blackbirds — but not one starling. Again we took to our shotguns, this time assisted by Game Protector Sloan. Finally, one of us got lucky enough and got close enough to a flock to kill six. Total starlings collected after a week and one-half of maximum effort: eight—two short of the goal. We knew of a roost where there were about a million birds last year. This year, not one. We tried driving some stragglers over standers. They wouldn't fly in the right direction. Nothing worked. So I and a few other people learned a few things in the past few days. (1) Collecting 10 starlings isn't as easy as it sounds. (2) I had better come up with a better collecting technique because we will have to collect ten more in late winter. (3) Keep your comments to yourself.—District Game Protector C. E. Burkholder, Wilkes-Barre.

## Just Browsing

**INDIANA COUNTY**—A nighthawk recently flew into the open door of a store on Philadelphia Street, Indiana. No doubt doing its Christmas shopping early. After keeping the bird overnight, it was in excellent condition for release the next day. — District Game Protector A. J. Zaycosky, Indiana.



## Just Call Me Flipper

**CLEARFIELD COUNTY** — While working with the Game Commission exhibit at the Clearfield County Fair, I heard tales about wildlife from many people. Keeping in the fair spirit, I feel that a blue ribbon should go to the one told by Mr. and Mrs. Lex Liptak who have a camp along Black Moshannon Creek, near Allport. The Liptaks told of a black bear that raided some canned beer from the camp's porch. The bear drank four cans. When asked how the animal got the cans open—you guessed it—they were "flip-top" cans.—District Game Protector J. R. Furlong, Ramey.

## We Wonder, Too

**BEDFORD COUNTY**—I have noticed that some people are very vocal in their concern for the rights of the press, the rights of the individual pertaining to self-incrimination, and many other guaranteed Constitutional rights. But I have also noticed that some of these people are just as vocal in their demands that another Constitutional right, namely, the right to keep and bear arms as stipulated in the Second Amendment, be taken away from the people. I wonder how these people can justify this, even to themselves. Or is it just that one hand doesn't know what the other is doing? —District Game Protector C. H. Williams, Bedford.

## Good Program

**SOMERSET COUNTY**—During the past several months we have been fortunate in holding Hunter Safety classes at Camp Soles, near Rockwood. Thirteen classes have been held with a total of 410 persons being qualified. This included school groups, church groups, and family groups attending Camp Soles, which is a YWCA camp from the McKeesport area.—District Game Protector E. W. Cox, Somerset.

## Young Giant

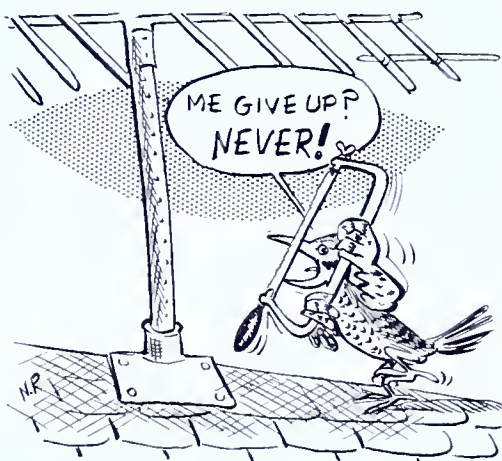
**BUCKS COUNTY** — A highway-killed buck on the lawn of Ted Cole, Elephant, caused us to huff and puff considerably before loading operations were completed. When Mrs. Cole inquired as to its age we rather pompously announced that he had to be over two years in order to attain such size, and proceeded to tell her about deciduous premolars as we deftly slit the cheek to show her. You guessed it! Deciduous premolars he still had, making him just one year old. How much did he weigh? Our old scale put him up at 204.—District Game Protector W. J. Lockett, Perkasié.

## Corporal Convincer

**ERIE COUNTY**—For several weeks I had trouble with a beaver that persisted in plugging a culvert along a public road. I didn't want to remove the beaver for the main dam was on Game Lands and provided a good area for ducks. In desperation, I set live traps and caught the beaver. While he sat in the trap, I tore out the dam at the entrance to the road culvert. I then cut a switch, released the beaver and swatted him with the switch, all the way up the creek to his dam. Three weeks have passed and no attempt has been made to plug the culvert. It looks like the beaver got the message.—District Game Protector E. D. Simpson, Union City.

## Asleep on the Job

**BEDFORD COUNTY**—The following tale was related to me by Frank Cunningham of Saxton. It seems he and his wife went deer hunting one day and upon returning to their vehicle put their rifles inside. He walked about 75 yards back into the woods and left his wife standing at the vehicle. Upon his return, he found four does and one buck within shooting distance. Mrs. Cunningham was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Cunningham, seeing the buck, went to the vehicle to get his rifle. You can imagine his thoughts when he found Mrs. Cunningham curled up around the rifles, on the seat, fast asleep. Needless to say, before any firearms could be loaded and brought into play, the deer were gone. — Land Manager D. L. Stitt, New Enterprise.



## Knock Knock

**SOMERSET COUNTY** — Deputy Game Protector Robert Shockey reports that after a good many hours of searching for a strange noise in his home he finally solved the puzzle. One day he looked up at his TV antenna, mounted on the chimney, and saw a flicker trying to bore a hole in the TV mast. Bob says the bird isn't making much headway and hopes that he won't give up—now that he knows what's causing the noise, he enjoys it.—District Game Protector D. C. Snyder, Meyersdale.





### Things Not Always What They Seem

**FRANKLIN COUNTY** — Edwin Kern of Fayetteville told me that while helping a friend do some work on a house they heard a ruckus outside. When they investigated, much to their surprise they found a large turkey gobbler attacking a sliding glass door. He must have seen his reflection and thought it was a rival trying to take over his area. The gobbler kept it up until they chased him away.—District Game Protector J. D. Mort, Chambersburg.

### Bruin Wanted Trophy

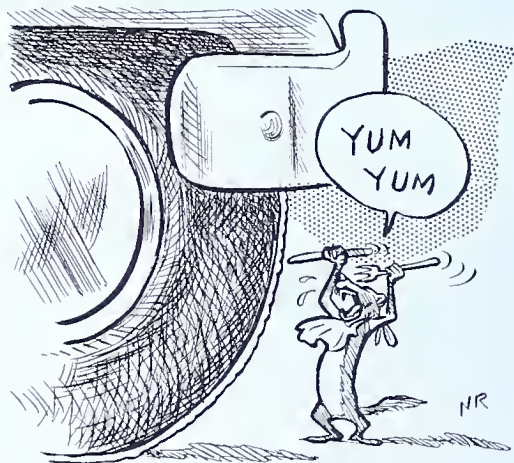
**JEFFERSON COUNTY** — Franklin Mowery, who maintains a camp adjacent to State Game Lands No. 54, related the following incident to Deputy Swanson: On the opening day of buck season, Franklin's nephew bagged a nice eight-point buck and after dressing out the animal, he proceeded to drag it out to the car. Pausing for a rest, he glanced back and was amazed to see a bear coming upon his tracks. Thinking he would be attacked, he yelled for help and another hunter in the vicinity came to his aid. After considerable shouting, the bear turned tail. Evidently Mr. Bruin was only interested in the blood trail of the slain deer.—District Game Protector G. W. Miller, Sigel.

### Sensible Gun Approach

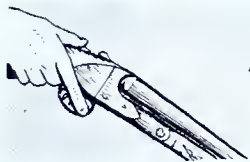
District Game Protector J. R. Fagan from Allentown and deputies from that district assisted in a pilot project of safe gun handling for the women of Allentown. This was not a Hunter Safety Course but strictly a guns-in-the-home deal for safe gun handling and for self protection if necessary. Co-sponsored by the Allentown Jaycees, the Lehigh County Sportsmen, the Pennsylvania Game Commission and the Allentown Police Department, the program was most successful. At this writing they are accepting applications for the next class.—CIA R. H. Myers, Hamburg.

### Look at the One I Got!

**LUZERNE COUNTY**—While traveling through the Thornhurst area I spotted a car-hit rabbit on the road that appeared to be still alive. Coasting to a stop beside the dead rabbit, I was surprised to see a small animal trying to pull the rabbit away. A



closer look revealed a weasel tugging like mad. While I watched the first weasel, a second one ran out of the brush and attacked the left front tire of my car. Whether to drive me away or capture me for himself, I can't say.—Land Manager J. A. Booth, White Haven.



# **HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION**



By John C. Behel  
PGC Hunter Safety Coordinator



*PGC Photo*

**BILL BALLENTINE**, 4610 Lolly Drive, Monroeville, coached by DGP L. V. Haines, turns in a 590 x 600 score for a new record at Junior Conservation Camp, exceeding the old record by 15 points—an excellent performance.

**HUNTER SAFETY INSTRUCTOR** Randall Haire lectures students on proper fire-arms handling during program conducted by the Buffalo Valley Sportsmen Assoc. of Union County and the Mifflinburg Kiwanis Club. Over 100 students took the course.







# CONSERVATION NEWS



## Black Bear Research Undertaken

A comprehensive research study of the black bear is being undertaken by the Pennsylvania Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit of the Pennsylvania State University.

Although most of the common game species in the state have been studied to some extent, there has been comparatively little done in black bear research.

Initial efforts in the study, which is being supported by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, will be concentrated on bear habitat. Researchers hope to be able to arrive at some conclusions on how much territory, food, cover, etc., are needed to support a bruin.

Sex and age makeup of the bear

population will be another important part of the study. Skulls will be collected from taxidermists, storage plants, etc., to be used in an age determination phase of the study.

Life history and movement will also be included.

In a parallel activity, the Game Commission has undertaken a program of trapping, tagging and relocating nuisance bruins responsible for property damage throughout the Commonwealth. These bears, which are live trapped, are marked with a metal tag and tattoo in the ear.

Hunters who bag legal bears marked by tags or tattoos should report the information to a District Game Protector.

# Buck Injures Two Women

Two Huntingdon County women were injured this fall by a deer which some thoughtless person apparently had tried to tame.

Mrs. Martha Blair, Mill Creek Star Route, noticed a bell and red ribbon around the neck of the 3-point buck on her lawn as she arrived home. When she alighted from her car the buck suddenly charged without warning, pinning her against the car, tearing her dress and puncturing her right leg with his antler. She was treated at a hospital.

Linda Hooper received a sprained wrist while she fought off the charging buck. The injury might have been more serious if it hadn't been for a neighbor's dogs, which drove the deer away.

A District Game Protector was called. He was attacked and driven into his auto by the buck. When the deer readied for another charge, he was killed by the Game Protector to protect himself and to prevent further injury to anyone else.

The Pennsylvania Game Commission has constantly pleaded with the public to leave fawns alone in the spring and summer of the year. The Commission has repeatedly warned that the practice is not only very dangerous but also unlawful. Some persons just never learn.

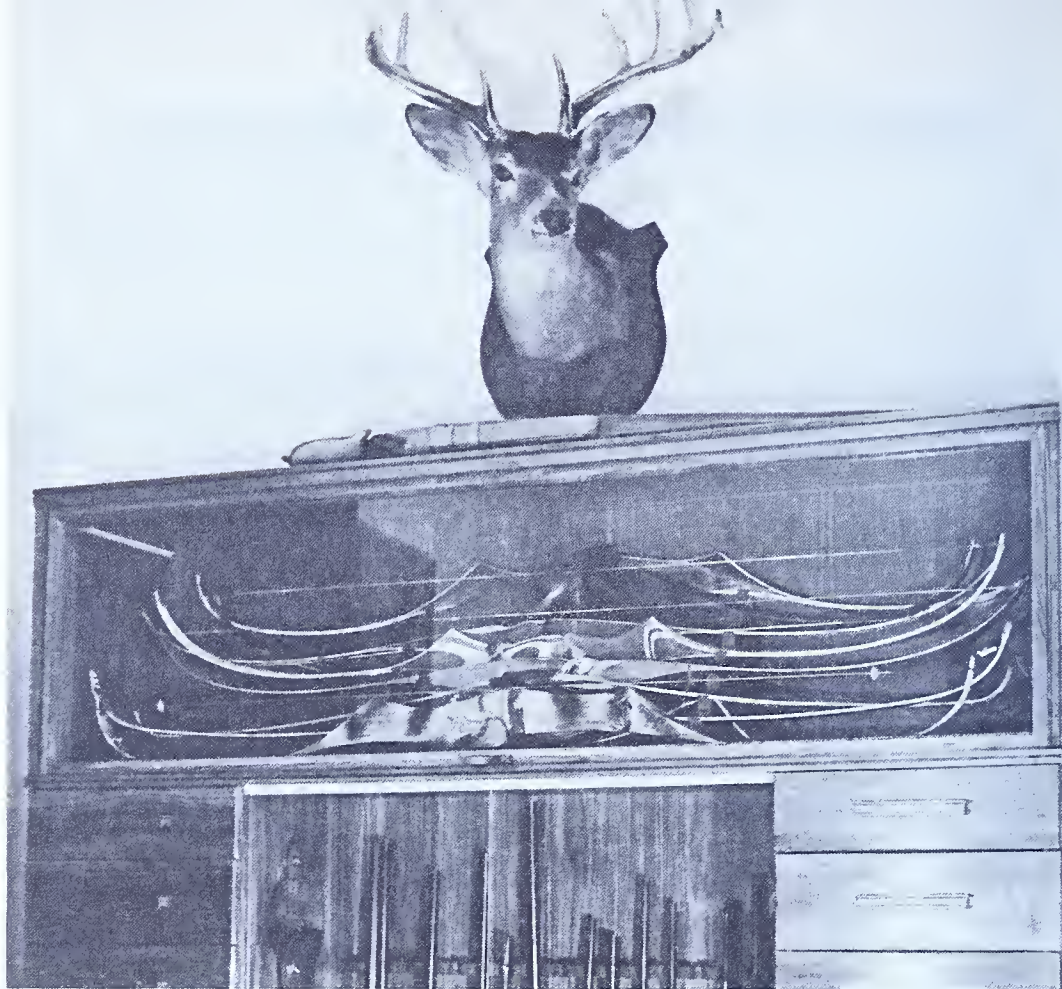
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**GOVERNOR RAYMOND P. SHAFER**, an ardent outdoorsman, receives his new hunting license from Commissioner Frederick M. Simpson while watched by Sam McGee, seated, and, standing from left, Maurice Goddard, Elmer Gruver, Harvey Adams, Robert Lichtenberger, Oscar Becker, Earl Strine and John Behel.

*PGC Photo by Ralph Cady*







**SCHUYLER'S CABINET HOLDS** guns as well as archery equipment, makes beautiful piece of furniture.

*Give Archery . . .*

## A Place in the Parlor

**By Keith C. Schuyler**

*Photos by the Author*

**A**S SOON AS the special winter bow hunting season for deer, December 26 through January 6, 1968, is over, archers are going to have some time on their hands until spring. This is a good time to gather together all of your equipment and get it in condition for another season of shooting.

Unfortunately, just getting equipment together can prove to be quite a chore for the average archer. Even the minimum items of equipment necessary to the sport take up considerable space. It is difficult to keep

everything together. It comes in all sizes and shapes.

The bow itself is a bit difficult to store properly. Arrows don't accommodate easily to just any place because of their size and shape and their inherently dangerous characteristics. There are such things as extra nocks, beeswax, spare string, files, etc. There is a space somewhere in the house that will provide a place for all of these things, but it is difficult to keep them together where they will be handy when needed.

Having tired of going on a scavenger hunt every time I wanted to go shooting, I set out to design a cabinet which would keep everything together and also be attractive enough to place in any part of my home.

Although my only claim to fame in carpentry is nailed to a second prize in birdhouse building at the age of twelve, as the saying goes, I know what I like. Two years ago I grabbed every spare night over a period of a couple months trying to come up with a design that would do the trick. I knew better than to attempt the thing myself, especially from my own drawings, but I prevailed upon two local cabinetmakers to see what they could do with the idea.

#### **Not Inexpensive**

They were not much more shocked over my drawings than I was over the probable price — \$325 — if I wanted solid walnut. I did.

Since there was no hurry, and there had never been anything like it made before to my knowledge, it took a period of several months to work things out. I admit to two goofs.

On the original design, I had indicated space for 12 bows, utilizing two racks. This was not practicable. However, eliminating one rack made it easy to provide room for eight bows with plenty of clearance getting them in and out.

The arrow storage, which I dubbed a "Lazy Sherwood," proved to be a good idea. The only catch was that I did not permit enough clearance for broadheads, and it was necessary to take away one drawer for this purpose. Everything else came out as planned, through the skill and patience of the cabinetmakers.

I used walnut so the cabinet would fit into any room of the house, although it was planned to set it up in my den. The same design could be made, for example, for \$100 less in white pine. Although my cabinet is built as one unit, it would be easy to

make the bow cabinet as a separate unit. This could be fastened to a wall or placed on another chest or cabinet. Trying to move this total unit proved to be quite a chore.

Incorporating a gun rack with the cabinet served a dual purpose. It provided space for my family's guns, as well as for a number of arrow quivers.

#### **The Bow Section**

Since the bow cabinet can be built as one unit for a fraction of the total price, we will look at it first, in case you might wish to tackle this alone. Even if you are building the whole cabinet as shown, my advice would be to construct it in two parts, if only for convenience in moving if this becomes necessary.

All parts are  $\frac{3}{4}$ " finished walnut with the exception of the back, which is walnut plywood. The oversize door is constructed of 2" x  $\frac{3}{4}$ " stock with one single pane of  $\frac{1}{4}$ " glass. The back end rides on nylon rollers in a track recessed into the sides  $\frac{3}{4}$ " from the top.

**LAZY SHERWOOD** holds good supply of arrows behind false drawer fronts.





The inside length is  $68\frac{3}{4}$ " x  $19\frac{1}{4}$ " high.

Depth is  $16\frac{1}{2}$ ", but this should be increased to 20" over the entire cabinet. We found that the steps on the bow rack were a bit too narrow at  $1\frac{3}{4}$ ", and increasing the cabinet depth to 20" permits increasing the width of the steps to 2".

The rack for bows has a metal clip at the forward edge of each step to keep the bow in place. Steps are  $1\frac{3}{4}$ " high. The steps themselves and the metal clips are covered with green felt.

The door fits inside the cabinet. The stop for the nylon roller, which runs on nylon recessed track, is affixed after the door is set in place. Recessed screws are used to hold the front plate, and these are covered with wooden plugs in the molding, so that the door can be removed in the event of breakage. The glass itself is  $\frac{1}{4}$ " plate.

One of the big problems was determining if this large a door would be practical. We found after the cabinet was completed that the door

could actually be dropped from any height, and it would come down without damage because of air compression which built up in the cabinet as it dropped.

### The Lazy Sherwood

There are eight drawer fronts on each side. However, the six drawer fronts on the left are used simply to cover the Lazy Sherwood. This gives a uniform appearance when the cabinet is completely closed. These six drawer fronts, which provide the door for the arrow container, ride on a piano hinge to accommodate the considerable weight. Two brackets, with arrow holes bored on  $1\frac{1}{4}$ " centers, hold the arrows nicely. Felt is glued to the bottom to prevent damage to the heads. On the outside of the racks, space is provided for broadheads since they will not fit through the holes. This is accomplished by half-round holes on the edge reinforced with slotted rubber strips. There is space for 18 broadheads and 117 target arrows. In the waste space avail-

**CABINETMAKERS** Zettle and David Lenhart place sliding door for bow storage compartment on its nylon track.



able when the Lazy Sherwood door is closed, a small upright cabinet was built to contain cleaning rods.

The arrow racks are spaced 10" and 23 $\frac{1}{4}$ " from the bottom. It is important that all holes are perfectly aligned so that arrows can be easily inserted. All holes are widely tapered to guide the arrow points into place. Width of the rack is 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". There is 33" clearance from the bottom of the arrow rack to the overhead. This will take almost any arrow, including a broadhead. Nevertheless, if you shoot a longer arrow, this is a consideration when building the rack. Since it was necessary to increase the height over the initial design, there is some waste space here. This was used to insert a hidden drawer which is ideal for keeping gun clips, knives, etc., away from children. Elimination of this drawer would increase the clearance to 36 $\frac{1}{4}$ " which would be sufficient for any practical length arrow. A metallic catch keeps the Lazy Sherwood door snugly closed.

#### **The Gun Space**

The gun rack will accommodate 16 guns. Inside, the space is 48" high and 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide. Gun ports are 2" on center with spaces on either end for double-barreled guns 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " on center. Felt is used on the floor and in the gun ports to prevent damage. Gun butts rest on an inclined plane fastened on the bottom of the cabinet before the felt was added.

Two sections of  $\frac{3}{8}$ " plate glass, used to form the door to the gun cabinet, ride on nylon track. Each has a finger hold ground into the face of the glass so that it can be moved easily. It is important when building a cabinet of this type that you wait until the cabinet is completed before ordering your glass. Miscalculation can be expensive. Anyone attempting to build this cabinet should first measure his longest firearm before deciding on the proper height.

All drawers ride on nylon rollers in recessed metal tracks. This is impor-

tant since the weight of some articles to be stored is considerable. These drawers operate at the touch of a finger. Drawers run from 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " to 6" in depth. All are 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ " in width. Following the recommendations to increase the depth of the cabinet would increase the storage space.

Since there were some modifications from the original rough drawing I gave to the cabinetmakers as a guide, there are no prints available. While it might be difficult to follow the rough outline provided here, the information and photographs should give any archer with carpentry ability a general idea as to how this cabinet can be constructed. Modifications shot the price up to \$378, but the extra cost would not be repeated. I paid for my own mistakes.

This one has now been in use two years, and except for the recommended modifications noted, it has proved to be an extremely practical piece of furniture. No longer must we chase around to several parts of the house to find the equipment needed.

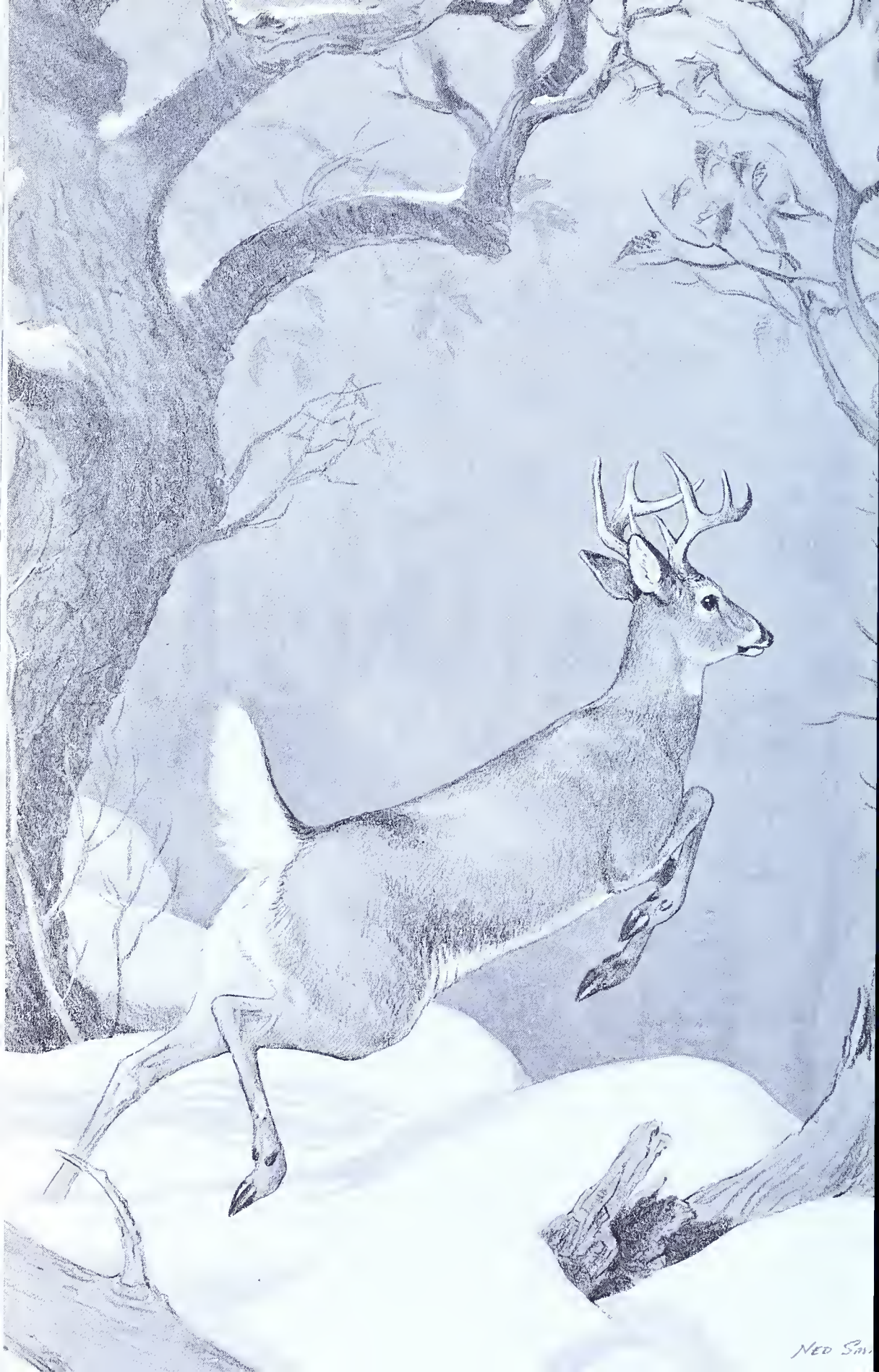
The bow rack can be used to store fishing rods. Extra gun ports can also serve the same purpose. Pegs inserted in the sides of the gun cabinet can be used to hang pistols or quivers.

This is a rather large cabinet, and you may not need this much space. The gun cabinet could be omitted and this space used for more drawers to store additional archery equipment, or you might prefer to build in storage space for camera equipment, fly-tying supplies, etc.

But it is basically an archery cabinet built to accommodate the needs of my wife, three sons and myself. Already it is too small, but anything larger would be almost ridiculous. Anyway, the kids will soon be building their own cabinets for their own homes, according to the calendar.

If I was starting all over to design what I call my "all outdoors cabinet," it would still be made along the lines of the one illustrated here.







By NED SMITH

*Buck season is the feature attraction, but an excitable red squirrel, an unusual duck, a lost hunter and an unexpected dunking add spice to other Decembers.*

I SPENT several hours wrestling my buck through the brush and over rocks, and it was late in the afternoon when I got him out to the road. In the hour I waited for my companion a surprising number of hunters trooped by, coming from all parts of the vast Game Lands and heading for their cars out at the gate.

They were men of all ages. One white-haired gent carrying a 32-40 must have been in his upper seventies. From there they ranged down to schoolboys hunting with their dads. Two were women hunting with their husbands. Obviously from all walks of life, their guns and attire reflected a variety of tastes and means.

These are the hunters of Pennsylvania—a million strong, but no two alike. And yet, they all shared certain characteristics—faces made ruddy by wind and cold, legs kept strong and agile by rough footing, bright eyes, discerning ears, disregard for discomfort, and a love of winter woods and the challenge of the hunt.

A cross-section of our society? Hardly. I saw no hippies or beatnik types, nor heard a single protest song. No thug relieved me of my wallet as I waited; no young punk mugged the old man in the woods. The natural outdoor world was wondrous enough

for all without the stimulation of booze, glue, or pot.

It would be less than honest to maintain that all hunters are upright gentlemen, or even true sportsmen. But I'll bet that if all boys were taught the joys of hunting and appreciation of the out-of-doors half our psychiatrists, social workers, policemen, and prison guards would be out of work when the next generation takes over.

*December 1* — The multiflora rose hedgerow around Dick's pond is thickly decorated with the nests of catbirds, thrashers, cardinals, and the like. The bushes are bare now, and the birds have long since departed, but their nests are still in use. White-footed mice have taken over three of them for dwellings, filling each with a hollowed-out mound of plant down. The others have been loaded with rose hips from which the little rodents will eat the seeds as winter progresses.

*December 3*—Opening day for bucks, and I thought it would never arrive! Slug and I were in our places on Peter's Mountain long before dawn managed to show itself through the overcast.

There's nothing so suspenseful as those last few minutes before the



magic opening hour on opening day. You scarcely breathe, straining to catch the first sound or glimpse of moving deer. Each faint rustle is analyzed, each flicker of movement scrutinized. Nothing is taken for granted.

The sun had just cleared the top of Third Mountain when I heard the muffled snap of a twig, followed by the soft crush of footsteps in the snow. Minutes later a doe and two fawns appeared, browsing as they moved toward their bedding-down spot on the top. They were followed a few minutes later by two more does, then five does and fawns.



I was unwrapping a brunch-time chocolate bar when I heard a different sound, the rapid thump, thump, thump of a deer coming up the mountainside at a hurried trot. Rifle at ready, I waited. It stopped just out of sight, then came on across the bench below my stand. I saw the antlers almost as soon as I saw the deer, but they were small—a spike on one side and a “y” on the other. I had bigger ideas for opening day, so I let him pass.

After lunch I sneaked to the top and hunted the scrub oak flat, slowly threading my way through the deer trails and natural openings. The deer stuck tight, as they usually do in that

dense cover, and I kicked out four does as one kicks out squatting cottontails.

An hour's fruitless pussyfooting failed to produce any antlers. I had just emerged from the scrub oak and stepped up on the little hogback at its edge when the sound of pounding hoofs and cracking brush brought me up with a start. Before I could turn and get the rifle to my shoulder the first three deer broke out of cover and stopped. They were does, and luckily they looked everywhere but in my direction before loping off down the mountain.

Suddenly another head popped out of the same spot—this one a beautiful buck with a dandy set of antlers. Only his head and neck were visible—the rest was hidden behind tree trunks and scrub oak.

I raised the rifle ever so slowly, but a small dead sapling caught on the barrel. No matter which way I moved the gun the sapling clung to it. Not daring to shake it off, I slowly sagged to a half crouch until the sapling hung up on a bush, clearing my sights. The position was an unsteady one, but the buck was about to take off after the does. Fighting to keep the bead on his neck, I squeezed off a shot.

At the report the buck sailed out of the scrub oak and plunged down the mountainside. There was time for one quick shot before he disappeared, then silence! I sprinted down the slope, hoping for another shot as he crossed the flat, but the effort was unnecessary. He was lying dead in the snow—a big deer with the most nearly perfect eight-point rack I've ever taken. Slug didn't hear my shouts for help so I had to drag him to the road myself, but for all the sweat and strain it was a pleasant task.

*December 5*—The folks in charge of the church camp up the valley have given me permission to set up feeders and a blind for wildlife photography again this year. Their large tract is a

wildlife sanctuary, so I can begin feeding while hunting season is still in full swing with no risk to the birds and animals that are attracted by the handout. I hung up a sunflower seed hopper and a suet cage, and scattered mixed scratch feed and wild bird seed over a considerable area to get them started. Later I'll substitute camouflaged feeders and erect a portable blind.

*December 10*—We've had more than the usual number of lost hunters in our area this year, and several have stayed lost long enough to bring search parties into action. One 19-year-old lad spent the night on Stony Mountain with a four-point buck he had bagged late in the day. The searchers found him in the morning—unruffled and in good shape, and too elated with his hunting success to be worried.

*December 11*—Some people detest the cheeky red squirrel, but to me he is the most comical and entertaining critter in the woods, next to the bear cub. One noticed me cutting through his pine woods today and the fuss he made was incredible. Jerking his tail and stamping his feet he chirped, sputtered, wheezed, and squeaked until I was sure he'd fly apart. Instead of leaving I hung around to see what he would do. When he found his invectives had no apparent effect he abruptly shut up and resumed his foraging in silence. I whistled, clapped my hands, and shuffled my feet, but he ignored me as completely as he had reviled me a minute before.

There was evidence of red squirrel activity all over the pine grove. Innumerable pine cones were stashed in the forks of branches and laid on the larger horizontal limbs. In one corner of the woods a dozen or more mushrooms were hanging in the forks of twigs to dry. A butternut tree at the edge of the field served as a similar pantry. An unhulled nut reposed in the crotch of every limb and several were laid atop the bigger boughs.

*December 17* — When I filled my feeders at the church camp the place was overrun with birds, so I dragged a portable blind from the car and set it up within telephoto range. The ground has been covered with snow for about three weeks and they appreciate the handout. In addition to the usual winter birds I flushed a male towhee from the area when I arrived, and there are grouse tracks leading into and out of the feeding grounds.

*December 20*—Jack dropped in to tell me he had seen a European teal on Henninger's pond busily tipping among about fifty mallards, two pairs of widgeon, and six or eight black ducks. The little drake looked like a green-winged teal, but lacked the white crescent on each side of the chest. European teal occasionally appear along the Atlantic coast. Where they come from is anyone's guess—they not only breed in Europe and Asia but in the Aleutians as well.



*December 21*—In response to a landowner's complaint our local Game Protector examined a beaver dam on Clark's Creek today. Knowing I'd like some pictures, he invited me to go with him.

The dam already zigzagged about fifty yards through the woods on either side of the creek, and was over four feet high in the creek bed. Above the



dam the backed-up water spread through the trees, concealing the winding, deeply cut creek channel. A newly-built lodge stood on what had recently been a point of land.



I took a number of pictures of the dam, the lodge, and various felled trees and gnawed stumps. A floating feed bed of freshly cut aspen sticks looked like good picture material, but in wading through the shallows to reach it I forgot to allow for the creek's sinuous course. With no warning whatever I stepped off the sheer

bank and plunged chest-deep into the icy water. For some seconds I could do little more than gasp—loudly and repeatedly. Fortunately I had jerked my camera above my head to keep it out of the water. Fortunately, too, Dick was nearby to give me a hand. How he restrained himself is more than I can say, and the slightest hint of a smile was the only outward indication of the suppressed hilarity that was surely tearing him apart internally.

*December 22*—A deer hunting neighbor showed me a freak foot from a buck he had shot. It had what appeared to be an extra toe, resembling a dewclaw, that stuck out at right angles behind the hoof. It probably originated from an injury, but was completely healed and apparently growing independently of the normal toe.

*December 27*—While driving across Front Street in Harrisburg this afternoon we saw a gray squirrel cross the wide expanse of Forster Street by running the full length of a telephone cable that spans six lanes of traffic, a medial plot, and two wide sidewalks.

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## Book Review . . .

### Introduction to Archery

Howard T. Sigler's *Pocket Field Guide to Archery* has been updated under the title *Pocket Guide to Archery*. Its 96 pages are described by the cover blurb which explains, "Howard T. Sigler steers beginners to the right equipment, stance, practice techniques, and sighting for field and target shooting." It might further indicate that the 7- x 5-inch pages, aside from giving the fundamentals of archery, provide an introduction to hunting fish, small game and deer.

Although some positive statements in this book are somewhat at variance with certain conclusions drawn by some of the top talent in this sport, the book is basically sound. The author is obviously well acquainted with his subject as a participant. The book gives a light treatment to basic equipment and its care, fundamentals of shooting in both target and field, and an introduction to hunting. This is a work to get the beginner to the shooting line and whet his appetite for more information on all phases of archery. Published by Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pa. 17105. \$2.95.

# The New Camp Cot

By Don Shiner

**D**OES SLEEP evade you in deer camp? Do you roll out of bed with squeaking spine and aching muscles, too tired to go off chasing the elusive whitetail so early in the morning?

Maybe it's the fault of that rickety cot or pothole filled mattress. Take a tip from the U. S. Army. Junk the old back-breaker and switch to the newest in camp cot beds—a lightweight, folding, aluminum frame with wire springs and polyurethane foam mattress. Haul one of these models to camp and you'll be in great shape for bustin' a buck. You'll also be the envy of every hunter in the group.

Folding aluminum furniture, by virtue of its durability, has become popular for contemporary outdoor living. Now a new cot bed of this material provides further convenience. As mentioned, even the U. S. Army is switching from traditional wood cots to the new aluminum models. With an initial order of some 300,000, the Army has underscored the old adage that good rest at night contributes to the stamina of the troops. The same holds true of deer hunters. They perform best, shoot straighter, and enjoy all aspects of the hunt more when they feel in top condition.

## Sleep Often Difficult

Unfortunately, good sleep is not always possible in many hunting camps. Anxiety about the upcoming hunt plays a role, of course. More likely, though, sleep is evasive due to poor beds. Most are castoffs. Old frames, worn springs and sagging mattresses, too poor for home use, are usually hauled to camp for that occasional weekend stay. Small wonder that hunters spend sleepless nights rolling and tossing. They often get up with aching



**A COMFORTABLE BED** at night makes it possible for deer hunters to keep going all day on hard, cold trails.

backs, sore joints and warped spines, feeling as though they've been through a karate workout. Half of the hunting day is spent working out this stiffness. There's limping and lamenting on the deer drives. And after being denied sound sleep for several nights, the outing turns a bit sour. It's pure pleasure to go home, even without a trophy deer, simply to sleep on a decent bed.



It would be well for hunters to critically examine their camp beds and perhaps invest in a new cot bed.

This new model resulted from a re-designing of the popular "roll-away" used as the extra bed in many households. Aware of the potential market

makes this bed so comfortable is the separate polyurethane foam pad. Depending on price, these vary from one to three inches in thickness.


This chemically-made foam mattress is quite an innovation in itself. It is a boon to sleepers who are allergic to feathers, cotton or other mattress stuffings. It is not only allergy free, but is moth proof, vermin proof, fungi and mildew proof as well. This is important, as the cot bed may be stored in a cabin built in deep shade, where the interior sometimes grows musty and damp between visits, without deteriorating.

### Tough Tickings

The "tickings" are tough plastic or treated cotton coverings. The plastic types are popular as station wagon pads, floors in tents and for lounging pads on sandy beaches. Since the plastic covering is waterproof, these pads are also ideal as floor liners for canoes and for kneeling pads in the duck blind.

Most aluminum cot beds measure about 27 x 74 inches and are 13 inches high. They fold for packing in a closet or car trunk, so the hunter can easily haul one to camp. He can store it at the end of his stay, or haul it home again for an extra bed when overnight guests arrive. It's also handy to have around the house for sleeping on a screened porch when temperatures soar to unbearable heights on summer nights.

This new fold-away could be the answer to those clubhouses which, for want of space, are bursting at the seams. Rather than initiating a building program to enlarge the bedroom area to accommodate more members, the existing rooms—dining, living room and kitchen — could be utilized as sleeping quarters at night, when these rooms are normally vacant. True, hunters in some cramped camps already spill over into these rooms. Still, space can usually be found for another cot bed or so. They unfold in a jiffy



**NEW ALUMINUM** cot folds up for easy storage during the day, sets up quickly at night.

for a good bed among the exploding number of campers, trailer-travelers and cabin and second-home owners, several firms have come up with a portable bed expressly designed for outdoor living.

The portable cot bed is made along traditional lines. Lightweight one-inch diameter aluminum tubing replaces the old wood frames. Wire mesh springs, woven like fencing material and attached to the frames with helicals, replace the traditional canvas or plastic cot sleeve. The clincher that

at night, and pack up just as quickly in the morning.

Folding cot beds are also a means of cutting costs when building a private lodge. The small cabin I constructed last summer is a good example. To keep costs within bounds, the cabin interior was arranged into one large multipurpose room. Traditional partitions and rooms used primarily for sleeping were eliminated to keep cabin dimensions to a minimum. The single room, measuring 16 x 24 feet, is outfitted with dual purpose outdoor-type furniture (porch glider, chaise longue, folding chairs and folding metal lawn table) and several new cot beds. The quarters serve as combined living-dining-kitchen areas during the day. Glider and chaise longue make up into beds at night, with folding cot beds set up for other members of the family. Five minutes will convert the room into sleeping quarters; equal time in the morning restores it to its daytime use. This multi-use of a single room, coupled to the new folding cot beds, shaved cabin costs to the bone.

Utilizing space in cabins for multi-living purposes is not new. Popular travel trailers, whose quarters are of necessity cramped, have ingeniously arranged sleeping accommodations. Dining areas usually make up into beds at night. Cots even pull out of drawers in cabinets. The folding cot bed does much the same thing for the crowded hunting cabin.



**POLYURETHANE** foam pads come in thicknesses from one to three inches.

Cot beds with polyurethane foam pads are presently featured in catalogs distributed by the big three mail order firms. Local hardware and sports shops also stock them. Prices vary slightly, depending on number of supporting legs (three or four sets) and thickness of the foam pads.

So it becomes apparent that hunters need not sleep on poor beds in deer camp. They can include a cot bed with the hunting gear which they haul to camp and they'll sleep in real comfort. Stays are a lot more pleasant. Hunts are far more rewarding.

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## State's Thousandth Tree Farm

Governor Raymond P. Shafer recently dedicated Pennsylvania's 1000th tree farm and praised the Pennsylvania Forest Industries' Committee for its foresight in planning and planting for the assurance of the future growth of trees and the forest industry in the state. The Commonwealth is second in the nation as a producer of hardwood lumber and seventh in the production of paper and paperboard. The forest complex, while growing into the maturity necessary to produce the final crop, also provides benefits of watershed protection, wildlife habitat and recreation.

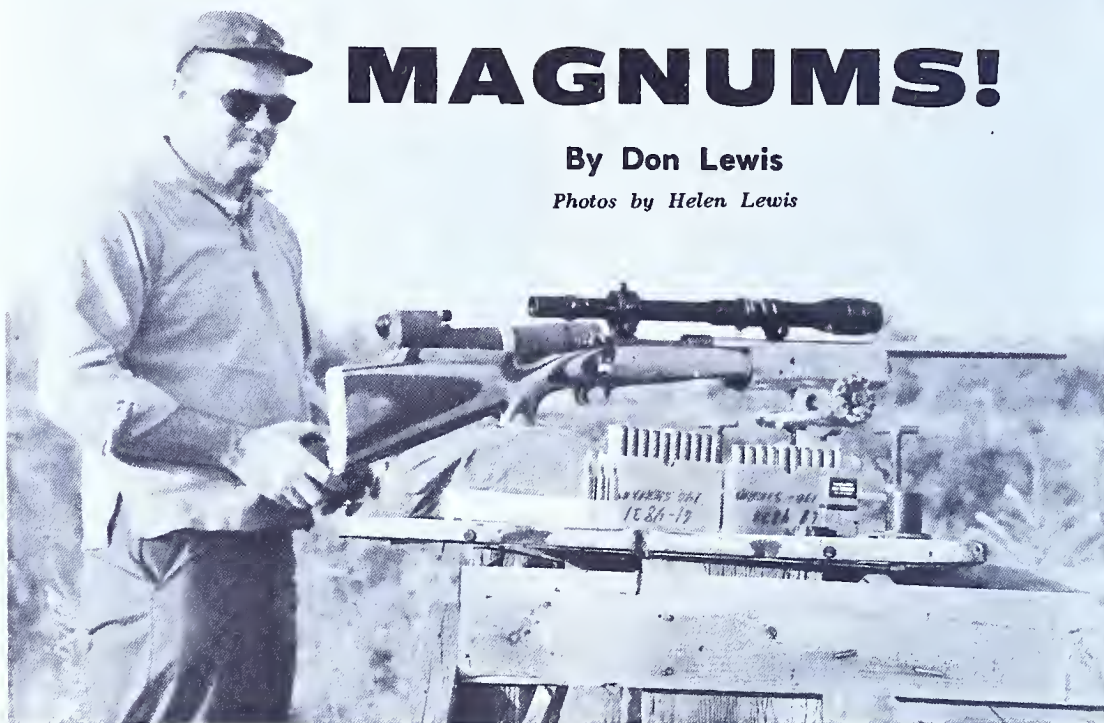


*Make Room for the . . .*

# MAGNUMS!

**By Don Lewis**

*Photos by Helen Lewis*



**DR. A. M. CRISSMAN**, specialist in long-range shooting, with his 264 Magnum built on M70 Winchester action with Hart barrel. Scope is 6-24X Bausch & Lomb variable.

**T**HE HEAVENS seemed to open up as brilliant sunlight splashed across the barren strip mine. For several minutes the hunter's eyes searched for a sign of deer. Nothing could be seen for hundreds of yards in any direction but the countless piles of snow-covered dirt and rocks. The chill wind bit through his heavy hunting clothes, and he was tempted to leave for some warmer spot. Then he remembered. He couldn't leave. His rifle and scope would not be suitable for any other type of terrain. Today, for the first time in his long hunting career, he was using a Magnum rifle.

For twenty years he had used a 32 Special, and, as far as he was concerned, there was nothing better. Fifteen deer and a bear had fallen before that little carbine, and for him no more proof was needed. He looked disdainfully at the 7 mm. Magnum and the big 6-to-24 variable power

scope. A grin broke out when he thought about the foolish outfits these young hunters would buy just to kill a deer. He felt certain his son had more than \$400 wrapped up in this contraption. Why he had ever allowed himself to be talked into using it on the last day of buck season was more than he could figure out at the moment.

Being a retired surveyor he knew distance, and his years of hunting experience had taught him that most deer were killed at less than 100 yards. He didn't put much stock in the long-range shooting theory, and he firmly believed that killing a deer beyond 200 yards was simply luck. Convinced that a Magnum of any caliber was a foolish investment, he wished more than ever that he had his old 32 Special lever action leaning against the stump instead of the fancy bolt gun.

At this very moment three deer

bounded across the open strip job. Before he could see what they were, the deer were lost in a gully. When he next saw them, they were nearly 400 yards away. A look through the big scope turned to its highest power showed him a nice buck and two does. As the rifle rested solidly on the stump, he remembered his son telling him that the rifle had been zeroed in for close to 400 yards. If this were true, he should be able to hold right on the buck and make a hit. He studied the deer for almost a minute and then decided that the distance was too far for any rifle. He knew it was four times as far as he had ever shot a deer, and he was positive it was beyond the killing range of even this 7 mm. Magnum.

After a moment he decided there would never be a better time to settle the argument about long-range shooting. Resting the rifle on his arm on top of the stump, he took deliberate aim and fired. He lost sight of the deer when the gun recoiled, and by the time he could look again, not a deer was in sight. A clean miss, he thought. Well, what else could you expect at a distance of four football fields laid end to end?

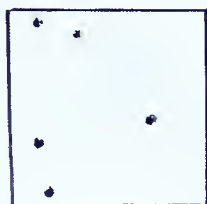
### Magnum Did the Job

Walking over to see if he could find where his bullet had hit, he manufactured a dozen things to tease his son about at the supper table. When he reached the last knoll, his pipe nearly fell from his mouth. Fifty feet below him, the buck lay in the snow. He stared in disbelief. The truth finally dawned upon him—the Magnum had done the job it had been designed to do!

The Magnum's biggest problem now is not to prove how hard it will shoot or how far it can kill, but to prove that there is a need for it in today's hunting picture. Thousands of hunters still are firmly convinced that their 32 Specials, 30-30s or 8 mm.'s are adequate for big game in Penn-

sylvania, and they refuse to see the need for a Magnum. I doubt that any experienced hunter would question the effectiveness of these proven favorites. All of these rifles, plus many others, have done their share of big game getting for several score of years. Many claim that the 30-30 alone has killed more deer than any other rifle. But this does not prove that the 30-30 is the only rifle for deer. It would have been useless to the man who shot the buck across the strip job.

475 YARDS



3 1/2" GROUP

**THIS GROUP** shows the kind of accuracy possible when rifle, ammo and shooter are all at top form.

One reason we fail to see the need for the Magnum is the carryover of hunting methods from the days when short range brush hunting was popular. Back in the open sight era, a hunter attempted to get close to his game. Even in chuck hunting back in the 1930s, stalking was as important as the actual shooting. Deer frequented the heavy wooded areas and brush filled ravines. Heavy bullets were popular in those days. The hunter wanted a bullet to smash through brush and limbs, and he was not concerned with long distance.

There is nothing wrong with this style of hunting even today, and the bullets mentioned can be used suc-



cessfully. But we must keep in mind that times change and new methods are part of a changing world. Whether some of us agree or not, the hunter of today is moving out of the woods and thickets and is hunting the wide open country. The many wide power line rights of way offer excellent opportunities for long shots, and four-wheel drive vehicles allow the hunter to change locations in a matter of minutes. This does not mean that I'm in favor of such methods, but it points out that many big game hunters now use vastly different methods and rifles than did the hunters of thirty years back. The Magnum may have made its appearance too early for some of us, but, like it or not, it's here to stay.



**DON LEWIS and Dr. Crissman discuss windage problems on 700-yard range.**

The Magnums were branded as undesirables almost as soon as they hit the market. A wave of resentment went up against them for really no sound reason. Some older hunters felt these new creations were out to dispose of the old standbys. This is not true. The Magnum is not a replacement rifle, and it's not supposed to do away with any other rifle. Magnum calibers are actually additional rifles that are designed to give killing power at ranges beyond that of conventional big game rifles.

There are so many myths about the Magnums that many shooters think everything about them is different. Actually, a 150-grain bullet that can

be used in a 300 Savage is the same one used in a 30-caliber Magnum. The difference is in the case capacity. Using 4350 powder for an example, the 300 Savage case uses 49 grains as a maximum load for the 150-grain bullet. This gives a muzzle velocity of 2700 feet per second and a nine-inch drop at 300 yards when zeroed at 200. The 300 Winchester Magnum case can use 79 grains of 4350 for 3500 fps with the same bullet and the drop at 300 yards is a mere four inches. This is a difference too great to overlook. It's easy to see why the flatter trajectory of the Magnum is desirable on the long shots. If you add another 50 yards to the above ranges, the 300 Savage bullet will drop a total of sixteen inches while the 300 Winchester Magnum will fall only eight inches. Here again you can see how additional yardage begins to tell on the flight of the bullet from a standard rifle, while the Magnum, with more speed, holds a flatter trajectory.

#### **Many Calibers**

Magnums come in many calibers. A popular one is the 264 Winchester, whose bullet is about .014" smaller in diameter than the 270, which mikes about .277". There has always been an argument between the 270 fans and the advocates of the 264. The 270 owners claim their pet caliber can do anything the 264 can do, and they are *almost* correct. It's difficult to get a true picture, but if statistics are examined closely, the nod has to go to the 264. The 130-grain 270 bullet has a sectional density of .242 and a velocity of 3150 fps, while the 140-grain 264 has a sectional density of .288 and a velocity of 3200 fps. The difference is slight (even though a little consideration has to be given the larger diameter of the 270), but the edge is still in favor of the 264.

One thing that must be remembered about the 264 is that its 100-grain bullet, designed primarily as a varmint bullet, is too temperamental to use on

heavy bone animals. Deer or black bear hunting should be done with the 140-grain bullet in the 264 Magnum.

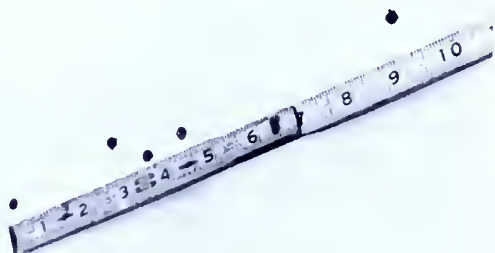
Remington's 7 mm. Magnum is creating quite a stir, and it has robbed some of the spotlight from the 264. For one thing, it is a better balanced cartridge, and it probably will give longer barrel life. The larger caliber (.284") has greater efficiency with a hunting length barrel. I suppose the 7 mm. Magnum is as near to the perfect long-range rifle as is on the market at this time. Bullets much larger than 7 mm. have to be greater in weight to give the sectional density which is needed for long-range work. Smaller caliber bullets lack the necessary weight to maintain good velocity over long range. This proves to me that the small lightweight bullet with its blazing muzzle velocity just doesn't have it when the range gets much beyond 250 yards. For those interested in building a 7 mm. Magnum, a number of actions such as the FN Mauser, 1903 Springfield, or Model 98 Mauser can be used.



**POWDER CHARGE** of 300 Savage, left, compared with that of 7 mm. Magnum.

The best known Magnum is the 300 H&H. It was created by the famous English firm of Holland and Holland and introduced about 1925. Since it was designed primarily for flat country, and in those days that meant Africa, it was not commercially available in this country until Winchester came out with it in the Model 70 about 1937. The long sloping case always looked awkward to me, but it's only fair to explain that the pow-

der for this case in England was the stick type Cordite. Some reloaders say American powders do not work efficiently in this case, but I have had good results with 68 to 70 grains of 4831 pushing a 180-grain bullet.



**THIS NINCH-INCH** group was shot by Dr. Crissman at 700 yards. He has made many 7-inch groups at this distance.

The comparatively new 300 Winchester Magnum has a larger capacity than the 300 H&H and velocity is almost 200 foot seconds higher. Overall length is not much greater than a standard 30-06. To maintain this measurement, the bullet has to be shoved deeply into the case. This does permit the use of a standard length action—which isn't possible with the 300 H&H.

#### The 338 Magnum

Winchester's 338 Magnum is another cartridge that can be used in standard Model 70, Springfield, and 98 Mauser actions. It tosses a 200-grain bullet at better than 3000 fps and a 250-grain bullet at 2700. When you realize that the old 348 Winchester 250-grain slug reached only 2250 fps it indicates that the Magnum might offer more than just a lot of noise. In all Magnums the slow burning powders such as 4831 and 4350 are best, even though faster powders such as 4320 or 4064 will give fair results.

Remington made its way into the picture when it introduced the 350 Magnum. This is a souped up 35-



## Trajectory

Caliber	Bullet	100-Yard Impact	Sighted in at	18" Drop at
264 Magnum .....	140	+ 3 in.	325	440 yds.
7 mm. Magnum .....	160	+ 3 in.	300	405 yds.
300 H&H Magnum .....	180	+ 3 in.	250	380 yds.
30-06 .....	150	+ 3 in.	250	375 yds.

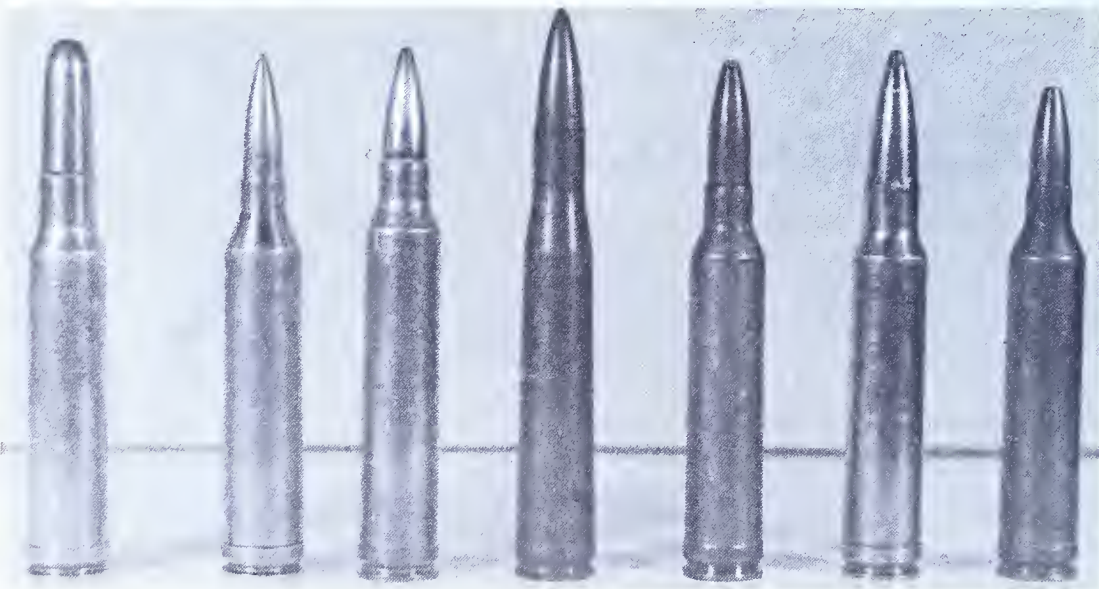
caliber brought out in the Model 600 Carbine with an 18½-inch barrel. This is a dandy outfit for the brush hunter and will handle moose, elk and big bear if you get a chance to hunt them elsewhere. Muzzle energy is over 3200 foot pounds with the 250-grain bullet and accuracy is superb from such a short barrel. This 35-caliber Magnum will move a 200-grain bullet at over 2700 fps and this should classify it as a fairly good outfit for open country. Since the rifle was intended for short range heavy brush work, the 250-grain bullet is best.

The Magnum's terrific power is not supposed to replace the hunter's shooting ability. The idea that a Magnum will obliterate big game is pure nonsense. You just don't smash a big game animal regardless of the load

you use. It may be easy to overgun a woodchuck or rip a squirrel apart with a centerfire 22, but it's a vastly different story when you smack a bear in the ribs. They don't fly apart and drop dead; it takes proper bullet placement and sufficient power to assure a kill. In other words, the hunter's skill is still very much in demand.

Regardless of what many hunters and shooters think of the Magnums, there is no question that these powerful rifles have something to offer the big game hunter. Besides the extra yardage they cover, their bullets have greater impact and far more shocking power. After all, it's these two factors that make what is commonly called a quick clean kill. High velocity, extra impact, and terrific shock are the benefits the Magnums offer.

**GOOD MAGNUM LOADS INCLUDE THE 338, 264, 300 Winchester, 300 H&H, 7 mm. Remington, wildcat 30-338 and 264 with hollow point handload.**



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P. O. Box 1567

South Office Building, State Capitol, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120

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